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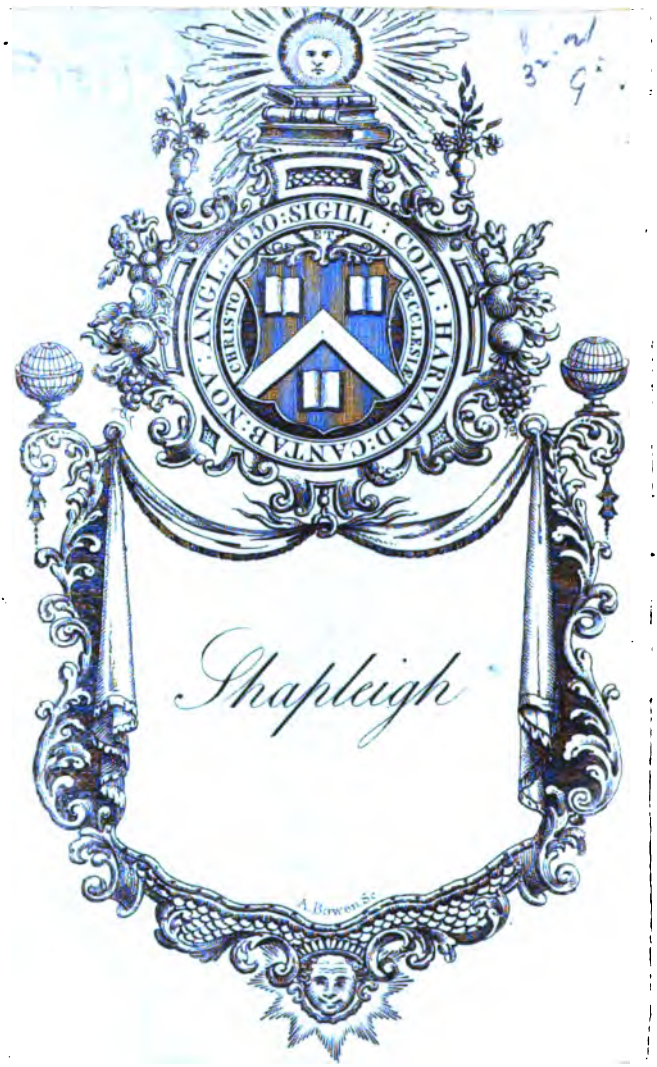
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Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1822.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;
AND
T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

1822.

P.131.1

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PREFACE.

SEVERAL circumstances concur in impressing us with the belief that our miscellany will form the subject of general discussion during the ensuing month, and this, perhaps, even to a greater extent than it has ever yet done.

In the mean time, let us be excused for saying a very few words about ourselves. That we have committed various acts of imprudence, we do not deny—we freely admit that we have done so: and we wish to know, if all the Conductors of Periodical Works now extant were assembled in one room, which of them it is that durst hesitate to make a similar confession? Haste, and vivacity of spirits, and the enjoyment of a joke, are things the effect of which every candid person may in some measure appreciate,—and if there be people so very wise as to make no allowance for such matters, we are at least sure of this, that these sages were never, themselves, capable of doing *anything* quickly, nor visited by one impetus of social glee, nor guilty of one witticism since they first shook their heads in their nurse's arms. For us, we are certainly of a very different temperament; and such is universally felt to be the case. Indeed, one of the best jokes, one of the greatest jokers of the age has to answer for, sets this matter in a very striking point of view. "I wish," said a learned Whig M. P. one day in a certain shop in Albemarle Street, "I wish to God this fellow North were dead."—"That," replied another of the same class, "would do us little good; he has bred such a race of tormentors, that we shall never have peace while we live—Depend on it, Sir J——, his ghost will walk."—"Walk!" quoth R——, "by Jupiter, if it does anything, it will *trot*."

The simple truth of the affair lies in a nut-shell. For a series of years, the Whigs in Scotland had all the jokes to themselves. They laughed and lashed as they liked;—and, while this was the case, did anybody ever hear them say that either laughing or lashing were among the seven deadly sins? People said at times, no doubt, that Mr Jef-

frey was a more gentlemanly Whip than Mr Brougham—that Sydney Smith grinned more good-humouredly than Sir James Mackintosh, and so forth;—but all these were satirists, and, strange to say, they ALL *then* rejoiced in the name. Indeed, take away the merit of clever satire from most of them, and they shrink to pretty moderate dimensions. Is Mr Jeffrey a Samuel Johnson? Is Mr Brougham an Edmund Burke? Is Mr Smith a South? Is Sir James Mackintosh a Gibbon? These men were all satirists, it is true; but their fame does not rest altogether on satire. Q. E. D.

Let anybody read our work over, and survey the general complexion of all we have written. Jokes and satire he will find; but will he find anything of that unfairness towards real genius, of which our enemies so bitterly accuse us? Shew us the one truly great man, mentioned by us, of whom we have not spoken reverently, and our mouth is closed for ever. Shew us the one unaffected generous aspirant, whose youthful hopes our satire has blasted, and we are dumb. Shew us the one man, great or small, good or bad, whose works we have abused, not because we despised the works, but because we had a grudge against the individual, and this Number is our last. The fact is, that no such charges can in fairness be brought against us,—and our enemies well know, that no such charges can be substantiated against us, else had they not confined themselves to the loose and vulgar tirades and jeremiades with which alone we have as yet been, so far as we are aware, assailed. On the contrary, we have, we speak it boldly, been as critics chiefly to blame for our excess of gentleness. Our praise has flowed not only more liberally than that of any other critics of the day, but more liberally, in many instances, than it ought to have done. And, accordingly, there is no question, that, laying Scotland for a moment out of view, our general critical character is one of extreme benignity, candour, and generosity. Poll the authors whose works we have criticized, and if we do not carry this point hollow, we never stand again. There is no *Wordsworth* to com-

plain of us for wilful scoffing against power, which, scoffing, we in our secret souls revered. There is no Byron to reproach us with trampling into the mud the first budding blossoms of a noble genius. There is no *Dermody* to rise, and say, "*You* called me DRUNKARD."—

> 'Nay, never shake thy gory locks at ME!
> Thou can'st not say I did it.——

What is our offence? It can be told in three words, WE ARE TORIES. "Ubi lapsus, quid feci?"—Ask the WHIGS! We have attacked them, there lies our fault. We have beat them, there lies our glory. They abuse us; that we despise. The Tories, at least the good, the wise, the generous, and the just among them, approve us. In that we triumph.

We have, however, let it be observed, been using both the word *Whig*, and the word *Tory*, just now in a limited sense and acceptation. We should indeed be very much ashamed of ourselves, if we believed ourselves to have merited or moved the spleen of the true old English Whigs. Not at all. We have among them many fast friends, nay, many admirable and valuable contributors; and these are every day increasing. Does any body suppose, that because we advocate, in general, the cause of the present administration, we are their paid, servile, slavish tools? Or that we doubt, or that we do not honour, the uprightness of many who regard them with eyes different from ours? This is nonsense; *our* contempt is for a small, and, thank God, now an inconsiderable faction, of speaking and writing, haranguing and libelling, base, hypocritical, unchristian, unpatriotic creatures, who bear, and who disgrace, the name of Whig. But we are in no more danger of confounding the great party that passes under the same name with THESE, than we are of wishing ourselves to be looked upon as partakers in the same cleaving sins of dulness, ignorance, cowardice, utter prostration of sense and intellect, and manhood, which we, (at least as well as any Whig among them all,) can detect and despise in too many who share with us,

and disgrace, *as far as in them lies*, the name of Tory. We stand by ourselves, and for ourselves. We are conscious of integrity and of candour. Who is he who can say less without a blush? Who is he that can say more without a lie?

Really all this humbug has gone on too long. This Journal is acknowledged by every body to be one of the fairest that ever the world saw; and we are sick of hearing ourselves abused in one little contemptible corner, while all Europe rings with our praise. What is an Edinburgh Whig? The word *nothing* affords an easy and complete answer; and we shall limit ourselves to that. Swift complained, that of 2000 pamphlets written against him, not one was worth a farthing, and that he had been attacked all his life by fresh supplies of inveterate idiots. We are sorry to think that this has been very much our own case. Our wit is like Swift's, we think, in most essentials—clean, clear, bright, sharp, shrewd, biting, bitter, penetrating, sarcastic, and unanswerable. Every idiot who has run tilt at us, has been received, like a flea or a louse, on the point of our pen, and, wriggling, expired. Mr Colburn goes about paying for puffs of his "Mohawks," in newspapers and other periodicals; but if a satirist is good for any thing, just put a whip into his hand, and tell the honest man to lay about him, and he will make himself felt at no expence to his publisher. If he be a paralytic, it will be seen by the first flourish of his thong, which will fall short, and coil like a worm round his own feeble spindles. Some one, it is said, gave money to needy or greedy persons, to advertise hints that Mr Thomas Moore was the author of the "Mohawks," a compliment of which the "Irish Melodist" (so he was signified) cannot but be proud. The author, it was then darkly intimated, was "a character well known in the political circles;" and from this we were led to suspect Joseph Hume. We leave these gentlemen to settle the matter between them with Mr Colburn, who, being the very soul of ingenuousness, and candour, and

simplicity, will perhaps be able to explain to them who and what were meant by these oracular advertisements.

Mr Thomas Moore, we happen to know, *has written* a Satirical Poem upon us and our Magazine, but it is not yet published; and both for his sake and our own, we hope it never will be; but that he will commit it to the flames, and forget it altogether. We are great admirers of Mr Moore's genius—his wit—his sensibility—his fancy—and his imagination. We have said so in a thousand pleasant and delightful ways, and will often say so again. We did not at all like the gross and brutal personalities of many of his political verses, and thought badly of the licentiousness of many of his amatory effusions. This, too, we have said in a thousand pleasant and delightful ways, and will often say so again. These opinions of ours are certainly more distinguished for truth than originality. We have no wish to be singular; and if all the world but ourselves thinks that the "Two-Penny Post-bag" is a gentlemanly, honourable, and amiable *jeu d'esprit*, and that "Little's Poems" ought to lie below the pillows of all our virgins, why, we must just then eat our words, and entreat Mr Thomas Moore's pardon. Till we have ascertained that the world is on one side, and we on another, we must beg leave to retain our present opinions. Now, Mr Moore being a satyrist himself, should not fly into a fury with us for being now and then of the same kidney,—if indeed it be true, as many worthy people seem to hint, that we are a severe set of people. He really ought not to have written a sharp poem upon us; and we think, that, upon reflection, he must be sorry for it. Should he really publish his attack, what we intend to do is simply this:—We intend to give copious extracts, so as to fill the right-hand columns of about a dozen pages of the Magazine, and to fill the left-hand columns with verses of our own, (in the same measure, whatever that may be—is it heroic?) upon Mr Moore. It will amuse—probably instruct, the public—to see two such great wits as Tom Moore and Kit North fairly set to. A clear stage, and fair play, is all that either of us can desire; and umpires may be appointed from the

friends of the distinguished combatants. We appoint for ourselves Neat and the Rev. William Lisle Bowles—and we suggest to Mr Moore, in the true spirit of British courage, Gas and Mr Montgomery, the "Author of the World before the Flood."

Lord Byron, too, has written something about us—but whether a satire or an eulogy seems doubtful. The Noble Lord—great wits having short memories, and sometimes not very long judgments—has told the public and Mr Murray that he has forgotten whether his letter is *on* or *to* the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine. From this we fear his Lordship was in a state of civilation when he penned it; and if ever he publishes it, as we scorn to take advantage of any man, we now give his Lordship and the public a solemn pledge, to drink one glass of Sherry, three of Champagne, two of Hock, ditto of Madeira, six of Old Port, and four-and-twenty of Claret, before we put pen to paper in reply. At the same time, Lord Byron should recollect that we are now an old man—just as Jeremy Bentham is now an old woman; and that he, who has youth on his side, ought not to throw up his hat in the ring, and challenge us for a bellyful. We think we can fit him with the gloves, and that is pretty light play for one at our time of life. But we have still a blow or two left in us; and if a turn-up with the naked mauleys there must be, a hit on the jugular may peradventure do his Lordship's business. Should his Lordship be dished in the ring—like Curtis or O'Leary—let the Reviewer who tries us remember that we wished to decline the contest.

Some people will say, "here is a pretty Preface." "Oh! what for a Preface?" quoth Feldborg the Dane. No matter, worthy Readers. If we should prose for a twelvemonth, we could not put you more completely in possession of the facts of the case—just at present. When Mr Francis Jeffrey, editor of the Edinburgh Review, has given you his opinion of us, as he will do one of these days, we promise you one thing, in which you run no risk of disappointment—*Our opinion of* HIM.

C. N.

June 20th, 1822.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LX. JANUARY, 1822. Vol. XI.

Contents.

Sundry Select Chapters from the Book of the Two Worlds, comprising the Historie and Gests of Maxilian, by Mr Coleridge ... 3
Epistle Premonitory for the Reader; but contra-monitory and in reply to Dick Proof, Corrector ... 4
Maxilian. Flight I. ... 8
Sonnet ... 13
The Night-Blowing Stock ... 14
The Man-of-War's Man. Chap. III. ... 15
Chap. IV. ... 24
The Lament of Ella ... 28
The Last Lament ... 29
Voyages and Travels of Columbus Secundus.
Chap. XIX. Hogmanay and New-Year's Day ... 30
Hora Germanica. No. XIII.
Schlenkert's Rudolph of Habsburg 38
The Ring and the Stream: A Drama, by David Lyndsay ... 50
Moore's Irish Melodies ... 62
Letter from Hamburgh ... 67
Goethe's West-Oestlichem Diwan ... 68
Sir Tristrem, in Greek and German ... 70
Mr T. F. Kennedy and the Edinburgh Review ... 73
Ancient National Melodies. Song III. When this Old Book was New ... 86
The Wine-bibber's Glory—A New Song ... 89
Lord Byron's Three New Tragedies 90
Mr Southey's Reply to Lord Byron ... 93
Valerius—a Roman Story ... 94
New-Year's Day Congratulations ... 106
The Benison ... 109
Effusion of Friendship ... 111
Epistle to Christopher North, Esq. 112
To the Veiled Magician ... 113
Tokens of Natural Affection ... 114
Phantasmagoriana ... 116
Rhyming Salutation ... 117
The Chaunt of Friendship ... 119
Works preparing for Publication ... 120
Monthly List of New Publications ... 122

MONTHLY REGISTER.

Appointments, Promotions, &c. ... 129
Births, Marriages, and Deaths ... 132

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T. PARK.

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EDINBURGH MAGAZINE:

No. LXI. FEBRUARY, 1822. Vol. XI.

Contents.

On the Genius and Character of Rousseau 127
How far is Poetry an Art? 153
Another Ladleful from the Devil's Punch Bowl 159
Dedication to the Physician who penned Peptic Precepts. A Festal Ode 161
Lord Byron's Combolio 162
Morellet's Memoires 165
Sketches of Scottish Character—
No. IX. Clerical Peculiarities 175
Sonnet written in a Church-yard 183
Recollections in Retirement, of a Life of Travel and Adventure.—
Chap. I. North America, and the War of Independence 184
Notices of Old English Comedies.
No. II. The City Match, by Jasper Mayne 195
The Kit-Cat Club 201
Booksellers, Ancient and Modern 203
Anecdotes of the Duke of Somerset 204
Anecdotes of the Duke of Newcastle 205
Anecdotes of Lord Orford 206
Letters from the Dead to the Living.
No. I. Barrettiana 207
Lord Byron 212
The Parisian Mirror; or, Letters from Paris—
Letter I. 217
Letter II. 224
Hume, Martin, and Canning 230
Letter from London 236
Latin Translation of the Wine-bibber's Glory 239
Domestic Politics 242

Works preparing for Publication 250

Monthly List of New Publications 251

MONTHLY REGISTER.

Appointments, Promotions, &c. 260
Births, Marriages, and Deaths 262

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No. LXII. MARCH, 1822. Vol. XI.

Contents.

Milman's Martyr of Antioch 267
Italy. A Poem 280
The Widow's Tale, and other Poems 286
The Beechen Wood. A Song 290
Townsend's Tour through Ireland and Great Britain 291
Thoughts on Letter-Writing 301
February 304
Minna Troil. A Ballad 307
An Essay on the Arrangement of the Categories. By William Howison 308
A Key to the Mythology of the Ancients 315
Cochelet's Shipwreck 316
Nodier's Promenade 321
English Literature in Poland 329
On the Deterioration of Man and Beast 330
London Chit-Chat 331
The Parisian Mirror; or, Letters from Paris. Letter III. 335
Letter IV. 339
Rhapsodies over a Punch-Bowl. No. I. 344
Adam Blair 349
Letter from a Protestant Layman to the Right Hon. Lord Nugent 359
Stanzas to an old Friend 367
Sonnet 368
Noctes Ambrosianæ. No. I. 369

Works preparing for Publication 372

Monthly List of New Publications 374

MONTHLY REGISTER.

Appointments, Promotions, &c. 380
Births, Marriages, and Deaths 381

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EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXIII. APRIL, 1822. Vol. XI.

Contents.

Colonel David Stewart's Sketches of the Highland Regiments, 387
Sketches of Scottish Character. No. X. "Zachary Meldrum," 396
Stanzas on an Infant, 401
A Spanish Tale, 403
"Sufficient unto the Day is the Evil thereof," 419
The Anglo-Florentine, 421
Sea-Side Sketches. The Shipwright's Yard, 425
Calcutta. Chap. I.—The Landing, 429
Chap. II.—Writers and Writerism, 432
Letter from Odoherty, 438
Mr Allan's Picture of the Death of Archbishop Sharpe, 439
On the Drama—Ducis' Shakespeare, and Jouy's Sylla, 440
Critique on Lord Byron, 456
Letter from Paddy, 461
Hints for a Young Author, from a very Old One, 466
Domestic Politics, 468
Letter to Christopher North, Esq. from a Volunteer, with an Address to the Yeomanry Cavalry of Manchester, 473
Noctes Ambrosianæ. No. II. 475

Works preparing for Publication 490

Monthly List of New Publications 491

MONTHLY REGISTER.

Appointments, Promotions, &c. 498
Births, Marriages, and Deaths 501

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No. LXIV. MAY, 1822. Vol. XI.

Contents.

Lacretelle's History of the Constituent Assembly 505
Spring 515
Sonnet to ——— 520
Kotzebue's Voyage 521
On the Metaphysics of Music, and their Accordance with Modern Practice 529
Horæ Gallicæ. No. I. Raynouard's States of Blois 539
Letter from Signor ——, Touching some Points of Italian Literature 548
Idee su L'origine Della Lingua Italiana 549
An Evening Sketch 552
To the Protestant Layman 553
Calcutta.
Chap. III.—Artists and Paintings 561
Chap. IV.—A Burrah Khanna 565
Walter of Aquitaine.—An Historic Romance 569
Paris 579
A Letter on the Different Stages of Taste, as Exemplified in the Different Classes of Literary Productions 585
The Devil among the Artists; or, David Dreadnought against Round-Robin 591
On Mr Halls' Picture of "The Two Marys visiting the Sepulchre of Christ" 596
Noctes Ambrosianæ. No. III. 601
Epilogue 617
Works preparing for Publication 619
Monthly List of New Publications 620
MONTHLY REGISTER.
Appointments, Promotions, &c. 626
Births, Marriages, and Deaths 628

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BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXV. JUNE, 1822. Vol. XI.

Contents.

Preface to Volume XI. iii

REVIEWS OF

Pen Owen 633
Guide du Voyageur en Pologne 650
Don Quixote. By Motteux. New Edition, with Notes . 657
Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life 669
New Oxford Controversy 678
1. A Letter to D. K. Sandford, Esq. &c. &c.
2. A Letter to the Rev. Peter Elmsley, by D. K. Sandford, Esq. Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow.
Theorie der Betrug von Jacob Deusterswivel 680
Specimens of the American Poets 684
Bracebridge Hall. By Geoffrey Crayon, Esq. 688
Matthews, Dibdin, and Morgan 692
1. Matthews' Diary of an Invalid.
2. Dibdin's Antiquarian Bibliographical and Picturesque Tour.
3. Italy. By Lady Morgan.
The Mohawks 696
Catiline. A Tragedy. By the Rev. G. Croly, A.M. . . . 698
An Inquiry into the Principles of Beauty in Grecian Architecture. By George Earl of Aberdeen 705
A Visit to the Great Island of Edinburgh, called Britain. By Eree Omai 709
The Magic Lantern 715
May Day with the Muses. By Robert Bloomfield . . . 722
Graham Hamilton 731
The Fortunes of Nigel 734

Cambridge Pamphlets. Irish Ball, &c. &c. &c. 735
Letter of Thanks from an occasional Contributor 741
Letter of Apology for not having Written an Article for this Number 748
Postscript 751
Desultory Stanzas, by Mr North, on receiving from the Press the Last Sheets of this Number 752

Works Preparing for Publication 754
Monthly List of New Publications 756
Monthly Register, &c. 762

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Nota Bene.—By default of the decypherer, we are forced to leave the blank space before "Numeris" unfilled; a part of the work, we fear, still remaining in the **Encephalic** character, a sort of Sans-script, much used, we understand, by adepts in the occult sciences, as likewise for promissory notes. We should also apologize for the indiscretion of our author in his epistolary preface (seduced by the wish of killing two birds with one stone,) in shutting up *vis a vis*, as it were, so respectable and comprehensive (not to say synodical,) a personage as The Reader with Dick Proof, corrector—of what press, we know not, unless, as we grievously suspect, he is in the employ of Messrs Dash, Asterisk, Anon, and Company. Nor is this all; this impropriety being aggravated by sundry passages, exclusively relating and addressed to this Mr Proof, which have an effect on the series of thoughts common to both the parties, not much unlike that, which a parenthesis or two of links, made of dandelion stems, might be supposed to produce in my Lord Mayor or Mr Sheriff's gold chain. In one flagrant instance, with which the first paragraph in the MSS. concluded, we have, by virtue of our editorial prerogative, degraded the the passage to the place and condition of a *Note*.——Editor.

MOTTO.*

"How wishedly will some pity the case of ARGALUS and PARTHENIA, the patience of GRYSELD in Chaucer, the misery and troublesome adventures of the phanatic (*phrenetic?*) lovers in Cleopatra, Cassandra, Amadis de Gaul, Sidney, and such like! Yet all these are as mere romantic as Rabelais his Garagantua. And yet with an unmoved apprehension, can peruse the very dolorous and lamentable murder of MILCOLUME the First, the cutting off the head of good KING ALPINUS, the poisoning of PERGUSIUS the Third by his own queen, and the throat-cutting of KING FETHELMACHUS by a fiddler! nay, and moreover, even the martyrdom of old QUEEN KETABAN in Persia, the stabbing of Henry Fourth in France, the sacrilegious poisoning of Emperor Henry Seventh in Italy, the miserable death of MAURICIUS the Emperor, with a wife and five children, by wicked PHOCAS,—can read, I say, these and the like fatal passages, recorded by holy fathers and grave chroniclers, with less pity and compassion than the shallow loves of Romeo for his Juliet in Shakespeare—his deplorable tragedies, or shun the pitiful wanderings of Lady Una in search of her stray Red-cross, in Master Spenser his quaint rhymes. Yea, the famous doings, and grievous sufferings of our own anointed kings, may be far outrivalled in some mens minds by the hardships of some enchanted innamorato in Ariosto, Parismus, or the two Palmerins."

FOULIS'S *History of the Wicked Plots and Conspiracies, &c.*

MOTTO II.

"Pray, why is it that people say that men are not such fools now-a-days as they were in the days of yore? I would fain know, whether you would have us understand by this same saying, as indeed you logically may, that formerly men were fools, and in this generation are grown wise. How many and what dispositions made them fools? How many, and what dispositions were wanting to make 'em wise? Why were those fools? How should these be wise? Pray, how came you to know that men were formerly fools? How did you find that they are now wise? Who made them fools? Who in Heaven's name made them wise? Who d'ye think are most, those that loved mankind foolish, or those that love it wise? How long has it been wise? How long otherwise? Whence proceeded the foregoing folly? Whence the following wisdom? Why did the old folly end now and no later? Why did the modern wisdom begin now and no sooner? What were we the worse for the former folly? What the better for the succeeding wisdom? How should the ancient folly have come to nothing? How should this same new wisdom be started up and established? Now answer me, an't please you."

FRANCIS RABELAIS' *Preface to his Fifth Book.*

EPISTLE

Premonitory for THE READER; but contra-monitory and in reply to DICK PROOF, Corrector.

Of the sundry sorts of vice, Richard, that obtain in this sinful world, one of the most troublesome is *ad*vice, and no less an annoyance to my feelings, than a pun is to thine. "Lay your *scene* further off!!" Was ever historian before affronted by so wild a suggestion? If, indeed, the moods, measures, and events of the last six years, insular and continental, or the like of that, had been the title and subject matter of the work; and you had then advised the transfer of the scene to Siam and Borneo, or to Abyssinia and the Isle of Ormus—there would be something to say for it, *verisimilitudinis causâ*, or on the ground of lessening the improbability of the narrative. But in the history of Maxilian!—Why, the locality, man, is an essential part of the *a priori* evidence of its truth! * * * *

In a biographical work,† the proprieties of place are indispensable, Dick. To prove this, you need only change the scene in the History of Rob Roy from the precipices of Ben Lomond, and the glens and inlets of the Trossacs (the Trossacs worthy to

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* Which *Posterity* is requested to reprint at the back of the title-page, for the present, Quo' North, quo' Blackwood, quo' *concessère Columnæ.*

† In biography, (which, by the *bi*, reminds me of a rejoinder made to me, nigh 30 years ago, by Parsons the Bookseller, on my objecting to sundry anecdotes in a MS. Life, that did more credit to the wit and invention of the author, than to his honesty and veracity. "*In a professed biography, Mr P.*" quoth I, pleadingly, and somewhat syllabically.—"Biography, sir," interrupted he, "*Sello*graphy is what *I* want."

have made a W. S. but that a W. S. is only of God's making, "nascitur non fit,") to Snow Hill, Breckneck Stairs, or Little Hell in Westminster—by going to which last named place, Dick, when we were at the —— school, you evaded the guilt of foreswearing for telling of me to our master, after you had sworn that you would go to ——, if you did—well knowing where you meant me to understand you, and where in honour you ought to have gone—but this may be mended in time.

——And lay the *time* further back! But why, Richard? I pray thee tell me, why? *The present*, you reply, *is not the age of the supernatural.* Well, and if I admit, that the age at present *is* so fully attached to the unnatural in taste, the præternatural in life, and the contra-natural in philosophy, as to have little room left for the super-natural—yet what is this to the purpose? I cannot *antedate* the highly respectable personage, into whose company I have presumed to bring you—I may make THE READER sleep, but I cannot make him one of the Seven Sleepers, to awake at my request for the first time since he fell into his long nap over the Golden Legend, or the Vision of Alberic! Or does the reader, thinkst thou, believe that witch and wizard, gnome, nymph, sylph, and salamander, *did* exist in those days; but that, like the mammoth and megatherim, the race is extinct? Will he accept as *fossils*, what he would reject as specimens fresh caught—herein differing widely from the old woman, who, as the things were said to have happened so far off and so long ago, hoped in God's mercy, there was not a word of truth in them? Thou mayst think this, Richard, but I will neither affront the reader by attributing to him a faith so dependent on dates, nor myself, whose history is a concave mirror, not a glass case of mummies, stuffed skins of defunct monsters, and the anomalous accidents of nature.

Thus, Richard, might I multiply thy objection, but that I detest the *cui bono*, when it is to be a substitute for the *quid veri*. Nor will I stop at present to discuss thy insinuation against the comparative wisdom of the sires of our great grandsires, though at some future time I would fain hear thy answers to the doubts and queries in my second motto, originally started by Master Rabelais, in that model of true and perpetual history, the Travels of Garagantua and his friends.

Without condescending to non-suit you by the *flaws* in your indictment, I assert the *peculiar* fitness of this age, in which, by way of compromising the claims of memory and hope, the rights both of its senior and of its junior members, I comprize the interval from 1770 to 1870.

An adventurous position, but for which the age, I trust, will be "my good masters"—the more so, that I must forego one main help towards establishing the characteristic epithets rightfully appertaining to its emblazonment—namely, an *exposè* of its own notions, of its own *morals* and *philosophy*. But Truth, I remember, is reported to have already lost her front teeth (*dentes incisores et prehensiles*) by barking too close at the heels of a restive fashion: a second blow might leave her blind as well as toothless. Besides, a word in your ear, Richard Proof, I do not half trust you. I mean, therefore, to follow Petrarch's * example, and confine my confidence on *these* points to a few dear friends and revered benefactors, to whom I am in the habit of opening out my inner man in the world of spirits—a world which the eyes of "the profane vulgar" would probably mistake for a garret floored and wainscoated with old books; tattered folios, to wit, and massive quartos in no better plight. For the due nutriment, however, of

* The passage here alluded to, I should, as an elevated strain of eloquence warm from the heart of a great and good man, compare to any passage of equal length in Cicero. I have not the folio edition of Petrarch's works by me (by the bye, the worst printed book in respect of blunders I know of, not excepting even Anderson's British Poets) and cannot therefore give any particular reference. But it is my purpose to offer you some remarks on the Latin Works of Petrarch, with a few selections, at a future opportunity. It is pleasing to contemplate in this illustrious man, at once the benefactor of his own times, and the delight of the succeeding, and working on his contemporaries most beneficially by that portion of his works, which is least in account with his posterity.—S. T. C.

scorn and vanity—which are in fact much the same; for contempt is nothing but egotism *turned sour*—for the requisite supply, I say, of our social wants (Reviews, Anecdotes of Living Authors, Table-talk, and such like provender,) it will suffice if I hereby confess, that with rare exceptions these friends of mine were all born and bred before the birth of Common Sense by the obstetric skill of Mr Locke, nay, prior to the first *creation* of intellectual Light in the person of Sir Isaac Newton—which latter event (we have Mr Pope's positive assurance of the fact) may account for its universal and equable diffusion at present, the Light not having had time to collect itself into *individual* luminaries, the future suns, moons, and stars of the mundus intelligibilis. This, however, may be hoped for on or soon after the year 1870, which, if my memory does not fail me, is the date *apocalyptically* deduced by the Reverend G. S. Faber, for the commencement of the Millennium.

But though my prudential reserve on these points must subtract from my forces numerically, this does not abate my reliance on the sufficing strength of those that remain. No! with confidence and secular pride I affirm, there is no age you could suggest, the characteristic of which is not to be found in the present—that we are the quintessence of all past ages, rather than an age of our own. You recommend, you say, the Dark Ages; and that the present boasts to be the contrary. Indeed? I appeal then to the oracle that pronounces Socrates the most enlightened of men, because he *professed* himself to be in the dark. The converse, and the necessary truth of the converse, are alike obvious: Besides, as already hinted, in time all light must needs be in the dark, as having neither reflection nor absorption; yet may, nevertheless, retain its prenomen without inconsistency, by a slight change in the last syllable, by a mere—for "*ed*" read "*ing*." For whatever scruples may arise as to its being an enlightened age, there can be no doubt that it is an enlightening one—an era of *enlighteners*, from the Gas Light Company to the dazzling Illuminati in the Temple of Reason—not forgetting the diffusers of light from the Penny-Tract-Pedlary, nor the numberless writers of the small, but luminous works on arts, trades, and sciences, natural history, and astronomy, *all* for the use of children from three years old to seven, interwoven with their own little biographies and nursery journals, to the exclusion of Goody Two Shoes, as favouring superstition, by one party; and of Jack the Giant-killer, as a suspicious parody on David and Goliah, by the other.

Far, far around, where'er my eye-balls stray,
By Lucifer! 'tis all *one milky way!*

Or, as Propria Quæ Maribus, speaking (*more prophetico, et proleptice,*) of the Irradiators of future (i. e. *our*) Times long ago observed, they are common, quite a *common* thing!

Sunt *commune*. Parens, Authorque; Infans, Adolescens;
Dux; Exlex; bifrons; Bos, Fur, Sus atque Sacerdos.

So far, at least, you will allow me to have made out my position. But if by a dark age you mean an age concerning which we are altogether in the dark; and as, in applying this to our own, the Subject and Object, we and the age become identical and commutable terms; I bid adieu to all reasoning by implication, to all legerdemain of inferential logic, and at once bring notorious facts to bear out my assertion. Could Hecate herself, churning the night-damps for an eye-salve, wish for an age more in the dark respecting its own character, than we have seen exemplified in our next-door neighbour, the Great Nation, when, on the bloodless altar of Gallic freedom, she took the oath of peace and good-will to all mankind, and abjured all conquests but those of reason? Or in the millions throughout the continent, who believed her? Or than in the two component parties in our own illustrious isle, the one of whom hailed her revolution as "a stupendous monument of human wisdom and human happiness;" and the other calculated on its speedy overthrow by an act of bankruptcy, to be brought about or accelerated by a speculation in assignats, corn, and Peruvian bark? Or than in the more recent constitutional genius of the Peninsula—

What time it rose, o'er-peering, from behind,
The mountainous experience, high upheaped
Of Gallic legislation—

and "taught by others' harms," a very Gallic respect for the more ancient code, vulgarly called the Ten Commandments, left the lands as it found them, content with excluding their owners—owners of four parts out of five, at least, the church and nobility—from all share in their representation? Or when the same genius, the emblem and vice-gerent of the present age in Spain, poising the old indigenous loyalty with the newly-imported state-craft, secured to the monarch the revenue of a caliph, with the power of a constable? But Piedmont! but Naples—the Neapolitans! the age of patriotism, the firm, the disinterested—the age of good faith and hard fighting—of liberty or death! —yea! and the age of newspapers and speeches in Britain, France, and Germany—the *uncorrupted* I mean; (and the rest, you know, as mere sloughs, rather than a living and component part, need not be taken into the calculation)—were of the same opinion! A dream for Momus to wake out of with laughing!

But enough! You are convinced on this point,—at least you retract your objection. And now what else? Does my history require, in the way of *correspondency*, a time of wonders, a revolutionary period? Does it demand *a non-descript age*? Should it, above all (as I myself admit that it should,) be laid in an age "without a name," and which, therefore, it will be charity in me to christen by the name of the *Polypus*? An age, where the inmost may be turned outside—and "Inside out and outside in," I at one time intended for the title of my history—where the very tails, inspired by the spirit of independence, shoot out heads of their own? (Thanks, with three times three, to Ellis and Trembley, the first historiographers of the Polypus realm, for this beautiful emblem and natural sanction of the SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PEOPLE!) All, all are to be found in the age we live in—whose attributes to enumerate would exhaust the epithets of an Orphic hymn, and beggar the Gradus ad Parnassum!—All, all, and half besides—the feasability of which I first learnt during the last war, at two public dinners severally given, one by Scottish, and the other by Irish patriots, where each assigned to their countrymen three-fourths of our whole naval and military success. In each case, *a priori*, the thing was possible, nay, probable; at each meeting the assertion passed *nem. con.* though there were eye-witnesses, if not pars-maximists present—and both were so much in earnest, that I could not find it in my heart to disbelieve either. But this is a digression. Or it may be printed as a parenthesis. All close thinkers, you know, are apt to be parenthetic.

One other point, and I conclude. You are a mighty man for parallel passages, Dick! a very ferret in hunting out the pedigree and true parentage of a thought, phrase, or image. So far from believing in equivocal generation, or giving credit to any idea as an *Autochthon*, *i. e.* as self-sprung out of the individual brain, or *natale solum*, whence (like Battersea cabbages, Durham mustard, Stilton cheese, &c.) it took its *market* name, I verily suspect you of the heresy of the Pre-Adamites! Nay, I would lay a wager that the Thesis for your Doctor's Degree, should you ever descend from your correctorship of *typical* errata to that of misprints in the substance, would be: *quod fontes sint nullibi*. In self-defence, therefore, by *warrantable anticipation*,—a pregnant principle, Richard! by virtue of which, (as you yourself urged at the time) the demagogues that threw open the election of the Mayor of Garrett, hitherto vested in the blackguards of Brentford exclusively, to the blackguards of the country at large, exposed us to an invasion from the aristocracies of Tunis and Algiers! N.B. Clarendon and the Quarterly are of the same opinion—prospectively, I say, for informers, and informatively for the reader, I make known the following:

Some ten or twelve years ago, as the Vassals of the Sun, *i. e.* the Bodies, count their time, being in the world of spirits, as above mentioned, and in the Parnassian quarter, in literary chit-chat with Lucian, Aristophanes, Swift, Rabelais, and Moliere, over a glass of green gooseberry wine, (since the departure of the last-named spirit, articles of French produce have been declared contraband in the spiritual Parnassia)—I read them a rough *pre-existent*, or as we say here, copy, of Maxilian. When who should be standing behind my chair, and peeping over my shoulder, (I had a glimpse of his

face when it was too late, and I never saw a more Cervantic one) but a spirit from Thought-land, (North Germany I should say) who, it seems, had taken a trip thither, during the furlow of a *magnetic crisis*, into which his Larva had been thrown by —— Nic, senior, M. D.* and a Mesmerist still in great practice. Well! there would have been no harm in this, for in such cases it was well known, that the spirit, on its return to the body, used to forget all that had happened to it during its absence, and became as ignorant of all the wondrous things it had seen, said, heard and done, as Balaam's ass. Γίνεται δ'αὖ ὄνος ὁ ὄνος ἐξαγγελ.ζόμενος. But unluckily, and only a few months before, Mr Van Ghert, (who, as *privy* counsellor to the King of the Netherlands, ought to have known better) had, by metaphysical skill, discovered the means of so softening the waxen tablet in the patient's cranium, that it not only received, but retained, the impression from the movements of the soul, during her trance, re-suggesting them to the patient sooner or later, sometimes as dreams, and sometimes as original fancies. Thus it chanced, that the great idea, and too many of the sub-ideas, of my *ideal* work awoke, in the consciousness of this Prussian or Saxon, —— Frederic Miller is the name, he goes by —— soon after the return of the spirit to its old chambers in his brain. Alas! my unfortunate intimacy with a certain well-known "Thief of Time," for which my originality had suffered on more than one former occasion, was part in fault! But, be this as it may, so it chanced, however, that before I had put a single line on paper, (my time being, indeed, occupied in determining which of ten or twelve *pre-existents* I should transcribe first) out came the surreptitious duplicate, with such changes in names, scene of action, thought, images, and language, as the previous associations, and local impressions of the unweeting plagiarist had clothed my ideas in. But what I take most to heart, it so nearly concerning the credit of Great Britain, is, that it came out in *another* country, and in high Dutch! I foresee what my anticipator's compatriots will say—that *admitting* the facts as here related, yet the Anselmus is no mere transcript or version, but at the lowest *a free imitation* of the Maxilian: or rather that the English and German works are like two paintings by different masters from the same sketch, the credit of which sketch, *secundum leges et consuetudines mundi corpuscularis*, must be assigned to the said Frederic Miller by all incarnate spirits, held at this present time *in their senses*, and as long as they continue therein; but which I shall claim to myself, if ever I get *out of them*. And so farewell, dear Corrector! for I must now adjust myself to retire bowing, face or frontispiece, towards THE READER, with the respect due to so impartial and patient an Arbiter from the

AUTHOR.

MAXILIAN.

Flight I.

IT was on a Whitsunday afternoon—the clocks striking five, and while the last stroke was echoing in the now empty churches—and just at the turn of one of the open streets in the outskirts of Dublin—that a young man, swinging himself round the corner, ran full butt on a basket of cakes and apples, which an old barrow-wife was offering for sale; and with such force, that the contents shot abroad, like the water-rays of a trundled mop, and furnished *extempore*—on the spur of the occasion, as we say—a glorious scramble to the suburban youngsters, that were there making or marring this double holiday. But what words can describe the desperate outburst, the *blaze* of sound, into which the beldam owner of the wares exploded! or the "boil and bubble" of abuse and imprecation, with which the neigh-

* See "Archiv des thierischen Magnetismus," edited by Professor Eschenmiyer and Co. I mentioned one of Dr Nic's cases, with a few of Doctors Kieser's and Nasse's, and of Mr Van Ghert's, to Lemuel Gulliver; but I found him strangely incredulous. *He* (he said) had never seen any thing like it. But what is that to the purpose? What does any one man's experience go for, in proving a negative at least? I could not even learn from him, that he had ever met with a single Meteorolithe, or sky-stone, on its travels from the volcanoes of Jupiter, or the moon, to our earth.

bour gossips, starting from their gingerbread and whisky stands, and clustering round him, astounded the ears and senses of the ill-starred aggressor! A tangle-knot of adders, with all its heads protruded towards him, would not have been more terrific. Reeling with surprise and shame, with the look and gesture of a child, that, having whirled till it was giddy-blind, is now trying to stop itself, he held out his purse, which the grinning scold with one snatch transferred to her own pocket. At the sight of this peace-offering, the circle opened, and made way for the young man, who instantly pursued his course with as much celerity as the fulness of the street, and the dread of a second mishap, would permit. The flame of Irish wrath soon languishes and goes out, when it meets with no fuel from resistance. The rule holds true in general. But no rule is of universal application; and it was far from being verified by the offended principal in this affray. Unappeased, or calling in her fury only to send it out again condensed into hate, the implacable beldam hobbled after the youth, determined that though she herself could not keep up with him, yet that her curses should, as long at least as her throat and lungs could supply powder for their projection. Alternately pushing her limbs onward, and stopping not so much to pant as to gain a *fulcrum* for a more vehement scream, she continued to pursue her victim with "vocal shafts," as Pindar has it, or ὡς πρῖνος ἐμπρησθεὶς *i. e.* spitting fire like a wet candle-wick, as Aristophanes!

And well if this had been all—an intemperance, a gust of grazy cankered old age, not worth recording. But, alas! these jets and flashes of execration no sooner reached the ears of the fugitive, but they became articulate sentences, the fragments, it seemed, of some old spell, or wicked witch-rhyme:—

> Ay!—run, run, run,
> Off flesh, off bone!
> Thou Satan's son,
> Thou Devil's own!
> Into the glass
> Pass
> The glass! the glass,
> The crystal glass!

Though there is reason to believe that this transformation of sound, like the burst of a bomb, did not take effect till it had reached its final destination, the youth's own *meatus auditorius*; and that for others, the scold's passionate outcry did not *verbally* differ from the usual outcries of a scold in a passion: Yet there was a something in the yell and throttle of the basket-woman's voice so horrific, that the general laugh, which had spread round at the young man's expense, was suspended. The passengers halted, as wonder-struck; and when they moved on, there was a general murmur of disgust and aversion.

The student MAXILIAN—for he it was, and no other, who, following his nose, without taking counsel of his eyes, had thus plunged into conflict with the old woman's wares—though he could attach no sense or meaning to the words he heard, felt himself, nevertheless, seized with involuntary terror, and quickened his steps, to get as soon as possible out of the crowd, who were making their way to the pleasure-gardens, the Vauxhall of the Irish metropolis, and whose looks and curiosity converged towards him. His anxious zig-zag, however, marked the desire of haste, rather than its attainment: and still as he pushed and winded through the press of the various gay parties, all in holiday finery, he heard a whispering and murmuring, "The poor young man! Out on the frantic old hag!" The ominous voice and the wicked looks which the beldam seemed to project, together with the voice—and we are all, more or less, superstitious respecting *looks*—had given a sort of sentimental turn to this ludicrous incident. The females regarded the youth with increasing sympathy: and in his well-formed countenance, (to which the expression of inward distress lent an additional interest,) and his athletic growth, they found an apology, and, for the moment, a compensation, for the awkwardness of his gait, and the more than most unfashionable cut of his clothes.

It can never be proved, that no one of the Seven Sleepers was a tailor by trade; neither do I take on myself to demonstrate the affirmative. But this I will maintain, that a tailor, disenthralled from a trance of like duration, with confused and fragmentary recollections of the fashions at the time he fell asleep, blended with the images hastily abstracted from the dresses that

passed before his eyes when he first reopened them, might, by dint of conjecture, have come as near to a modish suit, as the ambulatory artist had done, who made his circuit among the recesses of Macgillicuddy's Reeks, and for whose drapery the person of our luckless student did at this present time perform the office of *Layman*.* A pepper-and-salt frock, that might be taken for a greatcoat,—but whether docked, or only out-grown, was open to conjecture; a black satin waistcoat, with deep and ample flaps, rimmed with rose-colour embroidery; green plush smallclothes, that on one limb formed a tight compress on the knee joint, and on the other buttoned midway round the calf of a manly and well-proportioned leg. Round his neck a frilled or laced collar with a ribbon round it, sufficiently alien indeed from the costume below, yet the only article in the inventory and sum total of his attire that harmonized, or, as our painters say, was in some keeping—with the juvenile bloom, and [*mark, gentle Reader! I am going to raise my style an octave or more*]—and ardent simplicity of his face; or with the auburn ringlets that tempered the lustre of his ample forehead!—Like those fleecy cloudlets of amber, which no writer or lover of sonnets but must some time or other, in some sweet Midsummer Night's Dream of poetic or sentimental sky-gazing, have seen astray on the silver brow of the celestial Dian! Or as I myself, once on a time, in a dell of lazy Sicily, down a stony side † of which a wild vine was creeping tortuous, saw the tendrils of the vine pencilling with delicate shadows the brow of a projecting rock of purest Alabaster, that *here* gleamed through from behind the tendrils, and *here* glittered as the interspace.

Yes, gentle Reader!—the diction, similes, and metaphors, of the preceding paragraph, *are* somewhat motley and heterogene. I am myself aware of it. But such was the impression it was meant to leave. A harmony that neither existed in the original, nor is to be found in any portraiture thereof, presents itself in the exact correspondence of the one to the other. My friend Panourgos, late of the Poultry Counter, but at present in the King's Bench,—a descendant of the Rabelaisean Panurge, but with a trick of Friar John in his composition—acted on this principle. He sent an old coat to be dyed; the dyer brought it home blue and black: he beat the dyer black and blue: and this, he justly observed, produced a harmony. *Discordia concors!*—the motto, gentle Reader! prefixed by the masters of musical counterpoint, to the gnarled and quarrelsome notes which the potent fist of the Royal Amazon, our English Queen Bess, boxed into love and good neighbourhood on her own virginals. Besides, I wished to leave your fancy a few seconds longer in the tyring-room. And here she comes! The whole figure of the student—She has *dressed* the character to a hair.—You have it now complete before your mind's eye, as if she had caught it *flying*.

And in fact, with something like the feeling of one flying in his sleep,

* The jointed image, or articulated doll, as large, in some instances, as a full-grown man or woman, which artists employ for the arrangement and probation of the drapery and attitudes of the figures in their paintings, is called *Layman*. POSTSCRIPT. Previously to his perusal of the several particulars of the student's *tout-ensemble*, I am anxious to inform the reader, that having looked somewhat more heedfully into my documents, I more than suspect that the piece, since it came from the hands of the Sartor of Macgillicuddy, had been most licentiously interpolated by genii of more mischievous propensities—the *boni socii* of the Etruscan and Samothracian breed; the "Robin Good Fellows" of England; the "Good Neighbours" of North Britain; and the "Practical Jokers" of *all* places, but of special frequency in clubs, schools, and universities.

† The author asks credit for his having, here and elsewhere, resisted the temptation of substituting "*whose*" for "*of which*"—the misuse of the said pronoun relative "whose," where the antecedent neither is, nor is meant to be represented as, personal or even animal, he would brand, as one among the worst of those mimicries of poetic diction, by which imbecile writers fancy they elevate their prose—*would*, but that, to his vexation, he meets with it, of late, in the compositions of men that least of all need such artifices, and who ought to watch over the purity and privileges of their mother-tongue with all the jealousy of high-priests, set apart by nature for the pontificate. Poor as our language is, in terminations and inflections significant of the genders, to destroy the few it possesses, is most wrongful.

the poor youth neither stopped nor stayed, till he had reached and passed into the shade of the alley of trees that leads to the gardens—his original destination, as he sallied forth from his own unlightsome rooms. And scarcely, even now, did he venture to look up, or around him. The eruption from the basket, the air-dance of cakes and apples, continued still before his eyes. In the sounds of distant glee he heard but a vibration of the inhuman multitudinous horse-laugh (ἀνάρθμον γελασμα) at the street corner. Yea, the restrained smile, or the merry glance of passing or passing damsel, were but a dimmer reflection of the beldam's *haggish* grin. He was now at the entrance gate. Group after group, all in holiday attire, streamed forward. The music of the wind instruments sounded from the gallery; and louder and thicker came the din of the merry-makers from the walks, alcoves, and saloon. At the very edge of the rippling tide, I once saw a bag-net lying, and a poor fascinated haddock with its nob through one of the meshes: and once from the garrison at Villette, I witnessed a bark of Greece, a goodly Idriote, tall, and lustily manned; its white dazzling cotton sails all filled out with the breeze, and even now gliding into the grand port, (*Porto Grande*,) forced to turn about and beat round into the sullen harbour of quarantine.—Hapless Maxilian! the havens of pleasure have *their* quarantine, and repel with no less aversion the plague of poverty. The *Pratique* boat hails, and where is his bill of health? In the possession of the Corsair. Then first he recovered his thoughts and senses sufficiently to remember that he had given away—to comprehend and feel the whole weight of his loss. And if a bitter curse on his malignant star gave a wildness to the vexation, with which he looked upward,

Let us not blame him: for against such chances
The heartiest strife of manhood is scarce proof.
We may read constancy and fortitude
To other souls—but had ourselves been struck,
Even in the height and heat of our keen wishing,
It might have made our heart-strings jar, like his!

Old Play.

Hapless Maxilian! hard was the struggle between the tears that were swelling into his eyes and the manly shame that would fain restrain them. Whitsunday was the high holiday of the year for him, the family festival from which he had counted and chronicled his years from childhood upwards. With this vision before him, he had confined himself for the last four or five weeks to those feasts of hope and fancy, from which the guest is sure to rise with an improved appetite: and yet had put into his purse a larger proportion of his scanty allowance than was consistent with the humblest claims of the months ensuing. But the Whitsunday, the *alba dies*, comes but once a-year—to keep it, to give it honour due,—he had pinched close, and worked hard. Yes, he was resolved to make much of himself, to indulge his genius, even to a bottle of claret,—a plate of French olives,—or should he meet, as was not improbable, his friend, Hunshman, the Professor of Languages—*i. e.* a middle-aged German, who taught French and Italian: excellent, moreover, in pork, hams, and sausages, though the anti-judiac part of the concern, the pork shop, was ostensibly managed by Mrs Hunshman, and since her decease, by Miss Lusatia, his daughter—or should he fall in with the Professor, and the fair Lusatia, why then, a bowl of Arrack punch, (it is the ladies' *favourite*, he had heard the Professor say, adding with a smile, that the French called it *contradiction*)—Yes, a bowl of punch, a pipe—his friend, a townsman and maternal descendant of the celebrated Jacob Behmen, had taught him to smoke, and was teaching him Theosophy—coffee, and a glass of Inniskillen to crown the solemnity. In this broken and parenthetic form did the bill of fare ferment in the anticipator's brain: and in the same form, with some little interpolation, by way of gloss, for the Reader's information, have we, sacrificing elegance of style to faith of History, delivered it.

Maxilian was no ready accountant; but he had acted over the whole expenditure, had rehearsed it in detail, from the admission to the concluding shilling and pence thrown down with an *uncounting* air for the waiter. Voluptuous Youth!

But, ah! that fatal incursion on the

apple-basket—all was lost! The brimming cup had even touched his lips—it left its froth on them, when it was dashed down, untasted, from his hand. The music, the gay attires, the tripping step and friendly nod of woman, the volunteer service, the rewarding smile—perhaps, the permitted pressure of the hand felt warm and soft within the glove—all shattered, as so many bubbles, by that one malignant shock! In fits and irregular *pulses* of locomotion, hurrying yet lingering, he forced himself alongside the gate, and with many a turn, heedless whither he went, if only he left the haunts and houses of men behind him, he reached at length the solitary banks of the streamlet that pours itself into the bay south of the Liffey. Close by, stood the rude and massy fragment of an inclosure, or rather the angle where the walls met that had once protected a now deserted garden,

"And still where many a garden-flower grew wild."

Here, beneath a bushy elder-tree, that had shot forth from the crumbling ruin, something higher than midway from the base, he found a grassy couch, a sofa or ottoman of sods, overcrept with wild-sage and camomile. Of all his proposed enjoyments, one only remained, the present of his friend, itself almost a friend—a Meerschaum pipe, whose high and ample bole was filled and surmounted by tobacco of Lusatian growth, made more fragrant by folded leafits of spicy or balsamic plants. For a thing was dear to Maxilian, not for what it was, but for that which it represented or recalled to him: and often, while his eye was passing,

"O'er hill and dale, thro' CLOUDLAND, gorgeous land!"

had his spirit clomb the heights of Imaus, and descended into the vales of Iran, on a pilgrimage to the sepulchre of Hafiz, or the bowers of Mosellara. Close behind him plashed and murmured the companiable stream, beyond which the mountains of Wicklow hung floating in the dim horizon: while full before him rose the towers and pinnacles of the metropolis, now softened and airy-light, as though they had been the sportive architecture of air and sunshine. Yet Maxilian heard not, saw not—or, worse still,

He saw them all, how excellently fair—
He *saw*, not *felt*, how beautiful they were.

The pang was too recent, the blow too sudden. Fretfully striking the fire-spark into the nitred sponge, with glazed eye idly fixed, he transferred the kindled fragment to his pipe. True it is, and under the conjunction of friendlier orbs, when, like a captive king, beside the throne of his youthful conqueror, Saturn had blended his sullen shine with the subduing influences of the star of Jove, often had Maxilian experienced its truth—that

The poet in his lone yet genial hour
Gives to his eye a magnifying power:
Or rather he emancipates his eyes
From the black shapeless accidents of size—
In unctuous cones of kindling coal,
Or smoke upwreathing from the pipe's trim bole,
His gifted ken can see
Phantoms of sublimity.
MSS.

But the force and frequence with which our student now commingled its successive volumes, were better suited, in their effects, to exclude the actual landscape, than to furnish tint or canvas for ideal shapings. Like Discontent, from amid a cloudy shrine of her own outbreathing, he at length gave vent and utterance to his feelings in sounds more audible than articulate, and which at first resembled notes of passion more nearly than parts of speech, but gradually shaped themselves into words, in the following soliloquy:

"Yes! I am born to all mishap and misery!—that is the truth of it!——Child and boy, when did it fall to my lot to draw king or bishop on Twelfth Night? Never! Jerry Sneak or Nincompoop, to a dead certainty! When did I ever drop my bread and butter—and it seldom got to my mouth without some such circuit—but it fell on the buttered side? When did I ever cry, Head! but it fell tail? Did I ever once ask, Even or odd, but I lost? And no wonder; for I was sure to hold the marbles so awkwardly, that the boy could count them between my fingers! But this is to laugh at! though in my life I could never descry much mirth in any laugh I ever set up at my own vexations, past or present. And that's another step-dame trick of Destiny! My shames are all immortal! I do believe, Nature stole me from my proper home, and made a blight of me, that I might not be owned again! For I never get

older. Shut my eyes, and I can find no more difference between *eighteen* me and *eight* me, than between to-day and yesterday! But I will not remember the miseries that dogged my earlier years, from the day I was first breeched! (Nay, the casualties, tears, and disgraces of that day I never can forget.) Let them pass, however—school-tide and holiday-tide, school hours and play hours, griefs, blunders, and mischances. For all these I might pardon my persecuting Nemesis! Yea, I would have shaken hands with her, as forgivingly as I did with that sworn familiar of hers, and Usher of the Black Rod, my old schoolmaster, who used to read his newspaper, when I was horsed, and flog me between the paragraphs! I would forgive her, I say, if, like him, she would have taken leave of me at the School Gate. But now, *vir et togatus*, a seasoned academic—that now, that still, that evermore, I should be the whipping-stock of Destiny, the laughing-stock of Fortune." * * * * * * * * * * *

[We must take Mr Coleridge as he chooses to offer himself. We certainly expected to have had a great deal more of this article for the present Number, when we sent the MS. to our Printer; but we suppose it may very safely be taken for granted that nobody will complain of us for opening our monthly sheets with a fragment indeed—but such a fragment as we are sure nobody but Mr Coleridge could have written.

In case there should be any reader of ours unfortunate enough never to have read Mr Coleridge's Friend, we strongly advise him to betake himself to that singular Storehouse of scattered genius, and make himself master of the beautiful letters in which the early history of *Idoloclastes Satyrane's* mind is displayed. He will then come with infinitely more advantage to the Historie and Gests of Maxilian, and their rich Prologomena.

Mr Coleridge will be behaving himself "something amiss," if we have not the continuation of these "Select Chapters" ere next month.

C. N.]

SONNET.

Hast thou, in feverish and unquiet sleep,
  Dreamt that some merciless dæmon of the air
  Raised thee aloft, and held thee by the hair,
Over the brow of a down-looking steep,
Gaping below into a chasm so deep,
  That by the utmost straining of thine eye,
  Thou canst no base, no resting-place descry;
Not even a bush to save thee, should'st thou sweep
Adown the black descent—that then the hand
  Suddenly parted thee, and left thee there,
  Holding but by the finger-tips, the bare
And jagged ridge above—that seems as sand,
  To crumble 'neath thy touch?—If so, I deem
  That thou hast had rather an ugly dream.

THE NIGHT-BLOWING STOCK.

"Come! look at this plant, with its narrow pale leaves,
And its tall, slim, delicate stem,
Thinly studded with flowers—yes, with flowers—there they are,
Don't you see, at each joint there's a little brown star?
But in truth, there's no beauty in them."

"So, you ask, why I keep it, the little mean thing!
Why I stick it up here just in sight?
'Tis a fancy of mine."—"A strange fancy!" you say,
"No accounting for tastes—In *this* instance you may,
For the flower—but I'll tell you to-night.

"Some six hours hence, when the Lady Moon
Looks down on that bastion'd wall,
When the twinkling stars dance silently
On the rippling surface of the sea,
And the heavy night dews fall,

"Then meet me again in this casement niche,
On the spot where we're standing now,
Nay, question not wherefore—perhaps with me
To look out on the night, and the bright broad sea,
And to hear its majestic flow."

* * * * * * * * * *

"Well, we're met here again; and the moonlight sleeps
On the sea and the bastion'd wall;
And the flowers there below—how the night wind brings
Their delicious breath on its dewy wings!"
"But there's one," say you, "sweeter than all!"

"Which is it? the myrtle or jessamine,
Or their sovereign lady, the rose?
Or the heliotrope, or the virgin's bower?
What! neither!"—"Oh no, 'tis some other flower,
Far sweeter than either of those."

"Far sweeter! and where, think you, groweth the plant
That exhaleth such perfume rare?"
"Look about, up and down, but take care, or you'll break
With your elbow that poor little thing that's so weak."—
"Why, 'tis *that* smells so sweet, I declare!"

"Ah ha! is it *that*?—have you found out now
Why I cherish that odd little fright?
All is not gold that glitters, you know;
And it is not all worth makes the greatest show,
In the glare of the strongest light.

"There are human flowers, full many, I trow,
As unlovely as that by your side,
That a common observer passeth by,
With a scornful lip, and a careless eye,
In the hey-day of pleasure and pride.

"But move one of those to some quiet spot,
From the mid-day sun's broad glare,
Where domestic peace broods with dove-like wing,
And try if the homely, despised thing,
May not yield sweet fragrance there.

"Or wait till the days of trial come,
The dark days of trouble and woe,
When *they* shrink and shut up, late so bright in the sun;
Then turn to the little despised one,
And see if 'twill serve you so.

"And judge not again at a single glance,
Nor pass sentence hastily.
There are many good things in this world of ours;
Many sweet things, and rare—weeds that prove precious flowers,
Little dreamt of by you or me."

C.

C. has a trifling complaint on the score of inaccuracy to make against the Compositor who set "Gracious Rain." An alteration in the tense of a verb, at the beginning, which threw the rest of the poem into bad grammar; and the alteration of "*up*furled" into "*un*furled," in another part, reversing the sense of the stanza in which that word occurred.

THE MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN.

CHAP. III.

The scrapers and the holy stones have now been keenly plied,
And the painters, jolly dogs, have done their duty;
And now she breasts, so smart and gay, the rippling, roaring tide,
With masts on end, and rigging black'd, a beauty!
Her ports unshipt, her carronades run out on every side;
She looks so like a sturdy fail-me-never,
That, d—n me, if I don't, and I'll do it too with pride,
Drink, "Huzza! the saucy Tottumfog forever!"

EDWARD had now, according to the most correct guardship phraseology, got "a ship of his own," being at length regularly enrolled on a vessel's books; and he had soon to experience the mighty difference of labour that exists between the lazy-lagging regular-timed motions of a guardo, and the unremitting and lively activity exerted on board a vessel of war preparing for sea.

The launch of the Namur had no sooner delivered over her live cargo to the first lieutenant of the Tottumfog, than he instantly ordered them to stow their luggage in midships on the booms, and immediately set them to work in scraping the pitch from the vessel's decks and sides, outside and in, with which the caulkers had so liberally bedaubed her. This done, several days were next spent in getting in and stowing her water-casks, her guns, shot, and other warlike apparatus, together with cables, sails, spare rigging, and other stores, whether for the gunner, boatswain, or carpenter. Provisions and water followed; the riggers were busy getting the rigging over the mast-heads; all hands were on the stretch while day-light lasted; nor was it until the painters began their decorations, that her lively ship's company had the smallest breathing from the hardest and most fatiguing toil.

All this strife of work arose from a circumstance by no means uncommon among naval commanders. While refitting their vessels at any station, they come necessarily under the command of the Port-Admiral of the place; who, from the frequency of his signals for the attendance of the captain, or various other minor officers, is very often troublesome enough; thus not only keeping the commanders continually upon the alert, but confining them on board during his official hours, in case their attendance should be required. This, however rigor-

ously they may enforce discipline in their own vessels, as it partially infringes on their personal freedom, is always deemed a grievance highly irksome and disagreeable; and if they can, by dint of a little overstrained exertion, escape to sea, from this unpopular etiquette, a day or two sooner, the task is always enforced with the most unrelenting rigour.

A short time, therefore, saw the Tottumfog's masts on end ready for sea, and a few days more brought her sailing orders, by which her ship's company heard, greatly to the satisfaction of our hero, that her destination was the North Sea, with her head-quarters at Leith Roads.

The day previous to sailing was expected by all to be one of *great ceremony*, which, in the version of the navy, is another name for one ushered in by excessive hard work; for it seems, whispers had escaped from that grand focus of internal politics, the captain's steward's cabin, that his worship was to be early on board—the clerk of the cheque meaning to muster the ship's company. Accordingly, shortly after day-break, they were roused by the boatswain and his mates piping *All hands ahoy!* Having turned out, and resigned their hammocks to the captains of the tops, who were vying with each other in their neatness of stowage, the *holy-stones* were produced, and to it they went, a-polishing the decks for a series of hours. As some of our readers may not entirely comprehend the meaning of this phrase, a few words of explanation may not be unacceptable. These stones have acquired the term *holy*, we believe, from the circumstance of their being used in almost every vessel of war at least once a-week—that selected morning being generally Sunday; when a good deal of extra scrubbing is gone through, previous to the word being passed for all hands to clean and dress themselves for muster and prayers. The manner of using them, again, is simply this:—The decks being first well rinced with water drawn from the sides, and pretty liberally sprinkled over with sand, the holy-stones are next brought forward, and are large flat stones, from 112 to 130 pounds weight—of a soft, smooth bottom, with two iron rings sunk into their upper surface, from which are appended two hand-ropes, which the top-men lay hold of, and by dragging the stone to and from one another, in the manner of a saw, on the sanded deck, they thereby give it a smoothness and a whiteness which the most zealous scrubbing could never accomplish. Small hand-stones are used for those corners which the large ones cannot act upon; and, as in using them, a poor wight must get down on his bare marrow-bones, amid the wet and filth, they have long been known by the cant name of *Bibles*—a term which, by the bye, we would remark *en passant*, is rather inauspicious to the high hopes of those very zealous and respectable individuals who augur so much good from a profuse distribution of the Sacred Volume throughout the fleet, since every thorough-bred man-of-war's man must naturally attach to the latter a large portion of that wicked wit, and thorough contempt, which he invariably feels for the former. The decks being therefore well holy-stoned, are once more rinced with a profusion of buckets of water, to carry off the sand, then carefully dried up with swabs, and the work is completed.

As soon as the decks were finished, and top-gallant yards sent aloft, the yards were carefully squared, the fore-top-sail let go, a gun was fired, and blue Peter hoisted—the usual signal for sailing; all which being accomplished, the first Lieutenant now ordered all hands to clean themselves, and the breakfast to be piped.

At two bells, (nine o'clock) the boatswain's pipe announced the arrival of the Captain; and Edward, eager to behold his future commander, hurried on deck. From the very first good look he got of him, however, he disliked him; and it must be confessed, that even his best friends acknowledged, that Captain Switchem's appearance was by no means prepossessing. He was a tall, meagre man, apparently about forty years of age—of a grave, and rather severe cast of countenance, whose whole figure bore all the external marks of severe exhaustion, from a tropical climate. Yet, though his form had an emaciated appearance, and his features came under the description of cadaverous, he had a strong, keen eye, and a custom of shewing, in his rapid way of speaking, a finely-formed, excellent set of teeth,

which gave a certain cynical animation to his manner, altogether overwhelming and unpleasing. While Edward was coolly revolving in his mind the apparent accuracy of the reported character of his commander, to the living figure before him, the clerk of the cheque came on board, and the boatswain immediately piped *All hands to muster, hoy!*

No sooner was the clerk gone, than the Captain, ordering all hands aft the mainmast, took his station at the capstan, and began the following speech:—"It has pleased the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, my lads, to bestow the command of this hooker on me; and as we are to be together in future, I hope we shall agree well, and be good friends. I must, however, say, that I am determined to have nothing from you but strict, steady, good discipline. I hold in my hands the Articles of War, which are to be, in future, the rules of every man's conduct; and it shall be my fault if they are not strictly enforced; but as most of you already know them, I shall refrain from reading them at this time, certain as I am, that those among you who have never heard them, will, very likely, think they hear them soon enough. Two things, however, I must mention; for, by the sacred Power that made me, I am determined to enforce them with the utmost strictness, and to punish all aggressors without mercy. The first of these things is, I never will forgive a thief; and the second, I never will forgive a drunkard. Now, pay attention, my lads; I say I never will forgive e'er a one of you who turns out to be either a thief or a drunkard. No—so help me God, I will punish a thief in the severest manner wherever I catch him; ay, though I should leave my cott, and burn an inch of candle at it. Regarding drunkenness, my lads, I will take another way. You all know it to be a low, lubberly, beastly crime, to which, God knows, we are all liable enough at times; I mean, therefore, to make this one exception to its universal punishment. If it is committed by any one of you, while we are in harbour, I pledge you my honour, I will be at some pains in considering the offender's general character; and, as he performs his duty at sea, so shall he have every reasonable allowance given him. But always bear in mind, my lads, that this great indulgence I will only allow to good steady men in harbour; for no person whatever shall escape the most rigorous punishment I can think of at sea.

"Now, my lads, although I know that it is not common for officers like me, commanding his Majesty's vessels of war, to condescend to explain to their crew their motives for either this or that punishment, I will yet be so honest with you as to tell you, that I have very weighty reasons for punishing both these crimes severely. We sail to-morrow, please God, for the North Sea station; and when you know that it is one which requires the utmost steadiness, good conduct, and sobriety, both from the variableness of the climate, and the intricacy of its occasional navigation, I am certain you cannot fail of perceiving my reasons for the punishment of drunkenness; since it principally proceeds on a determination I have long ago formed, that every man, while God grants him health, shall always keep himself in a state fit for duty, and not trundle his labour on the shoulders of some other poor fellow, who has no manner of business with it; while he, forsooth, is either pigging it below, under his mess-table, or else scampering the decks like a fool and a madman, creating confusion, disorder, and mutiny wherever he comes. Again, when you recollect how very short most of you are in the necessary rigging for a North Sea winter, you certainly can neither think me harsh nor cruel, in severely punishing the scoundrel who would deprive e'er a one of you of the most trifling article of wearing apparel. I would ill perform my own duty were I to do otherwise; and it's a long look forward before pay-day appears.

"You now know my mind, my lads, on the two principal points I ever mean to quarrel with you on. I am going on shore to take leave of my friends; and as some of your old messmates may wish to see you before we go, I mean you all to be as merry as myself; and I shall accordingly leave orders for you to receive a double allowance of grog to-day, with which you may drink his Majesty's health, and a good cruize to us—if you have any left after that is done, you may add my health, and the rest of your

officers. Good bye t'ye—be merry, but be wise. Boatswain's mate, pipe down."

The whistles were instantly blown, and the ship's company dispersed in high spirits.

"Side, boys," bawled the quarter-master—"attend the side." The Captain, after some further private conversation with his first Lieutenant, at last made his farewell salute to all his officers; and again did the boatswain's pipe sound its long lengthened note as his gig shoved off.

All was now impatience for the commencement of the revels, and every minute was fifty ere the dinner was piped. At length came the happy hour; and at eating and drinking, with no duty to trouble him, who is so happy as Jack, either ashore or on board? It is no easy matter, indeed to convey to our readers even the smallest idea of a man-of-war's 'tween-deck, with all hands at dinner; for the long loud jolly laugh, the merry catch and cheering chorus—the shrill lively whistle, the ill-humoured boisterous squabble, and the growling deep-toned imprecation—all strike the astonished ear at the same moment with such a stunning noise, that one would think,

"Hell was broke loose,
And all the devils were there."

As, however, the subject is not unapt to a season of jollity and merriment like the present, and as we find it altogether impossible to identify either the speakers or choristers, where all are speaking and singing at once, we have only humbly to propose that any of our readers, whether lady or gentleman, whose curiosity may be so far excited, are exceedingly welcome to take hold of our arm while we slowly take a walk round the crowded deck, and note down the living conversation as it strikes the ear.

"I say, Jack, what d'ye think of the skipper's speech? How d'ye relish yon whimsy whamsy of his 'bout drunk at sea, and drunk in harbour, eh?

"Think! d—n me if I know what to think on't. Mayhap, taking a small drop of grog, when one can touch it, may be both lubberly and lousy——"

"Lousy! why, Jack, he did'nt say lousy, man—he said beastly."

"Ay, that he did, Jack,—for Nat and I were close under his lee."

"Well, well, maties, and what the devil else could he mean, I should like for to know, by beastly but lousy? O ho! my smart fellows, don't you be after picking me up before I fall; nor don't you go for to think that I've forgot what my old messmate, honest Dan Colfin of the Majestic, used to say.—Ay, he was the lad for my money, either fore or aft, thof he was a Scotchman!—and I'm sure he was a great scholard, for I've heard all our officers say as much. Well, says Dan, —Barnes, says he, whenever a fellow calls you beast, or beastie—I think 'twas some such rigmarole phrase he used,—you may depend on't he means that you are lousy, says he;—so up fist directly, says he, and knock the lubber down."

"Vy, I doesn't know but what you may be right, Barnes, a'ter all; that there Scotch differing so much from our good English, you knows.—But I say, maties, what if our old Gibby there should get himself malty of an a'ternoon, as usual, when we're at sea?—My eye! what a cod's squint he'd turn up when the skipper would say to him, *You are a low, lubberly, lousy swab, Gibby! Serjeant of marines, put that drunken beast in irons!* (Imitates.) *Saul! ye may do sae, your honour; but de'il a bone o' me's fu'.—Silence, you old sinner! you are continually drunk, Gibby!—Boatswain's-mate, give him a d—d good starting! You are worse than a pig, Gibby!—give the scoundrel five dozen at least! I wouldn't give five skips of a louse for all you ever do, Gibby! d—n him, send him through the fleet!*" Here the humble disciple of Matthews could no longer hold out against the resistless vigour of his own wit, but readily joined his messmates, who were convulsed with laughter.

"I'se tell ye fat it is, Maister Lillyeuk, or fat e'er's your name, if thou disna clap a stopper on that vile pota-ta-trap o' yours, d—n me but I'se gie ye a clank ower the canopy sall mak your day-lights sparkle again, and syne we'll see how you'll like that, my lad. Fa the deyvel d'ye think's gaun to stand your jaw, ye snuffle o' a creature? Confound ye! ye're just a very good sample o' a' the rest o' ye're d—d Cockney dirt—aye yattering and yelping whan ye're eating, or whan ye've your nose close to the bread-bag!—But bide ye a bit, my man—we're gaun to a place where I'll maybe live

to see a hantle o' that cleck o' yours ta'en out o' ye."

"By my soul, you are right, Gibby, and Hollyoak's wrong. I believe we shall see your calf country, my old boy, very soon.—I say, Mack, what d'ye think's the largest tree in Gibby's country?"

"O, how should I know. But what country d'ye call Gibby's?"

"Why, Shetland, to be sure."

"O! Shetland, is it—there I have you, matey, for many's the good glass of grog I've had in Shetland. The biggest tree that I know that grows in Shetland is, let me see, a large, tall, bushy, full-grown—cabbage! almost as high, by the hokey! as our grog-kid there, ha, ha, ha!"

"Avast, avast there, Mack;—Pshaw! you should'nt be so d—d witty on Gibby's country, my lad, seeing you don't know how much you may be beholden to it yet before you hop the twig. For my part, I'll only say that the man that speaks glummishly of Gibby's country knows very little of the North Sea—I'm certain they don't—eh, Gibby? But never mind, my old soul; we'll very likely soon be in at Bressay—won't we, Gibby? And then who knows but you'll tell little Ailsey to bring us plenty of murphies, and eggs, and soft tack—Won't you, my pretty Gib? won't you, my heart of oak?"

"Come, come, d—n your squeezing, Jack; my banes are a' sair already with your nonsense, I declare."

Here the whistle blew, and *Grog, ahoy!* was bellowed down the hatchway. The sound was heard with a shout of joy; and away scampered the cooks of the various messes with their vessels to the grog-tub.

The mirth grew now both boisterous and tumultuary; the very sight of the grog seemed to have the effect of raising the animal spirits to a higher key; and so very zealously was the carousal commenced, every one in the joy of his heart talking louder than his neighbour, while ever and anon the rude and boisterous chorus struck the ear, that one would have thought that young and old, in defiance of every caution their captain had given them, were in full march to a state of the most complete inebriety.

"Scaldings, matey; scaldings!—Hollo, you fellow! keep that filthy louse-preserver of yours out of my way. Blast your day-lights, you lubber! if you make me spill this here grog, but I'll dance your rascally ribs into powder."

"Hollo! you sodger, mind your well blacked pins, my boy, and don't capsize the good stuff.

"Number five!—Number five!—call number five below there!—Here, my old mate, lay hold of the grog-kid; the hatchway's so completely choak-a-block with lobster-backs and barber's clerks, there's no getting down but by the cable.

"Come, come, heave a-head, old skulk-me-ever, and let me pass; our mess is on fire, and here is the water."

"Weel, sirs, and fat d'ye think o' your fine Cockney now;—ha, ha, ha! if I can keep frae laughing at it. D—n me, if the poor singit mumping cat hasna lost his call; and now ye'll hae obliged to wait till a' the sodgers are saired before ye. Saul! the brat was for starting me, sending me through the fleet, and fiend kens a' fat; but, in guid faith, if ye're a' o' my mind, the devil a spoonfae o' grog should wet his wuzen."

"For shame, Gibby, to propose such a thing! I'll be d—d if you'd speak that way did you not expect to get a few of these same spoonfulls, as you call 'em, whistled into your own muzzle. All the mess knows that it's not a trifle you'll stick at when a glass of grog's in the wind—and how do you know but Davis may like the stuff as well as yourself?"

"O, blast him! give the fellow his grog; I wants none on't, for my part. Rather cob him, I say; for he had plenty of time, and knew well enough we had the first call."

"Avast, avast there, maties, here he comes. Come, Davis, hand round, my buck, for we're all in a state of mutiny here:—and I say, old Catherine Street, tip Gibby a choaker at once, for he's swearing he'll grog you."

(*Chorus.*)

"Nor never will I married be
Until the day I die;
For the stormy winds and the raging sea
Parted my love and me."

"Well, well, maties, no more of that.—Come, Gibby, let's hear you give us a slice of your old pell the Bounty, that good old Spitzberger. I don't see why we should'nt be as merry as e'er a mess in the hooker on such a day as this."

"O, Greenland is a cold countrie,
And seldom is seen the sun;
The keen frost and snow continually blow,
And the day-light never is done,
Brave boys,
And the day-light never is done.

But ne'er a bone of me can sing now-a-days. It's far ower high for my auld pipe, although, nae doubt, we've seen the day. But, whisht!—ay, that's something like the thing.—(*Chorus.*)

Farewell, and adieu to your grand Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain,
For we've received orders to sail for Old England,
But we hope in short time for to see you again.

Tut's! here's to the Tottumfog, and a' that's in her. May she soon nail a prize or twa, and then scud to Shetland as she were driving to the wuddie; for, losh, maties, I'm gaun daft to see our Ailie."

"Huzza! well behaved, old Gibby—ha, ha, ha!"

"I tells thee, Tummas, thee hast goutten three tots already; how many wouldst thee ha' now?"

"What arguflies that, my lad, when they wa'nt half full. Come, come, bouse me up another, matey—there's a good fellow—and I'll touch you up a flashy stave:—(*Chorus.*)

O, the rose it is red and the violet is blue,
And my heart, love, beats steady and constant to you;
Then let it be early, late, or soon,
I will enjoy my rose in June."

"Dang it, Tummas! that's always thy way; but I won't be sung out of my grog by ere a one. I tells thee once more, that I'se only the plush, and that I be's entitled to, an't I now? But, come, come, matey, thee needn't be angry either—there's another for thee."

"Angry!—no, no, I'm not angry, my old ship. Here's smacking luck to you, my dear boy, and a fistful of doubloons before you are many years older. Angry, in faith!—it's a very different story then, my hero!—If ever you see Tom Sykes angry—that's real savage, I mean—I'd advise you as a friend to stand clear, matey—don't you go for to think that he's been at Copenhagen and Trafalgar for nothing.—(*Chorus.*)

On the glorious the second of April, all at the doom of day,
We unreef'd all our topsails, and then we bore away;
Lord Nelson on the poop did stand,
With his spy-glass all in his hand;
And all he said, as we push'd for the land,
Was, *Steady*, and *Cheer up*, ho!"

"Boatswain's mate! Boatswain's mate! Below, there! You marine, d'ye hear, fellow?"

"Sir."

"Call the boatswain's mate forward there, directly."

"Ay, ay, sir. Boatswain's mate! Forward there; pass the word for the boatswain's mate."

"Hollo!"

"You're wanted on deck."

(*Chorus.*)

"The de'il pu' your twa black een,
I wish your face I had never seen,
You're but a proud and a saucy quean,
And I winna be your dearie, O."

"Up there, sweepers, and clear away the deck! D'ye hear there, you Murphy, Davis, and the whole boiling of you! Come, come, no grumbling; it's of no use. Shoulder your brooms, and come over the deck as smartly's you like. Come, scud! D'ye hear there; fly, and be d—d to you!"

"Well, my lads, as I were saying, we had her by this time just two points abaft the beam—"

"You tie an earing, you swab! I would not allow you to stand at my lee-wheel.

"D—n me, if I don't think, some how or other, that our skipper will turn out a tartar, good weight, after all. He's got a smacking sharp cut the wind of his own, and I don't like his top-lights at all at all."

"Avast there, my hearty; after me, if you please. I say, maties, here's bad luck to Bet of the jetty, and to all the rascally smouches and humbugs of Sheerness."—(*Chorus.*)

"Then we'll drink and be jolly, and drown melancholy,
Our spirits to cherish, our hopes, and our lives,
And we'll pay all our debts with a flying foretop-sail,
And so bid adieu to our sweethearts and wives."

"Pshaw! d—n the song!—hear me out, maties. Well, as I were saying, by this time we were all double-shotted, and were just going to give her another physicker—"

"Ha, ha, ha! My eyes! twig canny Shields Neddy!—malty, by the Nor' lights!"

"You lie, you land-crab!—I'll walk on a seam with e'er a man of your mess."

"By the powers, you may say it,

my boy!—for it's just the place for a fellow to laugh and grow fat in. I've seen a good deal now of the world, both east and west, and every point of the compass, my boy; and the devil fetch me, were it in my power, but I'd pitch my tent in snug little Ireland before e'er a corner in it at all at all—ay, faith, and so would I now."

The bell now struck six, when the pipe of *All hands to dance, ahoy!* hurried all the young men on deck in excellent trim for frolic and fun of any description, leaving all the more grave and aged below, happy in each other's conversation. Parties were speedily formed, and *Hunt the slipper*, and several other games of a similar nature, were immediately commenced. Other parties amused themselves with dancing on the forecastle, to the beat of the drum and the sound of the fife; and the grotesque manners of the huge hulks of fellows who personated the fair sex made every side ache with laughter. The scene was new to our hero, who enjoyed it very highly; although he could hardly avoid remarking, that all the sports and dances were of the rudest description, and were more like the prefatory lessons for initiating men into the mystery of bearing hard blows and heavy falls with good humour, than the pastimes of reasonable and rational beings: for as all the frolics, of whatever nature they were, commonly ended in a mock squabble, where the whole party engaged mutually gave one another a hearty drubbing with their knotted kerchiefs, taken from their necks for that purpose, in one or two instances it actually occurred, that where the parties thought themselves rather severely handled, it verged pretty nearly to a serious conclusion, and several heavy blows were interchanged with every apparent good will. This, however, was seemingly against all rule; for, wherever it was like to happen, the others, by dint of ridicule and laughter, soon put their anger to flight, and speedily restored good humour.

Although the subject may appear somewhat trivial, yet will we venture a description of two of these sports, which we believe not to belong to the class more generally known, and both of which, we can assure our readers, please a vast deal better in the performance than they can ever be expected to do from a brief description.

The first is termed *building a cutter*, and is merely a dramatic squib, concluded in the usual way at the expence of some simple good-natured landsman, ignorant of the sport.—"Come, shipmates," cries a known hand, "let's have a game at *building the cutter*;" when, as soon as a party is formed, the three principal characters, of the *Gentleman*, the *Carpenter*, and his man *Jack*, are generally contrived to be thrown into the hands of three of the stoutest and most active seamen engaged. The game now commences with a conversation between the Gentleman and the Carpenter; and as a good deal of humour, as well as of satire, is often thrown into it, it is sometimes carried on for a considerable time with both wit and spirit. This, however, we do not pretend to aim at; merely wishing to sketch out a bare outline, by way of giving our readers an idea of the game.

Enter a Gentleman and Carpenter.

Gent. Good-morrow, Master Chips. I wants to purchase a neat, airy, smart-sailing cutter, finely painted, and handsomely rigged;—in the newest fashion, of course, you know.

Carp. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to serve your honour. I have several cutters on hand at present, but not one, I believe, of your description. However, you know, we can build you one in a very short time, and probably that will do, sir?

Gent. Well enough, Master Chips, provided you begin it directly.

Carp. You may depend upon me, sir. It will be sent home to you the moment it is finished.

Gent. Very well, Master Chips; I shall expect it. (*Exit.*

Carp. I say, John;—d'ye hear there, Jack? Where the devil's that foreman of mine? You, Jack, hilloah!

Jack. Here I come, your honour.

Carp. Come this way, you swab; d—n me if ever you're to be found when you are most wanted. We must set about building a trim spanking cutter for Mr Broombottom directly. Come, bring me my tools, and go you and seek out a proper piece of stuff for a good keel to her. I don't care whether it belongs to England, Ireland, or Scotland, so that it's good. Come, look sharp and thief-like, you scoundrel.

(Here John, after a seeming examination, singles out the selected individual from among the byestanders, and brings him forward, saying:)

Master, to my mind, here is an excellent piece of stuff for the cutter's keel.

Carp. So it is, my lad. To what country does this stuff belong?

Jack. It is true native Irish, your honour; reared and grown in Lord Buntlin's plantations at sweet Mullingar. The very same you bought from that land-lubber, Dennis M'Carthy.

Carp. Ay, very good, John. Now bear a hand, and assist me to lay it down properly.

(Here the two laid a smart, smiling Irish lad flat on his back, with his legs and arms well stretched out.)

Carp. Now, Jack, hand me the ribs and trucks, to keep the keel steady. Smart, now; there's a good lad.

(Here four more stout fellows were brought forward, all aware of the business, who were each firmly seated at poor Patrick's arms and legs.)

The most difficult part of the game was now accomplished, the victim of sport being now secured. A goodly-lengthened, and tolerably-spirited, conversation was next commenced between John and his master, respecting the most approved modes of rigging the cutter's masts, cutting her sails, &c.; a part of the drama we have no intention to detail, and which is generally lengthened or curtailed according to the abilities of the speakers, and the applause which they meet with. We rather hasten to say, that the cutter being at last pronounced to be complete, and a great deal of mischievous bustle gone through in clearing her a passage to the water, the carpenter suddenly cried, *Launch, there, launch!* when instantly, to the astonishment of numbers, and the joy of the whole, about a dozen of buckets of water, which had been carefully prepared during the passing conversation, were discharged smack in the face of the unfortunate prostrate Irishman, and were followed by others in such rapid succession, that he was nearly suffocated, and completely drenched, before he could fight himself clear of his tormentors, while all around him were convulsed with laughter.

The other game we have selected is named *The British and the Bold Buccaneer;* and is one which exclusively belongs to the most active and alert seamen in the navy. According to the number on board inclined or capable of taking a part in this very hazardous piece of amusement, the performers may be four, three, or two in number. At the time that our hero beheld it, it was done by three:—Captains St George, St Andrew, and Morgan the Bold Buccaneer,—the two former of whom were Shields colliers, and the latter a fearless Irishman. They were three athletic, well-made young men, rather below the middle size; and such was their known celebrity in this performance, that no sooner was the game publicly announced than every other was immediately suspended, and young and old, officers, cooks, and scullions, hurried on deck to witness an exhibition at that time universally popular.

The candidates for applause soon divested themselves of their hats, kerchiefs, jackets, and shoes; and having braced themselves tightly up for exertion, and taken their stations, the performance began on the forecastle by Captains St George and St Andrew chaunting the following humble rhyme, to, however, a very sweet and lively air:

Our countries on the ocean stand,
We're mermen bold upon the main;
Who dares dispute when we command,
He never shall dispute again.

For thus we resolve, and thus we decree,
No rival shall ever appear on the sea,
Before he first fights us, so bold and so free,
Whose watch-word is Death, boys, or Victory!
Hurra, hurra, hurra!
Glory or Death, boys, or Victory!

"Well, brother," cried St George, "how do your bearings stand?"

"By observation yesterday, Porto Rico, E.N.E., 20 leagues."

"Have you seen any thing lately?"

"Yes, brother, I saw a sail last night, and gave chase—but I've lost her."

"What did she look like?"

"She loomed like a square-rigged vessel?

"The same I saw myself. Keep you as close to the wind as you can hug, and I'll go large; for I'm almost certain we're in the track of the object of our wishes, the Braggadocia privateer. We have only to capture her, and then home to old England as if the devil kicked us! I think we had better part company, and make sail, brother."

"Ay, 'ay,—the sooner the better."

Both now cleared the forecastle at

a single leap; and both taking a side of the deck, advanced slowly aft, with many curvettings and specimens of agility, until St George espied the Bold Buccaneer sitting carelessly whistling at the very extremity of the gaff boom. He instantly hailed him with a "What ship there, ho!"

"Ay, ay," replied he, "that's the very ship, dear, to be sure."

"Confound the rascal!" continued St George. "D'ye hear, there, fellow, what ship is that?"

"For sartin, honey, it's the very ship."

"If you don't answer me directly, I'll fire into you," cried St George.

"If you do this time, my darling, it's more than the son of your mother ever did before, joy."

"Is not that the Braggadocia privateer?"

"Mayhap she is Braggadocia enough to take every devil's inch of consate out of you, however.—Oh! by St Patrick! so there's two of you, is there? Then, by the lovely maid of Killarney, it is full time I was after shaking my own beautiful trotters, sure now. [*Rises, and moves slowly up the rigging.*]

"Hilloah! you ship there," bawled St George after him.

"What want you now, gragh?" was the answer.

"Won't you tell us your ship's name?" cried St George.

"No, troth now, that I won't.—I'll be after telling the flying Braggadocia's name to ne'er a spalpeen like you.—I'm away, for I like none of your company, my darling."

"Make sail, brother, and give chace," cried St George to his companion, and both instantly sprung to the boom.

A trial of the most dexterous agility and presence of mind now ensued. They ran up the rigging, and slid down the stays, even from the very mast heads, with the rapidity of arrows, and leaped from one yard to another, by means of slip-ropes, with the confidence and agility of the monkey tribe, amidst the reiterated shouts and plaudits of the whole ship's company. They continued this fatiguing and perilous exercise a great length of time; for though the two Saints moved swiftly and fearlessly on, the Bold Buccaneer, well worthy his name, scorning to yield, no sooner led them down to the deck, than off he flew again, nor would he halt for a moment until he reached the top-gallant yard's-arm. Here, making fast a rope's end he had brought from the top, he would coolly await their arrival on the cross-trees, and then, when his firey-faced pursuers had almost made sure of him, would the daring fellow spring to the yard's-arm at a bound, and slipping down his rope with astonishing rapidity, would either stand the next moment on the top-sail yard's arm, or, seizing hold of a stay, continue his run to the deck, leaving his disappointed and breathless pursuers looking after him from the top-mast head. Thus they continued, with the most admirable exertion, until the Buccaneer had brought them to the deck three several times, when, unfortunately, in a rapid descent on the main-top-gallant stay into the fore-top, he wounded his foot on a marlin-spike. Still, however, he scorned to give in, though his speed was greatly retarded by his wound, which bled pretty profusely. At length, after uncommon exertion, he was laid hold of by St George, in the act of making fast a slip-rope to the fore-yard's arm; and a struggle ensued which baffles all description; the Buccaneer endeavouring to shake him off, and either escape by the lift, or else make a spring to the stays, and St George keeping him stoutly and firmly pinned to the yard's arm. This was the more increased by St Andrew, who came dash in between them, by slipping down the lift of the yard. The Buccaneer finding it now impossible to escape from their clutches, made a sudden spring from St Andrew, and overboard he went headlong. Hazardous as the matter now appeared, St Andrew hesitated not a moment, but dropped from the yard after him, and was gallantly followed by St George; and here a sort of fight now ensued far more painful than pleasant. All three were excellent swimmers, but completely exhausted; and the tide happening to ebb at the time, the current of the Medway proved too strong for them, and carried them all so rapidly a-stern, that a boat was instantly dispatched to pick them up,—thus ending a most finished display of agility and courage, with no other injury to the parties than a little extra fatigue, and a good ducking. For this, however, they seemed to be amply compensated, on coming on board, by

the cheering plaudits they received from the whole ship's company,—the officers giving them divers drams to qualify the salt water they had been compelled to swallow, and their companions bustling in changing their wet clothes for others more congenial to comfort; every one evincing, by these little acts of care and kindness, the high satisfaction to which their distinguished abilities had given rise; and for no better meed than which, however we may deny it, men are sometimes spurred on to greater feats than even the figuring away in the break-neck sport of *The British and the Bold Buccaneer*.

It was now a delightful summer evening. The noisy clang of the Dock-yard had ceased;—the lighters and shore-boats, with their commodities, Jewish and Christian, and a few unsaleable British beauties, were hurrying towards the harbour;—the sun had given to the windows of Blue Town the appearance of a splendid illumination,—had tinged the curling tops of the gently-rising waves, and the neighbouring richly wooded shores, with a golden hue, and plainly announced to the most casual inquirer, in all the dignity of beauty and expressive silence, that labour must cease, for the day was at a close. The top-men were aloft, and the marines and signal-men were at their posts.—Every eye on deck was now steadily fixed either on the Admiral's ship, or on the sun; which no sooner sank beneath the horizon, than the words *Fire* and *Sweigh away!* were given, the muskets were fired, the top-gallant yards were tripped and hurried with Blue Peter to the deck, the ensign was hauled down at the same instant, and the ceremonial of sun-set was concluded by the drummer, who beat the tattoo to the well-known air of "Go to Berwick Johnny."

A short interval of order and quietness had now happily succeeded the most boisterous mirth and uproar. The fife, the fiddle, and the drum, with most of their admirers, had gone below; when the pee-wheep-chick-a-chick sound of the boatswain's pipe hurried young and old once more on deck for their hammocks, and a few moments saw the Tottumfog's sides, fore and aft, studded with human heads arrayed in all the varied costumes of the world. When all were assembled, the word, "*Pipe down!*" was given; the boatswain's pipe gave its sanction by a screaming trill; the hammocks flew out of the nettings as if by magic, and were as hastily shouldered by their owners, who, in their haste to reach their respective births below, displayed an apathy of feeling and an equanimity of temper highly exemplary. We have not the least doubt, but it would have excited both the wonder and laughter of our readers, to have seen young and old coming literally rolling down the hatch-ladders along with their hammocks; and we have still less, that it would have made many of them stand somewhat aghast, to have heard the strange medley of reiterated shouts of, *Stand from under! Scaldings below there!* and *Murder!* with all the usual accompaniments of mock screaming, peals of laughter, and direful imprecations, which commonly attend this hurried piece of business. All this, however, and a great deal more, passes quite unheeded, when once people are a little accustomed to it; for all this is but merely a noise, which a few minutes puts an end to. The various parties speedily return to the deck to roll up their respective hammock cloths to preserve them from the weather; and, like all other services in the navy, every thing is forgotten as soon as the bustle is over. In a very short time, a large portion of the people returned to their sports with redoubled spirits, as cheerful and good-humoured as ever, laughing heartily at the cuts and thrusts they had both taken and given;—while not a few there were, and among the rest our hero, who wisely noting the probable fatigue of the following day, stole away to their hammocks, and were soon asleep.

Chapter IV.

Then stick to't, my hearts, and be jolly, boys,
At the mercy of Fortune we go;
We're in for't—then d—n me, what folly, boys,
To be down-hearted, you know!

The first thing that saluted the ears of our hero in the morning, was the hollow boom of the Admiral's gun, which was almost immediately follow-

ed by the boatswain's piping, *All hands, a-hoy!*—then *Belay, belay!* and finally, *Up all hammocks, hoy!*—This command, as usual, opened the throats of all the midshipmen and other petty officers, who, severally running about the decks, exerted the strength of their lungs in bawling, in the roughest voice they could assume, "D'ye hear there, sleepers! up all hammocks!—Rouse up, men, rouse up! Turn'out there, turn out! Out or down, lads, out or down!—A-hoy, you fellow there, no rigging on deck!—come, jump! or down you come! Hilloah, matey! who have we got here?—Oh! a sick man is it? Come this way a parcel of you, and remove this man of straw into midships out of the way. D—d lousy behaviour, indeed, to get sick now we're going to sea—shamming Abraham, I believe. Lash up there, lash up!—Move your fingers there, Master Whatd'yecallum, a little smarter, if you please! Bear a hand, my lads, on deck with your hammocks, and get them stowed.—Come, cheerily, my hearties, quick, quick!" These vociferations, accompanied now and then with a shake of not the most gentle description, had an excellent effect in putting the drowsy god to flight, and enforcing a prompt obedience to the order; so that a very few minutes saw the lower deck cleared, and the hammocks all safe in the nettings.

This piece of intelligence was no sooner reported on deck, than the boatswain made the air ring again with, *All hands unmoor ship, hoy!* an order which was received with a shout of applause.—"Up there, gunners! down there, tierers! Pass round the messenger, my lads! Carpenters, ship your bars!—Stopper the best bower forward, there!—Man the capstan!" were now the orders of the first Lieutenant, re-echoed lustily by the before-mentioned gentlemen, with voices of all the variations of the gamut, from the squeaking counter-tenor, to the deep-toned harshest bass. "Are you stoppered there, forward?" demanded the first Lieutenant.—"All ready, sir," replied the boatswain.—"Unbit the cable, then."—"Ay, ay sir," was the answer.—"In the tier there?"—"Sir."—"Are you all ready, below there?"—"In a moment, sir," replied the Master, from the main hatchway, "we're clearing away as fast as we can."—"Bear a hand then, Stow-well; for we're all waiting you, and the day wears apace."—"Ay, ay, sir," cried the Master; "I'll sing out the moment I'm ready."—"Look about you smartly then," replied the Lieutenant, smiling, "for I care not how soon you begin your song."—Then, coming aft to the capstan, he said, "Now, my lads, I expect to see you walk away with her with life and spirit. Not in the dead-and-alive way, mind me, you have been lately accustomed to see on board of a guard ship, but smart and bravely, like the station you belong to. Come, serjeant, where's the fifer?—Oh, ay, I see the fellow. Come this way, my lad; stick your body up there, on the back of that carronade, and let's have something lively from you."—"All ready in the tier, sir," bawled the Master.—"Very well," said the Lieutenant;—"look out there, forward!—Go round—play up fifer," and away they marched to the favourite air of the fleet, *Shove her up!* amid the cries of, "Well behaved, my lads,—that's it, stick to her,—keep it up, fifer!—Surge, there, surge!—Pay down, my hearties, pay down!—Are you all asleep in the tier there?—Cheerily, my hearts, and away she goes!—In the tier there, light out the small bower, will you?" &c. &c., until the anchor was right under, which, after a few cheering and desperate rallies, gave way, and was speedily at the bows. While a few of the forecastle men were employed in lashing and securing the best bower for sea, the capstan was rapidly bringing in the loose cable of the small bower, so that in a very short time it was also right under foot. The first Lieutenant now busied himself in sending aloft the top gallant yards, reeving the royal and other fanciful rigging, then hoisted Blue Peter and fired a gun as before. The capstan bars having by this time been unshipped, and the messenger tockled up, he now ordered the decks to be cleared, and the captains of the tops to examine and see that all their running rigging was in a state fit for working, all which being duly performed, he ordered the signal-man to keep a sharp eye on the harbour for the Captain, and the breakfast to be piped.

All hands were busied in regaling themselves with their *skillogalee*,—a vile imitation of our Scottish porridge—when the boatswain's pipe announced the arrival of Captain Switchem; who,

after seeing how matters stood, with an economy truly commendable, immediately descended to his cabin, to throw aside his holiday clothes and gewgaws—which, however stylish and becoming they may look on shore, are altogether unnecessary on ship-board, gala days being always excepted. His servant soon afterwards making his appearance, on his way to his master's cook, was interrogated repeatedly from the mess tables with the eager question of "*What's the news?*" and although the endearing appellations of, "*I say my lad—my dear boy—my hearty—shipmate—old ship*, &c. &c., were carefully prefixed to the demand, yet seemed he to think himself a person of too much importance even to deign a syllable of reply, or to regard his various interrogators with any other looks than those of the most cutting contempt, as he slowly and gravely paced forward to the galley. This ill-judged behaviour had the speedy effect of putting compliment to flight; and, on his return, such volleys of abuse saluted him from all quarters, that he was glad to quicken his pace, and seek shelter in his master's cabin. Nor was this his only punishment; for he had the mortification, not a minute afterwards, to be compelled to answer this important question, and to answer it moreover before those very people whom he had affected so much to despise. In his former hurry he had apparently either forgot something or had received some fresh orders to deliver to the cook; for the uproar his behaviour had excited was barely subsided, when he again made his appearance bending his course the same way as at first, but with a good deal of more activity. Unfortunately for his self-elevated importance, which was destined from that hour to be completely kicked from its stilts, he was met midway in his journey by the gunner, whom the noise had drawn from his cabin, and who, quite unceremoniously, laying hold of the lappel of his jacket, brought him to a full halt, with the old question, rubbed down to a familiar, "I say you, Master What's-your-name, bear a hand and tell us what's the news?" Such a question from an anchor button was not to be eluded; he therefore, making a merit of necessity, threw his ready carcase into one of its most finished congées, and, with a face all over smiles, readily replied, "Really, my good, sweet sir, my news is very trifling—vastly trifling indeed—Captain Switchem and I have been so hurried of late."—From this flowery commencement, however, he was suddenly warned to forbear, by observing in the gunner's countenance something of a squall beginning to be apparent, which he dreaded might be yet more obstreperous than the one he had already endured; making, therefore, a sudden eddy in his speech, he more modestly resumed, "But it can't be shore news a gemmen of your rank wants—certainly not. Excuse me, sir, but I've been in such a flurry all this morning. I certainly presumed—I crave pardon, I meant—I, I, understood you to say, as how you wished I to say, as to when we should sail."

"To be sure I did, Master Consequence," growled the Gunner, highly displeased; "you don't suppose I would ask *you* for any other news?"

"Certainly not, my dear Mr Fireball—to be sure not," cried the still smiling lackey, with a face reddening between shame and rage, at the power which thus rudely and publicly insulted him. "Well, sir, I heard Captain Switchem say to the pilot, in the Dock Yard there, just before he and I came off—You knows, says he, just when they parted, says he, 'Bear a hand, Master Tackabout,' says he, 'for I am quite impatient to be off,' says the Captain. Well, sir, the pilot he answered the Captain directly, and, says he, 'I shall merely take a morsel of breakfast, and be with you ere you know what you're about. Just get you all ready,' says the pilot, 'for I'll board you in an hour at farthest, and by that time it will be nearly flood;' and so, sir, with that Captain Switchem seemed satisfied, so the gig shoved off, sir—and, I believe, that's all, sir. But, my stars, the Captain will be so cross, and out of patience at my terrible absence! and me all his things to brush and put away!—I assure you, sir, I heard no more, sir;" and with another congée, more stylish than the first, away tripped the grinning domestic, followed by the eyes of the gunner, whose hard-featured, weather-beaten countenance, betokened something between good-humour and contempt.

"Hilloah, master," cried his mate, with his large mouth stretched from ear to ear in the form of a grin,

"wan't you saying we would need a spare monkey's tail for the after carronade?"

"I was so, Jack," replied the gunner, turning away; "but don't you think a cat's one might serve the turn as well?"

"Nothing better, master," rejoined the half-choked mate, "provided you serve it out with a whacking dose of breamstick."

The arrival of the pilot put an end to this merry conversation, as the boatswain immediately piped *All hands ahoy*, who had hardly time to scamper on deck, when the first Lieutenant bawled through his speaking-trumpet the command to *loose sails*, which made the top-men spring to the rigging with redoubled alacrity. Our hero, in this out-set of business, found himself in no small dilemma, between a willingness to be useful, and an ignorance of all duty; he was, therefore, with a motley herd of landsmen and marines, alternately the follower of the boatswain's mate and the serjeant, who, bustling about the deck before them, put the necessary ropes in their hands.

"Fore-top there—main-top there!" bawled the first Lieutenant. "Are you ready aloft?" which being answered in the affirmative, he immediately sung out, "*Let fall! Sheet home!*" and away scampered the deck-hands, helter-skelter with the sheets, until the blocks smacked together. "Belay, belay, men!" cried the officer. "Man the capstan! Jump cheerily, my lads. Look out there, forward! Down there, tierers! Are you ready below?"—"All ready, sir."—"Yo, ho! where the devil has all our hands got to? Fore-top there! main-top there! Come down here, all of you! Master Ettercap and Master Pinafore, kick every soul of them out of the tops—a parcel of skulking lubbers!"—"Ay, ay, sir," cried the young gentlemen; and the capstan was speedily crowded. "Look out there, forward!" again bawled the first Lieutenant; "Come, my lads, pluck up a spirit, and off she goes—play up fifer;" and round went the capstan to a good smart step, the men beating excellent time on the hollow sounding deck with their feet, amid the accumulated vociferations of officers of all ranks, who, with their potent commander in presence, vied with each other in the notes of alternate encouragement and ridicule. The anchor was no sooner run up to the cathead and fished, than the first Lieutenant gave, "*Man the jib and top-sail halliards—Hoist away.* The yards ascended, and the jib ran up its stay gaily; top-gallant-sails, royals, and sky-scrapers followed; and the Tottumfog thus gradually unfolding her white bosom to the breeze, was speedily under way, walking, like one of our far-famed Prince's Street toasts, steadily through the fleet, in all the glory of new canvass, fresh paint, moderate wind, and fair weather.

She was now pretty well through the fleet, when the Captain called out, "Mr Fireball—where is Mr Fireball? Hark ye, youngster, jump and tell the gunner I want him directly!" The midshipman ran, and the gunner in an instant stood before his commander. "Mr Fireball," cried the Captain, from the top of the round-house, "I hope you are all ready, for you see we are very near the proper distance."—"All ready, sir," answered the gunner, "I have only to unship the ports and run the guns out, which I can do in a trice." "Take a number of hands, then, and do so directly," said the Captain; "you know the sooner it is done the better—since we may all expect to be busy again by and bye.—Zounds! pilot, is not the wind chopping about?"—"Yes, sir," answered the pilot, surveying the compass; "It has come round fully two points just now, and begins to blow fresh. In my opinion, sir, I think you had better douse your courses and small-sails—take a pull of the fore and main braces, and get a hand in the chains."

"You hear what the pilot says, Mr Fyke?" cried the Captain.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the first Lieutenant, raising his speaking trumpet, and springing forward. "Man the fore and main clew-garnets—let go tacks and sheets—clew up!" And up went the courses to the yards, where they hung like drapery.

"Fore and main-tops there," cried the first Lieutenant. "Sir!" bellowed the tops.

"In royals and top-gallant-sails!" which, while executing, was next followed with a command for the captains of the tops "to send a hand each aft to the chains."—"Ay, ay, sir," answered both captains, leaning over the top-sails.

"I'm all ready now, sir," cried the gunner, advancing to the Captain.

"Ah! very good, Mr Fireball," re-

plied the Captain, looking astern with his glass. "Stand by then, and be on the alert, for I will give you the word directly; and hark ye, old boy, mind you commence with your lee guns, and measure your time well—I think that always the best plan, for it makes your weather ones tell a thousand times better."

The gunner assenting, went forward.

"By the mark seven!" sung the men in the chains.—"Steady," cried the pilot to the quarter-master. "And steady it is," replied the man at the wheel.

"By the deep six!" sung the leadsmen again.

"Luff, boy, luff," cried the pilot; and "Luff it is, sir," was the response.

"By the half-mark five!" again sung the leadsmen.

"Steady she goes, my lad—nothing off," said the pilot, with the usual reply.

"By the deep four!" continued the leadsmen; and the pilot immediately cried to the Captain, "'Bout ship, if you please, sir,—luff a little, my dear boy, luff a very little!"

While this conversation was going on, the most perfect silence had been maintained—all hands being on the alert, and ready for duty. The first Lieutenant, therefore, once more raising his speaking-trumpet, now sung out—"*Helm alee!*" and the boatswain's pipe gave its usual trill, which was instantly followed by, "*Square the main-topsail-yard—forecastle there—shift over the jib, and haul aft the jib-sheet—man the fore and main-braces—haul of all!*" These orders were all executed in far less time than they can possibly be enumerated, and round went the Tottumfog on another tack.

She was running athwart the narrow channel of the Swin, with her broadside to the fleet, when the Captain gave the word "Fire!" which was instantly obeyed, and all hands were immediately enveloped in the smoke of the salute, which the wind as speedily carried off to the Admiral. This piece of ceremony being immediately returned by the Admiral's ship, after one or two more tacks, the pilot declared his duty at an end; and after partaking of a slight refreshment, and receiving the necessary documents of the faithful discharge of his official duty, he wished Captain Switchem and all his officers a fortunate cruise, jumped into his own boat, and took his leave; while the Tottumfog stood steadily to sea; and while also many a one on board, as the shore sunk in the horizon, said, with a certain poet yet alive—

"My native land, good night!"

S.

THE LAMENT OF ELLA.

Oh! would my love would list my voice,
  Thus lone and desolate;
I hear the little birds rejoice,
  And weep beside the gate.—
I love the lofty chesnut's shade,
  In evening's ruddy glow,—
Beside this spot I've often stray'd
  With Henry, long ago!
These days are past—no more to be,—
  These happy eves are o'er;
My love is off, and o'er the sea,—
  I ne'er shall see him more!

Oh! father, that thy cruel scorn
  Mine ardour could withstand,
And cause my hero, all forlorn,
  To leave his native land;
Grace never sate on nobler brow,
  Nor fame on loftier crest,
Nor courage warm a heart more true,
  Than throbs within his breast:
But these, alas! were nought to thee,—
  And he, whom I deplore,
My love is off, and o'er the sea,—
  I ne'er shall see him more!

Spread down, fair maids, a couch for me,
  I ne'er shall rise again;
Since Henry I no more shall see,
  My heart must burst in twain:—
Oh! paths, where we so oft have stray'd,
  Beside the waters soft;
Oh! woods, whose gentle twilight shade
  Hath shelter'd us so oft;
Adieu! your sweets no more I'll see,
  The strife shall soon be o'er;
My love is off, and o'er the sea,—
  I ne'er shall see him more!

Build up a little monument
  Of marble cold and white,
And let the rose's balmy scent
  The passer-by invite
To read the fatal name of one
  Who pined and died for love;
And thank'd the hand of death alone,
  That sent her soul above:
For oh! to think, is misery,
  On him whom I adore;
My love is off, and o'er the sea,—
  I ne'er shall see him more!

Let maidens bear me to the tomb,
  This simple boon I crave,—
That flowers of sweet and early bloom
  Be strew'd upon my grave;
And let, within the house of prayer,
  Above my seat be placed
My gloves, and garland for my hair,
  Of lily-ribbons chaste;
For life is but a blank to me,
  And earth a flowerless shore;
My love is off, and o'er the sea,—
  I ne'er shall see him more!

A week hath scarcely pass'd, since I
  Was gayest of the gay,
And roam'd with Henry, when the sky
  Was red with parting day;
Now darkness veils my weary path,
  And gloom o'ershades my soul,
The thunder-clouds of grief and wrath
  Around me fiercely roll:
But soon a change will come to me,
  My days will soon be o'er;
My love is off, and o'er the sea,—
  I ne'er shall see him more!

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THE LAST LAMENT.

——— dixitq: novissima verba—

1.

And this is then the last sigh,
  Vain World! I give to thee!
When yon grey cloud has past by,
  My spirit shall be free.
Fly, little cloud, still speedier,
  Thy course I smile to see,
Thou com'st a blessed messenger—
  A dove of peace to me.

2.

Sole living thing that loves me,
  I ope thy wiry cell,
Since Heaven from thrall removes me,
  Thou shalt be free as well:
And ye, that from the mountain's brow
  I glean'd, sweet flowers—adieu!
I thought not then—but fear not now—
  To wither before you.—

3.

And if in death I cherish
  Some stain of grief—in truth
'Tis not because I perish
  Thus in my May of youth:
It is not that I mourn that none
  At this dark hour are near
To cheer me now—and, when I'm gone,
  To grace my humble bier.

4.

It is not that in sorrow,
  For joys I leave behind,
I bid the world good morrow,
  With drooping heart and mind.
Such joys it was not mine to prove;
  And much this thought doth cheer,
That he—who living waked no love,
  In death shall wake no tear.

5.

'Tis one sad fancy only
  That robs me of my rest,—
One mournful thought, and lonely,
  That will not be supprest:—
It is the thought, that when I die,
  And mingle with the earth,
How far my scatter'd bones must lie
  From hers who gave me birth!

6.

Yet speed thee, Cloud, oh! speed thee,
  Thy course I smile to see,—
Though haply I might heed thee
  With eye more bright and free:
If I could dream—when thou art past,
  And I to death am done,
My mother's grave would hold at last
  The dust of her poor son.

7.

Dear shade of her, whom ever
  I loved,—first—latest—best,—
Though life and reason quiver
  Thus faintly in my breast,
Methinks it were a sweeter doom,—
  A further flight from pain,
To rest beside thee in the tomb,
  Than wake to life again!

THE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS SECUNDUS.

Chapter XIX.

Hegmanay and New-Year's Day.

"Life glides away, Lorenzo, like a brook,
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change."

Young.

There are few people to whom the commencement of a new year does not bring matter either of gratulation or regret. To those hastening onwards to the meridian of life, the gilded prospect of enjoyment to come, or fame, and riches, and honour to be acquired, renders every land-mark between desire and enjoyment a partial enjoyment of itself; while those in the decline of life look towards the New-Year, as the unwelcome precursor of bodily debility, or mental inactivity—as a stage on the road which leads them to their permanent home. To the young and the prosperous, the annual revolution of a period, which brings with it only variety of pleasure, is hailed with rapture; while, to the aged and unfortunate, whose hours and minutes are registered by pain, or marked by calamity, the lagging moments move sluggishly along to the great gulf of eternity.

What a dreadfully hasty approach time makes!—how rapidly roll his chariot wheels! and, at their every revolution, mows, with unsparing scythe, whole crowds from the pleasures and pains of existence! When I look back on time past, I am almost stunned at the idea, and am apt to doubt the reality of the change, which has taken me from toys and boyish plays—from school, and school-companions, and transformed all my early play-mates to fathers and mothers. And when I contemplate time to come, the interests and the value of existence rise higher; and the awful responsibility of manhood, and the account to be given of its stewardship, is enough, were not man the most careless of animals, to alarm even to madness, till assured, as far as human frailty can be assured, of entering on eternity with the conviction of time well employed, and all the duties of life discharged, as becomes a being whose existence is never to terminate; and who is placed here, in the sight of God and his fellow mortals, to make his election between happiness and misery.

New-Year's-Day in Edinburgh, and over the greater part of Scotland, is, however, rather a day of festive merriment, than of serious thought. The enjoyment of the present postpones, if not obliterates, all views of the future; and the congratulations of friends, and the meetings of families, at this period, are the leading features of the season. The festivities which commenced at Christmas are continued, with little intermission, till *Handsel-Monday*, or *Auld Handsel-Monday*, closes the annual round, and the months and days of ordinary life again roll on another year.

HOGMANAY.*

Hogmanay,
Trol-lol-lay,
Gi'e me o' your white bread,
I'll hae nane o' your gray.

Hogmanay, or *Hogmanae*, for such the last day of the year is termed in Edinburgh, and over the greater part of Scotland, is employed in visiting, and arranging parties for the due celebration of the commencement of the New Year. Every visitor was, on that evening, treated with wine and cake,

* *Hogmanay*, according to Dr Jamieson, is a term of uncertain derivation; but according to a writer in the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, it is derived from the Scandinavians, who celebrated a festival with sacrifices and other religious rites in the month of December, hence called *Hogmonat* and *Blothmonat*, signifying the month of immolation or sacrifices. "As this festival was always celebrated in the winter Solstice, when the sun returns upon the Zodiac, it was called *Iol*, whence

or with whisky, buns, and shortbread, or cheese and bread; and the children, in the course of the day, visited their relations and friends, for the sake of partaking in these attractive eatables. Among the common people and peasantry, the following stanza was used, as the supplication for the accustomed treat:—

Rise up, gudewife, and shake your feathers,
Dinna think that we are beggars:
For we are bairns come out to play;
Get up and gie's our Hogmanay.

Among the more wealthy ranks, dinners and evening parties were also the order of the day; while the working part of the population, relieved from daily toil, looked forward to the social pleasures of the evening, and the uncontrolled festivities of the New-Year's morning, with the anxious wish and the keen appetite of those to whom superfluity in eating and drinking is not an ordinary occurrence. I dare say one half of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, I mean of the middling and lower ranks, did not, on that evening, go to bed; but prepared the *het-pint*, in readiness to sally out as the clock struck twelve, to be the first foot to cross the threshold of a friend. The streets were crowded with parties on this errand even long before that hour; the young men particularly, to shew their affection to the girls whose favours they were anxious to secure, often spending a dreary half-hour at the bolted door, lest a more favoured, or more anxious lover, should anticipate them in the first welcome of beauty.

A *het-pint*, or caudle, was made of ale, spirits, sugar, and nutmeg, or cinnamon, mixed together in appropriate quantities, and boiled; and was carried about, on the first morning of the year, in the tea-kettle in which it was prepared,—the visitors, besides, being plentifully supplied with buns, shortbread, bread, and cheese. It was held unlucky to enter any person's house, on the first day of the year, empty-handed, and every person on the streets at that time was greeted with a shake of the hand, the wish of "a gude New-year," and a proffer of the het-pint, to drink to the mutual joy. Every female, at the same time, was saluted, and neither rank nor age was exempted from the congratulatory kiss. The noise in the streets, particularly the great thoroughfares, was tremendous; and the glare of lanterns, when the night was dark, and the moving crowd in every direction, presented a scene of bacchanalism, which, had not one been conscious that it all proceeded from good-humoured kindness and innocent frolic, might have caused some alarm. I have occasionally gone out, as many other young men have done, to see the fun; and certainly, when liquor had thrown off all respect for authority and distinctions of rank, it was no unpleasing thing for a Scotsman to see the innocent peculiarities of his countrymen without the formality of disguise.

I have said I was engaged to dine

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was formed *Youl* or *Yule*;" *ergo*, Yule and Hogmanay are the same, though the illiterate place a week between them.

"*Trol-lol-lay* is derived from the Icelandic, *Trolldr*, by which the Scandinavians denoted those evil genii who devoured unlucky mortals who went near their haunts. Thus *Trol-lol-lay* will signify, 'Away, ye evil genii!—be ye far from our solemn meetings!'" —*Trans. Soc. Ant.* vol. II. part I. p. 4.

All this is very instructive; and it would be curious to know in another dissertation, that tol-lol-de-rol, fa-la-la, derry-down, fiddle-diddle, &c. were Scandinavian and Icelandic terms, meant to drive away the Blue Devils from our social meetings, or Sanscrit and Arabic forms of exorcism. It would ill become a writer in small printed octavo to compete in point of knowledge or erudition with an author of large type quarto; but I am convinced that any child of three or four years of age, taken at random from the streets, could have traced a connexion with *Trol-lol-lay*, and *Tol-lol-lay*, *toro-loro-lay*, *tol-lol-de-rol*, and their infinite modifications, and have suggested that these odd terms were merely added to the end of rhymes by our ballad-makers and ballad-singers, to make out the measure. Grant the explanation here given by the writer in the Transactions to be correct, and I engage to prove that *Tol-lol-de-rol* may be translated into a loyal Icelandic address to his Majesty; and that *Derry-down* and *Fiddle-diddle* may, in Sanscrit, or Arabic, be explained into a Pastoral Admonition from the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The writer of this learned article also denominates a four line stanza of French rhyme a *couplet*; and if he means that the compressed sense of four lines of French poetry may be easily confined into two of English, I heartily agree with him.

at Mr Callimanky's on Hogmanay, and it was arranged that we should keep up the evening as well as we could, till it was time to march with a het-pint to the Misses M'Guffies. Sandy, a boy of about ten years of age, was to be my companion, and Mr Callimanky himself was to be of the party. My friends, Miss Jean and Miss Margaret, were also anxious to go; but their mother put a direct negative on this proposal. "'Deed no—ye're no to gang a fit. Do ye think that ane o' my dochters is to be kissed in the street by every drunken fallow she meets?—nae sic thing. Ye dinna ken wha meets you in a crowd; and if I had my will, the fallows should get leave to kiss ane anither."—"Hoot, but mother; it's no far awa to Mrs M'Guffie's," said Miss Margaret, in a persuasive tone; "and I'll put on Aunty Betty's hood and her brown cloak, and Jean will take your Katy Fisher bonnet, and muckle coat, and then they'll no ken but we're auld wives, and no fash wi' us."—"Eh yes, mother, that'll do nice," said Miss Callimanky; "and we'll gang between my father and Mr Columbus."—"Ne'er a fit ye'll stir ower the door this blessed night; sae nae mair's to be about it; and the gudeman himsel' might hae been as weel at hame in his ain warm bed, as galravaging through the streets at this time o' night, if he thought it."—"Hoots, my dear," said Mr Callimanky, "ye ken I canna let Mr Christopher gang his lane wi' Sandy; and it wad be a pity no to let them to the M'Guffies, after promising."—"Weel, weel!—them that will to Cupar, will to Cupar," said the displeased matron, as she reluctantly prepared the caudle on the parlour fire, for the materials were too attractive to be entrusted to the discretion of kitchen self-denial.

The kettle was on a stand before the fire; buns and shortbread on the table, with two decanters of currant-wine, and a bottle labelled, "Cherry-brandy;" and we were all seated round, waiting with anxious expectation for the clock striking twelve. At last the wished-for hour began to strike.—"Ane, twa, three, four," said Mr Callimanky, counting the number by beating upon his knee till twelve was completed; then starting up, seized the hand of his wife, and gave her a salute, with, "I wish you a gude new year! and mony o' them, my dear;—the same to you, Betty, and mony may ye see;" and he thus went over the whole, while I commenced in the same manner with Mrs Callimanky, and performed the same ceremonies. When the hubbub was over, and the first congratulations past, we sat down till the mistress of the house did the honours of the caudle, or het-pint, of which a tumblerfull was served out to each person, with renewed congratulations. "Eh, mamma, this is gude, gude," said little Johnny, as he sucked over the potation with the wary caution of one who wished to prolong the pleasure; "this is far better than parritch and sour milk," said he, as he exhibited his allotment of the bun, stuck full of raisins. Misy was now called *ben* from her domicile in the kitchen, and she approached with a large piece of cake in her hand. "Come awa, lass," said Mr Callimanky, as he strode across the room to meet her—"Come awa,—I wish ye a good new year, my woman," and he saluted the maiden; and I did the same; and Mrs Callimanky did not fail; and all the family passed Mrs Misy through the gauntlet of kindness. An humble condition fortunately does not deprive one of the taste of pleasure, and Misy was soon as happy in the enjoyment of the het-pint as her master.

"Now," said Mr Callimanky to the younger part of the family, "ye'll a' gang to your beds like gude bairns, but Jean, and Bess, and Margaret, wha may sit up till I come back again." He put on his cocked-hat, and a handkerchief was rolled with care round his neck, "for fear," as his wife said, "he should get cauld." The boiling kettle was entrusted to my care; the buns and shortbread, with the exception of a few little bits in our hands, were consigned to his great-coat pocket, and Sandy was the bearer of a horn tumbler tipt with silver. We descended the *scale-stair*, (for Mr Callimanky occupied the fifth floor,) rejoicing in the noise of "A gude new year!" sounded from a thousand throats, and with the intention of adding our voices to the uproarious festivity. We had gone down two pair of stairs, when the sound of steps approaching us was heard, and the clanking of glasses shewed they were on the same errand. "Wha's that coming?" said Mr Callimanky;—"I wish you a gude new year!" The wish was re-

peated from three or four mouths, and a kind of scramble for hands to shake, took place in the dark. "It's desperate mirk," said my friend; "rin back, Sandy, and tell Misy to bring us a light."—"That's my master," whispered a voice; "that's Mr Callimanky."—"Gude guide us!" said another voice, "I've burnt my hand on the kettle." A light appeared. "Ou, Charlie Tait, is this you! I wish ye a gude new year, man; ye maun tak a toot o' my horn," said the old gentleman, "before ye gang up;" and I performed the office of Ganymede to Mr Callimanky's shopboys and their companions.

We now cleared the head of the close, and hastened down the street towards Mrs M'Guffie's, whose house was situated in Bailie Fyfe's Close. But so many bands of people were met by us, that our progress was none of the most expeditious. I now discovered that my old friend, to leave himself at perfect liberty, had cunningly devolved the duty of carrying the tea-kettle on me; for, on a party of about half a dozen, three or four of them women, approaching, Mr Callimanky, who seemed to have acquired new agility at the sight of the busy crowd, instantly leaped forward, and taking one of the females by the hand, saluted her warmly with, "I wish ye a gude new year, my dear!—And you, too, my sweet thing," said he, as he took the same liberty with a second. The ladies were habited in cloaks, or mantles, with the hoods drawn over their heads, so that it was impossible to exercise much choice in the singling out of a proper subject for the accustomed mode of salutation. "Hoot, man," said the second voice, "dinna fash me, I'm ower auld for kissing." Mr Callimanky was a little disappointed at this answer, for he had expected the ruddy cheek of a younger damsel; but, with a gallantry warmed, if not inspired, by the het-pint, and so forth, he replied, repeating the salutation, "Auld wives are aye the best kissers; practice makes perfiteness, ye ken, gude woman."—"'Deed, sir, I think you and I had better been at hame the night," answered the gentlewoman.

I must not forget to mention, that I, Christopher, was obliged, out of courtesy to the maidens, more than from inclination, to go through the same operation; so, taking the tea-kettle in my left hand, I shaked hands cordially, and saluted the ladies, who very kindly pitied my situation, by yielding a little of their coyness to one who had only a single free hand for an accolade. One of the girls, however, happened to be rather tall for me; and unfortunately, in my attempt on tiptoe to discharge the duty of the evening, I had accidentally raised the kettle to one side, and the het-pint began to run out without bidding, into the young lady's shoe. The pain or alarm excited by this, soon banished all loving ideas from the young woman's mind; and as I, with one hand upon her shoulder, was going to reap the reward of my unusual elevation, and looking kindness itself, my cheek was met by a slap, given with a force of which I did not believe a fair hand capable. The exclamation of, "Oh my foot!—this man's plottit me!" accompanied the blow. As soon as I understood the reason of my unexpected repulse, I set down the tea-kettle on the street, and made the requisite apologies for my blundering. To my comfort there was not much harm done; and the lady who was the matron of the party, seeing it was a mere accident, proposed an exchange of kindness, in the mutual tasting of our respective het-pints. "Ye might hae lootit down a wee to the young man, Isabella, woman; there's nae need for being sae skeigh on a night like this," said the old gentlewoman.—"They should stay at hame that winna conform to auld use and wont," remarked Mr Callimanky, as he was swallowing a glass of the hot cordial to the health additional of the party. "Mak it up wi' Christopher yet, lassie; let me tell you, it's no every ane that he wad tak sae muckle trouble wi'. Kiss her, Kit, and that'll pit awa the sooing." I did as I was desired; we parted on the most friendly terms imaginable, and forthwith proceeded on our route.

Our progress, however, was interrupted by shaking hands, kissing and drinking at every step. My old friend seemed quite overjoyed at the scene; and he passed no ladies particularly without levying the usual toll. At the corner of the North Bridge, we were arrested by something like a dispute or fight. Two gentlemen escorting two ladies home from a supper party, were shewing their valour in protecting their charge from the

rude salutations of the passing crowd, and were demonstrating the incivility and indecency of the practice. The chief assailants were said to be students, of whom numbers were to be seen on the streets at this time, backed by a number of inferior note. Mr Callimanky approached; and his cocked hat, and altogether magisterial air, led the gentlemen in charge of the ladies to appeal to him. "'Deed, sirs, ye're far wrang to gang against an auld custom; if thae's your sisters, or your sweethearts, and if ye did not want them to be kissed, ye shouldna brought them here—they should hae been at hame. If my ain wife were here, man, they might kiss her that liket. Haud up your head, ma dow," said he to one of the ladies, "I wish ye a gude new year!—There nae; what the waur are ye o' that, or what the waur am I either? it's just auld use and wont."—"Well done, old cock," cried out one of the young gentlemen, as he followed the example. The friends of the ladies saw it was folly to resist; and we left them, with the exhortation from my friend, to behave peaceably, "for that naebody in their senses wad willingly hurt a lady."

We arrived, without farther obstruction, at Mrs M'Guffie's, in Bailie Fyfe's Close. "Now, Sandy, my man, ye ken ye're to be Mrs M'Guffie's first fit. Haud your hand," said my old friend, as he handed his son a large piece of bun from his pocket; "and ye ken, whaever opens the door, ye'll pit it in their hand, and loup up and gie them a kiss. If it is Mrs M'Guffie hersel', and I am sure she expects ye, she'll no hain the buns and shortbread, lad." With these directions and encouragement, we made the knocker resound. The pattering of feet was heard along the passage, or *trance*, as Mr Callimanky termed it, and a voice succeeded, calling out from within, "Wha's there?"—"It's me, Mrs M'Guffie, and our Sandy, come to be your first fit. I hope naebody's been before us?" The chain was removed—the bolt was withdrawn—the *sneck* lifted; and in we rushed, like an irruption of unwived Romans on the defenceless Sabine ladies. Sandy leapt upon the neck of the old fat lady, who opened the door, in defiance of the burning candle which she held in her hand; his father, who was second, had the elder Miss M'Guffie in his arms, in an instant after, and before I could deposit my tea-kettle in a corner, and affect the same raptures with the younger Miss M'Guffie. An exchange of buns and shortbread, of salutes and wishes for a good new year now took place, all at once, in the passage, after which we were ushered into the parlour.

"Weel, ma wee man," said Mrs M'Guffie, clapping Sandy on the head; "I'm unco glad to see ye here as my first fit; and I'm muckle obliged to your mother for letting you out at this time o' night; and to you too, sir," continued she, addressing my friend; "it was very kind o' you to come, and your young friend there. We're gay an dowie here oursells, Mr Callimanky, since the auld gudeman died; and we hae but little ongoings sic as we used to hae, in the time o' the elections, and in the daft days, when he was living;" and she sighed at the recollections of departed pleasures. "But come awa and taste our het-pint, and let us mak ourselves happy while we dow," concluded she, in a resigned tone. We drew in our chairs. "Ye're to taste mine first," said Mr Callimanky; "a' thing maun be done in order, ye ken;" and the het-pints went round in double progression.

"Let me see your pouches, ma wee man," said Mrs M'Guffie to Sandy, "tak thae pieces o' shortbread and buns hame to your brothers and sisters; and tell them a' to come down the morn—the day I mean—and I'll gie them a glass o' my currant wine, and as muckle as they can eat. And I'll be very glad if Mrs Callimanky will come down along wi' them."—"The bairns will come, nae doubt," answered my friend, "wi' great gude will; but, as for the gudewife, she canna weel leave the house; for we're to have a bit party at dinner time, and she insists upon you and the twa lasses coming up at three. I'll tak nae denial," said Mr Callimanky, laying his hand persuasively on her shoulder; "I'll tak nae denial; for Mr Christopher here's to be there, and a sister's son o' my wife's; and we're to hae a dance to the piano, and ye're to be my partner, Mrs M'Guffie."—"Ye're very good, sir, naething am sure could gie us mair pleasure—but"——"There's to be nae buts about the matter—ye're to be up at three preceesely," urged the old gentleman.

"What a terrible noise we hear!"

remarked Miss M'Guffie; "I wadna like to be out; "they say the men folk are sae uncivil."—"Uncivil, lassie!" answered my friend—"ye maunna say that—it's ony thing but incivility—auld use and wont—I like to see it kept up; and though I havena been on the streets these five years, I find I havena forgotten the forms o' a New-year's-day morning." We now rose to depart. "Tak care and no get cauld as ye gang hame," said Mrs M'Guffie to the old gentleman; "cauld's the root o' a' troubles. Pit this cravat o' the gudeman's ower your hat and aneath your chin."—"May I leave the unlucky kettle here," said I, (for I had told the company my misadventure;) "its contents are pretty nearly exhausted."—"Yes, by a' means, leave the toom kettle," was the answer, "and we'll send it up wi' the lass in the morning."—"Weel, ye will awa, then," said the old lady, as she lighted us to the door; "Phemie, let Mr Callimanky see down the stair;—and my kind compliments to your lady and the misses; and I hope we'll a' meet the morn."

We left the M'Guffies, I think, about two o'clock. The streets were still crowded with parties hastening on their nocturnal visits; and though the kissing and congratulations seemed to be on the decline, the roaring noise had rather increased. My old friend, when I proposed to take the middle of the street, to avoid the people on the foot pavement, objected to this measure, as totally unnecessary, and even improper. "Na, na!" said he, "let's be in good fellowship wi' a' body we meet—it's auld use and wont. Man, if we're good, we a' gang to the same place;" and with practical philanthropy, he shook hands with every gentleman, and saluted every female whom we met. Nay, so keenly did he enter into the spirit of the evening, that, on one or two occasions, he ran across the street, when he saw the appearance of a woman, shouting out, "A gude new year to ye, my dear;" so as to occasion the remark more than once, that he was a "canty carl;" or that he "surely had gotten a drappie ower muckle."

When we reached the Cross, a knot of people occupied the middle of the street. "Let's see what this is," said my vivacious friend, and immediately joined the party. It was a young man, who had been concerned in disturbing the peace, by fighting, and was now in the custody of the Town-guard, who were endeavouring to force him up streets to the guard-house. "What's the quarrel, Serjeant Paterson?" said Mr Callimanky to the commander of the military force, which consisted of four old soldiers, armed with Lochaber axes. "I'll tell ye what's the matter," answered the young man. "Twa fallows gied me a drink o' het water out o' a kettle, in place o' a het-pint; and I brak the kettle, and gied them a licking for't. Let me gae, ye auld—"—"Is that the true state o' the case, serjeant?" said Mr Callimanky, whose office of merchant-councillor gave him some right, he conceived, to investigate a breach of the peace. "Come awa, you tam scoundrel," said one of the soldiers, dragging the youth forward. "Hooly, hooly a bit, Donald," interrupted the merchant-councillor. The young man by this time had recognized my old friend as his relative, and appealing to him for protection, he cried out, "Yes, uncle, it's true I tell you—only look at my scadded mouth."—"Is that you, Johnny Gimmerpet? Preserve us a', Serjeant Paterson, how do ye allow blackguards to burn my nephew's mouth, in the High Street? I never kent the like o't, Where's the mislear'd fallows? Grip them, serjeant. I'll complain to Captain Gordon, and speak to Mr Laing anent this."

The young men who had been guilty of this trick, which was sometimes too successfully practised, seeing how matters were going, had made their escape; they were not to be found. The serjeant made many apologies for being so rude; "but if I had kent he had been ony relation o' yours, Mr Callimanky, I needna say he wadna been harm'd by me."—"Tam rascals to burn the pretty lad's mouth," echoed another of the soldiers.—"Never mind;—come awa, Johnny," said Mr Callimanky, taking his nephew by the arm; "ye'll gang up the stair and see your aunty, if ye havena been there afore. Come awa, Mr Columbus. It was lucky I gaed to see what the crowd was about. I like aye to see what's going on, and it's the duty of every citizen to redd quarrels."—"I must go home, now, Mr Callimanky," said I, as we got to the bottom of the stair where was his domicile; "I'll

bid you good morning."—"Hout, man, dinna gang awa sae soon; come up and see the lasses again, and tak a Welsh rabbit wi' John and me." I was deaf to his entreaties, however, and ran off amidst cries of, "Mind the morn—the day I mean—and come ower soon."

The streets in Edinburgh on New-year's-day, all the working-classes being idle, were filled with people of both sexes, on parties of pleasure or visits of kindness. All the children were taken to visit their relatives or friends, and share in the spoils of cake and sweetmeats, which even the lowest provided on this occasion. The water-carriers and milk-women, in their daily visits to their customers, were treated with a dram, and cheese and bread or buns; but, as the innumerable glasses offered could not be contained in one stomach, they were in use to carry bottles for the reception of the superabundant liquor. The joyous look of the people, most of them in their Sunday clothes, might have told a stranger it was a season of gladness; and though not a few, whom prudence had not taught to measure their potations by their ability to carry the intoxicating load, were reeling here and there, yet even these lost not their general character for sobriety by a New-year's day excess. The forenoon, spent in visiting, was succeeded by family-dinners, where those whom nature has connected together drew the ties of friendship and affection still closer round the little circle, by mutual wishes for mutual success. I visited Mrs Callimanky in the forenoon, to ask for my old friend, whom a slight headache had put out of order; and went punctually at three to dinner, where I met Mrs M'Guffie and her daughters, and formed an acquaintance with Mr John Gimmerpet, the young man whom his uncle had rescued from the clutches of the town-guard;—the consequence of which was an invitation to Windlestrawlee, along with Mr and Mrs Callimanky, to repeat the pleasures of the time in the enjoyment of *Auld Handsel Mununday*, as aunty Betty was pleased to term it, in the country.

Such were the New-year's-days of Edinburgh in former times, and such they continued to be for very many years. But a change has taken place in the morals and manners of the common people, not less striking than that which those who remember Edinburgh fifty years ago must have remarked in the accommodation and habits of the higher ranks of this metropolis. To what cause this change for the worse in a people hitherto accounted singularly correct in moral and religious duties is to be attributed, it is for the philosopher and political economist to judge. Want of that education which a Scottish father, however poor, was accustomed to give to his offspring, I should, without hesitation, set down as one of the most prominent; for certainly the same anxiety is not now exhibited by parents in the lower classes of society, to suffer privations that their children may enter on the world with advantages superior to their own. But, be that as it may, the New-year's day rejoicings in Edinburgh got a check on the 31st of December, 1811, which will deter many from appearing in the streets on similar occasions. Depravity had been making a slow and silent, but perceptible advance, and it burst out on that night with tremendous consequences. A combination had been formed by a number of young men and boys of the lowest rank and most depraved habits, to take advantage of the unsuspecting confidence with which the citizens of Edinburgh had been accustomed to walk the streets on the last evening of the year. They had provided themselves with bludgeons from the neighbouring shrubberies, and at the hour of eleven the streets presented a scene little inferior in horror to that of a city taken by storm. Every well-dressed person was surrounded by parties of this band, and, whether resisting or not, was knocked down and robbed. One unfortunate policeman, whose general activity marked him out as an object of vengeance, was murdered with circumstances of great cruelty; and a gentleman from Leith died of the injuries he received a few days after. Numerous others were severely hurt in the attempt to defend themselves and their property; and the savage band continued to keep possession of the streets, in defiance of the civil power, till four o'clock next morning. How they were allowed to carry on their depredations on the peaceable

inhabitants so long was matter of surprise, as troops might have been procured from the Castle in half an hour. But such an occurrence was matter scarcely "within the compass of belief," either of the persons charged with the police of the city, or of the inhabitants.

The chief depredators were, however, soon after seized; and, betrayed by their accomplices, (for there is no friendship among the wicked) many others were taken into custody. The watches, seals, &c., had been deposited on that evening by M'Intosh, one of the leaders, in a hole dug in a park at the Meadows, and afterwards removed by him and Sutherland, another of the party, who fled with the booty to Glasgow. The activity of the police and magistrates soon traced the fugitives; and Sutherland and M'Intosh were seized in that city, and the watches traced in their transmission to other hands. Skelton, one of the gang, was tried before the High Court of Justiciary on the 2d of March, and found guilty, but afterwards pardoned; and Macdonald, M'Intosh, and Sutherland, and three others who had made their escape, were brought to trial on the 20th of March, for the murder of Dugald Campbell, police watchman, and ten other charges of robbery and assault. After a long trial, which lasted till four o'clock next morning, the three young men were found guilty; M'Intosh of the murder, (for there was evidence of his striking the unfortunate man with a bludgeon on the head as he lay on the pavement,) and Sutherland and Macdonald for robbery and assault;—and all the three were sentenced to be executed on the 22d of April, on a gibbet erected for the purpose, in the centre of the High Street, and opposite to the place where the watchman was so cruelly murdered.

An execution, for a long period of time, was a rare occurrence in Edinburgh; and the necessity of the example, fortunately for the country, was but seldom required. The riots which led to the condemnation of the three young men were still fresh in the memory of the inhabitants, and an uncommon interest in their fate was excited. The gibbet and drop, with a decent attention to public feeling, was put up, as it generally is, at midnight; and the apparatus of death next morning met the eye in dismal blackness, and as if raised by enchantment, in the centre of the principal street. To prevent all interruption from associates in guilt, so numerous as it was proved this association had been, the streets were lined at one o'clock from the Tolbooth (now removed) to the place of execution, by strong detachments of the Renfrew and Perthshire Militia; the first regiment of Local Militia was stationed in Hunter's Square; a troop of the 6th Dragoon Guards at the Royal Exchange; and a piquet of volunteers was assembled in the Parliament Close. Constables and policemen were also placed at all the avenues to the High Street, to prevent the passage of horses or carriages. A little before two o'clock the magistrates and three of the city ministers proceeded from the Council Chambers in the Royal Exchange to the Tolbooth; and after nearly an hour, spent as usual in devotion, the criminals were brought forth to receive the sentence of the law.

The crowd on the street, the broadest in the city, was at this time immense. Every window of its high houses was crowded, every place that could command a view of the scene was occupied; and even the spires of the Tron Church and St Giles, where accessible, were clothed with spectators. Except the line protected by the military for the procession, and the little space round the platform, the whole street presented a mass of human beings, larger than was ever before witnessed in Edinburgh. The high constables first appeared, all dressed in black, and walking four and four; then followed the magistrates in their robes, preceded by their officers: and the criminals were next seen bare-headed, and each accompanied by a clergyman, walking in solemn and affecting pace, unconscious of the ten thousand gazers around them, to the place from which they were to return no more alive. A large party of extra constables to the amount of one hundred and fifty, also dressed in mourning, closed the procession.

The culprits, whose youth excited much commiseration, all of them being under twenty, and M'Intosh not much above sixteen years of age, mounted the scaffold, attended by the clergymen and magistrates; and a

hymn was sung, which, from its striking application to the circumstances of the unfortunates, gave additional solemnity to the scene. The services of the Scottish Church, though destitute of all parade and imposing forms, have often struck me as peculiarly affecting from their simplicity; and I know not that I ever felt half so much moved by "the pealing anthem" of a cathedral choir, as by the untutored expressions of praise from a multitude of human voices at a tent-preaching in the country. The deep interest of the worshippers on the present occasion, and the greatness of the Being addressed, together with praises from many thousand tongues who joined in the service, had altogether a sublime effect; and when the clergyman read out the hymn, and lifted up his hands to begin the concluding prayer, the whole multitude took off their hats, and remained uncovered during the continuance of the worship. At last the prayer ended; the clergymen and magistrates descended from the platform; and the executioner proceeded to his office. A tear glistened in the eye of M'Intosh as he looked up for a moment at the fatal gibbet. The poor creatures took leave of one another—the drop fell—and a convulsive shudder, and articulate sighs from ten thousand bosoms, testified the public feelings at the fate of the victims, and the regret that such an example had had become necessary in Edinburgh.

HORÆ GERMANICÆ.

No. XIII.

Schlenkert's Rudolph of Habsburg.

If it be allowable to judge of the condition as well as of the character of a nation from its literature, we may boldly decide, that the Germans possess, amongst other things, a wonderful superabundance of leisure. Their authors appear to take up their pens without feeling the slightest impatience to get to the end of their tasks, or anticipating any possibility of such a sensation arising in the breasts of their readers. The consequence of this unbounded confidence in the public patience and perseverance is, that in their works of imagination, they develope the concatenation of events, the state of the hearts and minds (with every the smallest variation) of their personages, imparting even their most abstract opinions, the fluctuations of those opinions, and the discussions that may give rise to such fluctuations, with a minuteness of detail somewhat startling to writers accustomed to cater for the amusement of this busy country.

To the same cause which has given to this whole genus of composition such a character of circumstantiality, may probably be attributed the existence of certain species in the order, which, though frequent in Germany, are, we believe, unknown in all other parts of Europe. Now, although we by no means propose to recommend the adoption of all or any of these Teutonic—shall we say varieties or mongrels?—we think that some knowledge of them may prove useful, as a contribution to the natural history of either literature or the human mind, and are accordingly about to give an account of one of them. We must, however, in the first place, entreat the English reader not to throw down our paper in alarm at the representation now following of its subject, but to trust to our experience of his habitual hurry, for giving our lengthy original, with all practicable brevity.

The particular non-descript which we desire to introduce to his acquaintance, is a sort of *Play in four volumes*, named in its own native land "A historical—romantic Picture!" It is in fact a dramatic life of its hero, whom it commonly selects from amongst the most distinguished characters of German history. As a specimen of these, "*Historisch-Romantische Gemählde*," we have taken the "Rudolph of Habsburg," of Frederic Christian Schlenkert, the author of some other works of a similar kind, who, in his performance, professes to present to us, in a picturesque manner, a full, true, and particular life of the first Emperor of the reigning family of Austria.

This *Biography in scenes*, is divided into four parts, the first, painting

Rudolph's youth,—the second, his early manhood, as reigning Count of Habsburg, and Landgrave of Alsace; the third and fourth, his conduct as Emperor. Each part forms a volume, and is divided into three periods, comprising some more, some fewer years of the hero's life. To each period is attached a separate Dramatis Personæ. The whole is in prose, except the dedication; that is written in blank verse, and is addressed to the manes of the Emperor Leopold the II.

The first period of the first part, is introduced by a preliminary *narrative* account of the troubles that disturbed the last Hohenstauffen Emperor Frederic the Second, during his latter years,—of his son Henry's rebellion, which recalled him from his wars with the refractory Lombards,—of the rebel's subjugation and condemnation, —of the negociations for Frederic's third marriage,—and finally, of the conclusion of his nuptials with the English Princess Isabella, in the 1235, upon which occasion he knighted 36 noble youths, amongst whom the most distinguished were his own natural son Manfred, afterwards King of Sicily, and Rudolph of Habsburg.

The drama itself opens with a tournament, held in honour of the Imperial wedding. The Emperor and Empress, with the elderly, ecclesiastical, and female portion of their court, occupy an elevated station; the judges of the tournament, and the younger knights are in the lists. Amongst these last appear Manfred, Burkhard of Hohenberg, and Ulrick of Regensberg, a relation of the Abbot of St Gallen, and hereditary chamberlain to the Abbey. Two stately knights with closed visors, resembling each other in their armour, and in the green colour of their scarfs, and distinguished only by their different crests,—a Lion and a Falcon, ride into the lists. The Emperor observes, "A pair of gallant adventurers."

Empress. Brothers probably. They are exactly alike in colour and armour.

Count Albert of Habsburg, Rudolph's father. Perhaps only brothers in arms, dread lady.

Empress (*to Lady Anna of Hohenberg.*) If my eyes deceive me not, fair damsel, both wear your favourite colour.

Lady Anna (*blushing very deeply.*) Certainly by mere accident, my honoured lady.

Empress. The fire upon your cheeks disproves your words. You know the stately comrades.

Lady Anna. By my innocence, I do not. Their wearing my colour has surely been the sport of chance.

The Empress continues to teaze Anna, and Anna to defend herself, more at length than we are inclined to give their conversation. The Emperor and his courtiers discuss the merits, and probable names and success of the two champions. Meanwhile the jousting proceeds, and the two unknown knights overthrow all their opponents. When most of the others have fallen, the Falcon Knight, after various courtesies, unhorses Manfred, and the Lion Knight, (we do not well comprehend how,) in running a tilt, lifts Burkhard, Anna's brother, out of his saddle, and replaces him in it. This leads to compliments. Burkhard solicits admittance into the brotherhood; the Lion Knight exclaims rapturously, "Brother in arms, and ——." This unfinished sentence gives rise to more imperial jests against Anna, and more blushes upon her part, whilst the Emperor bestows the highest praises upon the unknown knights. During this conversation, Ulrick of Regensberg presents himself to encounter the Lion Knight, and is thrown to the ground, when he attacks him sword in hand. The judges prevent the Lion Knight from alighting to accept the challenge, by declaring it to be contrary to the laws of the tournament. They then pronounce that the tournament itself is closed, and that the highest prize must be divided between the Lion and Falcon Knights. These adventurers refuse a division, asserting that a still higher prize, which only one can possess, depends upon the impending decision. They then encounter each other; the Falcon Knight loses his stirrups; his antagonist remains unmoved, and at the same instant embraces him warmly, exclaiming, "Brother, it is mine, it is mine! You are vanquished! Yours be the first prize of the tournament, mine the inestimable prize, the privilege of entering the lists of love."

Falcon Knight. Leave me, thou mighty one! I cannot stand against thee!

Lion Knight, (releasing him from his embrace, and offering his hand.) We remain friends.

Falcon Knight, (giving his hand warmly.) Friends, and brothers in arms unto death!

The successful Knights are now summoned to receive their prizes from the fair hands of the Empress Isabella. He of the Lion takes off his helmet, and Anna, with a rapid glance and burning blush, recognizes Rudolph of Habsburg. The young Empress appears to be deeply impressed by his beauty, and requires all the time afforded her, by the father's delight, and the Emperor's eulogies, to recover herself. She then, in rather long and solemn orations, distributes the prizes; the first to Rudolph, the second to the Falcon Knight, who proves to be Meinhard, Count of the Tyrol, and the third to Burkhard of Hohenberg. The Emperor expresses his admiration of her eloquence, and leads her off to the banquet, giving directions that the three Hopes, meaning the three wearers of green, shall be placed together.

We have given this first scene as much at length as we could venture to do without fearing to tire our readers, both as we think it in some degree interesting as a German representation of a tournament, and as it affords a fair specimen of the general manner of the work. We will now endeavour to get forward rather faster, confining our extracts to such parts as appear to exhibit the peculiar characteristics of the author. After a couple of scenes between the old Counts of Habsburg and Hohenberg, and between their sons, respecting the loves and future marriage of Rudolph and Anna, we come to the vanquished and angry Ulrick of Regensberg and his uncle the Abbot, who with some trouble persuades his nephew not to attack Rudolph openly, but to trust the care of revenging his defeat to him. Ulrick at last agrees, and leaves the Abbot to arrange the business with the Court Astrologer Hieronymus. These two worthy persons take some pains, apparently not very successfully, to deceive each other. In the end, the Astrologer pockets a purse offered him in pure charity by the Abbot, and promises to give the Emperor fair warning of the dangers which threaten his family from the future prosperity of Rudolph. We will pass over a scene in which the Empress seems to wish she could exchange Frederic for Rudoph, and then seeks to console herself by playing upon the youthful hero and Anna, and set before our readers the manner in which Hieronymus performs his engagement.

We find the Emperor and the Astrologer *tête-a-tête* in the private chamber of the former. The latter, after much obscure discourse, in which every answer seems wrung from him, gives the imperial querist, in the name of the stars, a lofty panegyric and favourable prognostication touching Isabella, pronounces Prince Henry to be fallen for ever, and prophesies every virtue and all success and happiness to Prince Conrad,[1] Frederic's second son, now intended for his heir, as also to his illegitimate offspring. The Emperor, highly pleased with these communications, inquires respecting the fortunes of the three heroes of the late tournament. Hieronymus, whilst turning over his papers, privately expresses his satisfaction at being saved the trouble of leading to the subject. He then speaks very favourably of the three *en masse*, proceeds to the separate character of each, and when he comes to Rudolph, hastily collects his papers, with the exclamation, "Nothing of him!"

Emperor. Why not, good Master?

Hieronymus. He surpasses them all. No mortal master of astrology can follow his eagle flight.

Emperor, (earnestly.) What mean you?

Hieronymus. Nothing, my most dread Lord and Emperor. My mouth grows dumb, my eyes dark, all my senses fail me, when the terribly splendid vision of this one man forces itself upon my imagination.

Emperor, (with bitterness.) That I have observed both yesterday and today. Master Hieronymus is all respect and humility, when he addresses this wonderful man.

Hieronymus. I act not thus from myself; the master must bow his neck even lower than ordinary men under the yoke of necessity.

Emperor. Must he? That is in truth incomprehensible!

Hieronymus. Try yourself. See if the Emperor can contend against Necessity. The Emperor will fail.

Emperor. Then even the Emperor

must submit—Yet, tell me something of this Rudolph—You have read of him in the book of Fate?

Hieronymus. Little, and much—But it is not for your ear, dread Lord.

Emperor. But I will, I must know it.

Hieronymus. You could not endure it!

Emperor. I not endure it! Who dares speak so false a word?

Hieronymus. The master, to whom alone it is given to read the book of Fate.

Emperor. Honour to the Master, but obedience to the Emperor!

Hieronymus. Honour to whom honour, obedience to whom obedience is due.

Emperor. That I now require from you. Speak, I command you! How run the words of the book of Fate concerning Rudolph of Habsburg?

Hieronymus. You constrain me to speak—Be it so! (*Seizes a sheet of paper, and speaks as if inspired.*) Thus run the words of the book of Fate, touching Rudolph of Habsburg—Terribly roars the Lion of Habsburg, and shakes his mane! Germany's castles totter! Terribly roars the Lion of Habsburg, and shakes his mane! The rock-fortress of Hohenstauffen totters! Terribly roars the Lion of Habsburg and shakes his mane! The rock-fortress of Hohenstauffen falls in hideous ruin to the earth! The Lion of Habsburg is crowned! (*He wipes the sweat drops from his brow.*)

The consequence of this fearful vaticination is, that the Emperor, after consulting with the Abbot, resolves to send Rudolph and his brothers in arms, with a few hundred men, to combat the dissatisfied Lombards, trusting that he must fall in the unequal conflict. Rudolph, in spite of many hints from Manfred, accepts the command. In a parting scene with Anna, a mutual declaration of love takes place, and he receives from her a green scarf, which he swears shall float upon his banner's point in the hour of danger, whilst his battle cry shall be Anna! The first period closes with the departure of Rudolph and his small band, accompanied by Manfred, who disobeys his father's repeated orders to desist from his purpose, in the hope that by sharing, he may diminish his friend's danger.

The second period begins with a long historical detail of Frederic the Second's political views, and particularly of his differences with the Pope and the Lombards, which we mention only to introduce the remark that 'RUDOLPH OF HABSBURG' is interspersed with narrative in a manner unusual in these 'GEMAHLDE,' and which would have prevented our selecting it as a sample of them, had we not thought a hero who has of late years been so agreeably introduced to the British Public by Coxe's HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF AUSTRIA, likely to be considered a more interesting personage than Frederic with the Bitten Cheek, or any other old German, whose very name is unknown out of his own country.

The dramatic portion of the second period opens in the Palace of the Podestà of Milan, Pietro Tiepolo, and is formidably long; but tedious as it is, we fear we must extract a considerable part of this scene, both because it places Rudolph in a striking point of view, and because we should feel that we had not given our readers a just idea of the nature of the original, if we spared them all its tediousness. Besides, we suspect that much of the interest we confess to have found in it, is to be ascribed to the sort of reality which, like Richardson's Novels, it derives even from its wearisome prolixity. We are introduced into an assembly of noble Lombards, engaged in discussing their condition with regard to the Emperor. Some laugh at all apprehension of further danger from him, whom they consider as inextricably involved in German affairs. The Podestà endeavours to dispel this absolute security, and informs the company of the precautions he has taken against an invasion; every pass he has caused to be occupied and fortified, so as, in case of the worst, to render a surprise impossible. The other party are ridiculing such superfluous prudence, when a page announces Count Milo of Verona. The Podestà starts, orders him to be admitted, bids his friends prepare for bad news, since the appearance at Milan of the man appointed to defend the Tyrolese frontier must be ominous, and receives the Count upon his entrance with the words, "Count Milo of Verona is welcome, but not his news—that is most displeasing."

Count Milo. And is a secret to every one in Milan but myself! Who can have revealed it to you?

Podestà. Your presence.

Count Milo. Under our circumstances such a revelation cannot deceive. You then already know the chief point?

Podestà. Frederic has overpowered you, and penetrated with a mighty army into Italy.

Count Milo. Not Frederic with a mighty army—you should in that case have had earlier intelligence of his approach. Milo in person had not brought it.—A small body, hardly consisting of five or six hundred Germans.

Podestà. Has overthrown three thousand brave Veronese? Has spared only their commander to publish this extraordinary event throughout Lombardy?

Count Milo. To publish the terror-spreading news of the advance of a young, a beardless adventurer! Oh, it is humbling for an old soldier to be constrained not only to confess to himself, but to proclaim to the world, that he has been defeated by a boy!

Podestà. You, the dread of the Ghibellines, by a boy?

Count Milo. Listen to my story, and your wonder will rise yet higher. It was on St Gregory's day, that in an early visit to my outposts, I perceived a small troop of perhaps twenty German horse, headed by a Knight magnificently armed, about to cross the Tyrolese boundaries; I sprang forward with my escort and obstructed the way. The leader, a boy scarcely sixteen or eighteen, assuming an air of surprise, asked with insolent defiance whether we were in jest or earnest. In earnest, young master, I replied to the pert questioner; you do not pass through here, and had better carry your skin peaceably back to Germany, whilst it is yet whole. This rebuff seemed to abash the youth; he looked round as if seeking a bye-road to escape, and then inquired with a more friendly, and somewhat uneasy air,—Is not a well-born youth, who would traverse the world in search of foreign arts and knowledge, allowed to visit the beautiful and cultivated Italy?—Since when, I returned, have young German noblemen been seized with the strange fancy of running about the world in search of the arts and sciences? That does not accord with my notion of pure German manners. You are of the Emperor's party, and sent out to procure intelligence?—I am a free man, answered the young rogue, and will not at present engage in any dispute. If you will not believe me, I must needs begone, and indeed I have already, from the boundaries here, seen enough of your country, as you shall learn to your cost. At these words the whole troop gallopped off at full speed.

Podestà. Evidently a spy, whom you should immediately have laid hands on.

Count Milo. Yes, if he would have let himself be laid hands on. Whilst I was about to have him seized, he escaped, and vanished from our sight as though he had never been there. I pursued him with a hundred horsemen, but could discover no traces of him or his companions.

Podestà Really this sounds marvellous!

Count Milo. Like a tale of King Arthur's Round Table. Its truth is also too irrefragably proved by the result. My attention was roused by the stranger's appearance and concluding menace. I collected my forces, and for three days and nights in person sought our vanished visitors—in vain.—Throughout the whole district, no one was to be seen.

Paul Traversara. They had then been raised into Heaven, or swallowed up by the depths of the earth.

Podestà. They will be seen again I fear. They were probably concealed.

Count Milo. Probably amongst the forests and mountain-caverns. Upon the morning of the fourth day the whole troop rushed upon us,—it now amounted to five or six hundred.

Podestà. You then gave battle?

Count Milo. We did—why should not three thousand engage five hundred? They found us not unprepared; at the first sound of the trumpet we were in order of battle. They seemed confounded, and halted at a short distance from us. But suddenly resounded a unanimous and terrible cry of Anna! Anna! and a wedge-formed, sharp-pointed body, breaking from amidst them, gallopped against us; two other similar bodies flying round us, fell upon our rear—Spare me the rest—You guess the issue.

Podestà. Five hundred against three thousand, commanded by Milo!

Count Milo. Milo's three thousand were beaten. The beardless youth, who had met me on the frontier, broke, at the head of the first body, into our centre, and tore away our banner—Fearfully raged the swords of the Germans, desperate was our resistance—but unavoidable our confusion, flight impossible! I rushed against the formidable boy, challenging him to single combat—An instant, and I was disarmed! He spared me, delivered me over to an attendant, and dashed again into the fight. Three dreadful hours elapsed, then all was decided; two thousand Veronese lay dead or wounded, the rest were prisoners—not one escaped.

Podestà. Terrible! Incomprehensible!

Count Milo. Yet more terrible the use of the victory. Scarcely was it gained when the German heroes hastened, their prisoners in their centre, to Verona. There Egzelino de Romano joined them, and together they surprised the heedless citizens, and compelled them to add their forces to the Imperial band.

Paul Traversara. The traitors! thus to violate a league!

Count Milo. 'Twas by constraint.

Podestà. Could they give us no intelligence of the event?

Count Milo. Impossible! Not a child could quit Verona unobserved.

Podestà. You made yourself invisible?

Count Milo. The prisoners were released as soon as the Veronese had renounced the Lombard league, and sworn fidelity and obedience to the Emperor. I instantly hurried——

(*A Page entering.*) Five hundred German horse gallopping up to the gate.

Count Milo. Is the frightful demon already here?

Podestà. They have not been admitted?

Page. The Warders think, that had they attempted to enter the city they could not have been prevented, so complete was the surprise; but they quietly posted themselves without the walls, and their leader alone demands to speak with his Excellency the Podestà.

We may here pass over a page or two of discussion and panegyric of Rudolph and his operations, chiefly intended to display the different characters of the speakers, and simply stating that Rudolph is invited to join the assembly; that the Podestà pledges his word for his safety, and denounces vengeance against whoever shall presume to violate its sanctity, and proceed to the hero's arrival.

Podestà (*at the window.*) See what a stately cavalier—Is that Rudolph?

Count Milo. It is—What think you of his exterior?

Podestà. I find but one point to condemn; that Nature has stamped him with too much of royalty. His look, person, carriage, every thing about him is fascinating, dignified, formed to command request.

Count Henry di Montia. Strange that the Podestà of Milan, the head of the Lombard league, should become the panegyrist of a German adventurer!

Podestà. If the adventurer distinguish himself like this man, I must admire him, though I were even King of Italy. He comes!

(*The doors are thrown open—Rudolph, lightly but magnificently armed, wearing a hat of feathers instead of a helmet, and a green scarf, enters, bows with dignified respect to the assembly, and then offers his hand to the Podestà.*)

Rudolph. I greet in you the Podestà of Milan?

Podestà. I am he, and bid you welcome. How did you know my person, since I cannot recollect to have ever seen you?

Rudolph. Neither did I ever see you; but I know the noble Doge of Venice, Giacomo Tiepolo, your father, and you are his image.

Podestà. I rejoice that we are thus not entire strangers—when and where did you see my father?

Rudolph. At the last celebration of the marriage of the Republic with the Adriatic; I tasted to the Emperor at the banquet.

Count Godfrey di Romagna. And in the lists laid many Venetian nobles in the dust.

Rudolph, (*offering his hand.*) That I should not immediately have recognized Count Godfrey di Romogna!—(*Observing Count Milo.*) See there! I expected not to meet a single friend or acquaintance here, and find myself most agreeably deceived. We are not

yesterday's acquaintance! Or have you already forgotten me? (*Taking Milo's hand.*)

Count Milo. Whilst I live, I shall not forget you. But though I certainly am indebted to you for the prolongation of my wretched existence, I did not judge that we were friends.

Rudolph. I will excuse your thanks, and you will forgive me any pain I may have given you. When the scuffle is ended, all enmity vanishes from my heart. We are therefore friends.

Count Milo. Strange, importunate companion! Have I desired your friendship?

Rudolph. Strange I am, perhaps; but when you shall once know how right importunate I can be——

Count Godfrey. Of that I should think you had given him abundance of bloody proofs.

Rudolph. A taste only, not a sufficiency.

Count Henry. You speak confidently, German.

Rudolph. You shall find me yet more confidential in action.

Count Henry. The young gentleman talks of action like a man, though he has scarcely yet escaped from his schoolmaster's rod.

Rudolph. But so well taught, that he has already played the schoolmaster somewhat roughly to many a grey-bearded boy. This is not the place to prove it to you, else——(*Turning to the Podestà.*) Your excellency will be pleased to pardon this little forced digression—I requested a conversation with you for a more serious purpose. Am I to speak in presence of these gentlemen?

Podestà. Does the affair concern me alone, or the common weal?

Rudolph. The common weal, noble sir.

Podestà. Then open your business unreservedly in presence of these gentlemen.

Rudolph. The business is your own, although I am commanded by the Emperor to take in every possible way the most active part in arranging it. But, first——(*Takes off his scarf, and hangs it up outside of the window.*) Some mischief might otherwise occur.

Podestà. What are you doing, Count Rudolph? Giving a signal to your horsemen?

Rudolph. To remain quiet. A signal that the Podestà of Milan faithfully observes his promise of security.

Count Henry. Provided there be no deceit in that assertion.

Rudolph. The honourable German had not even a word in his language to denote any thing so infamous, previous to his acquaintance with the Italians.

Podestà. Your noble demeanour is a pledge for your good faith—Let us hear your commission to us.

Rudolph. My commission is to conquer you, and ravage your lands with fire and sword, so long as you resist the just claims of his Imperial Majesty.

Podestà. Then our negociation is at once ended. The Emperor's pretensions are unjust, and we neither can, will, nor ought, servilely to submit to them.

Rudolph. Verona has submitted—her example will speedily be followed by the rest of the confederates.

Podestà. One false member of the great Lombard Association will not be missed—Should there be more, let them go. The diminished body, gaining strength by the closer connexion of its sound members, will only hold together the more firmly.

Rudolph. Your excellency must not rely too confidently upon that—You are now about to see the power and majesty of the empire in their full splendour. Frederic's first step upon your soil will fearfully convince you, that, even should not a single member of the Lombard Confederacy fail, you could not stand against his might.

Podestà. We are confederated for the maintenance of our rights and liberties, which we have sworn to defend, even to the last drop of our blood, against Frederic's violence and usurpation. We have, during ten whole years, proved to the astonishment of the world, that freedom renders men fearless, and constancy invincible. And do you insolently imagine you can terrify the noble chiefs of the Lombard League, with a vain phantom of German superiority?

Rudolph. That was not my purpose, my Lord Podestà.

Podestà. What was it then? To deceive by an air of cordiality, as you would have deceived the Veronese Captain upon the frontier of the Tyrol?

Paul Traversaro. For which we could now take a dreadful revenge!

Count Milo. Ha! Revenge! Revenge! But I must strike the blow!

Count Henry. Who hinders you? (*Count Milo draws a dagger.*)

Podestà, (*throwing him off.*) Your Podestà! No one shall ever say that Pietro Tripolo, the noble Venetian, the chief of the Lombard League, proved false to his plighted word! Count Milo, henceforward avoid our assemblies and our territories for ever and ever.

Count Milo. Treachery! Treachery! Noble Lombards, the Podestà has betrayed you to the Germans!

Podestà. Wretch! I despise you and your paltry calumny too much to stoop to justification or revenge. Begone!

Count Milo. Podestà! Podestà! I will amply repay you this disgrace!—(*Exit furiously.*)

Podestà. I shall quietly await it.

Rudolph. Lord Podestà, you have pronounced a severe, but just sentence, upon an unworthy member of your honourable League. My esteem for you is yet further heightened.

Podestà. And you remained so cool and undisturbed when the traitor raised his poniard against you.

Rudolph. I could not suppose that the noble Venetian would suffer his word to be violated by a villain. But had you not prevented the crime, fearfully should I have avenged my death upon you and your friends.

Podestà. Hardly upon me, Sir Knight—Count Milo understands the use of the poniard.

Rudolph. And Rudolph of his sword, Lord Podestà. Swifter than the glance of an eye would it have flown from the scabbard, and done some slaughter, ere Milo's poniard could have struck. When overpowered by numbers, I should fighting have struggled to this window, have torn this scarf down with me in my fall—and ere long had the fair and magnificent Milan been on fire in three different places, whilst a band of German destroying angels carried death and desolation through your dominions.

We think this is a very sufficient *taste* of Frederic Christian Schlenkert's manner, and will spare our readers the remarks to which Rudolph's exposition of his arrangements gives birth, as well as the deep political reasoning that occupies the remaining pages of this scene, though we thus deprive Rudolph of some of his glory, as in it he fairly out-argues the Podestà. The interests and views of either side are given pretty nearly with the detail of a council debate in modern history; and, in truth, one way or another, so much historical knowledge is bestowed upon us in this performance, that we are not quite certain whether it may not be intended rather for the edification of young ladies who are not fond of dry reading, than for the recreation of the better informed. Be that as it may, Rudolph having proposed terms, and suggested that recourse should be had to the mediation of the Pope, allows a couple of hours for deliberation, and departs.

In the next scene Rudolph's friends appear watching the scarf; he returns to them, and soon after the Podestà arrives to notify his acceptance of the terms. But we cannot afford space or patience to proceed as much in detail as we have begun. The reader now understands the fashion of this "*Picture,*" and we will make the best of our way to the fulfilment of the Astrologer's prediction.

Rudolph, by his personal character and influence, amidst some fighting, goes on increasing his numbers and authority; and conformably to his proposition to the Pedestà, proceeds, in virtue of the powers intrusted to him, to conclude, through the mediation of the Pope, a final treaty with the Lombards. His enemies, meanwhile, have been busy at court. Hieronymus has persuaded the Emperor that Rudolph is caballing with the rebels to obtain the iron crown for himself; and the deceived Monarch, leaving the troubles in Germany unappeased, hastens, with a considerable army, across the Alps, to supplant and disgrace his unexpectedly successful general.

The third period introduces to us, amongst other new characters, the noted tyrant, (in a small way,) Ezzelino di Romano, who immediately acquires unbounded influence over the Emperor, and leads him into many faults and atrocities. Rudolph is at first very ill treated, but by his frankness, resolution, and services, recovers Frederic's favour, in spite of his detractors. He is, however, unable to prevent many acts of injudicious cruelty, is disgusted, and, with his brothers in arms, leaving the Emperor to settle his Italian affairs his own way, returns to

Germany. Thus ends the first part, Rudolph's youth.

The second part begins with Rudolph's arrival at court, to pay his respects to the Empress Isabella, who, after confiding to him that she is dying of a broken heart, in consequence of the old Emperor's neglect and inconstancy, amuses herself, as formerly, with the loves of the hero and her favourite Anna. He leaves them, to take possession of his paternal inheritance. This had been greatly diminished by the unfaithful administration of his guardian and uncle, Rudolph of Habsburg and Lauffenburg. He quickly obliges him to refund, obtains his maternal inheritance, of which he had also been wrongfully deprived by his maternal uncle, Hartman of Kiburg, and then marries Anna. He now becomes involved in the disturbances of Germany. The Pope, offended by the disregard shewn to his mediation, had deposed Frederic, as well as his son Conrad, bestowing the Empire upon a certain Landgrave of Thuringia. Rudolph assists Conrad against this opposition Emperor, and they soon make an end of him. But Frederic dies. Conrad repairs to Italy, apparently leaving all his good qualities behind him; and, after disgusting all his Sicilian subjects, dies also; the author does not decide, whether by the hand of Manfred, to whom he attributes every virtue under heaven, or not. The long interval ensues, during which Germany was without a head, and we are presented with a lively picture of its distractions. Rudolph appears as the protector and defender of all the oppressed, particularly of the free imperial cities, which the bishops and neighbouring nobles took the opportunity of endeavouring to enslave. He acquires great fame and wealth, and gains the especial friendship of the Archbishop of Maintz, by escorting him, safely and gratis, through the most disturbed districts, upon his journey to and from Rome. The sixth period, and second part, concludes, leaving Rudolph and his family at a festival given at Zurich, in honour of his deliverance of that city from its would-be tyrant, in the person of his own old enemy, Ulrick of Regensberg.

The third part, and seventh period, presents Rudolph to us engaged in vexatious disputes with the Abbot of St Gullen and the Bishop of Basle. His differences with the former he settles amicably, taking advantage of the anger excited in the Abbot by the conduct of his ghostly ally the Bishop, who, upon a quarrel about paying toll, had seized some fine old wine anxiously expected at the abbey. The reader will recollect, that paying toll, in those days, bore little analogy to our system of turnpike gates, but was, in fact, a kind of levying "black mail," wherever a bridge, a narrow pass, or any other favourable circumstance, afforded the plundering noble a convenient opportunity. Amongst those plundering nobles, the dignified ecclesiastics appear to have played a distinguished part. Indeed, their superior turbulence, and disorder of all sorts, are striking features of that age. Their ambition would scarcely be worth remarking; for Innocent the Third had not been very long dead, and Rudolph lived when the Roman See was laboriously rising to the height of its power; but that they should at the same time be robbers, drunkards, roysterers, cannot but excite our wonder, inasmuch as these faults would seem likely to interfere with the pursuit of their main object. With respect to their potations, however, we are perhaps not very correct judges; as these worthies rise from table, professing a wish to remain sober, in order to proceed to serious business, after so many hours' hard drinking, as would, we apprehend, materially confuse the intellects of the sturdiest toper in this effeminate age, when even fox-hunters are reported to take up with wine and water. But *revenons a nos moutons.* After some years of warfare, Rudolph is engaged in negociation with the Bishop, (who is endeavouring to overreach him,) when his nephew, the Landgrave of Nuremberg, arrives, having ridden three horses to death, to announce Rudolph's election to the empire. The unexpected intelligence is received with due dignity and sensibility. The deputation from the electors follows, and the period closes with the new Emperor's departure for Aix to be crowned.

The coronation is not given us, and the prefatory narration of the eighth period only mentions upon that occasion one of the many little traits characteristic of Rudolph, which have been preserved by history or tradition. The imperial sceptre could not be found, and considerable doubts arose

amongst the princes, whether their investitures would be valid without the accustomed form of touching that symbol of authority. Rudolph terminated the discussion by taking the crucifix from the altar, and employing that symbol of salvation in its stead. In the first scene, we find the Emperor and Empress alone in their palace; she lamenting their removal from their happy home, and fearing that her husband's new dignity will deprive her more than ever of his society. To this he replies, by dwelling upon the happiness to be derived from the conscientious discharge of the high duties now imposed upon him, and assuring her, that those duties having already overpowered all his youthful love of fighting, he shall henceforward live more with her and his children than formerly. She doubts; and, as if in confirmation of her apprehensions, a private audience is demanded for the Archbishop of Maintz, who, in gratitude for his gratuitous escort, had mainly contributed to Rudolph's election. The prelate, in a very long conversation, urges to the Emperor the necessity of conciliating the Pope, whose sanction is yet wanting to his confirmation, and the dangers that would accrue from his adopting the rival candidate for the Imperial crown, Ottocar, King of Bohemia, who is already supported by all those who have any reason to dread a rigidly just Emperor, with the Duke of Bavaria at their head. He then states the hard conditions upon which only the Pope will probably agree to crown Rudolph, advising his Imperial Master to consent to every thing, and afterwards to use his own pleasure respecting such of the terms as he might deem unjust. This is done, we imagine, to display Rudolph's invariable adherence to truth and honour; but we must be allowed to wish that *Herr Schlenkert* could have found some other means of shewing his hero's virtues. It is revolting to see such advice put into the mouth of an ecclesiastic, who had been previously lauded as an exception to the prevailing character of his order. Rudolph of course rejects it, declaring that if he must promise, he will keep his word. He accordingly makes terms with the holy father, and repeatedly summonses the refractory princes and nobles to come and take the oaths; his invitations are either slighted, or answered by insulting embassies. Having given more notice and more time than any one thinks necessary, he first affiances his eldest son to the daughter of his old brother in arms and rival, Meinhard of the Tyrol, and then sets forth to subdue his enemies. He surprises the Swabian league, breaks its power, and constrains its members to follow him with their troops against their confederates. The Duke of Bavaria is frightened, submits, and also joins Rudolph against his chief adversary, Ottocar, King of Bohemia.

The ninth period is wholly occupied with the war against Ottocar. He and his queen are loathsome pictures of perfidy, tyranny, and licentiousness, unredeemed by any good quality except courage. Accordingly, his subjugation is effected as much by his own dissatisfied subjects, as by the Emperor's army. Austria is taken from him almost without a blow, and after one partial defeat he submits, does homage, and is confined to his hereditary kingdoms of Bohemia and Moravia. But his submission is forced and deceptious; he employs the leisure afforded him in preparing for revolt, and the third part ends, leaving him ready to fall upon Austria, which Rudolph had reincorporated with the empire, committing its administration to his sons and friends.

The opening of the tenth period shews us the Imperial and Bohemian armies opposed to each other, the former not amounting to more than a quarter of the numbers of the latter, owing to the treachery of some of the states of the empire, whom Ottocar had seduced or bribed. And here we find, perhaps, the first idea of exhibiting a battle to the reader, through the medium of deeply interested spectators, of which such happy use has been made by an illustrious writer of our own days. Rudolph, upon being attacked by the Bohemians, sends his Empress and family to a place of security behind his camp. When they have reached it, their conductor, Walter of Klingen, informs her Majesty that they are safe, as in case of the worst, the road to Vienna is open.

Empress. Oh! I have no fears for myself, Father Walter. Could I purchase my Rudolph's life with the last drop of my blood! (*Shuddering.*)—Children, kneel and pray—pray for your father! The battle begins fear-

fully—fearfully! I will strive to support myself. I will not turn my eye from that bloody, horrid spectacle, till it closes in death. Oh, Rudolph! Rudolph!

Lady Gisela, (*a friend of the Empress's youth.*) Compose yourself, my dearest Anna. Would you had remained at Vienna!

Empress. No, no! There anxiety would have crushed my heart. This day is too dreadful. I must see my Rudolph conquer—or fall!

Lady Gisela. God will take him under his almighty protection. (*Half aside.*) Help, gracious God! they are engaged.

Walter of Klingen. The encounter begins furiously. The Bohemian cavalry hack and hew on all sides like wild boars.

Empress. The Austrians are hard pressed—they give way—farther—still farther—God! God!

Walter of Klingen. There is no danger yet, dread lady. Perhaps that may be design. The flower of our forces are not yet in the field.

Lady Gisela. Look up! Look up! Now the Hungarians rush against the Bohemian rampart of carriages—now they break through!

Walter of Klingen. Now the engagement becomes general.—The Emperor flies over the plain—Ha! That was a terrible onset!

Empress. Almighty God! now comes the decision!—Oh, thanks, glowing, heartfelt thanks for thy mercies, God of armies!—The enemies fly!

Walter of Klingen. They rally again—Ottocar collects his cavalry—now he falls upon the centre—the swords and spears rage and massacre more dreadfully, more savagely, than I myself ever saw before.

Lady Giselda. Heavens, what a bloody conflict!

Walter of Klingen. Frightful!—Frightful! Imperial lady, avert your eyes from the horrible sight.

Lady Gisela. (*Half aside.*) Is the Emperor in danger?

Walter of Klingen. (*Half aside.*) He is. Do you not see that already half his Swiss——

Empress. Do you see him fall? Do you see him fall? Merciful God!

(*Sinks upon the ground.*

Princess Gutha. Oh, mother, mother! He is fallen!

(*Throws herself upon the Empress.*

Princess Clementia. I will die with you! Mother, I will die with you!

Walter of Klingen. Cruel fate! That I should live to see this!

Empress. Rudolph! Rudolph!—That I might die for thee, or with thee!

Lady Gisela. God of Heaven! She is already writhing in the agonies of death.

Prince Wartman. I will never forgive you, old knight, for having kept me out of the battle.—I would have fought by my father's side, have intercepted the blow. I would have saved him.

Walter of Klingen. You could as little have saved him as I could, good youth. But why immediately fear the worst? The fallen are not necessarily dead.

Empress. (*Starting up.*) Is he not slain?—Rudolph not slain?—Not? Not?

Walter of Klingen. I have myself often fallen in battle, my Lady Empress, and am still alive. See where a knight comes from the field.

Lady Giselda. See, see! Is not that Rudolph's crest glittering at the head of yon victorious squadron?

Empress. It is he! (*Hugh of Wirdenbergh gallops in.*) Is he alive?—Is Rudolph alive?

Sir Hugh answers in the affirmative, adding that he is himself sent by the Emperor to assure her of his safety. He then gives her an account of the state of affairs, and returns to his post. We are now conducted to the field of battle itself,—to the Bohemian right wing. The general commanding here had been deeply offended by Ottacar's putting his brother to death, seducing his niece, and refusing to repair the family honour by a left-handed marriage. In revenge, he pertinaciously disobeys repeated orders to join the engagements, and thus insures his tyrant's defeat. Ottocar fights in despair, and is killed. In the next scene, we find Rudolph alone in his tent, praying, lamenting over the blood shed in the late conflict, and bitterly condemning himself as the cause of so much slaughter. A good bishop comes to summon him to the solemn thanksgiving for the victory; he forbids the ceremony, and the prelate has infinite difficulty to convince him, that the guilt rests with him who wrongfully attacked, not with him who defended

himself and his subjects. We can scarcely recognise our chivalrous friend of the first and second parts, in this quaker-like tenderness of conscience. We may be told that men's characters alter with their years and circumstances, a fact not to be disputed; but we suspect that scruples of this description were very little known to any class of persons, warriors, theologians, or even gentle maidens, in the thirteenth century. We the rather make this remark, because it appears to us to be one of the most ordinary mistakes of the best modern German writers, to attribute the philosophy, the sentiments, and even the sentimentability of their own times, to the rougher knights and dames of the middle ages.

Our limits will not allow any detail of the remainder of the work. We must content ourselves with stating shortly, that the Emperor settles the affairs of Bohemia with great liberality,—pardons the revolted Duke of Bavaria at the intercession of his own daughter, who was married to the Duke's son,—breaks the Swabian league for the second time, subduing now even the hearts of its members,—detects an impostor who was raising a rebellion, by passing himself for the deceased Emperor Frederick the Second, and goes about the empire doing justice, composing disputes between high and low, and destroying noble robbers, together with their strongholds, by fifties and sixties at a time,—that the Empress Anna dies, and he marries the young and beautiful Elizabeth of Burgundy. May we pause to observe, *en passant*, that although we could not desire an author, who professes to be guided by history, to suppress such an act of high treason against the spirit of romance, we wish he had rather attributed it to motives of policy, than have exhibited our hero falling in love at sixty-six;—that he obtains the concurrence of the States of the Empire to the grants of Austria, to his eldest son Albert; of Swabia, to his son Rudolph; and of Carinthia, to his old friend Meinhard of the Tyrol, but fails to obtain the election of Albert as his King of the Romans,—breaks out into complaints of human ingratitude, declares he will take no more trouble, but enjoy himself for the rest of his life, and dies soon afterwards.

The events which we have succinctly sketched, are evidently pretty destitute of romantic interest, and it is a curious characteristic of this author's style of writing, that when detailed with the utmost minuteness, and, as we have before said, tediousness, they actually do acquire a sort of interest quite sufficient to prevent the book's being thrown aside, though it may at first sight appear wonderful, that any mortal reader can be found endued with patience to persevere through four volumes of elucidation and developement of such facts. We must again refer to Richardson for the explanation of the phenomenon. The characters, as in his novels, are at once pourtrayed with a fulness and distinctness, that gives a vivid impression of their reality; and when they are all thus presented to our acquaintance, and we are thoroughly possessed of all that they did and said, and thought and felt, upon every occasion, we are acted upon much in the same manner that we should be, if, after the fashion of *Le Diable Boiteux*, we could be present at the cabinent deliberations, the private reflections, and the domestic transactions of any remarkable historical or political personage. If we do not suffer the painful anxiety respecting the solution of difficulties and terminations of dangers, which constitutes the charm of romance, a desire to know what will happen next, and how our friends will feel and act, is excited, quite strong enough to carry us forward. Nay, we will confess that the simple expression of natural emotions by persons with whom we were so intimate, has occasionally drawn tears into our own eyes; and that had the author indulged us with the introduction of more of the pleasing traits recorded of this founder of the House of Austria, we should boldly pronounce this 'Historical Romantic Picture,' to be calculated to afford very considerable gratification, notwithstanding a certain homeliness in the execution, which constantly reminds us that the high hand of a master is wanting.

S. A.

THE RING AND THE STREAM.

A DRAMA.

SCENE,—*A Valley in the Isle of Paros.—Time—Day.*

ANDRONICUS *and* BASIL.

Andronicus. What hath inspired this happy change, my thought
Hath not divined, yet doth it sooth my soul,
And fall as dew upon my aching heart,
Soft'ning its rugged sorrows.—Since the hour
When the great King of Shadows mark'd the maid—
His beautiful betroth'd, and, in the pride
Of his omnipotent rivalship, he woo'd,
And won the virgin to his icy bed;—
Till latterly, he hath not smiled nor spoke,
But sat, a very emblem of despair—
A statue of the loveliest, but most sad.
Chisell'd by misery's hand—seem'd he, as were
The current of his anguish in its course
Frozen in his young bosom; but, at once,
A kindly sun-beam struck upon the ice,
Melted the stream, and gently bade it flow
Away from his rent bosom. He did smile;
And breath soft cadences of mournful airs,
In such enchanting melancholy mood,
That I did weep for very happiness,
Almost too much of joy; he spake to me
Of resignation, and of sacred bliss,
Known only to the sufferer, and of joys
Not of this coarser world; and then again
He smiled and sang—and so accordant were
That smile and song, and both so breath'd of Heaven,
That, for a moment, I did think my son
Had pass'd away from earth, and that I saw
His happy wandering spirit.

Basil. This is wild—
Dreamings of Fancy, spectre-circled power—
Who holds as strong an empire o'er thy brain
As o'er the young Leontine's. I would learn
Whence comes this wondrous change. It is not well
That I, his friend, who shared in all his grief,
Should not partake his pleasures. Pray you, strive
To win the secret from him.

Andronicus. No!—for me,
It is enough that I no more behold
The stillness of despair.—Once more, he lives.—
To force into his secrets,—to intrude
Into his bosom's counsels, were to break
Again the slender links of that light chain
Which binds him to mortality.—Oh, no!
I cannot, and I will not pain my son
By this unhallow'd wondering.—'Tis enough
That he is mine again.—Some friendly hand
Hath pour'd, perchance, soft balm upon the wound
Of his poor bleeding heart; or, kindlier Heaven
Hath, in its mercy, heal'd the bitter stripes
Its wisdom had inflicted.—He doth love,
And from his boyhood, was his soul entranced
By Nature's majesty; and now he drinks
Deeper of her intoxicating cup
Of love, and is, for his repose, become

Delirious with her beauty.—He doth roam
Nightly by hill and valley.—Near the stream
Which wanders round Marpesus' marble caves
Goes he by night; and with the silver waves,
Singing unto the pale lamp of the heaven,
He doth unite his low and mournful song;
And then, upon its bank he lieth down,
List'ning the flowers grow; and they do tell
Their secrets to his ear; for he replies,
And holds sweet converse with them.—He is now
A fair celestial thing, like those which fill
The air when it is clearest—when the gales
Come laden with ambrosial odours, brought
From flowery beds of Paradise upon
The spirits' golden wings.—Disturb him not—
He who can treasure for himself a source
Of happiness, unsought of brother man,
Is surely wise. So, in his wisdom, let
My loved Leontine rest.

Basil. Not so, old man—
He who doth in the dungeons of his soul
His pains and pleasures thus in bondage hide,
Disdaining help and pity from mankind,
Is of mankind no longer; he hath loosed
The girdle of mortality, and stands
Without its friendly circle.—He who hath
No friends deserves them not.—Thy son hath thrown
Human compassion from him, and hath found
Peace, where man should not seek it.—Were his bliss
Thus innocent, as thou deem'st it, would it be
Veil'd from his tender father, and his friend,
By the huge marble curtains of the caves
Of high Marpesus' mountain? It is said
Thy son hath union made with that wild man
From the far distant East, who hid his crimes
From justice in those caverns. It is said,
That when some few weeks since he closed his eyes,
And yielded to the demons his dark soul,
It was on thy son's bosom, who became
His pupil and his heir, and from his lip
Received the secrets of another world,
To outrage things of this.—His wanderings
Are not alone, for he hath still been heard
In invocation loud; but 'tis decreed
This crime shall not endure, since we will spy
Upon his wand'rings; and, if he have done
That which the angels shriek at, he shall die.—
The church, the state, alike demand his life—
The sorcerer shall perish!—Look where comes
Thy Leontine.—Now rend the secret from him,
Or dread the arm of justice. [*Exit.*

Enter LEONTINE.

Leontine. How the day
Lingers upon the world!—Methinks it knows
That I would have it gone, and stays to mark
How I will curb my spirit, and resign
My will in silence, and by patience prove
My worthiness of that most precious gift
Which is my nourishment of life—my sire!
Ah, pardon me, and on this thoughtless head
Breathe a fond father's blessing.

Andronicus. Gentle son,
High Heaven's should be more valued.—I did hope
Such was thy holy thought—but there are those
Who say, thou art at war with all of good—
That Heaven's blessings are as things of nought,
And gifts of darker worlds have won thy soul
From its God-vow'd obedience.—Dearest son,
I would not give thee pain, for I rejoice
To see thee thus collected; but there are
Some who, in this most wondrous sudden change,
See much of mystery and secret sin;
And thy lone wanderings are at length become
The sad theme of the island.—Wilt thou not
Tell to thy father's ear thy source of joy?
Think'st thou *he* could betray thee?
Leontine. Oh, no, no—
But I am not permitted—should I once
Reveal my secret, all contentment ends,
And I am lost again.—Oh, do not deem
My thoughts unsanctified!—Yon sacred light,
When first from the Eternal's hand it came,
Before its glows had kindled flames on earth,
Or its bright eye gazed on the sins of man,
Was not more pure than is this sinless heart.
In those lone heavenly wanderings—they were given
A blessing to my spirit, and from Heaven
Alone the blessing came. Ah, doubt me not!
It is communion with my God I hold,
And with his cherish'd Spirits—Should I say
My secret, it were silent—Earth nor Heaven
Would have a voice for me—Look on this ring;
It is the source of this dear happiness.
Should I betray its virtues, thou wouldst gain
Nought; but thy son would lose his all—his soul!
It were a sin, my father; it would draw
The hatred of all nature on my head.
Who would not shrink from that ingratitude
To him who gave the gift, and him who deigns
To serve me with its uses! From the Man,
The holiest of thousands, I received
The wondrous gift; and from his lips I learn'd
Its virtues and its powers—he who died
In pale Marpesus' cave. Now, sire beloved,
Urge thy poor son no farther—not thy hand
Should pluck his only rose.
Andronicus. From Basil's lip,
This I but now was told—he hates thee for
The love which she—forgive me—I will not
Name her unto thee—but, thou know'st the cause
His hateful jealousy. He hath been here,
Pouring the vials of his wrath upon
My startled head, and threat'ning me with death,
Or punishment to thee.
Leontine. Regard him not;
His wrath is mortal, and will pass away—
A shadow, as himself;—he is a foe
To all of joy or happiness, the which
He hath not soul to share;—he cannot love
That which his mind receives not. Let his wrath
Be to thee as the waves which wave around
The storm-clad Cyclades, yet dare not act
Their fierce, but idle threat'nings. Let it be

The rage of frenzy, which we hasten from,
But mourn it as we fly. The wild bull's wrath,
Which spurneth at the earth, defacing her
With wounds, which her young son, the smiling Spring,
Uplifted on the snowy wings of Time,
Heals with his soft'ning breath—Oh! heed it not!
And for the malice of the wondering world—
That cannot harm me, while within my breast
I bear the talisman of peace. Should I
Resign the gift of that same holy man,
Marpesus, some time hermit, I should be
Once more a ruin, for the Fiend Despair
To stride above in triumph. I should be
The lone—the miserable—the living dead—
The spectre of the past. Oh, sire beloved!
When Mother Earth into her arms received
My Zoe's beauteous form, I did not deem
That even for *thy* peace—that I could live—
Now, I am reconciled; Oh open not
The deep, scarce closed wound! Thou weep'st, ah me,
Melt me not, oh my father, with thy tears!
Thou knowest, to withstand their gentle force
I have no power. I should resign my bliss,
And bow my head, and die.—
Andronicus. O pardon me!
That I have given the pain. Again no more
Will I hold question with thee. Go in peace—
Preserve thy treasure;—mayst thou keep it still
The sun of thy sad day.—

SCENE—*The stream near the Marble Cave.—Time—night.*

Leontine (*alone.*) Again, again returns the blessed night,
The hour of holiness, and of repose—
To me, of triumph over death and woe:
Let me delay my joy, that I may dwell
On that which doth await me. I am here
Upon the throne of my felicity,
Gazing upon the couch where tranquil lies
Mine own, mine only love, awaiting calm
The signal, and the hour, and the charm
That brings her to my side, the immortal maid,
Beside her mortal lover. Can this be
Transgression! No! Would the Eternal Lord
Permit these visits were they for my harm!—
Yet doth he sometimes punish us by grant
Of that which we do pray for; but the Sage,
Who, in compassion to my anguish, gave
This wondrous ring,—and in the sacred stream,
Where the moon kiss'd it, bade me lave the gem
And the encircling gold, had not reveal'd
The secret in the solemn hour of death,
Had it been sinful in the eye of Heaven!—
In that last hour our mortal sense is clear,
And the stern King doth with a steady hand
Unveil the face of Truth, howe'er in life
The form divine was hidden—he had done
With earth and earthly things—and he was then
About to render up a strict account
Of his well-doings; would he then have seal'd
The record with a sin—would he, who was
About to hear the sentence of his fate
From his Almighty Judge, have counsell'd me,

Yea, hurried me to guilt, by raising up
My buried love to my transported eye!
Ah, no!—it is no crime! Ye Elements,
I do attest ye; and Thou, Mightiest Mind,
Soul of those elements, bear witness here,
That I am free of sin! Yea, and their smiles,
The holy stillness of this sacred spot,
And the bright radiance of yon gazing moon,
Do bear my bosom witness—Then once more
To my delightful task,—pardon me, air,
And clouds, and water, and celestial fire,
That I do rob ye of a spirit bright,
The fairest in your realms, and give her back
For some short hours solely to the earth,
Of which she is no longer.—Dearest, come!
I am alone, no human breath shall 'file
The air made pure for thee, for I do watch
With zealous care the secret,—Come, O come!
In all the beauty of this world, but shrined
In the glory of another. See, I dip
The Ring into the Stream, and I will sing
The song of holiness, to charm thee back
To this earth, and to me:

THE INVOCATION.

When we shall meet
In bowers of bliss;
When we shall greet
With a holy kiss;
When we shall look,
With a soften'd eye,
On the closed book
Of the things gone bye,—

When we shall think of this short, dark night,
As the rest that prepares for eternal light,
And look on the bed where they laid us last,
As only the grave of the weary past;
Then shall we smile to think a tear
Should e'er have fallen on a mortal bier!—

But till the beam
Of that holy day
Shall chase the dream
Of hope away:
Till Fate shall burn
With her kindling eye,
This casing urn
Of the spirit high.—

Come from thy couch of holiest dew,
Which the moonbeam shines and sparkles through,
Turning each drop to gems, which might
Circle an angel's brow of light—
To sooth, as heaven hath willed thee,
The anguish of mortality!

[*A cloud rises from the water and approaches Leontine, then gradually unfolding, discovers a beautiful female figure reclining in it.*]

Leontine. Beautiful spirit of mine only love,
I kiss the spot o'er which thy silver cloud,
Wreathing itself in curls of light, reclines,
And bid thee, Sweetest, welcome: Oh, the joy

To gaze upon thy face, and see thine eye
Beam once again with life! Yet this is death!
Beautiful death! Oh, why do mortals shrink
From thy embrace!—

The Spirit. Because encumber'd with
A load of earth, the spirit scarce can look
Beyond the senses—and that beaming hope
Which is, thou knowest, of immortal birth,
O'ermaster'd is by fear, the earth-born, who,
Is stronger in their bosoms—thou art bless'd
Above mankind, for terror will not stand
By thy departing couch—for thee, the cloud
That hid the grave, is like the ponderous stone,
Roll'd from before its portals—thou hast look'd
Into the dark, and see'st how much to hope,
How little is to fear; but since we met
Thy spirit hath been tortured; greater yet
The trial that awaits thee: when 'tis past
Thou hast no more to fear.

Leontine. So that I lose
Not thee, my sacred love, I am content
To bear all lighter sorrows. I have nought
To tell thee, dear; for in thine absence I
Have only life to bear me silent through
The long and weary day; then I lie down
At eve upon this bank, and watch the sun,
Or wait the rising moon, and mark the stars
Starting from out the heaven, and then I guess
In which of those bright orbs thy beauteous soul
Is wandering; but now I pray thee, love,
Tell me from whence my charm hath summon'd thee?
Where wast thou when the words of power broke
The laws of death's stern empire?

The Spirit. What to thee,
The son of time, was yesternight, I sat
In a huge cloud, which, to its very edge,
Was charged with winds, and tempests. I did wish
To mark its bursting in full majesty
Over the earth, uncheck'd by mortal fears.
So, gathering up mine essence, I reclined
Upon the lightning's flash, and o'er the world
Shot a wild wond'rous light. At first, I deem'd
The meteor flame was harmless, but I found
It was the red bolt of the wrath of God,
And big with desolation: so I left
My throne of vengeance, for I could not bear
To be the instrument of justice, and
Couch'd from its terrors and its glories, in
The fragrant bosom of a half-blown rose.
There, lull'd by music, which the unseen airs
Do bring from the melodious choirs above,
I slept such sleep as holy spirits do
Who are not yet all heaven. When I woke,
I borrow'd from the rose an ærial robe
Of its young delicate hues, and darted far
Upon a golden cloud unto the realms
Of snow and frost eternal—the white point
Most northern of your earth—then I forsook
Mine ether couch, and, for a throne of ice,
Exchanged its melting softness, and it fell
In mist down to the earth. I rested long,
Gazing upon that world, and, when I rose,

I found my mantle had the snowy white
For those to whom th' Omnipotent hath given
His promised boon, the bright and morning star—
Till then, with me, thou shalt in tranquil joy
Sport in the air, or wing thy flight above
The atmosphere of Earth, the dense, dark robe
Which wraps her wheeling form. The Sun's red beam
By day, shall in a gold garb mantle thee—
At night, the silvery Moon's, and both shall lend
Their rays to be thy chariot. We shall walk
Upon the curved Rainbow, the bright zone
Girdling the universe, and clasping worlds
Within its mighty circle. We shall dart
From orb to orb, and on our brows shall bear
The bright and shooting stars—we shall repose
In worlds of fire, that, nearest to the sun
Revolve their course, and those white orbs which roll
Far distant from his centre—we shall sail
Through seas of ether in our cloudy ship,
And overtake the Morning—we shall list
The song which spirits hear—that song in which
The bands of angels praise the unknown name
Of the Almighty, and whose wondrous sound
Shall even to our accents still remain
Impossible, until the terrible day
Shall make us like to them.—Then, when the Seals
Be open'd, and the Heavens and Earth are doom'd,
Shall the great judgment follow. Nature's things
Shall disobey her laws—Wild Anarchy
And Uproar reign—the shadow of the foot
Of the Eternal shall blot out the Sun.
The Moon be motionless, and faint, and die,
And melt away for anguish—the bright Stars
Fall down with desolation in their light,
And burst asunder, scattering all around
Woe, woe—and bitterness—and there shall be
Blood and not water,—and the Angels' hands
Shall grasp the four winds, and then bury them
In their capacious bosoms. Then, all things
Shall groan for air; and, 'midst the pouring forth
The vials of deep wrath, and cries, and shrieks,
And trumpet blasts, and thunderings, and groans
Of Worlds, and shuddering of the crumbled Heaven—
The trampling of the death-steed shall be heard
Bearing his mighty Rider—Summoner
Of mortals, and the Herald of his God—
And then—there shall be silence, in the heaven!—
A pause of death—the uproar shall be still'd—
For the Eternal cometh!—not a sound
Among those myriads to break the awe
Of his tremendous presence—not a sound
Until the Volume of Eternity
Be ope'd—and closed again!—

Leontine. Is it thy voice,
My Zoe, that doth pour these awful tones
Upon my trembling soul?—Oh, how my heart
Shrinks from that day of terrors!—

The Spirit. Fear not thou—
Thou art beloved, and thy spotless life
Hath won high Heaven's grace—thou shalt throw off
This chrysalis case, and rise, and wing thy way
Through fields of peace and light—thou didst but err

One moment in thy doubts—when my bless'd soul
Ascended from the couch of pain and grief
To liberty, and uncontrolled joy.
I look'd on thee, and though in bliss, there rose
Something, which when on earth, had been a wish
That thou couldst see me, and that I could soothe
Thy grief, and bind thy faith; for thou didst doubt
In thy affliction, and didst fear thyself
Of God and hope forsaken—then the prayer
Of the departing Saint, the holy Man
Of those dim caves, arose unto the Heaven
For thy benighted soul, that thus the faith
Of him whose heart was righteous, should not die
As the guilt-spotted man's—then Heaven heard—
And when the words of power were said, I swept
Downward from my bright cloud, and with the stream
Mingled my spirit, and from its misty breast,
Rose up before thine eyes.

Leontine. Oh, how my soul
Blesses thy gentle love, that thus survives
The grave, and mingles with eternity!
I am more happy in this holy bond,
Than hadst thou lived on earth; and yet there is
One bliss, if it may be, that I would claim—
I hear thee, see thee—might I touch thy hand
With my still earthly lip?

The Spirit. No; for that hand
Were charged for thee with death; and this is not
Thine hour, Oh, Beloved!—but, it comes—
I feel a higher sense of joy than e'er
Mine essence knew before, for soon thou wilt
Unfetter'd be, and thy delighted spirit
Roam blessedly with me; but soft—the air
Is cut before me; something human comes
Tinted with richer hues, for there remain'd,
The roseate colours of my flower-born robe,
Memorial of my visit!—So, when man
Hereafter,—as he will,—shall seek this spot,
He will behold with wonder the rose hues
Blushing upon the snow!

Leontine. Oh, lot of bliss!
Would that I might partake it!

The Spirit. So thou wilt!
Be faithful to the last, thy lot will be
As is thy Zoe's; not yet perfect, but
Pure as it can be, till th' accounting day,
Which will unbar the golden gates of Heaven,
Shall give us entrance there!

Leontine. But Zoe, say
The sinner when he perishes, how fares
His spirit in its wanderings; doth it dwell
At large, as thine?

The Spirit. No!—for his liberty
Is portion'd to his actions; and that is
As the Almighty dooms him: sometimes he
Sleeps in a torpid sleep—the trance of death—
Dull, heavy, senseless. Such are those who have
Inactive been, and reckless of the gifts
With which they were endow'd; their lives unmark'd
By any good, although unstain'd by crime—
Spendthrifts of time—who dogg'd away their days
As they were nights, or as, instead of time,

Eternity, was written on the brows
Of those who stood around them—The sin-stain'd
Are darker doom'd—sometimes enfetter'd to
The earth which they have quitted, they are bound
To mark the consequences of their guilt,
And watch their issue. The proud Greek of old,
The Macedonian, who with toil and blood,
Strode high above the necks of fellow-men,
And trampled on warm hearts, and wither'd joy,
To raise a mighty empire, was condemn'd
To see his huge throne shaken, and his friends
Sever, one by one, the columns!—He beheld
The swords his own ambition had unsheath'd,
Plunged in his children's hearts, and saw their shades
Rise trembling from the earth, and mount afar
Above his gloomy dungeon. These are those
Who, chain'd within the womb of the fierce sea,
Are tossed to and fro by the wild storm,
And never rise in air, except to pour
Destruction on the labouring vessel, which
May bear some ancient friend, or child beloved,
Or a lamenting wife. Some are compell'd
To guide the thunderbolt of wrath, which rends
To fragments their own home;—such one I mark'd
Weeping and throwing lightnings, and averting
His eye from where they fell!—And others float
A pestilence in air, and carry death
To the bosoms best belov'd. The Oppressor, who
Rent from the hungry the coarse sordid meal,
To heap up treasures for his heirs, beholds
Those heirs expire of famine, which himself
A deadly blight upon the herb and corn
Breathes o'er the healthy land. The Tyrant's scourge
Is wielded by the Demons, who through space
With stripes pursue the spectre—worse the lot
Of him the envy-struck, who is condemn'd
To watch the bliss of those he most abhors,
And which he strove to crush; he is, indeed,
The tortured—for the penalties of hell
Alone exceed the measure of his pangs.

Leontine. I love the theme, and yet I fear to ask,
Lest with unhallow'd question I offend
The mercy of the Holiest!—If it be
Permitted thee to answer, hath thine eye
Gazed on the Majesty of God?

The Spirit. It is
Permitted thee to question, for thy tongue
Is chain'd from uttering the secrets deep,
Which have been breathed into thy list'ning ear.
Thou art as yet but mortal, but ere long
Thy soul shall be enfranchised; even now
I see, but thou canst not, where near thee stands
The beauteous shadowy King, who looks on thee
With a soft, solemn smile, and whose cold hand
Will fall so lightly on thy youthful brow,
That to the charm'd beholder his still rest
Shall seem like infant's sleep; but guard thee well,
Temptation cometh—danger and distress
Will soon beset thy soul—but be thou firm,
And thou wilt be with me—but not to gaze
Upon the light of the Eternal's eye.
That may not be till after Earth and Heaven

Have pass'd away, and the great day hath judged
Who merits such high glory; for there is
No higher bliss than that which is reserved.
Draw from the stream the ring—I may not stay
Amid the sons of earth—draw forth the ring,
And give me liberty. Once more alone,
Recall me to thy presence.

Leontine. Psyche, rise!
Soul of my love, ascend yon floating cloud,
Fringing with silver the blue canopy
Of the majestic earth—repose, until
The voice of love recall thee.
I must not
Complain; for murmuring I am too bless'd—
Earth hath some part in me, and I may not,
As yet, disdain her claims. So then, her sons,
I will not chide away.

Enter Basil, Zeno, and Greeks, with Andronicus.

Basil. Thou hear'st, he speaks,
Conversing with the demons—now, old man,
Wring from thy son his secret, let him prove
His innocence, or else behold him die!

Andronicus. Insatiate bigot! Oh! my son, my son!
Have mercy on thy father's snowy head;
Bring not the grey hairs to the grave in woe—
Let me not see thy young blood fall to earth,
Ere the old man's hath fail'd—My son, my son!
Let me not lose thee—if thou canst—reveal
Thy secret, and preserve thy life.

Leontine. My life!
It is not worth a crime—I will not break
My promise—but I stand prepared to die.
Weep not, oh father—death for me is bliss.
I go to meet my Zoe—lead ye on.
The punishment of sorcery, though I
Am guiltless of the sin, I am prepared
To meet, oh friends—Peace, dearest father, peace!
We shall soon meet again—Now to the death
My soul, my soul is ready.

Andronicus. Wilt thou, son,
Wilt thou destroy thy father?

Leontine. Wish me not
To live a sinful, and a hopeless man.
Now, if I die, 'tis blessedly—I go.
High Heaven will heal thine anguish, as before
It closed the wounds of mine.

Basil. Friends, he will die
Unshrinkingly—see—for himself, he has
No fears. Attack his young heart in its loves—
Seize on his father—let him victim be
Of the young sorcerer's crimes.

Zeno. Old man, thy son
Claims pity for his youth; but thou, whose age
Should have far better taught, and better ruled
His wayward spirit—thou shalt perish, man,
The victim of his secret.

Leontine. Justice! Justice!
What hath my father done?

Zeno. The worst of sins!—
Permitted thy young soul, which, to his charge

The Eternal hath committed, to run wild—
To plunge into unhallow'd mysteries,
Forbidden unto man;—therefore, again,
Thou shalt, as guilty, die.

Andronicus. I am content!

Leontine. Content!—thou, righteous heaven! hear me! oh hear!
Sinless is my pursuit, but if ye deem
My wanderings other, why then, let me die;
I stand prepared—bind on these hands your chains,
And let my father go.

Andronicus. I pray ye heed
Nor urge him farther—Ye have wisely judged—
Lead me unto the bed of peace, which waits
To clasp the limbs of the life wearied man.

Zeno. Lead him unto his sentence.

Leontine. I command
Ye stir not. That which from my tortured soul,
With such unhallow'd eagerness ye tear,
Will benefit ye nothing—harden'd hearts
Cannot partake the miracle—This ring—
Oh agony! must I for ever lose
My lonely hope—my happiness—and ne'er
Look on her face again: and I must live
This lone and wretched thing. Oh, Zoe—no!
I dare not—will not—Treasured gem, return
Into thy master's bosom.

Basil. Soldiers, bear
The old man to the block.

Leontine. Take—take the ring—
'Tis done—'tis past—I am a wretch—My sire
Clasp me unto thine heart—close—close—thy life
Is sacred—safe—thy son's is——

Zeno. Sorcerer, tell
Thy usage of this ring.

Leontine. I will, but let
Me treasure this last moment of my peace—
I am the wretch doom'd to a violent death,
Who lingers out the last hour of his life,
Unwilling still to part—that ring, it is—
Oh, Zoe! I am mad—my very soul
Is starting through mine eyes—I am all heart,
And that will heave and burst.

Zeno. The ring, the ring—
Sorcerer, declare its powers.

Leontine. It was given
By a most holy man, in my lone hour,
To save me from despair;—he said, that while
I kept the secret, if into this stream,
Beneath the moonbeam, I should plunge the ring,
It would recall to the forgotten earth
The shade of my beloved!

Zeno. Summon her—
I would behold the wonder.

Leontine. For your eyes
Thus envy spotted, in her purity
She will not come to earth—nor is it in
Her power to compass this—the charm was broke
When I reveal'd the secret.

Zeno. Wretch, recall
Her presence to this world, or ev'n now
Thy father dies the death.

Leontine. She said my hour

Was not far distant—can I not escape
These tyrannies, and die!—Oh pardon, God!
I will endure—still—still, I will endure,
And wait till I am summon'd, though it be
In agonies unceasing.

Zeno. I will try
The virtues of thy ring—there, wretch, the stream
Hath swallow'd it for ever—Silent be
The impious lip of sorcery!

Basil. Music, hark!
And what a gale of sweetness breathes around:
My senses ache; for the oppression grows
Too strong for mortal bearing.

[*The Spirit rises in the cloud.*

Leontine. Heaven! She comes,
Mine own, mine only one—She comes once more,
In all her shadowy glory, with a smile
More joyously enchanting—hour of bliss,
I deem'd thee past for ever.

The Spirit. Thou hast done
With hours now, beloved. Thy account
With time is closed for ever; now thou step'st
Within the circle of eternity.
Thou hast achiev'd the conquest of thy foe.
The Tempter who beset thee—thou didst give
Thine all for filial love, and wast resign'd
To live a groaning wretch; for this the wreath—
The coronet of Icicles doth wait
To bind thy happy brow, and that thy death
Be favour'd as thy life, lo! I am sent
To summon thee to glory, and to peace—
Now then we part no more—thou art mine own,
Henceforward and for ever, the loved charm,
The golden chord is broken. Mourn thou not
Thy father, peace will crown his few short days,
For I have open'd his earth-clouded eyes,
And now, with holiest joy, he looks upon us.—
Thou didst once ask to touch my death-chill'd hand—
Approach me now, and on thy lips receive
This holy kiss, and sink upon my breast.—
'Tis done!—Earth take thy part, the silent clay!—
Soul!—to the elements!

Basil. Good Zeno, speak.
Art thou entranced too—what hast thou seen?

Zeno. Nought but a silvery cloud, from which there comes
Sounds as of heavenly music. We have wrong'd
The innocent Leontine!—Is he dead!—
Can that be death!—A smile is on his face!—
O pardon, Heaven, if, in our zeal, we have
Destroy'd the innocent.—Oh, good old man,
Forgive us for thy son!

Andronicus. My son is dead!—
Glory to God!—My heaven-claim'd son is gone,
Gone from all misery—from pain, from sin
Unto eternal bliss.—Glory to God!
The flowers he planted, he hath gather'd young
To bloom in paradise! The stars he lent
To light this earth, he hath reclaimed now
To place within his crown!—Praise be to God!
Glory to the Almighty!*

* This subject is partly taken from a Tale, published some years since, entitled, "The Ring and the Well."

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

Dublin, November 20, 1821.

MR NORTH,

THERE are really some people, and of extensive literary acquirements, who believe and assert that Moore is no poet—this is going too far with a joke. The critical demurs thrown out against him in good humour and whim, have been eagerly seized on by these poetical bigots, and magnified into almost an utter annihilation of his fame. This is the more dangerous and unjust, as those who devote themselves entirely to poetical pursuits, and are consequently the most powerful critics in that department of literature, are most apt to give themselves up to the exclusive admiration of one great master. That devotedness which bestows such unity and power on poetic talent, is too often accompanied by a littleness, and a selfish pedantry, which incapacitates its possessor from entering into the spirit, or justly appreciating the merit, of writings foreign to his style of thought. In the progress of his knowledge and opinions, he insensibly ascends from the plane of vulgar nature, he becomes the centre of another sphere of objects—acquires another principle of delight and test of genius, and not taking into account his aberrations from the current feelings of men, he appeals for proofs of his opinions to that common sense which he has left behind. Very unfortunately for common sense, the appeal is often as eloquent as it is unintelligible, and confounds the reader into coincidence with its opinions. Hence spring those shoals that one meets with—of neophyte followers of a school of taste, hot from conviction, and vaunting their new creed, as a boy does his breeches when he first gets into them—amazingly pleased and mightily inconvenienced. One can no more find his reasons, than the other his pockets, but both are conscious of a sort of promotion, and are satisfied. The followers may be despised, but the leaders cannot, they are not seldom our superiors; and the only method by which we can maintain just and fair sentiments against their overwhelming sophistry, is to bear in mind, that what is illiberal is very likely to be false. The discourses of envy are in general much about the same—only that thought takes a circuitous rout to the opinion, which stupidity finds at once. One of our profoundest thinkers has discovered, with the Literary Gazette, though by a very different process, that Lord Byron also is no poet;—thus genius and dulness travel different sides of the same circle, and meet at the same point.

Moore is not, I'll allow, like Wordsworth or Coleridge, the poet's poet, nor is it necessary, in order to enjoy his writings, that we should create a taste for them, other than what we received from nature and our horn-books. Yet his style is contemned as tinsel and artificial, whereas the great praise bestowed on those preferred to it, is that they are the only true natural. Now, if it requires study and progressive taste to arrive at a sense of the natural, and but common feeling to enjoy the beauties of the artificial, then certainly these names have changed places, since I met them in the dictionary. But let us shun these horrific words, art and nature, and that wearisome controversy, which seems to have acted like a torpedo on every pen, and has turned genius itself into babbling. If the subject was fresh, it would be well worth inquiring into; but the waters have been so troubled, and to so little purpose, that they must be allowed to settle, ere any one can hope to see the bottom.

Formerly people were content with estimating books—persons are the present objects universally. It is not the pleasure or utility a volume affords, which is taken into consideration, but the genius which it indicates. Each person is anxious to form his scale of excellence, and to range great names, living or dead, at certain intervals and in different grades, self being the hidden centre whither all the comparisons verge. In former times, works of authors were compared with ideal or with ancient models,—the humble crowd of readers were content to peruse and admire. At present it is otherwise,—every one is conscious either of having written, or at least having been able to write a book, and consequently all literary decisions affect them personally;

"Scribendi nihil a me alienum puto," is the language of the age, and the most insignificant calculate on the wonders they might have effected, had chance thrown a pen in their way. The literary character has in fact extended itself over the whole face of society, with all the evils that D'Israeli has enumerated, and ten times more—it has spread its fibres through all ranks, sexes, and ages. There no longer exist what writers used to call a public—that disinterested tribunal has been long since merged in the body it used to try. Put your finger on any head in a crowd, it belongs to an author, or the friend of one, and your great authors are supposed to possess a quantity of communicable celebrity—an intimacy with one of them is a sort of principality, and a stray anecdote picked up rather a valuable sort of possession. These people are always crying out against personality, and personality is the whole business of their lives. They can consider nothing as it is, by itself; the cry is, "who wrote it?"—"what manner of man is he?"—"where did he borrow it?" They make puppets of literary men by their impertinent curiosity, and when one of themselves is dragged from his malign obscurity in banter or whimsical revenge, he calls on all the gods to bear witness to the indignity he is made to suffer.

It is this spirit which has perverted criticism, and reduced it to a play of words. To favour this vain eagerness of comparison, all powers and faculties are resolved at once into *genius*,—that vague quality, the supposition of which is at every one's command; and characters sublime in one respect, as they are contemptible in another, are viewed under this one aspect. The man, the poet, and the philosopher, are blended, and the attributes of each applied to all without distinction. One person acquires the name of a poet, because he is a reasoner, another because he is mad, another because he is conceited. Johnson's assertion is taken for granted—that genius is but great natural power directed towards a particular object; thus all are reduced to the same scale—Wellington, Byron, and Kean, measured by the same standard. This fury of comparison knows no bounds; its abettors, at the same time that they reserve to themselves the full advantage of dormant merit, make no such allowance to established authors. They judge them rigidly by their pages, assume that their love of fame and emolument would not allow them to let any talent be idle, and will not hear any argument advanced for their unexerted capabilities.

The simplest and easiest effort of the mind is egotism,—it is but baring one's own breast, disclosing its curious mechanism, and giving exaggerated expressions to every-day feeling. Yet no productions have met with such success—what authors can compete as to popularity with Montaigne, Byron, Rousseau? Yet I cannot but believe that there have been thousands of men in the world, who could have walked the same path, and have met the same success, if they had had the same impudence. Passionate and reflecting minds are not so rare as we suppose, but the boldness that sets at nought society, is. Nor would want of courage be the only obstacle; there are and have been, I trust, many, who would not exchange the privacy of their mental sanctuary for the indulgence of spleen, or the feverish dream of popular celebrity. And if we can give credit for this power to the many who have lived unknown and shunned publicity, how much more must we not be inclined to allow to him of acknowledged genius, and who has manifested it in works of equal beauty and of greater merit, inasmuch as they are removed from self.*

These considerations ought at least to prevent us from altogether merging a writer's genius in his works, and from using the name of the poem and that of the poet indifferently. For my part, Mr North, I think, that if Thomas Moore had the misfortune to be metaphysical, he might have written the Excursion, (but this with a *perhaps*)—that had he the meanness to borrow, and at the same time disguise the feelings of the great Lake Poets, he might have written the only good parts of Childe Harold—and had he the pluck or the whim to be egotistical, he might lay bare a little mind of his own, as proudly and as passionate-

* Coleridge, in his Biographia, esteems the choice of a subject removed from self, as a test of genius.

by organised, as the great Lord, whom some one describes "to have gutted himself, body and soul, for all the world to walk in and see the show." So much for the preliminary cavils which are thrown in the teeth of Moore's admirers. They have been picked up by a small fry of critics, who commenced their career with a furious admiration of him, Pope, and Campbell, but have since thought it becoming to grow out of their early likings. And at present they profess to prefer the great works which they have never read, and which they will never be able to read, to those classic poems, of which they have been the most destructive enemies, by bethumbing and bequoting their beauties into triteness and common-place.

The merits of Pope and of Moore have suffered depreciation from the same cause—the facility of being imitated to a certain degree. And as vulgar admiration seldom penetrates beyond this degree, the conclusion is, that nothing can be easier than to write like and even equal to either of these poets. In the universal self-comparison, which is above mentioned as the foundation of modern criticism, feeling is assumed to be genius—the passive is considered to imply the active power. No opinion is more common or more fallacious—it is the "flattering unction" which has inundated the world with versifiers, and which seems to under-rate the merit of compositions, in which there is more ingenuity and elegance than passion. Genius is considered to be little more than a capability of excitement—the greater the passion, the greater the merit; and the school-boy key on which Moore's love and heroism is always set, is not considered by any reader beyond his reach. This is certainly Moore's great defect; but it is perhaps more that of his taste than of any superior faculty; And being on the subject of his defects, let me speak of them at once. There can be no doubt that Tommy Little will be Tommy Little all the days of his life, whether he praises liberty or flaxen locks—whether he paints maidens flinging roses at one another, or young Azim in yellow boots routing whole legions of Musselmen, to the tune of "Alla Akbar"—above all, in those lampoons, which some people call satires, where he displays precisely the spirit of a spoiled child, pouting because he is turned out of company before the sugar-plumbs come on the table. But what of all that?—extremes meet, and if he be half-man, half-infant, let not the peccadilloes of the child prevent us from rendering justice to the talents of maturity.

The greatest of Moore's critics is the Baron Lawerwinkel. The poet has allowed his objections to be just, and even, if I have not been misinformed, promised to profit by his advice respecting the ideal of the female character. The Baron's great demur is, that Moore is not the poet of Ireland;—and pray, to use the language of your "Old friend with the new face," who the deuce ever said he was? The German sages know but little of Ireland when they talk in this manner. Born and bred in Dublin, a Hibernian Cockney, Moore knows as much about Irish feeling as Lady Morgan; but then he does not pretend to it like her ladyship. To be sure, he talks of liberty, and the wreath of Harmodius, like any other jolly old Grecian, but the gibs of all colleges write their themes after that fashion. He coquetted also a little with the loyalists—complained that *some people* had accused him of favouring revolutionary principles, and exciting popular feeling in Ireland; whereas, taking it for granted that there are a few rebels in this country, the devil a one ever thought of him. There are too some songs in the Melodies, over which young ladies shake their heads, and think the poet a kind of little hero for talking so big; but Moore has friends in Ireland, and he visited them the other day, who might have quieted his conscience, by assuring him that his songs will never excite any commotions here beyond the chords of the piano. He may also have learned from his trip, how much his countrymen have adopted his grateful sentiments towards their sovereign, who, by the by, understood at once and entered into the spirit of Irish feeling, better than e'er a poet or speechifier of them all.

But there are some patriotic people, who think that a country cannot exist without a national poet. Ireland in particular ought to be much obliged to these gentlemen:—some would give her Ossian—some would cram Dermody down her throat—Charles Philips would lay hold of her for himself;

while others engage her for Moore.—The greatest obligation they can possibly bestow on their beloved country, is to hold their tongues. She has given birth to Burke, to Sheridan, to Wellington, to Moore—they may be, or may have been, first-rate men, but we have no right to fix on them against their wills, and against the testimony of their lives and pursuits, the epithet of *national*—they were men of greatness, and of the world. Ireland disdains to rank exclusively in her family those who do not openly claim the privilege. Grattan was a national orator,—what Burke and Sheridan were not; we can wait for a national poet,—what Moore is not. We have contributed our mite to the celebrity of Europe, and trust with confidence to our soil and fate to occupy in the eyes of posterity our proper space of consideration.

National feeling is a more subtle and a more innate spirit than even genius itself; it is not to be learned or gleaned from books, but must be imbibed with the milk of infancy, and the associations of youth. It is hereditary, and orally handed down in the great families of a country, and in the noblest of those families—its national peasantry. It is a privileged kind of enthusiasm, which the soil alone can bestow, far removed from the vulgar and secondary notions of patriotism, which school-boys are taught to gather from the declamatory writings of Greece and Rome. Its idea of liberty is not borrowed or second-hand—founded on sophism or on precept; the contrary of the term, and therefore itself is unknown—liberty with it is implied in the natural feelings of pride and independence. There cannot be a stronger proof of real meanness and littleness of mind than the eternal mouthing of this word, to which no idea is attached:—it is sickening beyond the worst insipidity of cant to hear such writers as Moore and Byron aping the language of the ancients on a subject for which they evidently have no real feeling, and stringing truisms against slavery, devoid of all existence but for their own imaginations. 'Tis the extreme of cowardice and affectation mingled, which thus raises bugbears out of words, and falls down in trepidation before them.

Poets, at least a great many of them, are strange inconsistent creatures—they strive to be patriots and cosmopolitans at once; both themes are so fertile and convenient, that they never perceive them to be contradictory. Vanity makes them aspire to be national, and vanity prevents them. Launched into the sea of words and sophistry, which they mistake for wisdom, they forsake all natural and national principle for some butterfly word that attracts their attention. And after a life of moral loves and hatreds equally vain, their discerning faculties fall into such a state of effacement, that so far from being imprinted with a national character, they have lost even their own, and are to be distinguished from the rabble of cities, and the harangues of market-places, merely by their superior extravagance both of flattery and of spite—an atom more of creed or solidity they have not. No—nationality is not to be looked for among the poets of modern times. There are and have been great and enviable exceptions, especially in the land to which this is addressed; but *here*, with Lady Morgan and Mrs Peck to illustrate our national character, Miss Edgeworth to turn it into ridicule, and Moore to be put forth as our chosen minstrel, we are prettily *represented* in the literary world.

But you must be astonished at my contradictory reasoning. A firm admirer of Moore, I am equally indignant with them who have become blind to his merit from fickleness, and those who would imprudently elevate his reputation at the expence of his country's. In the airy spirit of gallantry, of trifling, of tenderness, and often of passion, no poet can be superior to Moore; but then it is in a language and feeling common to all the world—it is Irish, French, Circassian, or what you please. In the beautiful collection of the Irish melodies, those songs founded on national tradition are meagre, flat, and spiritless, nor can they even convey the story without the lumbering assistance of a note. There is, however, one exception, and a glorious one—"Rich and Rare"—which taken, music, words, and all, is worth an epic poem to the Irish nation,—simple, elegant, tender, sublime, it is the very essence of poetry and music—there is not one simile or conceit, nor

one idle scratch to be met with throughout.

Moore, in his preface* to the new edition, expresses a great disinclination to a divorce between the tune and words—a modest confession, how much he thinks the latter dependent on the former. He is right, and this seeming defect is one of the great merits of the work: the musical as well as the poetical taste of the writer is evident in every line, nor is one allowed to shine at the expense of the other. Moore has composed some beautiful songs, but seems shy of exerting this faculty, dreading, perhaps, that success in that pursuit would detract from his poetical fame. The union of the talents is rare, and some have affirmed that they even exclude one another. When Gretry visited Voltaire at Ferney, the philosopher paid him a compliment at the expense of his profession; "Vous étes musicien," said Voltaire, "et vous avez de l'esprit; cela est trop rare pour que je ne prenne pas à vous le plus vif interêt." Nature certainly may be supposed not over-inclined to be prodigal in bestowing on the same object the several gifts that are peculiarly hers, but as far as the assertion rests on experience, it is powerfully contradicted by the names of Moore and Rousseau.

All trains of thought appear to me to be set to music, unless when the mind is actively employed upon its own ideas, in reasoning, comparing, inferring, &c.—thus interrupting the natural links. Perhaps it is this which renders close thought an enemy to health; nature having given us an internal harmony to counteract the fretting effects of mental exercise,—to blunt as it were the edge of thought, we feel the ill effects of dispensing with it, when we pursue what we think a more systematic mode of pursuing knowledge. The exercise of the imagination possesses this accompaniment in the highest degree, and the greatest transport we are capable of perhaps, is, in this consonance of the ear and eye, each framing for itself and enjoying the peculiar pleasures of its own sense. To inquire into the matter and origin of this mental harmony, would, for the present, bewilder me in metaphysics. But as to its degrees, which are here of important consideration, I am inclined to make a bold assertion, that naturally the lowest and most common trains of thought generate the *prettiest* tunes. The *prettier* the music, the more animal the pleasure—it sets merely the nerves in motion, and has more effect on the toes and fingers than on the imagination. Thus, by observing the thoughts which different kinds of music excite, we may discover the music that different degrees of thought demand. The music of the senses and that of the soul are hostile, and tend to exclude one another. The tune that a plough-boy thinks, as he paces along the furrow,—and if he thinks at all, he thinks a tune,—is, I'm certain, considered as music, more beautiful than that to which Milton composed his Paradise Lost. The latter, if set, would scarcely be understood, though, according to the system, it should be found consonant to all the just rules of melody.

The foregoing paragraph is a sketch from a large system, which this is not the place to follow up. It would lead, however, to some useful speculations on the connexion between melody and thought, and consequently between melody and poetry. The principles of the latter connexion we are not only theoretically unacquainted with, but practically sin against every day. Think

* As Power's new edition has not yet made its appearance,* I subjoin the Preface, which I have through the medium of a friend.

"Though an edition of the poetry of the Irish Melodies, separate from the Music, has long been called for, yet having, for many reasons, a strong objection to this sort of divorce, I should with difficulty have consented to a disunion of the words from the airs, had it depended solely upon me to keep them quietly and indissolubly together. But, besides the various shapes in which these, as well as my other lyrical writings, have been published throughout America, they are included, of course, in the two editions of all my works printed at Paris, and have lately appeared, in a volume full of typographical errors, in Dublin. I have, therefore, readily acceded to the wishes of the proprietor of the Irish Melodies for a revisal and complete edition of the Poetry of the Eight Numbers; though well aware that it is impossible for these verses to be detached from the beautiful airs to which they are associated, without losing even more than the '*animæ, dimidium*' in the process."

* This edition, in a beautiful pocket volume, has been published since we received this article. *Editor.*

of hymns adapted to love-songs—a sample of the amorous—religious—ridiculous. In this light Moore is often beautifully in the wrong—his elegant and misplaced sentiments suffer in comparison with the vulgar ideas the tunes naturally excite. "Eveleen's bower" in vain struggles against the gallant Captain, "whose legs were what his regiment called bandy, oh!" And it was matchless audacity in the poet to attempt overlaying with his "sparkling hand" such established favourites as "Thady, you gander," and "Peas upon a trencher."

But there is in this also an exception, and I may repeat a glorious exception, in the beautiful song of "Come o'er the sea, maiden, with me," which fairly usurps the place of

"Cushla ma chree,
Did you but see,
How the villain he treated me?
He broke my pitcher, he spilt my water,
He kiss'd my wife, and married my daughter."

I have heard two celebrated foreign musicians exclaiming "Pish," and turning up their noses for a whole evening at the Irish melodies, until this song was played. They hailed it in ecstasy, but swore, like Dirk Hatteraik, in Dutch, German, and English, that it was borrowed from the Italian.

Not to be interminable—whatever be the defects of Moore's genius, philosophy, or nationality, the Melodies will occupy place upon every piano that has a string in its body, and the silent perusers of the closet have at last obtained in this beautiful little edition a long desideratum.

PADDY.

LETTER FROM HAMBURGH.

SIR!—Since I had the first time the pleasure to peruse the Numbers of your Magazine, communicated to me by my friend Dr L*******, who lived some years ago, at Edinburgh, I have always wished to have an occasion to express to you my esteem and my complete concurrence with the religious and political principles highly proclaimed, and defended with energy, in your excellent Journal.

My friend Mr Boell Von Faber of this town, Hanseatic Consul at Cadiz, and author of the inclosed book,* printed in the beginning of this year, under my care and inspection, gives me now the occasion to profess my feelings. Mr Boell, in every time and in every place, a valiant admirer and defender of all that is right and beautiful; and, therefore, likewise a constant reader of your Magazine, whereof he speaks, in his letters to me, in terms of the highest praise, has saved the greatest part of these beautiful poems, alike from the oblivion and torpidity of ancient, as from the haughtiness and revolutionary dulness of modern Spain. Though himself a member of the Royal Spanish Academy, the present state of that unhappy land, and the sentiments of the ringleaders and organs of the public voice, admiring only all that comes from France, have frustrated the author of a national interest and participation, as he should have depended upon, had he published elsewhere some of the delightful relics of the early German, Scandinavian, or English poetry. Notwithstanding, it is the design of Mr Boell, who has conducted the whole enterprize with the noblest disinterestedness, to continue in its execution, if the bookseller, Mr Perthes, is only defrayed of the expenses of his edition. Should this expectation be fulfilled, and the bookseller encouraged to pursue this enterprize, Mr Boell is willing to publish, in three other volumes, the most exquisite and beautiful flowers of Spanish poetry. The title of the second

* Faber's *Floresta de Rimas, Antiquas Castellanas.* Hamburgh, Perthes, 1820. Octavo, a very beautiful volume.

volume, quite ready for publication, and containing the best of the great Spanish poets of the 16th and 17th century, will be, *Floresta de Rimas Modernas Castellanas.* That of third will be, *Floresta de Poesias Dramáticas Antiquas Castellanas;* and it will contain a number of old and excellent pieces, yet quite unknown, by Lope de Rueda, Torres Naharro, Gil Vicente, the *Incunbula* of the Spanish theatre. The fourth volume will have the title, *Floresta de Poesias Epicas Castellanas;* and it will contain the most beautiful selections and extracts from the numberless Spanish Epopees, a kind of poetry denegated to that nation, as the dramatic talent to the Italians, that not all kinds of poetry might be united in every one of them.

The British *public* being best prepared, by the valuable works of Mr Southey, Lord Holland, and Mr Rodd, to apprise the value and merit of the labour of Mr Boell, you will surely do a favour to all men of feeling, by giving them a little account of it in your Magazine, forwarding at the same time a literary enterprize so highly advantageous to the saving of the most holy and deepest sentiments of an age, that will be very soon forgotten in its own country. I deem it, therefore, very superfluous to recommend you this matter longer, and am, with the most profound esteem, Sir, yours,

EREMITA HAMBURGENSIS.

Hamburg, November 25, 1821.

P. S. A highly interesting little publication of Mr Vonder Hagen, the editor of the *Nibelungen-Lied,* coming just into my hands, I hope it will be agreeable to you to insert a short account of it in your Magazine, which I pray you may be so kind to clear and purge of the faults of language, very natural for a foreigner who has never been in England.

Another very interesting new publication, is the *Oestliche Rosen,* (Eastern Roses) a collection of poems in the oriental style of Goethe's Divan, published two years ago, by Frederic Rücxert, the German poet, who will, as it seems to me, be in some years the foremost on the German Parnassus, if he will become less anxious, and exert himself to overcome the difficulty of language, and of the most artful and complicated versification. Knowing, by the many beautiful translations from the German, inserted in your Magazine, how happy you are in struggling with these difficulties, I transcribe you the poetical dedication of the poems of Rücxert to Goethe, written in the Metrum of the Proëmium of the Divan of Gothe, and being a very close imitation of it.

GOETHE'S WEST-OESTLICHEM DIWAN.

1.

Wollt ihr kosten,
Reinen Osten,
Müsst ihr gehn von hier zum selben Manne,
Der vom Westen
Auch den besten
Wein von jeher schenkt 'aus voller Kanne.
Als der West war durchgekostet,
Hat er nun den Ost entmostet;
Seht, dort schwelgt er auf der Ottomanne.

2.

Abendroethen
Dienten Goëthen
Freudig als dem Stern des Abendlandes;
Nun erhöhten
Morgenroethen
Herrlich ihn zum Herrn des Morgenlandes.
Wo die Beiden glühn zusammen,
Muss der Himmel blühn in Flammen,
Ein Diwan voll lichten Rosenbrandes.

3.

Könnt ihr merken
An den Stärken
Dieses Arms, wie lang 'erhat gefochten?
Dem das Alter
Nicht den Psalter
Hat entwunden, sondern neu umflochten.
Aus Iran 'schen Naphthabronnen
Schöpft der Greis izt, was die Sonnen
Einst Italiens ihm, dem Jüngling Kochten.

4.

Tugendhadern
In den Adern,
Zorn und Gluth und Mild und süsses Kosen;
Alles Lieben
Jung geblieben,
Seiner Stirne stehen schön die Rosen.
Wenn nicht etwa ew'ges Leben
Ihm verliehn ist, sey gegeben
Langes ihm, von uns gewognen Loosen.

5.

Ja von jenen
Selbst, mit denen
Du den neuen Tugendbund errichtet,
Sey mit Brünsten
Unter Künsten
Aller Art, in der auch unterrichtet,
Wie Saadi in jenem Orden
Ueber hundert jahr alt worden,
Und Dschami hat nah 'daran gedichtet.

[A friend who accidentally came in has favoured us with the following strictly extemporaneous and free *Translation*, or rather *Imitation* of these verses. The reader is aware that their structure is in every respect *oriental*. C. N.]

1.

Darkly beautiful East,
Wilt thou pamper and feast,
In thy chambers, on banquets of roses and wine,
Him, thy pale sister West,
From a boy hath caress'd?
Wilt thou stoop thee, her rival, around him to twine?
Yes—I see it is done;
By her own setting sun,
On thy couch, like a God, I behold him recline.

2.

The calm breast of Eve
All in crimson would heave,
When his young eye was bright as her rivalless star:
Now the bosom of Morn
Hath esteem'd it no scorn
To outblush all the crimson e'er kindled her car:
Both are fair,—both are bright;
When in love they unite—
Sure the fate of their lover's too lovely by far!

3.

Nay, but smile not: behold,
Though his arm may be old,
Did ye e'er see more nerve in an arm that was younger?
Or the strings of a lyre,
Swept with touches of fire,
Into magical cadences melting you longer?
Come, confess there is fire in
The Napththas of Iran!
No, young Goëthe 'neath Italy's sky, was not stronger!

4.

Yet, oh yet, in his veins
All the fervour remains—
All the love, and the scorn, and the passionate glow,
All the raptures of life
In his bosom are rife—
And his star shines as bright as it rose long ago.
O—I say not *for ever*—
But *long, long*, Thou Great Giver,
May the spirit be such, and the victory so!

5.

May he borrow from those,
With whose glory he glows,
The old charm of The East for the conquest of age!
May the hundredth bright year
Close in peace o'er the peer
Of Saadi the Splendid and Dshami the Sage!
May his eye to the last
Keep the fire of the past—
And the spirit of Goëthe be clear as his page!

SIR TRISTREM, IN GREEK AND GERMAN.*

The author of this little Tract, already famous by his edition and by his translation, in modern German, of the *Nibelungen-Lied*, the Ilias of the Teutonic tribes, has made, four years ago, by order of the King of Prussia, a literary journey through Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, for examining the different libraries of those countries, in search of ancient manuscripts. After having published an abstract of his cursory remarks, in four volumes, under the title of *Briefe in die Heymath*, (Homeward Letters,) he is now about to elaborate the valuable stock of knowledge collected by him and his fellow-travellers, among whom we distinguish Professor Frederic von Raumer, who is preparing a history of the German Emperors of the House of Hohenstauffen. The first part of Mr Von der Hagen's literary harvest is now presented to the literati of Europe, under the title "Poema Græcum de Rebus Gestis Regis Arturi, Tristani, Lanceloti, Galboni, Palamedis aliorumque Equitum Tabulae Rotundae, e Codice Vaticano, Editio prima."

This fragment of a larger poem, unhappily lost, will interest the more British readers, as belonging to the cyclus of poetical fictions, taking their origin from the first inhabitants of that island, and shewing how these popular and chivalric tales were spread over all Europe. The first living poet of the country has not disdained to edit and illustrate the exploits of Tristan, or Sir Tristrem, a knight of that famous table-round; and if it is permitted to a foreigner to judge on the merit of such a man, we believe that a great part of his poetical achievements, and of the deep impression his works are making on every feeling heart, may be ascribed to his deep and accurate knowledge of the popular and chivalric songs and romances of his forefathers.

The fragment whereof we shall give an account, contained in the Codex Vaticanus, No. 1822, page 200—205, is written on paper of cotton, in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, in *political verses*, (στίχοι πολίτικοι,) but quite as prose in one continual series of rows. With a slight transposition of the leaves of the Codex, the whole gives a little, but quite coherent episode, beginning, v. 1—13,—

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* 1. Monumenta medii Aevi plerumque inedita, Graeca, Latina, Itala, Franco-Gallica, Palaeo-Germanica et Islandica. Specimen Primum, quo locum Professoris ordinarii in Ordine Philosophorum rite initurus, ad Orationem de Aeginetis habendam die xxx Julii Hora x invitat Fridericus Henricus von der Hagen, Professor Ordinarius designatus. Vratislaviae, 1821, 8. 35 pages.

2. Tristan von Meister Gotfrit von Straosburg met der Fortsetzung des Meisters Ulrich von Turheim in Swey Abtheilungen herauzgegeben von E. von Groote nebst einem Steindrucke. Berlin, Reimer, 1821, 4.

Νέοι, παιδίσκαι, σὺν αὐτοῖς μετέρες εὐτενοῦσαι,
Καὶ ῥῆγες ὑποκείμενοι, ῥηγι τῷ Βρητανίας,
Ἑώρων ἐκπληττόμενοι τὸ θάρσος τοῦ πρεσβύτου,
Τὸ κάλλος δ' ἐπεθαύμαζον, τῆς ἐπελθούσης κόρης.
Ὁ Παλαμήδης σὺν βοῇ, βαρβαρικῇ καὶ σθένει
Ὠθεῖ τὸν ἵππον κατ' αὐτον βάλλει τῷ δορατίῳ.
Ἀτρέμας δ' ὁ πρεσβύτατος, ἵστατο ῥωμαλέος,
Ὥσπερ τις λίθος ἀκλινής, σκοπὸς τοῖς βαλλομένοις.
Ἐν τῇ χειρὶ συνέτριψε, τὸ δόρυ Παλαμήδης,
Κἀξ ἐφεστρίδος κατὰ γῆς, ἐκπετασθεὶς ἐῤῥίφθη,
Ὥσπερ τις λίθος αφεθείς, ἐκ πετροβόλου σκενους,
Πρὸς πέτραν δὲ παραβαλών, αὖθις παλινδρομεῖται,
Τὸ πλῆττον ἀσθένεστερον, φανὲν τοῦ πληττομένου,

After this ignominious defeat, Palamedes is going shameful to his lodgings, putting himself on his bed. After him Gaoulbanus (Gawyn,) nephew of King Arthur, is asking his permission to fight with the old man, which is granted to him. The old man tries to dissuade the knight, alleging the gratitude he is bearing for the mother of the knight, Morgaine, and for his ancestor, Uterpendragon, foretelling him that he will be put down like his friend Palamedes. But Galwyn, anxious to fight, begins the trial, and is vanquished as it was predicted to him. On the same manner, Galawtos, and many knights of the table, (ἁ δαιτυμόνες,) excepting only Tristenos and Lanselotos, are fighting with the old man, who is putting them down one after the other, still refusing to declare his name. Lanselot of the Lake (Ἀανστελῶτος ἐκ Λιμενης,) asks Tristan to let himself fight with the old man. Tristan gives him leave to fight; but Lanselot, though highly prized by the old man splittering his lance on Lanselot's breast, is put down like the other knights. After him comes Tristan, but he shares the lot of the other champions. Now Arthur becomes angry, and though Tzenebra (Genièvre) prays him on her knees not to fight, puts on his armour, and runs down to the field of battle, whereof the poet makes this beautiful description, v. 149, 150.

Ἀλλ' ἦν ῥηγὶ προς παίγνοιν, τῶν θερυπόντων θρῆνος,
Καὶ κατελθὼν τοῦ δώματος, παρίσταται σταδίῳ,
Οὐκ αὐτῷ χαῖρε προσειπών, οὐ δεξιὰν ἐκτείνας,
Ἀλλ' ἔστη βλοσυρόμματος, ὥσπερ σκύμνος.
Τοῦτον δ' ἰδὼν ἱστάμενον, ἱππότης ὁ πρεσβύτης
Ἔγνω τὸν ῥῆγα ἀληθῶς, τυγκάνειν τὸν ἐλθόντα·

The old man now begs him not to fight, acknowledging to be ready to become likewise knight of the table, whereupon the king embraces him, and asks that he may go with him to dine at the hall. But the old man refuses to follow his invitation, and to disclose his name.

In this moment, a damsel, unjustly spoiled of her castles and lands, arrives to implore the aid of King Arthur, or one of his knights of the table-round. The king relates to her how all the knights have been vanquished by the old man, and that she may solicit his help, who, though he refuses in the beginning to lend her his arm, already weakened by the many duels fought with the knights, at last cedes to her solicitations, and goes with the virgin to her castle, where they arrive the same evening. But deposing there his armour, the ladies of the castle see how old and grey-headed he is, and are blaming the virgin on the choice she has made of so weak a defender, having wanted a young and valiant knight of the table-round. They go to rest, and the next morning, when they are apprised that the enemy is approaching, the old man asks to eat and to drink. Having finished his breakfast, he puts on his armour, and looks quietly on the issue of the battle between the people of the castle and the enemy. Then, after the first are put to flight, he inquires about the cause of the war, and being informed of it, he asks, that the enemies may restore the flocks they have driven away, and the prisoners they have made. But these scorning his propo-

sition, laugh at him, whereupon he takes his arms, and beats them terribly. Now the inhabitants of the castle come out of its walls, receive him with the highest honours and triumph, conducting him to the castle. Great festivities are given, and the virgin tells how the knights of the table-round have been all vanquished by the old man, who takes next morning leave of the castle, refusing all its treasures offered to him, only praying the virgin to carry a letter he is giving her to King Arthur. The fragment concludes with these words:

Ὁμολογῖι τὰς κάριτας, δεσποίνη, καὶ τοῖς οὖσι,
Γέρας τ' αἰτεῖται παρασκεῖν, αὐτῷ τῶν πονημάτων,
Ὅτι τὴν κόρην ἀπελθεῖν, πρὸς ῥηγικοὺς τοὺς δόμους
Καὶ δοῦναι τὸ γραμμάτιον, ῥηγὶ τῷ βρετανίας.
Καὶ ταῦτ' εἰπὼν ἀπηλλάγη, ἕκων γέρας ἄξιον.

The late Mr Henry Weber gave already a short, but very elegant, account of the German Poems on the History of Sir Tristrem, in an Appendix to Sir Tristrem, by Thomas of Erceldoune, edited by Sir Walter Scott. Some very slight errors only have crept into this account, that we shall here amend.

There are known four widely different German poems on the history of Sir Tristrem.

1. A German Translation of the French Poem of Chrestien de Troyes, not yet discovered, but mentioned in other German contemporary writers and poets.

2. A German original Poem on Sir Tristrem, by Eilhart von Hobergin, whereof a manuscript is found at the Royal Library of Dresden, consisting of 7727 verses, (not 7699, as Mr Weber says.)

3. The third German Poem is by Segehart von Babenberg, (or Bamberg, in Franconia,) now at the library of the University of Heidelberg, among the manuscripts restored by the Pope from the Vatican Library, where they were brought in the war of 30 years.

4. The fourth is by Gotfrit von Strasburgh, with two Continuations, one by Heinrick von Vriberg, the other by Ulrick von Turheim. This poem, with the Continuation of Heinrick von Vriberg, has been printed after a copy of the manuscript in the Magliabecchian Library at Florence, in Müller's Collection of German Poems of the Twelfth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth Centuries, (Berlin, 1785, 4.) This edition, made in a shameful, hasty, and incomplete manner, has been now superseded by Mr Von Groote, who, after having consulted different manuscripts, has now published the poem of Gotfrit von Strasburg, with the continuation of Ulrick von Turheim. The value of this continuation, more poetical and beautiful than that of Heinrick von Vriberg, is more adequate to the value of the poem of Gotfrit von Strassburg, of whom Ulrick von Turheim is not an unhappy imitator. This new edition has been made by comparing six different manuscripts, quite as we do with the classical writers, filling up all the incoherencies, and adorned by a very well elaborated Glossary of the old German language, so that we may say Sir Tristrem is now making his appearance in Germany, in the same dignified and beautiful shape, as Britain admired him already so long ago.

EREMITA HAMBURGENSIS.

MR T. F. KENNEDY AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.

SIR,

I WAS hopeful that Mr Kennedy's bill might have escaped remembrance, and that the author of it might in due time have emerged from the abyss of unpopularity and ridicule into which he had fallen, in his rash endeavour to innovate on a system of criminal law, perhaps the purest, most efficacious, and most humane, that any people, ancient or modern, could boast of. But his friends of the Edinburgh Review have imprudently revived the recollection of Mr Kennedy's misadventure, and have held him up again to public observation, ere the feeling excited by his last appearance could have subsided. They have unwisely resumed the very subject of his misfortune, and have professed to vindicate those attempts which he had been forced to abandon, by a prevailing sense of their hopelessness and their folly. The reviewers have even endeavoured to pave the way for a renewal of the same attempts; and if I understand them right, Mr Kennedy is to become a second time the martyr of untempered zeal, mistaken ambition, or boundless presumption.*

Every attentive reader will however perceive, that the Edinburgh reviewers *do not in fact defend Mr Kennedy's bill.* They in reality expose and blast that bill, while they *profess*, and perhaps *endeavour* to shield and support it. The reviewers revel in speculation and fancy; they reject experience—disdain the limits which practical utility would prescribe—and vent their unreasonable discontent on the unoffending law of their country. No doubt, this, to a certain extent, is the vice, likewise, of Mr Kennedy's bill; but the reviewers go a great deal farther—they find fault with many things which Mr Kennedy was content to leave, for the present, in the excellent state in which they had been bequeathed to him by his ancestors. I intend, with your permission, by and bye, to make a few remarks on the *original* notions of the reviewers; but in the meantime, I wish to discuss the merits of MR KENNEDY'S BILL, with which we are again threatened.

That bill is constructed so as to introduce just two changes on our system of criminal law. These changes are, 1st, That out of the list of 45 jurymen returned for the trial of any case, the fifteen, or smaller assize, who actually try the case, shall be chosen by *ballot*, instead of being *named by the judge*, as at present. 2d, That each of the parties shall be allowed to challenge and set aside a certain number of jurymen, without assigning any reason. The number of the challenges is not filled up in the bill; but I understand that Mr Kennedy mentioned, in the course of his speech in the House of Commons, that *three* was the number he intended to propose. The reviewers say, *four*—I care not which. The bill contains no other provisions of any kind; and accordingly, the reviewers beseech all who are interested in the matter, to view the bill as a detached measure. "The reference (say they) which is made to all other parts of our criminal jurisprudence, is misplaced and absurd; for this, if people will only take it so, is a *simple and detached* measure, one of the great recommendations of which is, that while it must virtually *improve the rest* of the system, it *leaves the whole* of its *forms* and *principles unchanged.*" This is very like nonsense; but I suppose it is intended to represent the measure as totally insulated: for in another passage the reviewers say, that they "admire the *cautious wisdom* with which the plan has been *conceived*, and *perceive* in the *singleness*, simplicity, importance, and obviousness of *the improvement* to which the honourable member *has limited his attention*, a *proof*

* There is strong reason to believe that Mr Kennedy is apt to fancy himself a much greater personage than he really is. It is related of a distinguished character of antiquity, that he caused an attendant daily to remind him of his frailty, by proclaiming in his ear, "Remember thou art not immortal!" Some kind friend should recommend to Mr Kennedy, to hire a trusty clerk, part of whose daily duty should be, to whisper in his master's ear, as he set out for the House of Commons, this salutary information, "Remember thou art not Romilly!"

that he is actuated by a desire to accomplish some *attainable good*, instead of yielding to the *usual ambition* of introducing changes that are *comprehensive*, and for that very reason, are almost *certainly impracticable*."

I intend to comply, as far as possible, with this wish of the reviewers, to consider the merits of Mr Kennedy's bill, as a "*detached*," "*single*" measure. To discharge this duty *strictly*, it would be necessary for me to throw out of view about four-fifths of what the reviewers have said upon the subject; for that much of their dissertation relates to alleged imperfections in various parts of our system of criminal law, which Mr Kennedy's bill is neither calculated nor intended to remedy. I shall, however, before I stop, take occasion to expose the ignorance of the *reviewers* on almost every topic which *they* handle; and this may be done perfectly *in place*, because a very few observations indeed will be sufficient to convince any one who knows or thinks on the subject, that Mr Kennedy's bill *cannot* exist to any effect at all, as a "*detached*," "*single*" measure; and, if attempted to be operated upon as such, must produce an infinitude of mischief, without the possibility of doing good.

In reasoning on this subject, it is necessary to keep in view the following simple and familiar principles:—1st, The object of every system of *criminal law* is to detect and punish guilt; and consequently, the system which most surely and speedily accomplishes that object, is the most perfect; and every thing in the system which has a tendency to impede or defeat that object, is a defect. This principle is subject to necessary modifications, for the protection of innocence; but the general principle holds good, and without it no system of criminal law can exist. The safeguards for innocence differ in almost every system, and may with equal effect be placed at different stages of the proceedings; but in general it may be held, that those safeguards for innocence are the best, which interfere the least with the detection and punishment of guilt. 2d, When a system of criminal law has existed for a long course of years, and has become matured, all its parts acquire an aptitude for each other, and it is nearly impossible to remove or alter any of them, without affecting others, and endangering the whole fabric. 3d, When a system of criminal law is found by experience to accomplish the great object, the detection and punishment of guilt, with a due regard to the protection of innocence, and to be free from any *practical* evil, that system ought not to be rashly innovated upon, and ought not to be touched at all, for the mere purpose of removing alleged *theoretical* defects, unless the received maxims of philosophy are inverted, and experience made to give way to theory.

Applying these familiar principles to Mr Kennedy's bill, I would ask two questions:—1st, Is there any system of criminal law in the world, which is found in practice to approach nearer to the standard of perfection than that of Scotland? 2d, Admitting that the Scotch system does not come up to the standard of perfection, (and what human system can boast of perfection?) is it certain that Mr Kennedy's bill will bring it any nearer to that standard?

To the first of these questions I give a decided answer in the negative, and I challenge comparison. I do so with especial confidence on the point of furnishing the accused with every means for a just defence, which is the point on which Mr Kennedy's bill is avowedly intended to bear. To go no further than the sister kingdom, from which Mr Kennedy proposes to borrow, I observe, that the accused *there* wants many advantages which in Scotland he possesses. In Scotland the accused is served with an indictment 15 days at least before the day of trial. That indictment must specify *distinctly* and *truly* the *particular criminal act* which the accused is to be tried for; and likewise the *precise place* and *time* when that act was committed.* To this indictment must be appended lists, con-

* An eminent Whig counsel—once a crown lawyer, and perhaps still an aspirant—had lately occasion, while pleading a case in the Court of Session, to draw a parallel between a summons in a civil case and a criminal libel. In doing so, (it is said,) he asserted that a criminal libel must not only specify the time, and place, and mode of committing the offence, but must likewise set forth "all the *circumstances* by which the prosecutor intends *to bring home guilt to the accused*." Notwithstanding this high authority, I

taining the names and designations, and places of abode, of all the witnesses to be examined against the accused, and of the 45 jurymen, from among whom 15 are to be selected to try his case. He has thus an opportunity of knowing precisely what is to be proved against him—of learning the character of every witness to be examined against him, and of every juryman who is to sit upon his case; he has ample time to prepare a proof of any facts he may wish to establish, and he is furnished with authority to compel the attendance of any witnesses he may wish to examine. But further, he is allowed the aid of counsel, and if he is poor, counsel are assigned him by the court. When brought to the bar he is allowed to object to the indictment if it is not sufficiently specific, or if the facts set forth do not amount to the crime charged, and it is his right to have a judgment of the court upon any of these points before the prosecutor is allowed to ask a verdict from the jury, and if the court is of opinion that the indictment is not sufficiently specific, or that the facts do not, in point of law, amount to the crime charged, the proceedings are cut short, the indictment never goes to a jury, and the accused is not exposed to the consequences which might result from the operation of the prosecutor's influence and talent on the minds of docile jurymen. If, however, the case is sent to a jury, the accused may object to any number of the jurymen, if he has sufficient ground in law for doing so; he may, in like manner, object to any witness, even on the ground of a slight error in designation. After the proof is concluded, and the prosecutor has addressed the jury, the prisoner is allowed to reply by his counsel; and indeed in every stage of the proceedings he has the last word. Finally, the jury must conduct their deliberations, and commit their verdict to writing in perfect seclusion. When once written, the verdict, however faulty, cannot be altered or amended in the smallest particular; and the slightest flaw, even in point of form, entitles the accused to be set at liberty for ever.

Here is a *combination* of advantages to the accused, unknown in any other country, and to every one of which, the law even of *England* is a stranger. Indeed, one of the greatest and most popular lawyers of that country, a strenuous advocate for freedom,* has recorded his opinion, that some of these provisions are so favourable to the accused, as to be almost incompatible with the efficacious administration of justice. The law of Scotland, therefore, does afford sufficient advantages to the accused, and it matters little in what shape, or in what stage of the proceedings this is accomplished. Excess may, however, be committed on this, as well as on the opposite side, and such advantages may be given to the accused in different stages of the proceedings, as will, when combined, defeat in a great and pernicious degree, the grand object of detecting and punishing guilt. Some think that our system already errs in this respect, but Mr Kennedy thinks otherways, and proposes to leave to the accused all the advantages he already possesses, and to join to them all those which in England are considered to be *of themselves* sufficient, thus condemning *both* systems as unjust. For if the Scotch system is to be properly balanced, when the advantages (real or imaginary) secured to the accused in England are *superadded to those already secured to him in Scotland*, surely the English system, which wants the greater share of these combined advantages, must be woefully bad, and must in its turn be amended.

Let us now see how Mr Kennedy's bill would operate. I must here observe, that the bill is not so framed as to apply to the *circuit* courts at all; therefore, there is to be one law at Edinburgh, and another at Glasgow. The reviewers say, that "it has been publicly explained that the bill is *meant* to apply to circuits, as well as to the court at Edinburgh." But they admit that "as it now stands it would only apply to the latter." Passing over this egregious blunder, which only shews Mr Kennedy's ignorance of the practical operations and details of that system which he proposes to amend—let us proceed.

cannot find that such has in any instance been the practice of our crown lawyers—indeed, I do not see that the thing is practicable, or that it would be either useful or convenient, though it could be attained.

* Sir Michael Foster.

I have already remarked, that any error in the formation of a written verdict, entitles the accused, though found guilty, to be set at liberty. It is therefore proper, that in every jury there should be at least one person whose education and habits qualify him for the duty of committing the verdict to paper in proper form. And when the judge names the 15, he takes care that there shall be one such person in every jury. If, on the other hand, the jury were to be chosen by ballot, it might frequently happen that none of the 15 could perform this duty correctly; for with us there are no persons (as there are in England) who make a trade and livelihood of being jurymen; and the guilty prisoner would always challenge the best and most intelligent jurymen. To this the reviewers answer, that "it is *notorious*, that it has been *often proposed* to put an end to them (written verdicts) altogether; *so that* it would be a *recommendation* of this bill, if it hastened the period of their total abolition." Now, I confess that I never before heard of this *notorious* proposal. I should like to know by whom it was made. At all events, the mere fact of a thing having beeu proposed, is no reason why it should be adopted or encouraged. It is *notorious*, that it has been *often proposed* to put an end to the British Constitution altogether, and to introduce annual parliaments and universal suffrage; but it does not thence follow, that it would be a *recommendation* of any measure, that it would hasten the period of the total abolition of the British Constitution. But, further, it will be observed, that this argument of the reviewers is quite *hostile* to the notion that Mr Kennedy's bill is a "simple detached measure," which is not to interfere with the rest of our present system, but, on the contrary, to leave "the *whole* of its *forms* and principles *unchanged*." Another remedy proposed for the evil now alluded to, is to give the Judge power to remand the jury. I must take the liberty to say, that *theoretically*, this power seems much more objectionable than the power against which Mr Kennedy's bill is directed. The judges in England no doubt have the power to remand juries, and long practice has now placed this matter on a proper footing in that country; but if we look back to the records of their State prosecutions, we will find innumerable complaints founded on the abuse of the power to remand juries; and so jealous were *our* ancestors of any interference of the court with the *verdict* of the jury, that they required the verdict to be written *in perfect seclusion*, and declared that when once written it should be unalterable. But in the present view of the case, it is sufficient to observe, that the very proposal of these remedies is an admission, that Mr Kennedy's bill is to bring along with it new evils, for which fresh remedies must be provided by other hands; and this just confirms my assertion, that the bill cannot exist as a simple detached measure,—that it cannot operate along with the other parts of our present system,—and that we must therefore be prepared to launch into a boundless sea of changes, or we must resist the bill *in toto*.

The system of chusing a jury by ballot would bring along with it many other evils besides the one already mentioned, and not the least of these would be the great inconvenience it would occasion to jurymen. The persons on whom the duty of jurymen devolves in Scotland, perform that arduous and important duty with promptitude and fidelity. Their gratuitous exertions deserve the highest applause, and I fear the best days of Scotland's independence will have passed, when the country gentlemen and yeomen cease to perform gratuitously * and cheerfully those services to the community which, as magistrates, as jurymen, as constables, as soldiers, and in a thousand other capacities, they now perform. It should therefore be an object of the utmost care of the legislature

* In England there are persons who make a livelihood by being called to act as jurors.—In Scotland the duty is performed rather at an expense to the juryman, consequently the Juries must be more independent,—for it is the interest of the paid juryman to make himself useful and agreeable to those who have the power to give him his livelihood, or deprive him of it. I say that the duty is performed in Scotland at an expence to the jurymen, because they have to travel a great distance to attend the circuits, and have to maintain themselves for several days, and they *receive nothing*.—In Edinburgh, they receive half-a-guinea, which is quite insufficient to indemnify them for loss of time, and which, in fact, they almost always bestow on charitable objects or institutions.

not to increase those duties in an unreasonable degree. The duty performed by jurymen on the circuit, is fatiguing and expensive; our form of trial is more tedious than that in England, mainly because of the advantage enjoyed by the accused of having counsel who plead for him in every stage of the proceedings; we have a greater number of jurymen in each case, our country is much more thinly peopled, and, in particular, we have very few populous towns, consequently the duty comes more frequently round to each of the jurymen, and they have to travel from a great distance to attend the circuit courts. At present the judge on the circuit takes care to apportion the duty in such a manner as to give every possible accommodation to the gentlemen of the jury. The reviewers say that "nothing can be more notorious than that this is *not* the fact;" but I say that it *is the fact*, and I appeal to the experience of all who are in the practice of attending the circuits in any capacity whatever, and, in particular, I appeal to those who have been accustomed to act as jurymen, to decide between my assertion and that of the reviewers. But, if the jury should be chosen by ballot, the business would be most unequally divided, and some jurymen would be quite done up while others might not be called upon to act at all. The reviewers meet this objection by saying, "all this is avoided by arming the parties with a few peremptory challenges," and they argue, that whenever a juryman finds it inconvenient to act, he can apply to some of the counsel in the cause to challenge him, which they will readily do, because the "legal advisers always find it for their interest not to make themselves unpopular." Is it possible to conceive a more artificial antidote to a positive evil? Is it thus that the precious gift of peremptory challenge is to be cast away? Is the country, or are the parties, to be deprived of their right to the services of a juryman because he happens to have a friend among the counsel in the cause? The reviewers themselves say, that "the *parties* have a fair claim to have their rights adjusted by the *greatest quantity* of honesty and *intelligence that can be extracted out of the list.*" Surely a ballot is the *least certain* method of obtaining that extract, and the right of peremptory challenge exercised as the reviewers propose, or as the guilty prisoners would wish, would convert the uncertainty into *impossibility.*

Nor are these the only ways in which Mr Kennedy's bill would operate to the inconvenience of jurymen, and the prejudice of justice. It is generally the interest of criminals to throw every obstacle in the way of a trial; therefore they would separate their challenges, and the consequence would be, that their trials must likewise be separated, so that, instead of bringing four criminals at once to trial on one indictment for the same criminal act, there must be four separate trials.* The effect of this would be, that the number of trials, and consequently the actual duty of jurymen, would be increased at least threefold; the circuits would last three times as long as they do now; and, to aggravate the evil, the jurymen could not be allowed the relief of leaving the court for a few hours at a time as happens at present, for it is impossible to tell how soon a trial may come to a conclusion, and the moment it does, the names of the whole 45 must be immediately put into the ballot box for a new case, and every one of the gentlemen must be in court to answer to his name, in the event of his being ballotted. The reviewers see this objection, and they try to meet it; but how do they try to meet it? why, *by giving up the whole principle on which they maintain the utility of peremptory*

* The reviewers object to the practice of trying several criminals on one indictment, and I have heard some people of the same way of thinking with them object to the insertion, in one indictment, of several charges against the same criminal. It is, however, highly proper that the measure of punishment should be proportioned to the extent of real and recorded guilt, not of either partial or supposed delinquencies. It is likewise proper that the associates of a delinquent should see that the executors of the law have not accidentally acquired a knowledge of a single offence, but have the means of detecting every delinquency. Suppose, however, that both the principles of separation above alluded to should be applied to a case which is neither hypothetical nor old of occurrence. A gang of thieves, in the course of a few nights, perform ten acts of theft, and dispose of the goods to resetters; four of the thieves, and two of the resetters, are apprehended and tried; the former for *ten* acts of *theft*, the latter for an equal number of acts of *reset*; to separate all these acts and prisoners would require no fewer than SIXTY indictments.

challenge. They propose that "the same jury, when once ballotted, might try a number of cases, as, for example, the whole cases of the day;" so that this great improvement—this essential of justice, Mr Kennedy's boon of peremptory challenge, is indeed a *detached* and *single* measure; a prize merely to the first drawn ticket. To infuse any portion of justice into this scheme, there should be a clause enacting, that the persons accused should draw lots for the first trial! This limitation of the practical operation of the bill, can be viewed in no other light than as an abandonment of the principle on which alone it lays claim to support. The reviewers likewise propose to prevent the necessity of separating the trials, by summoning an additional number of jurymen. Here again is another change upon the present system, and another proof that Mr Kennedy's bill cannot operate as a detached measure, leaving "all the other forms unchanged." But the summoning a greater number of jurymen is not a step to be taken rashly. I have already shewn that, from the forms of our courts, and the nature of our country, and the state of our population, the duties at present performed by jurymen are necessarily burdensome and expensive; but if the number should be increased—say doubled—each juryman would be summoned twice as often as he is now, and while giving this increased degree of attendance, he would be further subjected to the additional inconveniencies and hardships to which I have already alluded. The accused too would suffer by this change, for instead of having to inquire into the characters of only 45 persons, the extent of his necessary inquiries, preparatory to his trial, would be doubled.

Much more might be stated in objection to Mr Kennedy's bill;—but enough has been already said, to shew that it cannot exist at all as a "detached" "single" measure; and that even the reviewers, who wish it to be considered in that light, cannot obviate the objections to it, except by proposing further changes in themselves equally objectionable. The reason is obvious why the reviewers wish to persuade the public, "if they will only take it so," that the bill is only a detached measure, and leaves every thing else, both in form and principle, unchanged. They know that every prudent man will resist in the outset, a measure which is but the forerunner of an undefined series of changes and innovations on a system of criminal law, on which experience has already impressed the stamp of utility. It is quite plain, that to give any effect at all to Mr Kennedy's bill, it will be necessary to introduce other changes which he has not contemplated, or at least for which he has not provided; and the termination of which no man can foretel. It is impossible to figure a better illustration of the second general principle with which we set out; namely, that when a system of criminal law has existed for a long course of years, and has become matured, all its parts acquire an aptitude for each other; and it is nearly impossible to remove or alter any of them, without affecting others, and endangering the whole system. Whether the "*singleness*" of Mr Kennedy's measure is to be ascribed to his own blindness, or his wish to blind others, it belongs not to me to decide. Were I to offer an opinion on the subject, I should, in all probability, ascribe it in part to both causes.—I think that there are many things intimately connected with the operation of the bill, but of which Mr Kennedy had no conception when he introduced it; and some perhaps of which he has no conception now;—but I also think, that he could not be so very obtuse, as seriously to intend that the bill should be a "detached measure," and that all the other "forms" and "principles" of our system were really to be left "unchanged." Indeed, his own speech shewed that he meditated ulterior operations against the criminal law of Scotland; and so extended were his plans, that even the new modelling of the act 1701, (*the Scotch Habeas Corpus*), an undertaking sufficient of itself to appal most men of ordinary sensibility, was to form a comparatively trifling incident in his campaign. He announced, (as the newspaper reports of his speech inform us,) that he should "*incidentally involve* the *revision* of the *provisions of the act* (1701,) in the motion which he had to submit to the House!!" He was afterwards wisely advised to abandon that plan for the present, as there was no chance of his being allowed to effect a breach of the bulwarks of the system at all, except under the mask of a "single" "detached" measure,—but that mask has now been removed,

and the intentions of the assailant, as well as the real character and necessary consequences of his operations, have been exposed.

But after all, what is to be gained by adopting Mr Kennedy's bill? What recommendation has it either theoretical or practical?—What additional benefit is it to bestow? or, what evil is it to remove?—All that either Mr Kennedy or the reviewers have been able to say upon this subject is, that the system proposed by Mr Kennedy, is, in theory, better calculated to obtain pure and impartial juries, than the system now in use among us. Were it of any consequence to argue upon the theory where the practice is conclusively in my favour, I should demur to this proposition. I maintain, that the theory of our system was *a priori* calculated to ensure the practical benefits which have been found to result from it.—Our system is founded mainly upon these principles: 1st, That much must be trusted to the purity of our judges;—this is a principle adopted in every system of criminal law,—and without which we could not proceed a single step: 2d, That in preparing the lists of jurymen, the superintendance and control is most safely vested in the judge, as being the farthest removed from the feelings and prejudices of the parties, and from the possibility of corruption. This is a most important principle; for where any part of the procedure is entrusted exclusively to inferior officers, the chance of corruption in that point is increased. It is for this reason that our law has taken care to exclude the interference of both parties, by declaring that the list of 45 "shall be made up by the clerk of court *at the sight of one of the Lords.*" This is what the reviewers represent as an objectionable power, enabling the judge who goes the circuit, to pack the 45 out of which he is afterwards to select the 15. But they do not seem to be aware, that, in the first place, the judge who selects the 45 *in stated proportions* from the lists sent in by the two or three counties comprehended in the circuit, *is not necessarily the judge who is to try the cases in which these jurymen are to act.* In the second place, that at the time the judge makes this selection, *he has as yet no knowledge of any of the cases to be tried at that circuit.* Indeed it generally happens that several of the cases tried at the circuits are for offences which had not even been committed, far less investigated, when the list of 45 was prepared. In the third place, that the superintendance of the judge is a check against the corruption of inferior officers, and a security for the return of proper jurymen; or, as the old law hath it, "the best and most worthie of the countrie."*

This check operates in a variety of ways. If the fifteen jurymen who try the case, should (as Mr Kennedy proposes,) be chosen by ballot, then the efforts of the parties would be directed, in the first place, against the honesty or vigilance of the inferior officers who are employed in making up the list of 45, or the greater lists from which that one is extracted. To counteract, to a certain extent, this evil, a very extended right of peremptory challenge becomes necessary, and not the limited challenge proposed by Mr Kennedy; but this cannot be an effectual antidote, because the party who has been most successful in the intrigues of the initiatory proceedings, having a right of challenge equally extensive with that of his adversary, still retains the ascendency. But with us there is no temptation to the parties to make any such attempts, for the judge to whom *neither* of them has access on the subject of the list of assize, and who cannot possibly have any personal interest in the matter, checks the proceedings at different stages, and by the final act of selecting the fifteen, may defeat any petty advantage which the artifices of either party may have acquired to him in the course of the previous proceedings, were such a thing possible. Accordingly, in England, where the matter is conducted somewhat in the manner proposed by Mr Kennedy and the reviewers, we hear constant complaints (whether well or ill founded, I cannot say,) as to the alleged

* Treatise of Crimes and Judges in Criminal Causes, by Sir John Skene; also, "Short Form of Justiciars Air." The reviewers have remarked, that "the *qualification* for a juror is so *low* as to include *almost* every person of any *substance*, whether landlord or tenant." I will bet odds, (a set of your Magazine against a set of the Edinburgh Review,) that the writer of the above passage cannot, without referring to his books, tell you what the "qualification for a juror" really is.

system of packing of juries; and the very book which the reviewers have selected as a text for the present discussion, is a *Treatise on the* ELEMENTS *of that system of packing!* whereas with us there are no such complaints; the packing of juries has no place among us, either in fact or in fancy; nor is it easy to conceive how it could find a place, for the system on which we proceed puts it completely out of the power of the parties to influence, directly or indirectly, the impannelling of a single juror. The notion of the judge having an interest or inclination to pack juries in Scotland, is quite preposterous. All cases of treason are tried on the law of England; all cases of right between the crown and the subject are tried in Exchequer; all cases of libel are tried in the Court of Session. Almost all the cases tried in the Court of Justiciary and at circuits, are cases of felony, thefts, robberies, murders, &c. In the trial of such cases, what "unity of taste and principle" can exist to form a suspicious and dangerous "bond of attachment" between the judge and individual jurymen, as hinted at by the reviewers? Besides, it should be remembered, that the form of proceeding in Scotland is such, that even in cases where the crown or the government may be supposed to have a particular interest, the prejudices or biases of the jury cannot operate. It is the primary province of the *court* to determine whether the acts set forth amount to the crime charged; this is done by a solemn written judgment, and the jury have *afterwards* to determine, merely whether the accused committed those acts.* The judge, therefore, has no interest to pack the jury, for their decision can be swayed only by the *evidence*, of which, in Scotland, *the judge knows nothing* till it is disclosed by the witnesses, in presence, at once, of him and the jury. The jury, be it remembered, are all *solemnly sworn*, which is a sufficient security, especially where their province is so limited; and if the judge wished to pack them, he must proceed by selecting those whom he thought regardless of their oaths, a supposition too absurd to be entertained for a moment, and which is sufficiently contradicted by the reviewers themselves, when they say, that "it is practically *felt* and *understood* to be a circumstance *favourable to a person's character* and station, that the judge approves of him as a juryman," a fact which speaks volumes in favour of the purity of our system.

I have already said, that there is no practical evil to be remedied by this bill. Cases of packed juries, of innocent men condemned, and so forth, (which would form the only excuse for the measure,) are not more numerous under our present system, than they are in England under the system which Mr Kennedy proposes to introduce. In fact, we have no such cases at all. This is a sufficient objection to the measure—it can do no good—there is no evil to be remedied—Why experiment upon a system so perfect? The reviewers see the full force of this argument, and they try to evade it by saying, that the absence of all ground of complaint is the reason why the present time should be selected for making a change which is to guard against *possible* evils hereafter. It is quite plain, that this argument may be advanced in support of every experiment, and that the more absurd, and visionary, and useless the experiment is, the better will this argument apply to it. But the reviewers seeing the folly of

* This form of proceeding also affords a sufficient answer to the argument drawn by the reviewers, from the power of the Court to take cognizance of new offences without the intervention of any statute. The juries have nothing to do with this matter—they can neither aid nor obstruct the court in the exercise or abuse, (if such a suggestion is to be made) of this power; for *before the case is remitted to the jury*, the Court must decide whether the facts charged amount to a crime, and the jury have only to determine whether the proof sufficiently applies the facts to the accused. Talking of this power of the Court to take cognizance of new offences, the reviewers say, that it "seems scarcely consistent with an accurate regard to the proper limits of judicial and legislative power;" and they say, that there are "some important modern examples" of its having been exercised. It is presumed, that this remark must apply to the cases of illegal combination to raise the rate of wages. In the first of these cases, (Taylor and others, 1808,) the criminality of the acts, and the right of the Court, were maintained with much zeal and ability, but without success, by Mr Henry Cockburn, then a crown counsel. In the case of Falhouse, Wilson and others, (1818,) the cause of the accused was pleaded with equal zeal and ability, and equal want of success, by the same learned gentleman, so that it was not without much deliberation and argument that the law on this point was declared, and the declaration of it has been attended with the best effect.

this argument, draw from their stores of historical knowledge, in order to make out a case of practical evil. They go back to the days of the Stuarts, to the "cruel prosecutions suffered *during the twenty or thirty years preceding the Revolution*," and they say, "one of the most admonitory and alarming circumstances, in the history of these horrible scenes, is, that to a great extent they were acted in our Supreme Criminal Court; that the murders there committed had often the formal authority of a verdict, and that these verdicts were pronounced by jurymen SELECTED, AS AT THIS MOMENT, BY THE COURT. It cannot be denied that these are facts." The reviewers then refer to the case of certain Presbyterian clergymen, prosecuted in 1605, under the direction of the Earl of Dunbar, who, in spite of the popular feeling at that time, contrived to pack together 45 jurymen, who were in some degree in his interest, or under his influence, and by this means obtained a verdict against the Presbyterians; at least, this is what we are desired to infer from the private letter of Sir Thomas Hamilton, then Lord Advocate, and the commentary on that letter by Lord Hailes, who says, "We see here the *Prime Minister*, in order to obtain a sentence agreeable to the king, *address* the judges with promises and threats, *pack* the jury, and then *deal with them* without scruple or ceremony." But the reviewers think themselves a great deal wiser than Lord Hailes, and far deeper read in the historical law of the country, than that distinguished lawyer and historian was. They accordingly supply some reflections which had escaped his lordship. "He might have added," say they, "for this is the *proper use* of the example, that IN SO FAR AS REGARDS THE NOMINATION OF THE JURY, THE COURT OF JUSTICIARY IS CONSTITUTED AT PRESENT EXACTLY AS IT WAS THEN." What deplorable ignorance! Do the reviewers not know, that in 1605 the *prosecutor* (*not* the *judge*) made up the list of 45, and summoned them? That this power continued down to the middle of the reign of Charles the Second, when an act was passed, depriving the prosecutor of the power, and vesting it in the judge? "For," as Sir George Mackenzie observes,* "it was thought too severe that the king's advocate, or the party accuser, should have the naming of the assizers." It was in virtue of the power vested in the prosecutor, to name the 45, that the Earl of Dunbar acted; and accordingly Lord Hailes does not accuse the judges, but the prime minister, of packing the jury. That power was taken away from the prosecutor, and for a century and a half, in the course of which the country has been visited with Revolutions, Rebellions, and troubles, it has been vested in the judge, without any evil having been experienced from it.

The next case quoted by the reviewers, is that of Stewart, tried in 1752, for the murder of Campbell of Glenure; and the allegation in regard to that case is, that, "*though guilty*, he was himself unlawfully slain;" that "reason and justice, *law* and *form*, argument and *fact*, were all *equally outraged*." This ascribes the issue of the case to a great many causes, altogether independent of the jury, whose verdict is completely supported by the evidence admitted on the trial; indeed, the fact that the jury were unanimous, is a sufficient proof of this. The reviewers allege that three of the jurors dissented, but were overawed; there is, however, no authority for this statement, and the only author who records such a rumour, expresses his own disbelief of it.†

The next case referred to by the reviewers, is one mentioned by Maclaurin, who tells an absurd story of 14 jurors having passed a vote to acquit a man, and the fifteenth having then set to work, and prevailed on them to alter the verdict. The reviewers say that Maclaurin heard of this, "plainly on authority which he believed;" but they give no further explanation, and no reference to the part of his work, where the story is recorded. But upon turning to an obscure note in the Appendix, (p. 771,) the reader will there find the whole of this absurd story, and will see that it rests upon the *worst* possible authority, namely, *the tale of the accused and convicted culprit*, whose name even is not given.

Such is the meagre and inapplicable catalogue of cases cited by the review-

* Observations on the Act 1587, chap. 88.

† "A Supplement to the Trial of James Stewart, by a By-stander." Lond. 1753.

ers, and surely it is one of the strongest proofs of the purity of our present system, that they have not been able to find ten times as many cases, each of them ten times as applicable to their argument.

Let us now advert to some of the authorities or opinions of great men, which the reviewers cite in support of the proposed alteration on our system. First, they quote from an anonymous traveller, who expresses his "surprise" at seeing the judge select the 15 jurymen from the list of 45; and his opinion that the 45 should rather "draw lots" for each new pannel. I recollect the case alluded to by that traveller most distinctly; it was the trial of Walter Redpath, for the murder of Andrew Macketney. Messrs Jeffrey and Cockburn were the counsel for the prisoner, and M. Simond was present at the trial, which took place in 1810. The opinion of the court, in point of law, was, that if there was any crime at all made out, that crime was *murder;* the jury, however, by a plurality of voices, found a verdict of *culpable homicide* only. This is any thing but a proof of the subserviency of Scotch juries to the feelings or opinions of the judge; and it is really ridiculous to quote an anonymous French traveller, as an authority on Scotch criminal law. The next authority referred to is, that of Sir George Mackenzie, whose name is thus introduced. "But *all other* opinions on this subject *are superseded* by the authority of one, *who, of all who ever lived, had the best opportunities of knowing the exact use to which this power of the judge was capable of being converted.* We allude to Sir George Mackenzie, the Lord Advocate of Charles the Second, and of James the Seventh, a man of *learning, ability,* and *experience,* who was himself a party in most of the transactions, both political and judicial, which are *thought* to have stained the character of his age,—who was *particularly versant* in the practice of our criminal courts, on which he wrote *a valuable treatise.*" I have quoted this eulogy on Sir George Mackenzie, because I mean to shew that, so far from countenancing the views of the reviewers, he was their most decided enemy, and that the reviewers have betrayed a total ignorance, not only of Sir George Mackenzie's "valuable treatise," but of the most important events in the history of our law, which occurred during the days of that distinguished personage, for whom they profess so much respect.

In the second part of Sir George's Vindication of the Government of Scotland, during the reign of Charles the Second, being that part of it which relates to "the forms used in *pursuits of treason,*" there is this passage:—"Of old, *the King's Advocate* had the naming of the jury, as being presumed disinterested; yet Sir George prevailed to get an Act of Parliament, whereby the nomination of the jury was referred to *the judges.* Fifteen of *these forty-five* only are admitted a sufficient jury, and the defendant is allowed to *challenge* or reject, *without giving any ground or reason for it,* any *thirty* that he pleases of that number, and the fifteen that remain make the jury, and are *set by the judge.*"[a] The reviewers, in their shallow reading, had seen this passage quoted in a note to Mr Hume's Commentaries, with a remark by that author, that of the statute mentioned by Sir George, there is no trace or vestige save in his own assertion. The reviewers, knowing nothing more of the matter, but wishing to give an air of originality to their remarks, essay as follows:—"We are perfectly aware that this statement is altogether deceptious. Whatever was the case 'of old,' the Lord Advocate *in his* day had NOT the power of naming the jury; and Mackenzie did *not* get such a statute passed, which would have thrown the nomination entirely into the hands of the prisoner. The truth is, that there was never such an act; AND IN HIS TIME, THE JUDGE NAMED THE JURY JUST AS HE DOES NOW." If the author of this passage had not been grossly ignorant of *the most important of all the statutes regarding our criminal law*—the act of regulations, 1672, he would have known, that until the date of that act, the King's Advocate *had* the power of naming his own jury, and that Sir George Mackenzie *did* get that act passed, whereby, as he himself expresses it in the passage above quoted, "the nomination of the jury (that is of the forty-five, for it is to them that the statement relates,) was re-

[a] Sir George Mackenzie's Works, vol. II. p. 352.

ferred to the judges." The fact is, that it is only in regard to the power of *challenge* that the passage above quoted from Sir George's works is erroneous, or that Mr Hume states it to be so; but the reviewers, understanding nothing about the matter, tried to put Mr Hume's observation into the shape of a reflection of their own, and, in doing so, they betrayed their utter ignorance of the most important part of the history of the law. How the mistake regarding the right of challenge crept into Sir George's work, it is not easy to ascertain, but it is not improbable that it arose out of an imperfect account of some proceeding which had been proposed in relation to some of the trials for treason, of which that division of the work professes to treat; for in the previous part of his "Vindication" he alludes to the same act 1672, in these words: "And whereas formerly the King's advocate had the naming of the jury, it is now lodged by act of parliament in the judges," * without making any mention whatever of a right of challenge. But having thus exposed the ignorance of the reviewers, let us next attend to the use they make of the error in Sir George Mackenzie's "Vindication." They say that the error arises from "his confounding what he *thought right* with what he had done;" therefore, say they, the decisive authority of this great man, before whom all others must hide their diminished heads, is in favour of the principle of Mr Kennedy's bill. Do the reviewers really mean to say that Sir George thought it right that the prisoner should have *thirty* peremptory challenges, and the prosecutor should have none?—or, to use their own words, that the nomination should be thrown "entirely into the hands of the prisoner." Could any man seriously think such a system right? Above all, one whom the reviewers describe as "a man of learning, ability, and experience," "whose bias was in favour of those views which are natural to a crown lawyer." But the fact is, that if the reviewers had looked into the same author's "valuable treatise" on the criminal law, they would have found his recorded opinion, that juries should be dispensed with altogether, and the judges allowed to decide upon the *evidence* as well as the law. "I wish (says he) that the justices (Lords of Justiciary) were judges both to relevancy and *probation*, which overture seems most fit and advantageous for these subsequent reasons," † Then follow, in full array, no fewer than *nine* formidable reasons for vesting in the judges all the functions of the jury. It is impossible to conceive any authority more diametrically opposed to the principle of Mr Kennedy's bill; and be it remembered, that this is the authority by which, according to the reviewers, "ALL OTHER OPINIONS ON THIS SUBJECT ARE SUPERSEDED."

To the authority of Sir George Mackenzie, I beg to add that of an author ‡ whom the reviewers describe as "our most accurate writer on the subject;" and whose work was admitted by Mr Kennedy, in his speech in the House of Commons, to be an "excellent commentary on the law of Scotland."—That distinguished author, in talking of the alleged advantage of peremptory challenge, has characterized the notion as "in a great measure a delusion which has sprung from the looking to only one rule in the criminal process, without attending to others;" and in another place he says, "I think it is impossible that *any person of candour*, who will attend to our course of trial from the outset to the close, can seriously believe that the prisoner has not every humane attention shewn to him, and *all due provision made for his just defence*." What more can be expected or required in any system of criminal law?

Considering the circumstances which have now been stated, it is not wonderful that the people of Scotland heard with astonishment that Mr Kennedy had announced his intention to bring forward the bill now under consideration. It is probable that many of those most interested in the measure might have remained too long ignorant of it, or at least ignorant of the best means of expressing their sentiments in regard to it, had not the Lord Advocate, in the proper spirit of that watchfulness

* Sir George Mackenzie's works, vol. II. p. 347.

† Mackenzie's "Laws and Customs of Scotland in Matters Criminal." Title of "Assizes."

‡ Mr Hume.

of the interest of the country, and especially of its judicial establishments which belongs to his office, informed the people of Scotland of the attempt which was making to innovate on their system of criminal law, by one whom they might naturally have expected to have felt a well-grounded pride in its purity and its excellence. It is impossible to figure any measure in which the people of Scotland, and especially the country gentlemen, could be more deeply concerned. They have a direct interest in every thing which relates to the administration of the criminal law, under which they live; and they have, if possible, a still more direct interest in every thing which relates to those duties connected with the criminal law which it belongs to them to discharge. They therefore felt the obligation they were under to the Lord Advocate for informing them of the measure, and of its probable consequences; and they lost no time in taking the matter into their consideration. The reviewers have sneered at the Lord Advocate's conduct in communicating to the counties his own opinion of the effects of the bill; but it is impossible not to see that this sneer is occasioned by the invincible power of those reasons by which his lordship's opinion was supported. The counties of Scotland were entitled to trust that the Lord Advocate, the first law officer of the country, would watch over the judicial establishments of Scotland, and protect them against encroachment—they were entitled to the aid of his experience and knowledge, and to rely on his assistance and co-operation, whenever it became necessary to resist the machinations of rash, speculative, theoretical legislators—the most dangerous of all visionary schemers.

But while the Lord Advocate communicated his own opinion of Mr Kennedy's bill, and his own reasons for opposing it, he added, "though my own mind is made up against the policy of the proposed provision, I do not desire to be understood as wishing unduly to influence the county gentlemen in the decision which they may form regarding it, but merely to point out some of the probable consequences, so as there may not subsequently exist any just cause of complaint, if, when the act is put in force, such inconveniences should be found to result from it."

The county gentlemen, who are always alive to the real interests of their country, and whose sagacity cannot be overreached by the flimsy eloquence of a self-sufficient inexperienced legislator, or the flippant remarks of a peevish reviewer, saw the matter in its true light, and with *very few* exceptions,* all the counties of Scotland passed resolutions condemnatory of the bill. The reviewers have given a number of inconsistent reasons for this uniform opposition of the counties of Scotland to Mr Kennedy's bill. In one place (p. 206) they ascribe it almost entirely to the "threatened addition to their own personal trouble:" in another place (p. 177) they ascribe it entirely to "their sympathy with the possessors of power"—they deny that any "*respectable* opposition" has yet been made to it; and they assert that they "never remember any subject on which intelligent men, who gave their minds to it candidly and without party feeling, were nearly so unanimous." It may be so, but surely the unanimity was all *against* the bill; for in no one county, or public body of any description, was there a single resolution passed in favour of it; while, as already mentioned, in almost every county in Scotland resolutions were passed against it. But, say the reviewers, the opposition was merely by the "FREEHOLDERS of Scotland," who, having received from the Lord Advocate "a signal to rise against it," "called meetings," &c. and then the reviewers launch into their favourite theme of invective against the "freeholders of Scotland," and "the unfortunate system on which the *elective franchise* among us depends," and the reviewer exclaims, that it is not worth while for him, a "*man of sense, to waste his leisure*" on the subject.

Now, in all this, we again see the reviewer's spleen oozing out, mingled with his ignorance. Every person in

* The only exceptions noticed by the reviewers are three, viz. Lanark, where the matter was discusssed; and the feeling was so strong against the bill, that all the power of the Hamilton faction, so predominant in that county, barely prevented resolutions from being passed against it.—The matter was referred to a committee as a sort of neutral course. Kirkcudbright and Wigton did nothing. I could, if necessary, account for this apparent supineness in these two counties.

Scotland, who is not an Edinburgh reviewer, knows perfectly well that not a single meeting was *called* in any county, to consider Mr Kennedy's bill, and not a single resolution of *freeholders* passed upon the subject; that the matter was brought before the several counties, at the *stated annual meetings* of the 30th of April; and that these are *not meetings of Freeholders at all*, but meetings of a much more extensive kind—meetings of Commissioners of Supply, &c. comprehending, no doubt, almost all the freeholders, but comprehending a vast number of other persons also; so that the state of the elective franchise, and the dispositions of the freeholders, whether good or bad, had nothing to do with the matter. The resolutions were the result of the strong conviction of the impolicy of the bill, entertained in almost every county in Scotland, by *those most interested in the matter to which it related.* Even in those counties where the influence of Mr Kennedy's political friends prevails, the people did not refrain from expressing their sentiments, —for instance, the county of Argyll, which is particularly mentioned by the reviewers. In that county, as every one knows, the freeholders are represented in Parliament by an opposition member unanimously returned; and the prevailing and unresisted power in that county, is the individual by whose breath MR KENNEDY is seated in the House of Commons—yet, at the stated annual meeting in that county, and *within the very burgh which Mr Kennedy represents in Parliament,** resolutions condemnatory of the bill were unanimously passed, and a petition against it resolved upon—so strong and universal was the feeling.

It is truly disgusting to hear a pert and ignorant reviewer (at all events, there can be no harm in calling him an ignorant one, since we have already proved him to be so) uttering such unmeasured expressions of condemnation and affected contempt of the resolutions passed by the gentlemen of all the counties of Scotland, as the following:—"In *every* instance they seem to have fallen into some of those *deplorable absurdities*, which must always mark the statements of men who are speaking under the *double* confusion of *neither knowing what they are discoursing about, nor what it is that they themselves wish to say.*" As an example in support of this observation, the reviewer quotes a resolution of the county of Dumbarton, (which he obviously does not understand,) founded on the terms of the articles of union. The resolution (fraught with sound reflection and legal knowledge,) which has drawn forth this cutting, or rather *hashing* remark from the arrogant reviewer, did, however, receive the sanction, and, if I mistake not, was the production of one of the most distinguished and experienced lawyers of whom Scotland can boast; an individual whose superior wisdom and penetration, in all matters relating to the judicial establishments of Scotland, have, for more than half a century, been universally acknowledged and admired.

In the other counties, there was no want of ability and intelligence to discuss the merits of Mr Kennedy's bill; and if any information of a legal or technical nature was required, there were in all the counties professional gentlemen well qualified to give that information. It cannot be supposed that Mr Kennedy is the only intelligent country gentleman in Scotland; and it is to be hoped that there are a great many who better understand the subject of his bill. Such, however, is the arrogance of the reviewers, that they cannot even treat with respect any opinion—let it come from what quarter it may—which differs from their own. And when, as frequently happens, they are unable to cope with opinions which they are forced to encounter, they discharge their duty to their own perfect satisfaction, by merely describing these opinions as "deplorable absurdities."

But it is needless to say any more on the subject of the resolutions passed by the counties—the sense of the county gentlemen has been decidedly expressed, and nothing can more clearly shew the weakness and impolicy of Mr Kennedy's bill, than the fact, that it is attempted to be forced through against the wishes and opinions of those without whose wishes and opinions no alteration of the kind contemplated is excusable.

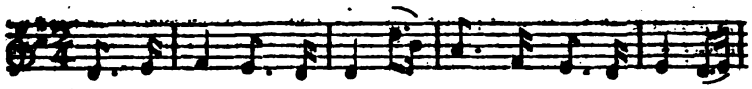
DETECTOR.

* Inverary is also one of the towns in which the circuit courts are held.

ANCIENT NATIONAL MELODIES.

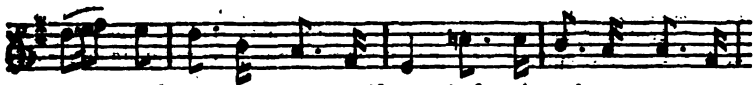
SONG III.

To the tune of "When this old Cap was new."

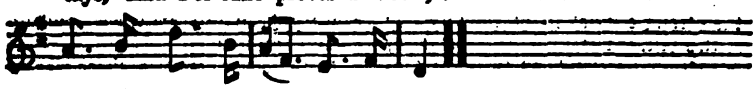


WHEN this old book was new, 'Tis more than twen-ty year; The

yel-low and the blue Were colours of good cheer: But wanton Wit de-



cays, And For-tune proves a Shrew, And we're wi - ser now - a -



days, Than when this Old Book was new.

1.

WHEN this Old Book was new,
  ['Tis more than twenty year]
The Yellow and the Blue
  Were colours of good cheer,
But wanton Wit decays,
  And Fortune proves a shrew;
And we're wiser now-a-days,
  Than when this Old Book was new.

2.

The enemies of our land
  Were much delighted then,
To have at their command
  A troop of brisk young men;
Who fought *their* battles *here*,
  In the Yellow and the Blue,
While "THE PLUCKLESS" shook for fear,—
  When this Old Book was new.

3.

Now KIT has humbled all
  Who were our land's reproach;
Their pride has had a fall,
  And more warily they poach.
These Blue and Yellow men,
  Now look all over blue,
Which was not thought of then,—
  When this Old Book was new.

WHEN THIS OLD CAP WAS NEW.

1.

When this old cap was new,
  'Tis since two hundred year,
No malice then we knew,
  But all things plenty were:
All friendship now decays,
  (Believe me, this is true)
Which was not in those days,
  When this old cap was new.

2.

The nobles of our land
  Were much delighted then,
To have at their command
  A crew of lusty men,
Which by their coats were known,
  Of tawny, red, or blue,
With crests on their sleeves shewn
  When this old cap was new.

4.

Their heartless ribaldry
  Was cherished then of many;
But now what jokes they try,
  Are not approved by any.
Unchristian hearts wax cold,
  Disloyal tongues be few,
This was not in time of old,—
  When this Old Book was new.

5.

Where'er you travell'd then,
  In buggy, gig, or shay,
Young women and young men,
  Went laughing on their way,
Bestowing much applause
  Upon this Whig *Review*,
No *Quarterly* there was—
  When this Old Book was new.

6.

All men on quarter-day,
  To Constable's then went,
And gladly came away
  When they their cash had spent,
On that which now they scorn,
  The Yellow and the Blue,
For Blackwood was unborn—
  When this Old Book was new.

7.

A man might then behold
  Blue Stockings, great and small;
Who worthy men would scold,
  And excellent wits miscall,
If only they were bidden
  By the Yellow and the Blue,
The Quacks from the gates were not chidden—
  When this Old Book was new.

3.

Now pride hath banish'd all,
  Unto our land's reproach,
When he whose means are small,
  Maintains both horse and coach:
Instead of a hundred men,
  The coach allows but two;
This was not thought on then,
  When this old cap was new.

4.

Good hospitality
  Was cherish'd then of many;
Now poor men starve and die,
  And are not help'd by any:
For charity waxeth cold,
  And love is found in few;
This was not in time of old,
  When this old cap was new.

5.

Wherever you travell'd then,
  You might meet on the way
Brave knights and gentlemen,
  Clad in their country grey,
That courteous would appear,
  And kindly welcome you;
No puritans then were,
  When this old cap was new.

6.

Our ladies, in those days,
  In civil habit went;
Broad-cloth was then worth praise;
  And gave the best content:
French fashions then were scorn'd;
  Fond fangles then none knew;
Then modesty women adorn'd,
  When this old cap was new.

7.

A man might then behold
  At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold;
  And meat for great and small:
The neighbours were friendly bidden,
  And all had welcome true;
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
  When this old cap was new.

8.

Black jacks to every man
  Were fill'd with wine and beer,
No pewter pot, nor can,
  In those days did appear:
Good cheer in a nobleman's house
  Was counted a seemly shew,
We wanted no brawn nor souse,
  When this old cup was new.

8.

Sly jokes against the Bible,
  Cost godless PRIESTS no fear;
Good George our King to libel,
  Was pastime for a PEER;—
Tom Paine, and Pindar's Louse,
  Lay close by the Buff and the Blue
In many a Jacobin's house—
  When this Old Book was new.

9.

Buonaparte had delight
  To hear these puppets fine,
Who said 'twas vain to fight
  Against his star divine;
He German, Turk, and Russ,
  Had beat—what could we do?
He had not met with us—
  When this Old Book was new.

10.

When Wellington arose,
  Their jaw they did not slack,
But magnified his foes,
  And said he'd ne'er come back.
His victories they mourn'd,
  Thank God they were not few!
Such manhood Whigs adorn'd,—
  When this Old Book was new.

11.

But far o'er Faction's smoke
  Soon rose our hero's star,
His British heart of oak
  Roll'd back the tide of war.
When their darling was squabash'd
  At glorious Waterloo,
Old teeth full sore they gnash'd,
  Old SHEETS* made room for new.

9.

We took no such delight
  In cups of silver fine,
None under the degree of a knight
  In plate drunk beer or wine:
Now each mechanical man
  Hath a cupboard of plate for a shew,
Which was a rare thing then,
  When this old cap was new.

10.

Then bribery was unborn,
  No simony men did use;
Christians did usury scorn.
  Devised among the Jews:
The lawyers to be feed,
  At that time hardly knew;
For man with man agreed,
  When this old cap was new.

11.

No captain then carous'd,
  Nor spent poor soldiers' pay,
They were not so abus'd
  As they are at this day;
Of seven days they make eight,
  To keep them from their due;
Poor soldiers had their right,
  When this old cap was new.

12.

Which made them forward still
  To go, although not prest;
And going with good will,
  Their fortunes were the best:
Our English then, in fight,
  Did foreign foes subdue;
And forced them all to flight,
  When this old cap was new.

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* Fact!!—*Teste* THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

12.

God save our glorious King,
  And send him long to reign.
Now all the jibes they fling,
  Men spurn with just disdain;
Each canker'd whigamore
  Now meets with what's his due,
Which was not in time of yore,
  When this Old Book was new.

THE WINE-BIBBER'S GLORY—A NEW SONG.

TUNE,—*The Jolly Miller.*

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
Plenum?———+
Dulce periculum est
O Lenæe! sequi Deum
Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.—HOR.

1.

IF Horatius Flaccus made jolly old Bacchus
  So often his favourite theme;
If in him it was classic to praise his old Massic,
  And Falernian to gulp in a stream;
If Falstaff's vagaries, 'bout Sack and Canaries,
  Have pleased us again and again;
Shall we not make merry on Port, Claret, Sherry,
  Madeira, and sparkling Champagne?

2.

First Port, that potation, preferr'd by our nation
  To all the small drink of the French;
'Tis the best standing liquor, for layman or vicar,
  The army, the navy, the bench;
'Tis strong and substantial, believe me, no man shall
  Good Port from my dining-room send;
In your soup—after cheese—every way—it will please,
  But most tête-a-tête with a friend.

3.

Fair Sherry, Port's sister, for years they dismiss'd her
  To the kitchen to flavour the jellies—
There long she was banish'd, and well nigh had vanish'd
  To comfort the kitchen-maids' bellies—
Till his Majesty fixt, he thought Sherry when sixty
  Years old, like himself, quite the thing—
So I think it but proper, to fill a tip-topper
  Of Sherry to drink to the King.

13.

God save our gracious King,
  And send him long to live!
Lord! mischief on them bring,
  That will not their alms give,
But seek to rob the poor
  Of that which is their due:
This was not in time of yore,
  When this old cap was new.

4.

Though your delicate Claret by no means goes far, it
  Is famed for its exquisite flavour;
'Tis a nice provocation, to *wise* conversation,
  Queer blarney, or harmless palaver;
'Tis the bond of society—no inebriety
  Follows a swig of the Blue;
One may drink a whole ocean, nor e'er feel commotion,
  Or headache from Chateau Margoux.

5.

But though Claret is pleasant, to taste for the present,
  On the stomach it sometimes feels cold;
So to keep it all clever, and comfort your liver,
  Take a glass of Madeira that's old:
When 't has sail'd to the Indies, a cure for all wind 'tis,
  And cholic 'twill put to the rout;
All doctors declare, a good glass of Madeira,
  The best of all things for the gout.

6.

Then Champagne! dear Champagne! ah! how gladly I drain a
  Whole bottle of Oeil de Perdrix;
To the eye of my charmer, to make my love warmer,
  If cool that love ever could be,
I could toast her for ever—But never, oh! never,
  Would I her dear name so profane;
So if e'er when I'm tipsy, it slips to my lips, I
  Wash it back to my heart with Champagne!

LORD BYRON'S THREE NEW TRAGEDIES.*

Upon the whole, we imagine this will be reckoned rather a heavy volume; and certainly it could not sell the better for coming out on the same day with the Pirate. Mr Murray and Mr Constable should understand each other a little better, and each would serve his own interest, by not being too anxious to interfere with the interest of his rival. It is bad policy to bring out the Edinburgh—the dull, stupid, superannuated, *havering* Edinburgh—and the Quarterly—the cold, well-informed, heartless, witless, prosing, pedantic Quarterly—both in the same week. And although we should be very sorry to compare the two first writers of their time with *such folks* as the "clever old body" and the "sour little gentleman," we cannot help saying, that Lord Byron and the Author of Waverley might quite as well choose different months for favouring the public with their visits—which are rather more pleasant, to be sure, but quite as regular and as expensive as if they were two tax-gatherers.

It would be highly ridiculous to enter, at this time of day, into any thing like a formal review, *here*, of Lord Byron's new volume. We have not happened to meet with any two individuals who expressed two different opinions about it and its contents. There is a great deal of power in Sardanapalus: [the Sardanapalus of David Lyndsay is weighed in the balance, and found wanting, when compared with it] but as a play, it is an utter failure; and, in God's name, why call a thing a tragedy, unless it be meant to be a play? What would people say to a new song of Tom Moore's, prefaced with an earnest injunction on man, woman, and child, never to think of singing it? A tragedy, *not meant to be acted*, seems to us to be just about as reasonable an affair as a song not meant to be sung. But even as *a poem*, Sardanapalus is *not* quite worthy of its author. Let any one just think, for a moment, of the magnificent story of Sardanapalus, and then imagine what a thing Lord By-

* Sardanapalus, a Tragedy; The Two Foscari, a Tragedy; and Cain, a Mystery. By Lord Byron. 8vo. London, Murray, 1822.

ron might have made of it, had he chosen the fiery narrative-pace of Lara, or the Giaour—instead of this lumbering, and lax, and highly *undramatic* blank-verse dialogue.—The *Foscari* is totally inferior to the Sardanapalus. It is a ridiculous caricature of some historical situations, in themselves beautiful and interesting. The true tragedy of the Foscari is to be read in the notes at the end of Lord Byron's tragedy bearing that name; and the public is much obliged to him, and so is M. Simonde de Sismondi, for these very pretty extracts. CAIN contains, perhaps, five or six passages of as fine poetry as Lord Byron ever wrote or will write; but, taken altogether, it is a wicked and blasphemous performance, destitute of any merit sufficient to overshadow essential defects of the most abominable nature. The three plays, bound up together, we repeat, constitute a dullish volume—perhaps one of the heaviest that has appeared in the poetical world since the days of "Ricciarda, Tragedia."

Now, we have no right to abuse Lord Byron, or any other man, for publishing a dullish volume in octavo, price fifteen shillings boards: but we *have* a right to speak a little of our mind to him in regard to certain prose notes, the mean malignity and rancour of which were probably intended to set off, in some measure, the leaden volume of blank verse in which they make their incongruous and absurd appearance. What we have to say, however, shall be at least said very shortly—and we shall just confine ourselves to two heads.

And first in relation to LADY MORGAN. Lord Byron calls her *Italy* "an excellent and fearless work." This is dishonest; nobody can be taken in by it. Lady Morgan's Italy is not an English *work* at all—it is a piece of flimsy Irish *slip-slop*, altogether unworthy of occupying for half an hour the attention of any man of the smallest pretensions to understanding. WE, who now write, have, it so happens, spent about three times as many years in Italy as Lady Morgan and Lord Byron taken together have yet done; and we now solemnly declare, that if the Ettrick Shepherd, after driving a score of fat ewes to Durham, were to announce "ENGLAND, BY JAMES HOGG," he could not produce any thing more exquisitely worthy of all human contempt, than that "ITALY, BY LADY MORGAN," which Lord Byron has the impudence to puff. Lord Byron knows that WE are honest, and speak the truth, when we say all this; and, indeed, there is but one human creature in the world who will think differently.

Lord Byron is a very excellent hand at a joke; but let him take care; he may perhaps go a little too far some day. Indeed, he has done so already. Does he wish to add much to the list of those *escapades* of his, which he is destined to repent in sorrow and bitterness till the day of his death?

The puff direct in honour of Miladi, is followed by a little side puff, in the shape of an acknowledgment of her ladyship's having called Venice "the Ocean-Rome," without communication with his lordship, who also, about the same time, chose to call Venice by the same appropriate title. If Lord Byron and Lady Morgan will have the goodness to turn over a few pages of Bembo, or any other member of the great Venetian *Corpus Historicum*, we venture to lay a rump and dozen they will fall in with the same phrase, rather more frequently than they could wish; but they need not look so far. They will find the thing in Gibbon at least a dozen times! The idea occurs also in Schiller's Ghost-seer—in Mrs Radcliffe—in Rose's Letters—in Reichardt's "Pocket Companion through Italy"—and in various other works which we could mention, if it were worth while to be at all particular about a thing perfectly notorious, and at the same time perfectly unimportant. We despise the ninnies who chatter about Lord Byron and plagiarism in the same breath; but Lord Byron must be kind enough to keep his quizzing humour in a more decent measure of control.

Our second remark is called forth by a very venomous attack on Mr Southey, which appears in one of the notes to the Tragedy of the Foscari.

So far as we can understand the true state of the case, it is as follows. Mr Southey, in his Vision of Judgment, (which nobody has read) chose to clap my Lord Byron into the "Satanic School of Poetry." This was ridiculous—firstly, because Mr Southey is no satyrist, and should keep his fingers from edge tools of all sorts; and secondly and chiefly, because Mr Southey is a brother poet of Lord Byron's, and should have had nothing to do with criticising his poetical performances.

But, ridiculous as Mr Southey's conduct certainly was, it furnishes no sort of excuse for Lord Byron's attacks upon him in the last cantos of Don Juan, and here in these Notes. Mr Southey blamed Lord Byron's poetry for being of an immoral tendency now and then—which all the world knows it to be; but did this give Lord Byron any right to compose, and deliberately—most deliberately—publish a set of contumelious verses about the circumstances of Mr Southey's marriage, and the character of Mr Southey's wife—or to lash Mr Southey himself for making money by the use of his pen?

The first of these offences against Mr Southey's feelings is of such a kind that we could not comment upon it without increasing the injury inflicted. We may also add, that it is a sort of thing calculated to excite no feeling in the mind of any man (excepting only Mr Southey himself and his family friends), but those of perfect loathing, disgust, contempt, and profound sorrow, for the shocking wilful degradation of majestic genius.

The second—the sarcasm about Mr Southey's professional authorship—comes with a fine grace from a man who is at this present time, and has been for several years past, in the habit of receiving several thousand pounds per annum, all for value received in Verse and Prose, from the magnificent Exchequer of Albemarle Street. What right has Lord Byron to sneer at Mr Southey as "a writer of all work?" Has not Lord Byron himself published within the last year two volumes of tragic blank-verse—one volume of indecent gross licentious *ottava rima*—one pamphlet of clever polemical criticism, seasoned with shameful personalities against all sorts of men—friends and foes; and at least six or seven *articles* in the Monthly Review; besides writing an Armenian Grammar—a filthy novel—and several other little things we could mention—all of which will in due season see the light, *impensis Joannis de Moravia?*

As for Lord Byron's grand and solemn prophecy of "a second English Revolution," "*vatem aspernimur non bene querulum.*" It must certainly, however, be conceded to his Lordship, that the state of these kingdoms is not very likely to be improved, in consequence of the life and example of those Englishmen of rank, who sell their paternal acres, cut Old England, and address stanzas to the Genius of Liberty, from their lodgings within the Empire of the Austrian double-Eagle.

To conclude, Lord Byron very modestly informs us, that he has done more good in any one year of his life, than Mr Southey has done in the whole of the years he has yet lived upon the earth. We are much at a loss to understand the drift of this very candid communication. Does Lord Byron mean to say, that he has given away more money in charity than Mr Southey could afford to do? We believe this may very well be so, but what induces the man to trumpet his own alms-giving in such a pompous fashion upon the house top? There are plenty of good rich old widow ladies, who have subscribed lots of money to all sorts of charities, and advertised all their largesses in the Newspapers:—but are they entitled on that account to talk of themselves as doing more "good" than Mr Southey? Nobody ever suspected Lord Byron of being either an uncharitable or a stingy man, but few people will believe that (laying his poetry out of the question) he is at all entitled to take a conspicuous place among the benefactors of his species. On the contrary we venture to say, that very few sensible men have at this moment any sort of doubt that Lord Byron has very often done more ill in one day's writing, than will ever be atoned for by all the "good" he ever did with his left hand, and published to the world by means of his right. The author of "Cain, a Mystery," is quite wrong to play both the Sadducee and the Pharisee in the same volume.

As for Mr Southey, as all the world knows him to be a man of splendid genius and admirable learning, and of the purest possible character as a man, a citizen, and writer; we dare to say, there is no risk of his making himself at all unhappy about any thing which the genius, even of Byron, can inflict—coming, as it does, with the name of Lord Byron attached to it. There is something very healing in the effect of such a signature, applied on such an occasion.

Just as this article was going to press, THE COURIER, containing Mr Southey's Answer to Lord Byron, came to hand. We think it proper to insert it here.

MR SOUTHEY'S REPLY TO LORD BYRON.

SIR,

HAVING seen in the newspapers a note relating to myself, extracted from a recent publication of Lord Byron's, I request permission to reply, through the medium of your Journal.

I come at once to his Lordship's charge against me, blowing away the abuse with which it is frothed, and evaporating a strong acid in which it is suspended. The residuum then appears to be, that "Mr Southey, on his return from Switzerland, (in 1817,) scattered abroad calumnies, knowing them to be such, against Lord Byron and others." To this I reply with *a direct and positive denial.*

If I had been told in that country that Lord Byron had turned Turk, or Monk of La Trappe—that he had furnished a *harem*, or endowed an hospital, I might have thought the account, whichever it had been, possible, and repeated it accordingly; passing it, as it had been taken, in the small change of conversation, for no more than it was worth. In this manner I might have spoken of him, as of Baron Gerambe, the Green Man, the Indian Jugglers, or any other *figurante* of the time being. There was no reason for any particular delicacy on my part, in speaking of his Lordship: and, indeed, I should have thought any thing which might be reported of him, would have injured his character as little as the story which so greatly annoyed Lord Keeper Guildford, that he had ridden a rhinoceros. He may ride a rhinoceros, and though every body would stare, no one would wonder. But making no inquiry concerning him when I was abroad, because I felt no curiosity, I heard nothing, and had nothing to repeat. When I spoke of wonders to my friends and acquaintance on my return, it was of the flying-tree at Alpuacht, and the eleven thousand virgins at Cologne—not of Lord Byron. I sought for no staler subject than St Ursula.

Once, and only once, in connexion with Switzerland, I have alluded to his Lordship; and, as the passage was curtailed in the press, I take this opportunity of restoring it. In the *Quarterly Review*, speaking incidentally of the Jungfrau, I said, "it was the scene where Lord Byron's *Manfred* met the devil and bullied him—though the devil must have won his cause before any tribunal in this world, or the next, if he had not pleaded more feebly for himself, than his advocate, in a cause of canonization, ever pleaded for him."

With regard to the "others," whom his Lordship accuses me of calumniating, I suppose he alludes to a party of his friends, whose names I found written in the Album, at Mont-Auvert, with an avowal of Atheism annexed, in Greek, and an indignant comment, in the same language, underneath it. Those names, with that avowal and the comment, I transcribed in my note-book, and spoke of the circumstance on my return. If I had published it, the gentleman in question would not have thought himself slandered, by having that recorded of him which he has so often recorded of himself.

The many opprobrious appellations which Lord Byron has bestowed upon me, I leave as I find them, with the praises which he has bestowed upon himself.

How easily is a noble spirit discern'd
From harsh and sulphurous matter that flies out
In contumelies, makes a noise, and stinks!

B. JONSON.

But I am accustomed to such things; and, so far from irritating me are the enemies who use such weapons, that, when I hear of their attacks, it is some satisfaction to think they have thus employed the malignity which must have been employed somewhere, and could not have been directed against any person whom it could possibly molest or injure less. The viper, however venomous in purpose, is harmless in effect, while it is biting at the file. It is seldom, indeed, that I waste a word, or a thought, upon those who are perpetually assailing me. But abhorring, as I do, the personalities which disgrace our current literature, and averse from controversy as I am, both by principle and inclination, I make no profession of non-resistance. When the offence and the offender are such as to call for the whip and the branding-iron, it has been both seen and felt that I can inflict them.

Lord Byron's present exacerbation is evidently produced by an infliction of this kind—not by hearsay reports of my conversation, four years ago, transmitted him from England. The cause may be found in certain remarks upon the Satanic school of poetry, contained in my preface to the *Vision of Judgment*. Well would it be for Lord Byron if he could look back upon any of his writings, with as much satisfaction as I shall always do upon what is there said of that flagitious school. Many persons, and parents especially, have expressed their gratitude to me for having applied the branding-iron where it was so richly deserved. The Edinburgh Reviewer, indeed, with that honourable feeling by which his criticisms are so peculiarly distinguished, suppressing the remarks themselves, has imputed them wholly to envy on my part. I give him, in this instance, full credit for sincerity: I believe he was equally incapable of comprehending a worthier motive, or of inventing a worse; and, as I have never condescended to expose, in any instance, his pitiful malevolence, I thank him for having, in this, stript it bare himself, and exhibited it in its bald, naked, and undisguised deformity.

Lord Byron, like his encomiast, has not ventured to bring the matter of those animadversions into view. He conceals the fact, that they are directed against the authors of blasphemous and lascivious books; against men who, not content with indulging their own vices, labour to make others the slaves of sensuality, like themselves—against public panders, who, mingling impiety with lewdness, seek at once to destroy the cement of social order, and to carry

profanation and pollution into private families, and into the hearts of individuals.

His Lordship has thought it not unbecoming in him to call me a scribbler of all work. Let the word *scribbler* pass; it is not an appellation which will stick, like that of *the Satanic School*. But, if a scribbler, how am I one of *all work*? I will tell Lord Byron what I have *not* scribbled—what kind of work I have *not* done. I have never published libels upon my friends and acquaintance, expressed my sorrow for those libels, and called them in during a mood of better mind—and then re-issued them, when the evil spirit, which for a time has been cast out, had returned and taken possession, with seven others, more wicked than himself.—I have never abused the power, of which every author is in some degree possessed, to wound the character of a man, or the heart of a woman.—I have never sent into the world a book to which I did not dare affix my name; or which I feared to claim in a court of justice, if it were pirated by a knavish bookseller.—I have never manufactured furniture for the brothel. None of *these things* have I done; none of the foul work by which literature is perverted to the injury of mankind. My hands are clean; there is no "damned spot" upon them—no taint, which "all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten."

Of the work which I *have* done, it becomes me not here to speak, save only as relates to the Satanic School, and its Coryphœus, the author of *Don Juan*. I have held up that school to public detestation, as enemies to the religion, the institutions, and the domestic morals of the country. I have given them a designation *to which their founder and leader answers*. I have sent a stone from my sling which has smitten their Goliah in the forehead. I have fastened his name upon the gibbet, for reproach and ignominy, as long as it shall endure.—Take it down who can!

One word of advice to Lord Byron before I conclude.—When he attacks me again, let it be in rhyme. For one who has so little command of himself, it will be a great advantage that his temper should be obliged to *keep time*. And while he may still indulge in the same rankness and virulence of insult, the metre will, in some degree, seem to lessen its vulgarity.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Keswick, January 5, 1822.

VALERIUS—A ROMAN STORY.*

THE novel of *Valerius*, is the story of a sojourn in Rome, during a portion of the reign of Trajan. The present popularity of novels, was probably the author's inducement to exert, on a fictitious tale, the powers and the literature which might have distinguished him as the historian of a period among the most eventful, interesting, and magnificent of all history. Yet, with a great example before him, he has not followed it implicitly; he may have been a worshipper, he is not a slave. The multitude have trod with feeble frequency in the very track levelled by the triumph of the *Scottish Novellist*. The writer of *Valerius* has trod fresh ground, and turned away from the common illustration of life, within his own shores, to the remote and stately record of manners among the imperial people of the Old World. This he has done with force and with fidelity; and the reader of Valerius will find himself led on through the public and private habits of Rome, with the elegance of romance, and the vigour of history. Works of this kind have been not unusual in Germany, but they have either wandered into extravagant fiction, or oppressed the fancy by laborious prolixity. Translations and imitations have occasionally appeared in English literature, but they had no internal strength, they appealed to none of the feelings that give life and living honour to fiction, and they went down to the common oblivion of useless industry.

Valerius is the son of a Roman officer, settled in the Roman colony in Britain, near, what is now, Winchester. His father had died, and left him to the tutelage of his mother, who exercises her trust as becomes a Roman matron. But a lawsuit for a rich inheritance, compels the young Briton to leave "his woodland, through which the enormous deer stalked undisturbed, except by the adder of the grass, or the obscene fly of the thicket, its little patches of corn and meadow laboriously rescued from the domain of the wild beast, and the scattered hamlets of his own valley," for the crowd, the vices, and the gorgeousness of Rome. He bids farewell to his mother with filial tenderness, and with something like an anticipation, on her part, of its being a last farewell. With his spirits confused between the ardour of novelty and the melancholy of parting, he looks back on his paternal roof, embarks, and reaches the mouth of the Tiber.—The voyage is briefly told. The author was capable of giving it a higher interest, but probably was reluctant to retard the more important narrative, to be created on the soil of Italy. Yet the first voyage of an accomplished and and vivid mind, over the strange and

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* Valerius—a Roman Story, 3 vols. 12mo. Blackwood, Edinburgh, 1821.

mighty ocean, the classic memories which haunted its sullen cliffs and giant promontories,—her capes and shores made famous by ages of Phœnician adventure and Roman war,—were all so fit for the food of noble fancies, that even in the luxuriant description of the Tiber, and its banks, we regretted the abandonment of the grand and austere region which he had just traversed with so swift a keel.

On the voyage he makes a useful acquaintance with an officer of the Prætorian Guard; arrives at Ostia; is astonished at the first displays of Roman architectural magnificence; leaves his bark,—is driven about among the motley and struggling multitude of that great sea-port of all nations,—is extricated by the superior experience of his military friend,—embarks again, and sails up the Tiber.

"When the heat of the sun was greatest, we pushed our bark into a little creek, where the boatmen rested themselves for a space from their labours; and we, along with the master, made an end of the provisions we had brought along with us. Having halted as long as we deemed expedient, we resumed our seats on the vessel; but the fervour of the atmosphere being much diminished, our canopy was no longer upheld. By degrees the shades of evening began to spread themselves over the east; but we did not see the sun for a long time previous to his setting, by reason of the hugeness of the trees, and their impervious foliage. Trees, and temples, and gardens, and meadows, and towns and villages, were, ere long, lost in one uniform sobriety of twilight; and it was already quite dark, when the Centurion, pointing to the left bank, said, 'Behold these gigantic willows, which dip their long boughs down into the water—these are the Gardens of Cæsar—beyond, is the Portian Gate, and the street of the Rural Lares. In a few moments we shall see the lights of the Sublician Bridge, and be in the city.'

"At these words I started up, and gazing forward, could already penetrate through the mists of evening into the busy glare of a thousand streets and lanes, opening upon the river. The old city wall, on the left side, was visible; where, after having swept round the region towards the Vatican and Janicular Hills, it brings the last of its turrets close down to the Tiber, over against the great dock-yards by the field of Brutus.

"Its shadow lay in frowning darkness, far out upon the stream, and we glided for some minutes in silence beneath the influence of the venerable rampart. Through a forest of triremes, galleys, and all sorts of craft, we then shot on to the bridge—beneath the centre arch of which, our steersman conducted us. Beyond, such was the hum of people on the quays, and such the starlike profusion of lights reflected in the water, that we doubted not we had already reached the chief seat of the bustle of Rome. On, however, we still held our course, till the huge bulk of the theatre of Marcellus rose like a mountain on our right. It was there that we ran our bark into the shore, not far from the little bridge—the third as you ascend the river—which conducts to the Island and the Temple of Æsculapius. While our friend was settling matters with the master, and the boatmen were bringing out our baggage, I stood for a little space by myself, in silence, on the elevated quay. Below me lay the bark, in which Boto and the Centurion were still engaged. Here am I alone, I might almost say to myself, in the greatest city of the world—not one of whose inhabitants I have ever, so far as I know, conversed with. Up and down, wherever my eye fell, it rested on some bright spot in the river, answering to some light in bark, or edifice, kindled by hands, and for purposes, to which I was equally a stranger. Here a long tier of reflected radiance bespoke, it may be, the vicinity of some splendid portico—of palace, or temple, or bath, or theatre; there a broad and steady blaze of burning red, indicated the abode of artizans, resolved, as it seemed, on carrying their toil into the bosom of the night. Between—some small single speck of tinier lustre, betrayed, perhaps, the lamp of the solitary student, or the sober social hour of some peaceful family, assembled around the hearth of their own modest lares. Behold me, then, said I, in the capital of the globe. Alas! were I to be swallowed up this moment in the waves of Tiber, not one of all these lights would be dimmed by reason of my calamity."

After this striking night-glance at the glories of the Imperial City, we are introduced to one of its living characters, *Licinius*, the pleader, to whom the conduct of the lawsuit had been entrusted. The description of this eloquent and ambitious personage is admirably graphic.

"I found him in a small upper chamber, lighted by a single silver lamp, suspended from the roof, enjoying, as it appeared, repose and relaxation after the exertions which he had been making during the anterior part of the day. He was reclining at table when I entered; and although supper was long over, some fruits and other trifling things still remained on the board. At table with him there was no one present, excepting a certain rhetorician or philosopher, whom he introduced to me as the superintendant of his son's education, and the young Sextus himself, a modest and ingenuous youth, who sat at the lower extremity of his father's couch. He was indeed a very mild and amiable young man,

and I had more pleasure, after a space, in surveying his aspect, than the more marked lineaments of the other two. At first, however, nothing rivetted my attention so much as the fiery and energetic physiognomy of the pleader himself. The fore-part of his head was already quite bald, although the darkness of the short curls behind testified that age was not the cause of this deformity. His eyes were black and rapid, and his eye-brows vibrated upwards and downwards in a remarkable manner, not only when he spoke, but even when he was silent; indicating, as it appeared by their transitions, every new train of thought and imagination within his mind. His style of conversation was quick and fervid, and his gestures vehement as he spake; it being apparent, that, from restlessness and vanity of disposition, he was continually exercising a needless measure of mental activity and anxiety. Not satisfied with his own more than sufficient richness of ideas, no thought could be expressed by any other person which he did not immediately seize for his own, and explain, even to him by whom it had been first suggested, with much fluency and earnestness of illustration. On the other hand, the hired philosopher, who wore a long beard reaching down even unto his girdle, preserved in all things an uncommon demureness of manner, restraining every salient movement of his own mind, and watching, with the gravity of a Numa, the glancing eyes and sharp features of his patron. A roll of yellow parchment graced the left hand of this dealer in wisdom, while the other was employed in selecting from the table such articles as were most agreeable to his palate. Licinius, although meagre in person, and at that time parched with long declamation, seemed to live in such a state of intellectual excitement, that he thought little either of eating or drinking; therefore, the venerable stoic, resigning for the most part his share of the conversation, amused himself, in exchange, with the more trivial gratifications abandoned to him by the pleader. Nor, if one might draw any conclusion from the rosiness of his complexion, and the portliness of his whole figure, was this the first occasion on which he had exercised that species of humility. Partly fatigued by my travel, partly confounded by the novelties I had seen and heard, and was now seeing and hearing, I myself did not disdain from time to time to taste of the fine old Chian of Licinius; a huge flagon of which, that stood on the board, already rose light in my hand, by reason of the eager, though not very frequent familiarities of the disciple of Zeno."

The improved taste in description is among the most remarkable and advantageous changes of modern writing. The old style of *handling* was absolutely intolerable. A building was detailed as the detail was drawn up by its own bricklayer, and a landscape as by the tiller of the ground. *Mrs Radcliffe's* fine poetic pencil was wasted in a languid and general picturing; all her descriptions wore the same features, and all their features were obscured by the same lavish and absorbing colour. She looked on sea and mountain, forest and valley, through the same *Claude Lorraine* glass. Latter times have taught better conceptions; the distinct and the picturesque now supersede the graceless and the confused. We have already given a sketch of this writer's powers in night-scenery, we now give, yet less for the sake of contrast than of its own strength, reality and beauty, his day-light view of Rome.

"Licinius then shewed me the way to my sleeping-room, to which I was glad to retire, being in fact quite worn out by the number of objects which had that day tasked my sight. My sleep was sound and sweet; nevertheless, when the morning began to dawn, I was awakened by the first glimmerings of light, and found that my thoughts became at once too busy to admit of a return to slumber. I therefore arose, and went to walk in an open gallery, with which my chamber was connected. This gallery commanded a prospect of a great part of the city, which at that hour appeared no less tranquil than stately, nothing being in motion except a few small boats gliding here and there upon the river. Neither as yet had any smoke begun to darken the atmosphere; so that all things were seen in a serene and steady light, the shadows falling broadly westward over streets and squares—but pillars, and porticoes, and obelisks, and arches, rising up every where with unsullied and undisturbed magnificence, into the bright air of the morning. The numerous poplars and alders, and other lofty trees of the gardens, also, seemed to be rejoicing in the hour of dew and silence; so fresh and cheerful was the intermixture of their green branches among the surrounding piles of white and yellow marble. Near at hand, over the groves of the Philoclean Mansion, I could see the kingly dome of the Pantheon, all burnished with living gold —and the proud colonnades of the Flaminian Circus, loaded with armies of brazen statues. Between these and the river, the theatres of Pompey and Marcellus, and I know not how many beautiful temples, were visible, each surpassing the other in chaste and solemn splendour. Across a more crowded region, to the westward, my eye ascended to the Capitol, there to be lost among the central magnificence of the Mistress of the World; while, still further removed from me, (although less elevated in natural situation), the gorgeous mansion of the Emperor was seen, lifted up, like some new and separate city, upon its enormous

fabric of arcades, high over all the remains of that forest of elms and sycamores, by which Nero had once dared to replace the unhoused tenants of the Palatine. Behind me, the Flavian Amphitheatre, the newest and the most majestic of all Roman edifices, detained the eye for a space from all that lay beyond it—the whole splendid mass, namely, of the Esquiline—and those innumerable aqueducts which lie stretched out, arch after arch, and pillar after pillar, quite over the peopled champaign to the very ridge of the mountains. But why should I vainly essay to give to you, by cold words of description, any idea of the peerless prospect that every where surrounded me! Lost amidst the pomp of this unimagined human greatness, I was glad to rest my sight, ever and anon, upon the cool waters of old Tiber, in whose face nothing of all this was truly depicted, except the serene and cloudless beauty of that Italian sky; temple and tower, and every monument of art, being mellowed down into a softer and more tolerable grandeur."

There is a love story even in this early part of the novel, and Valerius is made the confidant of young Sextus, whom he accompanies to the Forum. The pleadings in this celebrated place have strong attraction for the new curiosity of the stranger. Licinius displays all his powers; is impassioned, touching, sarcastic; and Valerius receives, for the first time, the full conviction of the supremacy of eloquence. His feelings suggest some striking observations on the means and objects of this noble accomplishment. But his companion has a deeper interest at stake than is to be found in the periods of the orator, and he draws Valerius away to the Suburban Villa, where "smiles his lady and his love."

"A sharp walk of about an hour and a half brought us within sight of the Suburban of Capitol. A lofty wall protected the fields of this retirement from the intrusive eyes of passengers on the public road, over whose summit nothing could be discovered but the tall green boughs of planes and sycamores waving to and fro in the gentle agitation of the western breeze. We entered by a small side-door, and immediately found ourselves, as if by some magical delusion, transported from the glare of a Roman highway, and the hum of men, into the depth and silence of some primeval forest. No nicely trimmed path conducted our feet through the mazes of this venerable plate. Every thing had at least the appearance of being left as nature had formed it. The tall fern rustled beneath us as we moved; the untaught ivy was seen spreading its careless tresses from tree to tree overhead; the fawn bounded from the thicket, and the scared owl screamed on the pine top. By degrees, however, the gloom lessened around us as we approached the mansion itself, till at length, over an open space of lawn, we perceived the simple but elegant porch of entrance, and the line of colonnade that extended all along that front of the building. We passed under the porch, and across a paved court, in which a fountain was playing, into the great hall, the windows of which commanded all the other side of the place—a most noble prospect of elaborate gardens gradually rising into shady hills, and lost in a distance of impenetrable wood. Here a freedman attended us, who informed us that Capito had retired from the house into a sequestrated part of the grounds with some friends from the city; but that if we chose we could easily join him there. We assented, and, following his guidance, ere long traversed no narrow space of luxuriant cultivation. From one perfumed terrace we descended to another; till, having at last reached a certain green and mossy walk, darkened all its length by a natural arching of vines and mulberries, the freedman pointed to a statue at the further end of it, and told us it stood over against the entrance of his master's summer-house. When we reached the statue, however, we could not at first perceive any traces of a summer-house. The shaded avenue terminated in face of a precipitous rock, from which there fell a small stream that was received beneath in a massive basin, where its waters foamed into spray without transgressing the margin. A thousand delicious plants and far-sought flowers clustered around the base of the rock and the brink of the fountain, and the humming of innumerable bees mingled with the whispers of the stream. We stood for a moment uncertain whether we should move on or retire, when we heard some one calling to us from the centre of the rock; and presently, passing to the other side of the basin, descried, between the rock and the falling water, a low entrance into what seemed to be a natural cave or grotto. We stooped, and passing its threshold found ourselves within one of the most luxurious retirements that was ever haunted by the foot of Dryad. A sparry roof hung like a canopy of gems and crystals over a group of sculptured Nymphs and Fawns, which were placed on a rustic pedestal within a circular bath, shaped out of the living stone. Around the edge of the waveless waters that slumbered in this green recess, were spread carpets rich with the dyes of Tyrian art, whereon Capito was reposing with his friends. He received Sextus with the warmest kindness, and me with distinguished politeness, introducing us both to his companions, who were three in number—all of them, like himself, advanced in years, and two of them wearing long beards, though their demeanour was destitute of any thing like the affected stateliness of our friend Xerophrastes. These two, as our host informed us, were Greeks and Rhetoricians—the third, a Pa-

trician of the house of Pontii, devoted, like himself, to the pursuits of philosophy, and the pleasures of a literary retirement."

The young Briton here first sees the arbiter of his fate.

"We advanced to meet the young ladies, who were walking slowly down the avenue, and their uncles having tenderly saluted them, soon presented us to their notice. Sextus blushed deeply when he found himself introduced to Sempronia, while, in her smile, although she looked at him, as if to say she had never seen him before, I thought I could detect a certain half-suppressed expression of half-disdainful archness—the colour in her cheeks at the same time being not entirely unmoved. She was, indeed, a very lovely girl, and in looking on her light dancing play of beautiful features, I could easily sympathize with the young raptures of my friend. Her dress was such as to set off her charms to the utmost advantage, for the bright green of her Byssine robe, although it would have been a severe trial to any ordinary complexion, served only to heighten the delicious brillancy of hers. A veil, of the same substance and colour, was richly embroidered all over with flowers of silver tissue, and fell in flowing drapery well nigh down to her knees. Her hair was almost entirely concealed by this part of her dress, but a single braid of the brighest nut-brown was visible low down on her polished forehead. Her eyes were black as jet, and full, as I have already hinted, of a nymph-like or Arcadian vivacity—altogether, indeed, she was such a creature as the Tempe of the poets need not have been ashamed to shelter beneath the most luxurious of its bowers.

"The other young lady—it is Athanasia of whom I speak—she was not a dazzling beauty like Sempronia, but beautiful in such a manner as I shall never be able to describe. Taller than her cousin, and darker haired than she, but with eyes rather light than otherwise, of a clear, soft, somewhat melancholy grey—and with a complexion for the most part paler than is usual in Italy, and with a demeanour hovering between cheerfulness and innocent gravity, and attired with a vestal simplicity in the old Roman tunic, and cloak of white cloth—it is possible that most men might have regarded her less than the other; but for my part, I found her aspect the more engaging the longer I surveyed it. A single broad star of diamonds, planted high up among her black hair, was the only ornament of jewelry she wore, and it shone there in solitary brightness, like the planet of evening. Alas! I smile at myself that I should take notice of such trifles, in describing the first time I ever gazed on Athanasia."

With this stately beauty, Valerius falls in love. A brilliant contrast to her beauty, gravity, and dignity of heart, is given in the portrait of a Roman widow, with whom Valerius and his friends sup.

On his return from the luxurious supper of this handsome and opulent entertainer, his Prætorian companion, *Sabinus*, visits the prison of an old Christian convert, who is to be exposed next day in the bloody sports of the Amphitheatre. Valerius attends him to the dungeon, and is overwhelmed with surprise at the discovery that Athanasia has visited the old man, and prayed with him. This clears up the mystery of that embarrassed sadness, which had made all her movements so inexplicable to the lover's eye. She is a concealed Christian. Her zeal, her feminine fear, and her divine courage, impress her countenance with perplexing and powerful emotion. He recognizes her at the dungeon-gate, and excited by the resistless feeling which he cannot define, visits the old martyr. He finds him resigned and resolute, prepared to die, and rejoicing that his death is for Christianity. Oppressed by awe, pity, and wonder, Valerius returns, and sees that the night has passed away in the cell—

"I had a pretty accurate notion of the way from that grand edifice to the house of Licinius, and therefore moved towards it immediately, intending to pass straight down from thence into the Sacred Way. But when I came close to the Amphitheatre, I found that, surrounded on all sides by a city of sleep and silence, that region was already filled with all manner of noise and tumult, in consequence of the preparations which had begun to be made for the spectacles of the succeeding day. The east was just beginning to be streaked with the first faint blushes of morning; but the torches and innumerable lanterns, in the hands of the different workmen and artificers employed there, threw more light than was sufficient to give me an idea of all that was going forwards. On one side, the whole way was blocked up with a countless throng of waggons; the conductors of which, almost all of them Ethiopians and Numidians, were lashing each other's horses, and exchanging, in their barbarous tongues, violent outcries of, I doubt not, more barbarous wrath and execration. The fearful bellowings that resounded from any of the waggons, which happened to be set in motion amidst the choaking throng, intimated that savage beasts were confined within them; and when I had discovered this, and then regarded the prodigious multitude of the waggons, I cannot say what horror came over me at thinking what cruel sights, and how lavish in cruelty, were become the favourite pastimes of the most refined of peoples. I recognized the well-

known short deep snort of the wild boar, and the long hollow bark of the wolf; but a thousand fierce sounds, mingled with these, were equally new and terrific to my ears. One voice, however, was so grand in its notes of sullen rage, that I could not help asking a soldier, who sate on horseback near me, from what wild beast it proceeded. The man answered, that it was a Lion; but then what laughter arose among some of the rabble, that had overheard my interrogation; and what contemptuous looks were thrown upon me by the naked negroes, who sate grinning in the torch-light, on the top of their carriages! Then one or two of the soldiers would be compelled to ride into the midst of the confusion, to separate some of these wretches, fighting with their whips about precedence in the approaching entrance to the Amphitheatre; and then it seemed to me that the horses could not away with the strong sickly smell of some of the beasts that were carried there, for they would prance, and caper, and rear on end, and snort as if panic-struck, and dart themselves towards the other side; while some of the riders were thrown off in the midst of the tumult, and others, with fierce and strong bits, compelled the frightened or infuriated animals to endure the thing they abhorred—in their wrath and pride forcing them even nearer than was necessary to the hated waggons. In another quarter, this close-mingled pile of carts and horses was surmounted by the enormous heads of elephants, thrust high up into the air, some of them with the huge lithe trunks lashing and beating (for they too, as you have heard, would rather die than snuff in the breath of these monsters of the woods,) while the tiara'd heads of their leaders would be seen tossed to and fro by the contortions of these high necks, whereon for the most part they had their sitting-places. There was such a cry of cursing, and such a sound of whips and cords, and such blowing of horns, and whistling and screaming; and all this mixed with such roaring, and bellowing, and howling from the savage creatures within the caged waggons, that I stood, as it were, aghast and terrified, by reason of the tumult that was round about me."

But an exhibition of more fearful interest follows. He is taken in Rubellia's chariot to the Amphitheatre, the Coliseum; that place in which the grandeur of imperial opulence, and the horrors of Heathenism, seem to have met in one unequalled consummation. The passage is very eloquent, picturesque, and touching. The author treads upon untried ground, and he treads with a learned and manly step.

"Behold me, therefore, in the midst of the Flavian Amphitheatre, and seated, under the wing of this luxurious lady, in one of the best situations which the range of benches set apart for the females and their company, afforded. There was a general silence in the place at the time we entered and seated ourselves, because proclamation had just been made that the gladiators, with whose combats the exhibition of the day was appointed to commence, were about to enter upon the arena, and shew themselves in order to the people. As yet, however, they had not come forth from that place of concealment to which so many of their number were, of necessity, destined never to return; so that I had leisure to collect my thoughts, and to survey for a moment, without disturbance, the mighty and most motley multitude, piled above, below, and on every side around me, from the lordly senators, on their silken couches, along the parapet of the arena, up to the impenetrable mass of plebeian heads which skirted the horizon, above the topmost wall of the Amphitheatre itself. Such was the enormous crowd of human beings, high and low, assembled therein, that when any motion went through their assembly, the noise of their rising up or sitting down could be likened to nothing, except, perhaps, the far-off sullen roaring of the illimitable sea, or the rushing of a great night-wind amongst the boughs of a forest. It was the first time that I had ever seen a peopled amphitheatre—nay, it was the first time that I had ever seen any very great multitude of men assembled together, within any fabric of human erection; so that you cannot doubt there was, in the scene before me, enough to impress my mind with a very serious feeling of astonishment—not to say of veneration. Not less than eighty thousand human beings, (for such they told me was the stupendous capacity of the building,) were here met together. Such a multitude can nowhere be regarded, without inspiring a certain indefinite indefinable sense of majesty; least of all, when congregated within the wide sweep of such a glorious edifice as this, and surrounded on all sides with every circumstance of ornament and splendour, befitting an everlasting monument of Roman victories, the munificence of Roman princes, and the imperial luxury of universal Rome. Judge then, with what eyes of wonder all this was surveyed by me, who had but of yesterday, as it were, emerged from the solitary stillness of a British galley—who had been accustomed all my life to consider as among the most impressive of human spectacles, the casual passage of a few scores of legionaries, through some dark alley of a wood, or awe-struck village of barbarians.

"Trajan himself was already present, but in nowise, except from the canopy over his ivory chair, to be distinguished from the other Consul that sate over against him; tall, nevertheless, and of a surety very majestic in his demeanour; grave, sedate, and

benign in countenance, even according to the likeness which you have seen upon his medals and statues. He was arrayed in a plain gown, and appeared to converse quite familiarly, and without the least affectation of condescension, with such Patricians as had their places near him; among whom Sextus and Rubellia pointed out many remarkable personages to my notice; as for example, Adrian, who afterwards became emperor; Pliny, the orator, a man of very courtly presence, and lively, agreeable aspect; and, above all, the historian Tacitus, the worthy son-in-law of our Agricola, in whose pale countenance I thought I could easily recognize the depth, but sought in vain to discover any traces of the sternness of his genius. Of all the then proud names that were whispered into my ear, could I recollect or repeat them now, how few would awaken any interest in your minds! Those, indeed, which I have mentioned, have an interest that will never die. Would that the greatest and the best of them all were to be remembered only for deeds of greatness and goodness!

"The proclamation being repeated a second time, a door on the right hand of the arena was laid open, and a single trumpet sounded, as it seemed to me, mournfully, while the gladiators marched in with slow steps, each man—naked, except being girt with a cloth about his loins—bearing on his left arm a small buckler, and having a short straight sword suspended by a cord around his neck They marched, as I have said, slowly and steadily; so that the whole assembly had full leisure to contemplate the forms of the men; while those who were, or who imagined themselves to be skilled in the business of the arena, were fixing, in their own minds, on such as they thought most likely to be victorious, and laying wagers concerning their chances of success, with as much unconcern as if they had been contemplating so many irrational animals, or rather, indeed, I should say, so many senseless pieces of ingenious mechanism. The wide diversity of complexion and feature exhibited among these devoted athletes, afforded at once a majestic idea of the extent of the Roman empire, and a terrible one of the purposes to which that wide sway had too often been made subservient. The beautiful Greek, with a countenance of noble serenity, and limbs after which the sculptors of his country might have modelled their god-like symbols of graceful power, walked side by side with the yellow-bearded savage, whose gigantic muscles had been nerved in the freezing waves of the Elbe or the Danube, or whose thick strong hair was congealed and shagged on his brow with the breath of Scythian or Scandinavian winters. Many fierce Moors and Arabs, and curled Ethiopians, were there, with the beams of the southern sun burnt in every various shade of swarthiness upon their skins. Nor did our own remote island want their representatives in the deadly procession, for I saw among the armed multitude—and that not altogether without some feelings of more peculiar interest—two or three gaunt barbarians, whose breasts and shoulders bore uncouth marks of blue and purple, so vivid in the tints, that I thought many months could not have elapsed since they must have been wandering in wild freedom along the native ridges of some Silurian or Caledonian forest. As they moved around the arena, some of these men were saluted by the whole multitude with noisy acclamations, in token, I supposed, of the approbation wherewith the feats of some former festival had deserved to be remembered. On the appearance of others, groans and hisses were heard from some parts of the Amphitheatre, mixed with contending cheers and huzzas from others of the spectators. But by far the greater part were suffered to pass on in silence;—this being in all likelihood the first—alas! who could tell whether it might not also be the last day of their sharing in that fearful exhibition!

"Their masters paired them shortly, and in succession they began to make proof of their fatal skill. At first, Scythian was matched against Scythian—Greek against Greek—Ethiopian against Ethiopian—Spaniard against Spaniard; and I saw the sand dyed beneath their feet with blood streaming from the wounds of kindred hands. But these combats, although abundantly bloody and terrible, were regarded only as preludes to the serious business of the day, which consisted of duels between Europeans on the one side, and Africans on the other; wherein it was the well-nigh intransgressible law of the Amphitheatre, that at least one out of every pair of combatants should die on the arena before the eyes of the multitude. Instead of shrinking from the more desperate brutalities of these latter conflicts, the almost certainty of their fatal termination seemed only to make the assembly gaze on them with a more intense curiosity, and a more inhuman measure of delight. Methinks I feel as if it were but of yesterday, when,—sickened with the protracted terrors of a conflict, that seemed as if it were never to have an end, although both the combatants were already covered all over with hideous gashes,—I at last bowed down my head, and clasped my hands upon my eyes, to save them from the torture of gazing thereon farther: And I had scarce done so, when Rubellia laid her hand upon my elbow, whispering, 'Look, look, now look,' in a voice of low steady impatience. I did look, but not to the arena: No; it was upon the beautiful features of that woman's face that I looked, and truly it seemed to me as if they presented a spectacle almost as fearful as that from which I had just averted

mine eyes. I saw those rich lips parted asunder, and those dark eyes extended in their sockets, and those smooth cheeks suffused with a stedfast blush, and that lovely bosom swelled and glowing; and I hated Rubellia as I gazed, for I knew not before how utterly beauty can be brutalized by the throbbings of a cruel heart. But I looked round to escape from the sight of her;—and then the hundreds of females that I saw with their eyes fixed, with equal earnestness, on the same spot of horrors, taught me, even at the moment, to think with more charity of that pityless gaze of one.

"At that instant all were silent, in the contemplation of the breathless strife; insomuch, that a groan, the first that had escaped from either of the combatants, although low and reluctant, and half-suppressed, sounded quite distinctly amidst the deep bush of the assembly, and being constrained thereby to turn mine eyes once more downwards, I beheld that, at length, one of the two had received the sword of his adversary quite through his body, and had sunk before him upon the sand. A beautiful young man was he that had received this harm, with fair hair, clustered in glossy ringlets upon his neck and brows; but the sickness of his wound was already visible on his drooping eye-lids, and his lips were pale, as if the blood had rushed from them to the untimely outlet. Nevertheless, the Moorish gladiator who had fought with him, had drawn forth again his weapon, and stood there awaiting in silence the decision of the multitude, whether at once to slay the defenceless youth, or to assist in removing him from the arena, if perchance the blood might be stopped from flowing, and some hope of recovery even yet extended to him. Hereupon there arose, on the instant, a loud voice of contention; and it seemed to me as if the wounded man regarded the multitude with a proud, and withal contemptuous glance, being aware, without question, that he had executed all things so as to deserve their compassion, but aware, moreover, that even had that been freely vouchsafed to him, it was too late for any hope of safety. But the cruelty of their faces, it may be, and the loudness of their cries, were a sorrow to him, and filled his dying breast with loathing. Whether or not the haughtiness of his countenance had been observed by them with displeasure, I cannot say; but so it was, that those who had cried out to give him a chance of recovery, were speedily silent, and the Emperor looking round, and seeing all the thumbs turned downwards, (for that is, you know, the signal of death,) was constrained to give the sign, and forthwith the young man, receiving again without a struggle the sword of the Moor into his gashed bosom, breathed forth his life, and lay stretched out in his blood upon the place of guilt."

At the close of those sanguinary exhibitions, *Thraso* the Christian is brought forward to suffer. He is offered life on recantation, but the old man is firm; the questions of his persecutors are answered by the principles of his belief; and in consideration of his ancient services, he is condemned to the more merciful death by the sword of the executioner. Valerius, already half a convert, looks on this murder with the double abhorrence excited by humanity and religion; and retires to give himself up to meditations on the guilt of Heathenism, and the beauty of Athanasia. His sleep is full of strange dreams, and he rises still perplexed with the crowds, the glare, the imperial presence, and the bloody combats. In acknowledging the strange and feverish interest which he felt in the gladiatorship, he touches on that mysterious question, the source of human interest, in those terrible trials which repel the eye by the extremes of human struggle, grief, and agony. He seems to us to have assigned the true principle, though without sufficient limitations. He attributes this wild and stern anxiety to the intense and common desire of man, to see how death is met by man. But his position seems too general for truth. There are multitudes to whom a gladiatorial exhibition would be a sight of unequivocal disgust and horror. Of the multitudes who yet would throng the place of butchery in our day, the majority would undoubtedly be of low and ruffian habits, with no deeper stimulus than brute curiosity. Our bear-baitings, cock-fights, and boxing-matches, the disgrace of our manners and our magistracy, are crowded from no motive but the gross passions for novelty, for filling a rude mind with some occupation for the time, for debauchery and gambling. Here the interest is stirred without the sympathy.

But the position, that horror is necessarily vanquished on those occasions, is untenable. The populace, who alone flock to executions, have in general but little horror to combat a great deal of the common inquisitiveness, which makes the vulgar and idle eager to see every thing that is to be seen. An execution at Newgate, and a city procession to Blackfriar's Bridge, are attended by the same restless and vagabond curiosity. In remote districts, where

executions are rare, the peasantry attend in seriousness, and perhaps in horror, but also in the feeling of novelty, and the novelty is spread over a wider space of the mind, and presses it with a more penetrating feeling than the horror. At a London execution, the habits of the populace are merely carried from the hovel to the street; and robbery, ribaldry, and blasphemy, ply at the foot of the scaffold. Valerius seems to think the desire to see of what Death is made, the superior and universal impulse. In our conception, the horror is the universal impulse, overpowered only in peculiar instances arising from the state of the individual. The educated and humane turn away from public executions, because their sensibility is alive to the horror, and their education places them above the brute curiosity. But if any man, of whatever advantages of educated humanity, were to be certain that he must die the death of a culprit, it is probable that no restraint of horror at the struggle of his dying predecessor, would withhold him from seeing how death was to be undergone. In this case, the personal sympathy would vanquish the horror.

The Roman looked on the gladiator's blood, urged by no lofty moral of the lot of human nature. He drank and gamed at it; it was one of a course of amusements; and if he preferred its desperate and fatal cruelty to them all, it was from the greater variety of the combat, its longer suspense, its display of noble forms, and daring vigour, and even from its effusion of blood, for man is by nature a savage. But with how different an interest must this combat have been witnessed by the gladiators looking through the bars of the arena, and waiting for the next summons. The crowds and splendour of the Coliseum must have been as air and emptiness before the eyes that watched the champions on the sand. With what surpassing anxiety must they have watched the gestures, the sleights of practice, the ways of evading giving the mortal blow, and when it was given, the boldest posture in which a gladiator could fall, and triumph as he fell.

Medical books are a repulsive study to the generality, but there is no man who does not read the history of his own disease.

Mankind fly from death-beds, but there is no man who would not hang over that spot of dimness, melancholy, and pain, if the patient was dying of a disease which was certainly to break down his own frame. The result seems to be, not that all men have a love for sights of pain and peril,—because all men know that they must die,—but that individual circumstances can overpower general horror. With Valerius, the anxiety to see death is the *rule*, the horror the *exception*; with us it is the contrary.

The interest felt in the sorrows of tragedy is another branch of this exciting question. But if the accomplished and delicate are content to feel, it must be without the presence of horror; all objects of direct repulsiveness must be expelled from the temple where imagination is to offer its sacrifice of tears. The deaths of the theatre are involved in every circumstance of gorgeous and lofty interest, which can hide the actual desperate pangs of dissolution. If the villain dies, our eyes are fixed upon the increased glory of justice, and the confirmed perpetual security of the helpless, whom he would have undone. If the hero falls, his bier is surrounded and made illustrious by the spirits of honour, and courage, and patriotism; the pain of the moment is overpaid by the gratitude of nations, and men are taught to covet his death for his immortality. We follow the perils of kings and chieftains on the stage, where we can have no personal sympathy. But it is, because for the time we are unquestionably under the partial illusion that they are true characters. We feel for their distresses, not from our love to see distress, but from the compassion which is a part of our nature; we trace their casualties with an anxious eye, because we are naturally anxious to know that they have escaped at last. This hope, that they will escape, and triumph, is so universal, that the death of the innocent or the magnanimous always offends the imagination. No glorious cloud of poetry covering their untimely graves, can make us forget that they and we have been wronged.

Next day, Valerius is led by the opulent widow through some of the "sights" of Rome. She finally introduces him to the temple of Apollo.

"So saying, she pointed to the solemn Doric columns which sustain the portico of the famous Temple of Apollo Palatinus,

whose shade lay far out upon the marble court before us, and passing between those brazen horsemen of which we had been speaking, we soon began to ascend the steps that lead up to the shrine. Nor can I tell you how delightful was the fragrant coolness, which reigned beneath the influence of that massive canopy of marble, to us whose eyes had been so long tasked with supporting the meridian blaze of the Italian sun, reflected from so many shining towers and glowing edifices. We entered with slow steps within the vestibule of the Temple, and stood there for some space, enjoying in silence the soft breath of air that played around the flowing fountains of the God. Then passing on, the airy hall of the interior itself received us; and I saw the statue of Phœbus presiding, like a pillar of tender light, over the surrounding darkness of the vaulted place; for, to the lofty shrine of the God of day, no light of day had access, and there lay only a small creeping flame burning thin upon his altar; but a dim and sweet radiance, like that of the stars in autumn, was diffused all upon the statue, and the altar, and the warlike trophies suspended on the inner recesses, from the sacred tree of silver that stands in the centre,—amidst the trembling enamelled leaves and drooping boughs of which hung many lamps, after the shape and fashion of pomegranates—and out of every pomegranate there flowed a separate gleam of that soft light, supplied mysteriously through the tall stem of the silver tree, from beneath the hollow floor of the Temple.

"Now, there was no one there when we first came into the place, but I had not half satisfied myself with contemplating its beauties, when there advanced from behind the statue of Apollo, a very majestic woman, arrayed in long white garments, and having a fillet of laurel leaves twined above her veil, where, parting on her forehead, its folds began to fall downwards towards her girdle. Venerable and stately was her mien, but haughty, rather than serene, the aspect of her countenance. Without once looking towards us, or the place where we stood, she went up immediately to the altar, and began to busy herself in trimming the sacred fire, which, as I have said, exhibited only a lambent and fleeting flame upon its surface. But when, with many kneelings and other ceremonies, she had accomplished this solitary service, the priestess of Apollo at length turned herself again, as if to depart into the secret place from whence she had come forth; and it was then that first, as it seemed, observing the presence of strangers, she stood still before the altar, and regarding us attentively, began to recognize the Lady Rubellia,—whom, forthwith advancing, she saluted courteously, and invited to come with the rest of us into her privacy, behind the shrine of the God.

"So saying, she herself led the way thither, Rubellia walking immediately behind her, and the rest of us in her train. Through several folding-doors did we pass, and along many narrow passages all inlaid, on roof, wall, and floor, with snow-white alabaster and rich mosaic work, until at length we came to a little airy chamber, where three young maidens were sitting with their embroidering cushions, while one, taller than the rest, whose back was placed towards us, so that we saw not her countenance, was kneeling on the floor, and touching, with slow and mournful fingers, the strings of a Dorian lyre. Hearing the sound of her music as we entered, we stood still in the door-way, and the priestess, willing apparently that our approach should remain unknown, advancing a step or two before us, said, 'Sing on, my love—I have trimmed the flame—sing on—I shall now be able to listen to all your song; but remember, I pray you, that the precincts of Phœbus are not those of Pluto, and let not your chaunt be of such funeral solemnity. Sing some gay thing—we solitaries have no need of depressing numbers.'

"'Dear aunt,' replied she that had been thus addressed, without, however, changing her attitude, 'you must even bear with my numbers such as they are; for if you bid me sing only merry strains, I am afraid neither voice nor fingers may be able well to obey you.'

"These words were spoken in a low and melancholy voice; but guess with what interest I heard them, when I perceived that they proceeded from no other lips than those of Athanasia herself. Sextus also, on hearing them, knew well enough who she was that spoke; but when he looked at me to signify this, I motioned to the youth that he should say nothing to disturb her in her singing.

"'Then please yourself,' said the priestess, laying her hand on Athanasia's shoulders; 'but do sing, for I should fain have my maidens to hear something truly of your music.'

"With that Athanasia again applied her fingers to the chords of the lyre, and stooping over them, began to play some notes of prelude, less sorrowful than what we had at first heard.

"'Ay, my dear girl,' says the priestess, 'there now you have the very secret of that old Delian chaunt. Heavens! how many lordly choirs have I heard singing to it in unison! There are a hundred hymns that may be sung to it—give us whichsoever of them pleases your fancy the best.'

"'I will try,' replied the maiden, 'to sing the words you have heard from me before. If I remember me aright, you liked them.'

"Then boldly at once, yet gently, did her voice rush into the current of that old strain that you have heard so often; but it

was then that I myself for the first time heard it.

"The moon, the moon is thine, O night,
Not altogether dark art thou;
Her trembling crescent sheds its light,
Trembling and pale, upon thine ancient brow.

"The moon is thine, and round her orb
A thousand sweet stars minister,
Whose twinkling rays dark wells absorb,
And all the wide seas drink them far and near.

"They kiss the wide sea, and swift smiles
Of gladness o'er the waters creep;
Old hoary rocks rejoice, and isles,
And there is glory on the slumbering deep.

"Afar—Along the black hill's side,
Right blithe of heart the wanderers go.
While that soft radiance, far and wide,
Gleams on the winding streams and woods below.

"And gaily for the fragile bark,
Through the green waves its path is shorn,
When all the murmurs of the dark
Cold sea lie calm'd beneath that gliding horn.

"Yet hail, ye glittering streaks, that lie
The eastern mountain tops upon!
Hail, ye deep blushes of the sky,
That speak the coming of the bridegroom sun!

"Hail to the healing beam of day,
That rouses every living thing!
The forest gulphs confess thy sway,
And upon freshening branches glad birds sing.

"And loathsome forms, that crept unseen
Beneath the star-light faint and wan,
Cower in their brakes the thorns between,
Dreading that fervid eye, and its sure scan.

"Triumphant—Welcome life and light;
Sing rocks and mountains, plain and sea!
Fearful, though lovely, was the night,
Hail to more perfect beauty—hail to THEE!"

We have hitherto abstained from quoting the passages in which the impression of Christianity is made on the lover's mind. The subject is too solemn for criticism; but the interview with Athanasia, then under the expectation of martyrdom, is full of fervid and hallowed dignity.

"The child led me, therefore, into the adjoining chamber, and tapped gently at a door on the other side of it. The voice of the old priest bade us come in, and Athanasia, who had been sitting by his side, arose with him to receive me. She was dressed in a simple white tunic, her hair was braided in dark folds upon her forehead, her countenance was calm, and, but for the paleness of her lips, and a certain something that was just visible in her eyes, I should have said that her gravity scarcely partook of sadness. When, however, we had exchanged our salutations, it was evident that some effort had been necessary for all this appearance of serenity; for her voice trembled when she spoke to me,—yes, her voice trembled in every tone, and, as she stooped to caress my young guide, who had sate down by her feet upon the ground, I saw the tear that had been gathering drop heavily, and lose itself among the bright clusters of the little damsel's hair.

"The girl, in the meantime, perceiving nothing of Athanasia's trouble, continued to play with a linnet which sate upon her finger, and to imitate, after her childish fashion, the notes of the bird. From time to time she turned round, as if to attract the lady's notice to the beauty of her favourite, and lifted upwards her smiling eyes, the pure azure of which reflected the careless glee of innocence. But, at length, another and another drop fell full upon the cheeck of the damsel, and then she looked upwards more steadily, and, seeing that, in truth, Athanasia wept, her own eyes began immediately to overflow with the ready tears of childhood. Athanasia pressed the girl to her bosom, and made one struggle more—but it would not do—for her heart was running to the brim, and, at last, with one passionate sob, all the sluices gave way, and she was dissolved at once in a flood of weeping. I took her unresisting hand, and imitated, as best I could, the language of that consolation, which, alas! I had not to give. But it seemed as if my poor whispers only served to increase the misery they were meant to still. She stooped, and covered her face with her hands, and sobs and tears were mingled together, and the blood glowed red in her neck, in the deep agony of her lamentation.

"I looked round, and saw that the old priest was moved at first scarcely less than myself by all this sorrowful sight. Yet the calmness of age deserted him not long, and after a moment there remained nothing on his countenance, but the gravity and the tenderness of compassion. He arose from his seat, and without saying a single word either to Athanasia or to myself, walked quietly towards the end of the apartment, from which when he returned, after a brief space, there was an ancient volume held open in his hand. Still, without addressing us, the old man resumed his seat, which was right over against the disconsolate maiden, and immediately, in a voice touched—and but touched—with tremour, he began to read aloud, in the Greek tongue, words which were then new, and which have ever since been in a peculiar manner dear to me. You, my friends, know them

well; and surely none are to be found in all the Scriptures more beautiful than those sacred words of the royal poet of the Hebrews.

"God," said the old man, and his voice gained strength from every word as he uttered it,—"God is our refuge and strength: a very present help in trouble.

"Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed; though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

"Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled;

"Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

"Athanasia took her hands from her face, and gradually composing herself, looked through her tears upon the old man as he proceeded."

"There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God;

"The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High;

"God is in the midst of her.

"She shall not be moved;

"God shall help her, and that right early.

"The heathen raged; the kingdoms were moved;

"He uttered his voice; the earth melted.

"The Lord of Hosts is with us;

"The God of Jacob is our refuge."

"The blood had mounted high in the countenance of Aurelius, and his voice had become strong and full, ere he reached these last words of triumphant confidence. The tears also had been all dried up on the pale cheek of Athanasia; and although her voice was not heard, I saw that her lips moved fervently along with those of the fervent priest. Even in me, who knew not well from whence they proceeded, the words of the royal prophet produced I knew not what of buoyance and of emotion, and perhaps my lips, too, had involuntarily essayed to follow them; for when he paused from his reading, the old man turned to me with a face full of benignity, and said, 'Yes, Valerius, it is even so; Homer, Pindar, Æschylus—these, indeed, can stir the blood; but it is such poetry as this that alone can sooth in sorrow, and strengthen in the hour of tribulation. Your vain-glorious Greeks called all men barbarians but themselves; and yet these words, and thousands not less precious than these, consoled the afflictions, and ennobled the triumphs of the chosen people of the race of Israel long, long years, ere ever the boasted melody of Ionian or Doric verses had been heard of. From this alone, young man, you may judge what measure of candour inhabits along with the disdain of our proud enemies,—how fairly, without question, or opportunity of defence, the charge of barbarity is heaped upon what they are pleased to call our *superstition*,—how wisely the learned and the powerful of the earth have combined in this league against the truth which they know not,—of which they fear or despise the knowledge.' The old man paused for a moment, and then laying his hand upon the volume that was open before him, and casting his eyes upwards, said, in a deep and earnest whisper, 'Surely the truth is mighty, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her.'

"'But, alas! my dear father,' said Athanasia, 'I fear me this is not the place, nor the situation, in which Valerius might be most likely to listen to your words. It may be that his own narrow escape, to say nothing of our present danger, has rendered him even more cautious than he was before.'

"'And who, my dear child,' he replied hastily,—'and who is he that shall dare to blame caution, or to preach, above all in such things as these, the rashness that is of folly? No, no; Valerius will not believe that we, like the miserable creatures whose impious songs we heard last night together, are studious only of working upon the fears of the ignorant, and harassing, with dark and lying dreams, the imaginations of the simple. Here, (he laid his hand once more upon the sacred volume,)—*Here* are no wild stories of blood-thirsty deities, and self-sacrificing maniacs. *Here* all is plain—clear—perspicuous. *Here* is that which Socrates vainly sought by all the ingenuity of reason. *Here* is that of which some faint and mysterious anticipations would appear to have been shadowed forth in the sublime obscurity of the visions of Plato. *Here* is that which, as that Mighty Martyr that died in this very city hath said, innumerable prophets and kings of the old time desired to see, and yet saw not. Do nothing rashly, young man; but it is possible, as you yourself well know, that this may be the last opportunity I shall ever have of speaking with you; and therefore, before we part, I must needs charge you solemnly, that henceforth you are not one of those who are altogether ignorant; and that if your knowledge increase not, the sin shall be upon your head. I charge you, Valerius, (he rose from his seat as he spake,) I charge you, that when you return once more to your native island, you blot not out from your memory the things that you have seen and heard in this great city of light and of darkness. Examine—judge—ask aid, and aid shall not be refused you—but I charge you, as your soul is precious, I charge you once more, young man, neither to overlook in carelessness, nor to reject in rashness. I take Athanasia to witness for me, that I have given you the warning that is needful.'"

The concealments and sufferings of the early Christians, make a consider-

able portion of this work. The subject, interesting as it is, has, we believe, never been touched before in novels, and the author deserves the praise of having brought forward this solemn portion of our history in its appropriate spirit—deep, reverent, and scriptural. On one of those meetings—sublime and melancholy meetings!—that gathered the persecuted people of God at midnight in caves, and tombs, and forests, to pray and read the Bible, Valerius has been an unintentional intruder, and he becomes an almost unconscious convert. But the Christian assemblies have been from time to time mingled with individuals who looked to them for the materials of future public convulsion. Cotilius, a traitor, under the disguise of a proselyte, is seized, and the Christians involved with him. His execution is a powerful picture of the fierce resolution, that "dies and makes no sign." The contrast between the sleeping and innocent beauty in the chamber, and the daring villain girding up his strength for death in the square below, is admirable.

"No lamp was burning within the chamber, but through one of its two windows, both of which stood open to receive the mild air of the evening, there entered a wavering glare of deep saffron-coloured light, which shewed me Athanasia extended on her couch, her head pillowed upon her left arm, and her right hand buried in the mazes of her dark hair, which lay loose and dishevelled upon her placid bosom. I say placid, for, fierce and unnatural as was the inconstant gleam that passed and repassed over her features, its ominous and troubled hue had no power to mar the image of her sleeping tranquillity. There lay she, her large serene eye-lids closed in their calmness upon orbs that were so soon to be awakened upon all the fierceness of peril—all the gloom of terror. A smile—a sweet composed smile sate on her virgin lips, and her tunic scarce betrayed the modest heaving of her bosom. I hung over her for a moment, and was about—Oh! how unwillingly—to disturb that slumber—perhaps that last slumber of peace and innocence—when the chamber-walls were visited with a broader and a yet deeper glare, and my footsteps, I know not by what instinct, were drawn half unconsciously to the window by which the light had access.

"'Caius, Caius,' she whispered, as I stepped from beside the couch; 'why do you leave me, Valerius; stay, stay, my Valerius.'

"I looked back, but her eye-lids were still closed; the same calm smile was upon her dreaming lips. The light streamed redder and more red—All in an instant became as quiet without as within. I approached the open window, and saw Cotilius standing far below in the midst of the prison-court; the torches all around—the horsemen drawn up in silence on either side—and a single soldier close behind him, resting upon an unsheathed glittering sword, as in expectation of the signal.

"Sabinus, meantime, who sate on horseback immediately over against the prisoner, was stooping down and speaking with Silo; but ere I had looked for another moment, he dismissed the jailor, and I saw him nod to the trumpeter, who immediately lifted his trumpet to his mouth. Cotilius shewed, by one rapid gesture, that he understood the meaning of the nod, and seemed to plant himself with more firmness upon his feet, his eye all the while being fixed stedfastly upon the Centurion. The glare of the torches was so strong, that I saw every thing as clearly as if the scene had passed at noon-day. I saw Cotilius' keen blue eye as fierce as ever—I saw his lips pressed together steadily upon his teeth—I saw that the blood was still fervid in his cheeks, for the complexion of this man was of the same bold and florid brightness so uncommon in Italy, which you have seen represented in the pictures of Sylla, and even the blaze of the torches seemed to strive in vain to heighten its natural scarlet. The trumpet was, as I have said, at the man's lips, and the soldier had lifted his sword from the ground, and my eye was fixed, as if by fascination, upon the bare throat of the prisoner, when suddenly a deep voice was heard amidst the deadly silence, calling several times, 'Cotilius! Cotilius!—look up, Cotilius!'

"The eye of Cotilius obeyed the summons more slowly than that of any other person who was present there—but at last it did obey it; and he, and I, and all the rest, beheld Aurelius Felix, the Christian priest, standing at an open window, not far distant from that at which I myself was placed; and it was evident to all, that it was from the old man's lips the voice had proceeded. Cotilius regarded him stedfastly for a moment, and then resumed his former posture; but the old man called again more loudly than before—'Cotilius, Cotilius!' said he, and he stretched forth his fettered hand as he spake, and the sound of his voice was alike clear, earnest, and solemn—'Cotilius! I charge thee, look upon the hand from which the blessed water of baptism was cast upon thy head. I charge thee, look upon me, and say truly, ere yet the blow be given, upon what hope thy thoughts are fixed?—Is this sword bared against the rebel of Cæsar, or a martyr of Jesus?—I charge thee, speak ere thy blood flows;—and for thy soul's sake, speak truly.'

"Cotilius kept his eye upon the old man,

while he was speaking, but I could not observe the least change in the expression of his countenance. When he was done, and even the soldiers that stood about appeared to be expecting his answer—a single bitter motion of derision passed over his lips, and he nodded, as if impatiently, to the Prætorian whose lips were upon the end of the trumpet. The man blew, and while yet the surrounding arches were echoing the sound, the sword-bearer had executed his office, and the headless trunk fell heavily upon the pavement. Instinctively I turned me on the instant from the bloody spectacle, and my eye rested again upon the couch of Athanasia—but not upon the vision of her tranquillity. The clap with which the body of Cotilius fell upon the smooth stones of the court, had, perhaps, reached the sleeping ear, and we all know with what swiftness thoughts chase thoughts in the wilderness of dreams. So it was that she started in her sleep, at the very moment when the mortal blow was given."

Difficulties continue to crowd round the lovers, till, by the lenity of Trajan, and the persevering friendship of the Prætorian Sabinus, they leave behind them the dangerous grandeurs of the Imperial City, and embark for Britain. Sabinus marries the widow, and Sextus, made happy with a younger and more gentle bride, inhabits the Roman villa of Valerius. Before he leaves Italy for ever, the Briton is witness to the rejoicings on his friend's marriage.

"He pointed through an opening among the thick trees on the right hand, and we perceived, indeed, at some distance below us by the river side, innumerable symptoms of magnificent festivity. The great arcades of the villa were blazing from end to end with lamps and torches, displaying in distinctness that almost rivalled that of noon-day, every gilded cupola and sculptured porch, and all the long lines of marble columns that sustained the proud fabric of the Valerian mansion.

"In front of the main portico, and all along the broad steps of its ascent, stood crowds of people, as if in expectation. Before them, girls and boys all clad in white raiment, were dancing on the lawn to the sound of a joyful tabor. A confused hum of gladness ascended from every part of the illuminated pile. 'Come, my boy, push on cheerily,' quoth the Centurion; 'if you don't, we may chance after all to be too late for the great moment. The procession, it is evident, can be but a little way before us—and I, Valerius,' he added in a whisper, 'must not lose the benefit of the rehearsal.'

"At the gate-way, which opened a little farther on into the gardens, we found the two faithful freedmen, Boto and Dromo, waiting for us with horses richly caparisoned, (for they knew not how we might travel from the city,) and with change of dress for the whole of us. We passed under the porch of a small rural chapel that stood near the gate, and there Sabinus and I exchanged our military attire for the peaceful gown, in which alone we could with propriety appear in the nuptial celebration. Athanasia, for her part, threw over all her dress a long veil of white, for she alone durst not shew her face in the precincts, where of right she was mistress. We then mounted the new steeds that had been prepared for us, and dashing through the grove that edged the lawn, joined the bridal procession just at the moment when it had come in front of the villa—and all the merry clamour of shouting, and all the bursting melody of lutes and cymbals, saluted the first appearance of the curtained litter, in which the young Sempronia was borne in the midst of her attendant pomp of horsemen and chariots.

"Conspicuous in front of all rode, in his lofty car, the Flamen of Jupiter, arrayed in his long purple robe, and wearing on his head the consecrated diadem. The priestess of Apollo, too, was there, surrounded with all her damsels, ruling, or seeming to rule with her own hand, the milk-white horses of the sun that pawed the ground before her burnished wheels. Gay horsemen checked their steeds amidst the blaze of torches, and the peals of music. White-robed damsels and youths, advancing from the portal, chaunted the Hymenæan. Far and wide nuts and rose-buds were scattered among the torch-bearing throng. Young Sextus leaped from his horse, and the litter touched the ground, and the bride, wrapped all over in her saffron-coloured veil, was lifted, gently struggling, over the anointed threshold. Sabinus swelled the hymenæal chorus with his ever-cheerful voice; while poor Athanasia—my own unsaluted bride—she stood apart from all the clamour, gazing through her veil—it may be through her tears—upon the festal pageant.

"We ventured not into the blazing hall, till all the rest had entered it. The symbolic fleece had already been shorn from the spotless lamb, and all were preparing to pass into the chambers beyond, where the tables appeared already covered with the wedding-feast. Every one was glad, and every one was busy, and no one regarded us as we stood beneath the pillars of the hall,—contemplating the venerable images of my ancestors, that were arranged all around us—from the mouldered bust of the great Publicola, down to the last of the lineage, the princely Cneius, whose inheritance was and was not mine. There were

moments, I cannot conceal it, in which some feelings of regret were mingled with the admiration, which I could not refuse to the spectacle of all the ancient grandeur that for the first, and for the last time, I was gazing on. But Athanasia leaned upon me as I stood there, and all things seemed well, when I felt the pressure of her bosom.

"Ere long, Dromo approached us, and led us aside from the scene of all the noisy merriment into an upper chamber, where, divested of her veil, the lovely bride of Sextus stood waiting to fold Athanasia in one parting embrace to her bosom. I turned aside, and witnessed not their farewell tears.

"Licinius, Lucius, Velius, and the Priestess, came into the bridal chamber, with the wreathed cup. It was then that, in their presence, I proclaimed Athanasia for my bride. They kissed her pale cheek—once and again she returned the salute—and with slow steps we took our departure. Sabinus, the good Sabinus, walked along with us down the dark alley that led to the river side. The two freedmen were already sitting at their oars—we bade adieu to the Centurion—tenderly the kind man bade us both adieu—and I lifted my Athanasia, weeping natural tears devoid of bitterness, into the little boat which had been prepared for us."

The extent of our quotations is the best evidence of our gratification in the work. It has some trivial peculiarities of style. The cadence of the prose is sometimes too measured; it has even a scriptural formality. Occasional phrases occur unusual to, at least, a Southern ear. "Of a surety—so saying—a certain man—ere long—in a word—mine for my," &c.

Those blemishes are too trivial to be observed on, but as matters of simple alteration. The writer has shewn highly valuable acquirements, for the illustration of ancient times, in the most pleasing form of graceful fiction; he has the learning, the language, and the imagination. His triumph is secure.

NEW-YEARS'S DAY CONGRATULATIONS.

Dear Public,

There exists in the bosom of every parent, as you well know, a bond of natural affection, which, while it acts as a corrective of all animosity towards his children, likewise operates as an incentive to a free and unreserved communication of sentiment. Therefore, as you are quite aware of our regarding you with truly fatherly affection, it is to be expected that we sometimes descend from our lofty seat of magisterial authority, unbend ourselves before you, and, forgetting the formalities of wisdom, lay open those minutiæ of the heart; which, of however little importance they may be of themselves, form a great part of the happiness or misery of every human being.

Sure never Editor was more respected, or had greater cause for being contented with mankind in general than ourselves. Universally read at home, or nearly so,—translated into the continental languages—transported to America, perhaps to New South Wales—and the text book of either India—we are quite a citizen, and civilizer of the world, and perhaps a greater philanthropist than Mr. Bennet himself. Contributions crowd in upon us from the four winds of heaven; and we can boast of being a favourite in almost every considerable city of the earth,—always excepting Tombuctoo; the reading public being there, we should suspect, things of futurity.

But, notwithstanding all this happiness, we have a small complaint to make, and it regards you, my dear Public. Does it never strike you (with reverence be it spoken,) that your overwhelming civility may not a little usurp the time, that would otherwise be dedicated to the promotion of science, and to the cause of loyalty and good humour? But errors, which proceed from excess of good-heartedness, we shall ever be the first to pardon, and to pass over quietly. Here are we, on the 10th January; nor, since Christmas day, have we been allowed an hour's solitude in our study, or a single meal, save breakfast, in our domicile; and, for a fortnight to come, we have partial engagements for every day,

save one. Do not, we beseech you, mistake us for an alderman; and recollect, that your mistaken kindness is only adding fuel to the fire of gout. Oh! attend we pray you. * * *

We had just written thus far, when Grizzy taps at our door.—"Come in; what do you want now?"

"Nothing at all," answers Grizzy, somewhat snappishly, "it is only this collection of letters, which Peter the postman handed in. They come to seven shillings and three pence."

"Seven devils and three pence!" returned we very unphilosophically, "we wish they may be worth half as much. There is the money," said we, taking the silver from our black silk breeches' pocket, and the three pence from the chimney-piece. "And shut the door after you, burd Grizzy."

A rare collection, indeed, thinks we to ourself, where the deuce have they all come from. Let us see, said we, adjusting our spectacles. By the powers this resembles the *fist* of the "laurel-honouring Laureate." What was our pleasure, surprise, and gratification, when, on breaking the seal, we found our hopes realised, and read as under.

THE BENISON.

ΚΑΤΑΡΑΙ, ΩΣ ΚΑΙ ΤΑ ΑΛΕΚΥΡΥΟΝΟΝΕΟΤΤΑ, ΟΙΚΟΝ ΑΕΙ ΟΨΕ ΚΕΝ ΕΠΑΝΗΕΑΝ ΕΓΚΑΘΙΣΟΜΕΝΑΙ.

I laid me down in melancholy mind;
My bosom's grief it foil'd me to gainsay;
Far off I heard the murmurs of the wind,
The cataracts roaring, and the watch-dogs bay;
And, in a little space, the dews of sleep
Fell on me with an influence calm, but deep.

Methought that on a glorious mount I stray'd,
With tombs and an observatory crown'd;
And, overtopp'd with flag that nobly sway'd,
A monumental pillar huge and round,
Raised to the manes of that naval star,
Whose glory set in blood at Trafalgar.

And, stretching far around, a city lay,
With spires and battlements magnificent,
And castellated domes, that to the day
And open sky their towering summits sent;
With palace old, where nobles made resort,
Where Rizzio died, and Mary held her court.

Methought that then I met a little Man,
With glittering black eye, and with bristling hair;
Attendant were his sneering, dark divan,
And in the front he stepp'd with haughty air;
In blue and yellow were the legion clad,
A pert, precise, and domineering squad.

"Behold his cabbage laurel!" one exclaim'd;
"Look on the renegado," said the next;
"Lo! poor Hexameter all torn and maim'd,"
Yell'd out a third, "the L. L. D. perplex'd:"
In indignation then I cursed the whole,
And pray'd Destruction's wheels might o'er them roll:

Nor was my prayer in vain; they hobbled on
  Short way, and then evanish'd all to smoke;
And, sitting on a purple girded throne,
  A more beatic vision on me broke;
The vision of a veil'd Man, ripe in years,
Sitting elate amid his joyous peers.

Me he beheld, admiring as he ought,
  Me, the philologist, historian, bard,
Whom Fame hath to her inner chamber brought,
  And crown'd to consummate my labours hard;
Me, whom all after ages must admire,
For bold historic truth, and glowing lyre.

Around that masked man, as I have said,
  Sate a great crowd of chosen spirits bright;
Destined the reign of loyalty to spread,
  And cheer the land with intellectual light;
No other legion might with that compare,
Men of all arts and sciences were there.

My nobly won supremacy they own'd,
  Own'd as they ought to do; and, in return,
Raising my brow with laurel chaplets crown'd,
  And feeling in my bosom reverence burn,
I prophesied in sleep:—they gladden'd all,
As on each head the benison did fall.

But, chiefly, on that Veiled Man on high,
  Rested my thought; and, forward as I strode,
I fix'd upon his chin my stedfast eye,
  And instant felt the workings of the god,
Whose upward boiling inspirations came,
Gushing between my lips, in words of flame.

I condemn every foe
To the regions below,
In torture and toil
There to burn, bake, and boil
Through all ages; while thou,
When I am no more,
Shall wear on thy brow,
If the King wishes so,
The laurels I wore.
For, none can there be
More worthy than thee
To sit under that crown,
That green wreath of renown,
Which has come down to me
From great Spenser and Dryden;
And, of course, goes to thee,
If the flesh you abide in.
  Whoe'er shall come forth
Against Christopher North
Shall have death for his lot;
He shall look like a zany,
His fears shall be many
As peas in a pot.—
Long, long mayst thou reign
Over science and art;
May no arrow of pain
Ever come near thy heart;
May the wise ever look
As their master on thee,
And each page of thy book
Like a talisman be,
To enlighten the land,
And to link them in whole;
To nerve every hand,
And to strengthen each soul;
That Britain may nourish
True loyalty's fires;
And liberty flourish,
In the land of our sires.
May the gout, and the radical,
Shun thee, and fly thee,
And state quacks, and medical,
Fear to come nigh thee!—
And, may thy bright divan
Be all true to a man;
And oh, may their wit,
For all purposes fit,
Never flash in the pan!
May each head be as clear
As a glass of champaign,
And dimness, and dulness ne'er
Trouble the brain!
May they long take their doses,
And wag their smart tongues
At lofty Ambrose's,
Or gentle Bill Young's!

May coughs and catarrhs
Be affrighted to steer them;
And gripes, and rheumatics,
And other ecstatics,
Be ashamed to come near them;

And, sound in the intellects,
Fancy, and liver,
Keep their youth like the eagles,
For ever, and ever!!!

Bravo! Laureate, L. L. D. and member of the Royal Spanish Academy. Let the paltry dogs bark as they will, but thou art a noble fellow; and, even allowing the hexameters not to be in the best possible taste, there is not a poet living who would not jump, on being called to father the Thalaba, the Madoc, and the Roderic. Long for thee may the butt of sherry run sparkling; may the laurel adorn thy living temples; and may thy enemies find, that "curses are like young chickens, they always come home to roost!"

So, laying thee aside, who is this that comes next? The hand-writing is truly very neat, and unauthor like. Let us see, said we, it bears the London post-mark. Crack goes the vermilion seal—another poem! the initials T. C. What, can this be Campbell? If so, why so diffident, as not write his name at large.

EFFUSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

As, at the sun's uprise, the shades of grey
Shrink from the landscape's breast, and melt away,
Earth feels abroad a renovated glow,
More bright her forests bend, her rivers flow,
And, high in air, when other pipes are mute,
Soars up the lark young morning to salute;
So, when the intellectual sun appears,
The shadowy cloud of ignorance and fears
Disperses momently; and leaves the land,
As by the wave of some enchanter's wand,
Reclaim'd from all the ills of earthly care,
A second Eden, beautiful and fair!

Star of the Northern sky! whose glittering ray
Streams like a host of suns, a milky way;
What other planet rolls, whose powerful shine
Fades not to littleness, compared with thine;
What other glory can with thee compare,
Like Saturn mighty, and like Venus fair!

Hail to thee, North! in vision'd bliss, I see
Long years of happiness roll on to thee;
And far withdrawing, mellow'd, but sublime,
Thy glowing path along the march of Time!
Lo! o'er wide ocean deep thy powers extend,
And, to thy wisdom, Bramah's children bend;
The quiver'd Hindoo, deck'd in gorgeous weeds,
Mid cocoa forests, kindles as he reads;
The giant Patagonian to the sea
Turns many a wistful look, and longs for thee;
While the dwarf'd Laplander his sledge forsakes,
The ashes of his hearth together rakes,
And, by the dying embers' fitful glow,
Proclaims thee wisest of thy kind below.

Unrivall'd North! when discord was abroad,
Then did'st thou mount thy steed, and take the road;
By thee the plotting crew were overthrown,
And their dark omens on the breezes strown:
When thou must yield—far distant be the hour,—
To Time the tyrant's arbitrary power,
Admiring pilgrims from all lands will come,
And, weaving laurel wreaths, adorn thy tomb.

Thanks to thee, Thomas, thou truly art one of the Scots Worthies, and deservest credit for thy liberality in thus addressing us. You would, no doubt, like "Ye pugilists of England," which has almost (we are no egotists) as much lyrical animation as "Ye Mariners of England;" and which evinces our respect for your talents; in our making you our model in lyrical composition. We heartily commiserate you, in observing that you have so much uphill work with the New Monthly. You had better give the Nympholept your thanks, and dismiss him; and, I am sure you would find it, in every respect, more heartsome, to be enrolled in our triumphant corps. But this is only a hint; and we do not like to press matters; so you need not mention this to Colbourn, unless you are thoroughly convinced of its propriety.

Tom Moore for a guinea! exclaimed we, as we broke open a third packet. This is mindful now; and it raises you in our estimation. Certainly, Tom, thou art a "clever old fellow;" and, though now and then radico-whiggish, still most of your compositions are much above "Fudge."

EPISTLE TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

Dear Kit,
Though lately I have been
Inclined, I scarce know why, to roam,
The visitant of many a scene,
More lovely far than aught at home;
Though I have trod Italian vales,
With fruit and flowers for ever bright,
Where daylight comes, ere moonlight fails,
And nightingales enchant the night
With the soft tone, which memory loves,
By glittering streams and bloomy groves.
Though I the wine-clad hills of France
Have wander'd o'er, with bounding heart;
Where, through the evening, peasants dance,
And vow to meet, though doom'd to part;
Yet think not that the shade of thee
Hath been in memory's mirror dim:
Ah, no! old boy, I often see
Thy imaged form, in lith and limb,
Stamped like the sceptred shades, that pass
Before the shrine of Banquo's glass;
And then, absorb'd for season brief,
Upon my outspread hand I lean,
And think of many a dazzling leaf
In Erin's only Magazine!
Think not, dear Kit, when Lauerwinkel
Did drag me from Parnassus' top,
I e'er could force my heart to think ill
Of thee, although the noble fop
Within thy boards could foist his paper,
Translated from unwritten German;
And try, with cant, and cut, and caper,
To please the land's malicious vermin.
No, Kit, I love thy frankness yet;
Thou first to fright, or to cajole us:
Nor did I for a moment fret,
Though forced to gulp the bitter bolus:
Go on, old boy, I love thy fun,
And laugh at all the stupid pigs,
Who shake their heads; but, rum old one,
Don't be so hard upon the Whigs;

Or, by St Patrick, I'm afraid,
That, ere another Christmas fall,
Thy battery guns, so fiercely play'd
With chain-shot, shall destroy us all.

Farewell, old boy! on New-Year's day,
In love, I write this hurried letter,
In hopes the cough is now away,
And that the gnawing gout is better;—
For long, long years, oh mayst thou shine,
The planet of the northern sky,
And Ebony's peerless Magazine
To all the ends of Europe fly!
Farewell, dear North! success to thee,
Thou peerless, restless, jocund fellow;
Though thou hast caused my friends and me
To look a little blue and yellow!

Good Heavens! all poetry together! said we, as the fourth epistle displayed its snowy square before us. We are acquainted, as we before took an opportunity of letting the Public know, with three thousand versifiers, among whom are 1880 men of the greatest genius; but, in gratitude for this acknowledgment of our friendship, we never expected that we were to be inundated with such a torrent of New-Year's day compliments. But modesty ever has its own reward. Whether luckily or not, this one is short.

TO THE VEILED MAGICIAN.

North! many a time upon thy glory musing,
Mid leafiness, I roam up Hampstead Hill,
When through white clouds Apollo is infusing
Brightness, and milk-maids kneel their pails to fill,
Beside the meek cow ruminant. I feel
That thou hast beat and buffeted me about,
More than the cook-maid doth an old dish-clout;
Yet I must still admire thee;—ribs of steel,
Like Spenser's man, are thine; thou carest not
For blows from soft Italian palms like mine.
Since it must be so, brightly mayst thou shine,
And long. I came to curse, but I cannot;
Therefore, may thy bright fountain never fail,
And Wisdom's long-jerk'd feather o'er thee swale!

☞

The hepdomadal hand! hear it, O Heavens! and believe, O Earth! The Jupiter of the Olympus of Cockaigne has, instead of launching thunderbolts at us, as he has often threatened, poured a phial of nectar, in the shape of a sonnet, on our bald crown; its kindly influence has extended itself even to the skirts of our robe; and acted as a balsam, also to the ball of our rheumatic toe itself. Well, this is kind, warm-hearted, and just as it should be. When a wanderer returns from the error of his ways, and volunteers a civil call, we know better than to slap the door in his face. Wonders will never cease; and, for all that has happened yet, there may yet subsist between Rimini and ourselves, something "like a how-d'ye-do-Georgy-my-boy sort of familiarity."

But we must get on; for we do not deny, that we sometimes require a nap, like other folks, though we have no ambition that our writings should be considered as soporifics. Well do we know this Miltonic fist! Well do we re-

cognise the spell, that awakens in our minds the bold and majestic scenery of mountain solitudes, the wild forest, and the foaming cataract. Thy greetings are honourable to us, and are valued as they deserve to be. The gratulation of one of the purest hearts, and one of the most sublime of British intellects, is surely worth more than a new farthing; and we say so, without disparagement to that neat and sovereign-looking coin. Thanks to Wordsworth!

TOKENS OF NATURAL AFFECTION.

——— As from the lowly meadow ground,
With congregated vapours, dank and dense,
O'erhung, a beauteous breaking-up takes place,
When the sun rises; and a mass of clouds,
Fleecy and thin, of half-transparent hue,
In the bright atmosphere evaporate,
Leaving the meadow-ground all fresh and green,
Beneath the morning dews; so did the mass
Of dark designers, and ill-boding men,
Disperse before thee, Christopher, and leave
Only the traces of their flight behind.

Sequester'd, on a rural mount, I dwell
Among the hills; listening, amid my walks,
Thy thunders, stern Lodoar! or noontide song
Of birds amid the branches caroling
Of lofty elm or beech-tree; toppling o'er
Some rocky precipice; and, with its boughs,
Forming a far-encircling coronal,
By Nature hung in its deep leafy mass,
Above the mirror of the silent tarn,
Whose undisturbed waters sleep below.—
—Or, haply, when the western heavens are tinged
With orange light, sauntering adown the dale
In solitude, and watching the first ray
Of Evening's glittering star, the loveliest
Of all that stud the glowing galaxy.—
Yet, though sequester'd from the world I dwell,
Nursing in solitude the lofty thought
Of poesy; yet deem not, Christopher,
That, to my musing soul, the busy world
Is as an ocean, whose tremendous waves
Unmoved I hear, far distant; deem not thou,
Bright, venerable sage, that I forget
My English birth-right; that my bosom ne'er
Mourns o'er my country's sorrows; and swells proud
To think the ancient spirit of our clime
Not utterly degenerate hath grown,
But still can boast of thee, and such as thee!

A bright and bold noviciate thou hast pass'd;
And, Christopher, amid thy country's great,
Amid her loftiest and her noblest sons,
Thy name is placed; and at thy parlour-door,
Were Death, the skeleton, to tap to-night:
Openly I speak it, and without the fear
Of contradiction, that no greater head
Hath his scythe humbled, or his shaft laid low.

But why on death dilate, and nature's debt?
Living and life-like, in thy elbow chair
Thou sittest, cherishing thy gouty toe,
Flannel enwrapt, upon the crimson stool,

My Lady Morgan's handsome compliment.
Around thee, in huge piles, like drifted heaps
Of snow piled up by veering winds, are tomes,
Many uncut, with party-colour'd boards,
And with elastic backs, so beautiful!
Written by the living lustres of the land,
Who toil for praise or profit—haply both.—
There in thy parlour snug, with book in hand,
Thou peerest through the pages, scanning out
The worthy, and with most appropriate words,
Telling the world so; while thy sentiments
Are noted by a clerk, a sharp-eyed lad,
With dexterous quill, who wondering looks at thee,
Wondering from whence thy boundless knowledge flows;
And noting what thou bidd'st him on his sheet,—
Sheet of white paper, furrow'd o'er with lines
Of sable manuscript, straightway to be sent
To printing-office, where the devils reside,
Compositors, and men with paper caps;—
Then, in a novel garb, whereon the face
Of Scotland's sage looks glorious in old age,
Borne on the wing of mails, and carriers' carts,
To the four ends of Britain; and the isle
Erin, her sister,—eke to foreign climes,
Shores Transatlantic, and far Indian lands,
Pack'd in the gloomy hold capacious
Of mighty vessel, for the voyage long,
Well stored with beef and biscuit; likewise rum,
And the pure element; with big-bellied sails
Catching the breeze; and, o'er the ocean deep,
Sailing like heron o'er a peaceful meer.

As, from the central point from where the stone
Descends amid the waters, circles spread
Wider and wider, till they reach the shores
Of the broad lake, so, Christopher, thy sale
Shall year by year increase; and, spreading still
Wider its circuit, to the utmost bound
Even of the habitable globe shall reach,
Teaching, enlightening, humanizing all!

Now, when the Christmas carols have gone by,
And the old year, into the womb of Time
Is swallow'd up, I would take up my pen,
As my heart dictates—health to wish to thee,
Prosperity, and honourable old age!—
To genius, unbefriended in the vale
Of this dim world, oh still the patron be!
And tear away the useless weeds that hide,
From eye of day, the modest violet:
So that the old may reverence thine age,
And the young rise up, as thou passest by.

Another offering at our shrine from Cockney-land! Let us adjust our spectacles—Yes! without doubt it is so—ay, and from Barry Cornwall too; that is what we did not look for; we thought that he had been for some time in bed dreaming night and day of the Deluge. We have been mistaken. Let us see again—be steady our spectacles—this is surely a Supplement to Barry Cornwall's Dream about the Nereides blowing on cow-horns, Nebuchadnezzar—sphinxes—hypogriffs—and aerial mail-coaches. It is certainly very beautiful; and, with your leave, my Public, we shall read it over to you.

PHANTASMAGORIANA.

Figures there were amid the clouds,—
Whether from sepulchral shrouds
Burst, I know not, yet delight
Came athwart me at the sight,
For in tranced dream I lay
At the close of a cold day.

Lo! a chariot, hot steeds prancing,
And behind, in ether dancing,
Lengthen'd flappings of surtout,
And great-coats with tails of blue.
From green mountains they did come,
Where the eagle his high home
Builds on Snowdon; to the north
Polarwise they sally forth,
To Dunedin by the sea,
And Tontine in West Countrèe.

Who comes riding, sailing thus
On the Hippopotamus?—
O'er the sea-like sky they glide,
But the monster that dire ride
Loves not, for the rider is
Heavy in his densities;
And smoking his curl'd pipe anon:—
That fat vision sailed on!

Crown'd like mother Cybele,
With South-Sea cap and tassel gay,
Titanlike, on war-horse white,
Rushes to the goose-quill fight,
Fierce-eyed warrior, hundred handed,
Like the giant who expanded
His huge might against high heaven,
Till by Olympian fury driven
From the field by heavenly spears,
Overcome with all his peers,
That whelm'd beneath the mountains lie,
Which overlook green Thessaly.

As great Jove his foot doth lay on,
(Vide plate in Tooke's Pantheon,)
Necks of giants overthrown,
So, on red stool stuff'd with down,
Presses he his dexter heel;—
He waves his hand, the senses reel
Of the nations far outspread,
By his magic power dazzled.
Never, on the Egypt shore,
Greater host bow'd down before
Apis, Osiris, Serapis;—
Never mightier crowd than this
Knelt to human sway—'tis fled!
The vision shadowy vanished!
But, mid futurity, mine eye
Trails of glory on the sky,
Like Auroræ darting forth,
Saw bright glittering—this was North!

Unless we are wofully mistaken, here comes Byron with his famous letter on our Magazine. We know he is blood; but he shall find us a rum customer. If he does not go plump like a bag of wool over the ropes, our name is not Christopher. "By all the gods of Greece and Hellespont," as the tragic Odoherty exclaims, here, in lieu of an epistle, we have more poetry still.

RHYMING SALUTATION.

I.

Hail, Christopher, old buck, I hope the weather,
  So damp of late, hath injured not your toe,
I would die of grief, my venerable father,
  If death, the poacher, were to lay you low;
But why these omens?—light as any feather
  In heart and hope art thou—for aught I know!
And, as thy wont is, dealing to the nation
  Wisdom with fun, and wit with botheration.

II.

'Tis a hard world, friend Kit, for here am I
  Thy junior by some thirty years or more,
Beneath the circle of a foreign sky,
  Upon the regions of another shore;
Angry, and dull of soul, I know not why,
  Doubting, yet dreaming of the days of yore,
When Hope before me like a rainbow play'd,
  And earth was Paradise by Fancy made.

III.

Some think me hair-brain'd, (that's a thought between us,)
  Some think that, lovelorn, by myself I pine;
And, it is true, I love no other Venus,
  Than bright Terpsichore, choicest of the Nine;—
Oh, many a merry hour hath, passing, seen us
  Laugh, while we made the staring world divine
That I most willingly would die to-morrow;
Being so heavy laden with deep sorrow.

IV.

All men are hypocrites, both good and bad,
  All men, however polish'd, are but knaves;
All men, however sapient, are half mad;
  All men, however free-born, are true slaves;
All critics—take not umbrage, Kit, my lad,—
  But I will stop—my Muse politely waives
The subject.—Pray now, what are you about?
And how come on the Magazine and gout?

V.

You think I hate you, for you cut me hard,
  And give me a sound drubbing now and then;
But you're mistaken, never was there bard,
  Who look'd more kindly on the sons of men;
Your approbation is my best reward;
  And to your flat I do bow me, when
You think it meet—I believe you have never seen
My famous letter on your Magazine?

VI.

But "be thou silent," as the Chaldee says,
  And, by and bye, I'll send a leading article,
Which shall make some poor ninnies look both ways,
  To Tories and to Whigs alike cathartical;
Only you pledge me, that you shan't erase
  One epithet, or change a single particle;
I'll have a general set-to on affairs,
And set mankind quadrilling like tame bears.

VII.

But halt—my memory is not worth a pin,
  To right hand and to left for ever wavering,
Prudential bounds without, and now within,
  With all I meet, on all I meet palavering;
But it is almost time I should begin
  To tune my fiddle, and to leave my havering;
And give you a few stanzas, cramm'd with praise,
To warm your heart on January days.

Edina fair! Edina fair!
  Whose terraced glory spreads in pride;
Whose turrets cleave the charmed air
  From Bernard's Well to far Southside;

Where is the ancient Scottish might?
  Alas! 'tis fallen 'mid dire misuse;
And gloom, that lapses into night,
  Hangs o'er the sinking realm of Bruce!

Edina fair! Edina fair!
  Alas! that thou so prone should'st fall;
To thee did kings and courts repair,
  Thou now neglected capital!

And now, when Scotia's sword is sheath'd,
  And grim War's purple thunder-cloud
Hath rain'd away, is nought bequeath'd
  To raise thee, to oblivion bow'd?

A star hath shone! no cloud of eve
  Shall e'er obscure its glorious light,
'Twill blaze for centuries, and leave
  A tract through time, intensely bright.

Edina fair! from midst of thee,
  That star hath shed its mighty beams,
And cast its lustre o'er the sea,
  To Ganges, and to Gambia's streams.

A Phœnix glory shall be thine;
  And, as thou once wert first in arms,
Above the earth again thou'lt shine,
  The first in more substantial charms.

Fill high the cup with bright champaign!
  Fill till it sparkle o'er the brim!
Look to that star—oh, look again—
  'Tis North—we'll quaff it off to him!

Hail to thee, North! to thee again
  With bounding heart I fill the cup;
Another bumper of champaign,
  See how I turn my finger up!

The New Year dawns—long life to thee,—
  Long crutchless may'st thou move about,—
Fifty new years unfaded see,—
  And laugh at leeches, and the gout.

"Good," as Dr Pangloss would say. Well, this is more worthy a descendant of the old Byrons, than the heartless raving of the Venetian Ode; the impious sublimity of Cain; the tirade on Southey; and several other little things we could point out in his Lordship's writings. Indeed, the lyrical part of it is almost equal in enthusiasm to the splendid Bacchanalian Hymn on Greece, in the last cantos of the Don—though we forget which at present; as we do

not keep naughty books about us. What would the crowd of belles, that honour us with a forenoon call, think of the purity of North's mind, if they even supposed him capable of dipping into such a book. We are sure they would never do so themselves.

But we leave this subject at once; and, before breaking the seal, will bet the Bank of Ireland to a mealy potato, that here comes last, but not least, the congratulations of the Odontist. We are glad that he can spare as much time from his great work, as to shew us by such tokens the unalterable qualities of his friendship. It is also worthy of remark, that on this, as on former occasions, the writings of such illustrious names as the Scotts and the Byrons, should be found in juxta-position; though we suspect that you, my dear Public, will think the whole affair a matter of our own humour.

THE CHAUNT OF FRIENDSHIP.

Oh tell me not of prudence, oh deave me not, I say,
With temperance and trumpery, on this a New-Year's Day;
Come haste into the China another tankard pour,
And drain another bottle, lads, and squeeze a lemon more.

The wintry air is snell and keen; the wintry wind is cold;
There are spirits in each glass, brave boys, to make you warm and bold;
There is life in every bumper to cherish us and cheer,
And to drive the shade of care away from this commencing year.

May down the stream of human life our barks glide calmly on,
May round us never quicksands rise, and sorrows east wind moan,
But may all the days of human life to every crony here,
Be like this merry evening spent, in fellowship and cheer!

And hail to thee, Old Scotland! my voice in triumph wakes,
When I name thee, lovely region of friendship, love, and cakes;
May thy daughters still be lovely, and thy sons be ever brave,
And Freedom's banner over thee magnificently wave!

Still mayst thou be, Old Scotland, the glory of the earth,
The birth-place of Wisdom, the dwelling-place of worth;
May the tempest of contention in thy bright sky never brew,
And, like our sires, may we, their sons, be ever staunch and true!

Now fill your glasses up, brave boys, and fill them to the brim,
Leave not a drop of heeltap, when we toast the health of him,
When we toast the health of him, whose name I now shall herald forth,
And when I mention Christopher, what should come out but North.

Long may he shine the glory of this literary land,
And 'mid the host of learned men pre-eminently stand;
Oh, ne'er a New-Year's Day shall shine in which he is forgot,
While I have feet to stand upon, or while my name is Scott.

Then up upon your feet, brave boys, then up upon your feet,
And let us toast his health with the honours all complete;
And, ere the year be finish'd, may he lead to Hymen's shrine,
Some lovely nymph, and thus preserve the honours of his line!!

But hark, the bell of St Giles! It is now "the witching time of night," and we must think of addressing ourselves to sleep; perhaps we have been enticing our readers to do so for half-an-hour past. We cannot wish less than light dreams and a blythe waking to you all. Excuse this egotism. *Euge et Vale.*

C. N.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Lectures on Parables, selected from the New Testament. By the author of "Geraldine."

In the press, a Tour through Belgium. By his Grace the Duke of Rutland, embellished with Plates, after drawings by the Duchess.

Illustrations are announced of the History, Manners and Customs, Arts, Sciences and Literature of Japan, selected from Japanese MS. and printed Works. By M. Titsingh, formerly chief Agent of the Dutch East India Company at Rangasaki, a gentleman well known in India and Europe, with coloured engravings from original Japanese paintings.

The Rev. H. Milman has in the press, The Martyr of Antioch, a tragic Drama.

Mr W. H. Ireland will shortly publish France, for the last Seven Years, containing many Facts, and much valuable information, hitherto unknown; with Anecdotes, Jeu d'esprits, &c.

On the 1st of February will be published, vol. I. and Plates, livr. I. of the Description de L'Egypte, ou Recueil des Observations et des Recherches Faites en Egypte pendant l'Expedition de l'Armée Francaise. Second edition. This Work is ranked among the most splendid, important, and interesting publications that France or any other country has produced; comprising the result of much laborious research, made actually in Egypt during the space of nearly four years, by numerous men of letters and others, the most able and accomplished in various departments of Literature and Science.

On the Engravings with which it is illustrated, the French Government expended many millions of francs; they are in number 900, (of the very largest folio size,) and executed by Artists of the greatest celebrity; yet so few were the copies printed, that this Egyptian treasure has hitherto been almost inaccessible to any person not enjoying the advantages of a princely fortune.

Of the Text, four divisions will contain every circumstance relative to—1st, the Antiquities of Egypt; 2d, the Modern State; 3d, the Natural History; and, 4th, the Geography. Of the Engravings, (all in the largest folio size,) nine volumes are devoted to Antiquities, and contain 429 Plates; two volumes, comprising 170 Plates, relate to the Modern State of Egypt. The Natural History of that Country occupies two volumes, of 250 Plates; and the Geographical Atlas contains 52 Plates. Of these, (the Geographical Engravings,) each, at an average, cost 4000 francs; of the Plates relating to Natural History, 173 illustrate Zoology, 62 Botany, and 15 Mineralogy—some containing from 30 to 40 figures. Several also of the 170 Plates that exhibit Egypt, in its modern state, comprise a multiplicity of figures, and introduce us at once among the inhabitants in every minute detail of their domestic life. The engraving of one Portrait cost 6000 francs. The figure of Seyd Mustapha Pacha is deemed a master-piece; and in one of the Plates are included 17 Portraits. Of the Antiquarian department, which is pre-eminently rich, the Engravings represent all that is worthy of observation in the Temples, Palaces, Tombs, and other Monuments of Egypt; Topographical Plans of the Ancient Cities; exact Delineations of Hieroglyphical Inscriptions, Astronomical Paintings, Sculptured Devices, Manuscripts in unknown Characters, Statues, Idols, Mummies, Vases, Gems, Medals, and other precious remains. The Work will be published in 25 volumes, 8vo. and the Plates in 180 livraisons, of five Plates each. The price of the Text will be 7*s.* 6*d.* per volume, and the Plates 12*s.* 6*d.* per livraison.

A new edition of Ossian, by Mr Campbell, Surveyor of Districts in Ireland, with Notes, Illustrations, Additions, and Improvements.

Miss Spence will shortly publish a new work, entitled Old Stories, in 3 vols.

Views of America, in a Series of Letters from that country, to a friend in England, during 1818, 19, 20, by an Englishwoman (Mrs Frances Wright.) Second edition.

Essays on the Love, the Poetry, and the Character of Petrarch, are preparing for publication by Ugo Foscolo.

The Rev. J. Dachins, Editor of a Selection of Tillotson's Sermons, has in the press, a second edition of his Selection of Beveridge's Sermons.

The Hon. and Rev. Wm. Herbert has in the press, The Weird Wanderer of Jutland, a Tragedy, in five acts. 8vo.

The Chronology of the last Fifty Years, including the year 1821.

Speedily will be published, Instructions for Civil and Military Surveyors, in Topographical Plans—Drawing; forming a guide to the just conception and accurate representation of the surface of the earth in Maps and Plans. Founded upon the system of Major Lechmann, in the Saxon infantry. By William Siborn, Lieutenant H. P. 9th infantry.

Catiline, a Tragic Drama, by the Rev. G. Croly, will be published early in February.

Very speedily will be published, Mr Croly's interesting work, The Revolutions of Empires, illustrated by Christian Prophecy, being a new interpretation of the Apocalypse. We have been favoured with the following abstract of its contents:—"The author has established the coincidence of prophecy with all the more eminent events of civil history, down to the present day. 1. The prediction of the Papacy, from its assumption of temporal power, to its supremacy in the 13th century, and from that down to the French Revolution. 2. The French Revolution, in a remarkably detailed prophecy, hitherto totally unapplied. 3. The nature of the "Witnesses," and their history demonstrated. 4. The diffusion of the Scriptures in the present day, demonstrated. 5. The number of the Beast, "666," demonstrated. 6. The near approach of some tremendous and sanguinary convulsion of Society, in which Popery and Paganism are to expire, which is to be followed by the "Day of Judgment,"—which is to be followed by the conversion of the Jews and Pagans—which is to be followed by the Period of the Reign of God on Earth—the Millenium."

The First Number of a New Series of Ancient Irish Melodies, by Dr Roche, will be published on the 1st of February.

Mr Bernard Cohen, Editor of the Exchange List, has in considerable forwardness, a work on the Public Debts and Finances of Foreign States, with an Appendix, including a compendious view of the Increase and Present State of the National Debt.

Shortly will be published, beautifully printed in 8vo. with a portrait, The Life of William Hey, Esq. F.R.S. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London; Honorary Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, and of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, and late Senior Surgeon of the General Infirmary at Leeds. In two Parts. Part I. The Professional Life, with Remarks on his Writings.—Part II. The Moral and Social Life, with Appendices. By John Pearson, F.R.S. F.L.S. M.R.I., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, Honorary Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, and of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, &c. &c.

Lieutenant Marshall is preparing for the Press a Naval Biography, to consist of Genealogical, Biographical, and Historical Memoirs of all the Flag Officers, Captains, and Commanders of His Majesty's Fleet, living at the commencement of the Year 1822.

In the press, Tasso La Gerusalemme Liberata, 48mo. Printing by Corrall, uniformly with Horace, Virgil, and Cicero de Officiis, &c. recently published.

Constance, a Tale, by Miss Hill, author of The Poet's Child, will be published on the 1st of January.

On the 1st of February will be published, handsomely printed, in royal quarto, and dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty, A Celestial Atlas, comprising Projections of the Planispheres and particular constructions of the Signs of the Zodiac, and the Constellations in each Hemisphere, exactly as they appear in the Heavens, in a series of Thirty beautifully engraved maps, which are illustrated by scientific descriptions of their contents, and by catalogues of the Stars, from the first to the sixth magnitude inclusive, shewing by inspection, in successive columns, their names, magnitudes, right ascension in time and degrees, and their declination, with the annual difference of both; the whole accompanied by astronomical problems and exercises, analogous to those performed with the celestial globe, but adapted also to nautical and telescopic observations. By Alexander Jameson, A. M. Author of a Treatise on the Construction of Maps, a Grammar of Geography and Elementary Astronomy, Elements of Universal Science, a Grammar of Logic and Intellectual Philosophy, a Grammar of Rhetoric and Polite Literature, and Conversations on General History. Price £1, 5s. in boards, plain, £1, 10s. coloured.

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New Editions of Mr Brown's American Tales, Wieland and Ormond, are preparing for Publication.

Mr Robert Stevens, of Lloyd's, is about to put to press a Fourth and improved Edition of his Essays on Average, and on other Subjects connected with the contract of Marine Insurance; to which will be added, the Practice and Law of Mercantile Arbitrations.

First Lines of the Science of Chemistry, for the Use of Students, with Engravings. By Mr Mackenzie, Author of the Thousand Experiments in Chemistry.

The Anecdote Library, in square duodecimo, with a Brevier Type, containing 2000 Anecdotes.

Speedily will be published, in 100 volumes, Royal 18mo. a New Edition of the British Poets, commencing with Chaucer, Spenser, Cowley, and Milton; and closing with Burns, Mason, Beattie, and Cowper. Including Translations from the Greek and Roman Poets. With Johnson's Lives, and Fifty New Biographical Memoirs. Only 500 copies will be printed; 250 of which will be richly embellished with upwards of 150 Proof Plates. To be printed by Whittingham.

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A Second Edition of the Elements of Latin Prosody. By J. R. Bryce.

Mr Britton's History and Antiquities of Canterbury Cathedral, will be finished in March next. About the same time, will be completed, the Fifth Volume of the Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain.

Shortly will be published, Mr Booth's Letter to Mr Malthus, on the Subject of Population.

The Miscellaneous Works of Henry Grattan, in 8vo.

EDINBURGH.

The Fortunes of Nigel, (that is the name of the next of the Waverley Novels,) will be out in a few months. The collisions of English and Scottish Characters, Manners, and Interests, during the queer days of the British Solomon, are to furnish, we hear it whispered, the Materials of this next tragi-comedy.

Some Passages of the Life of Mr Adam Blair, Minister of the Gospel at Crossmeikle, One Volume Post Octavo, will be published in a few days. This Work is one which may be expected to make as powerful an impression on the public mind as any thing that has of late appeared. We think it fair to say so, after having been permitted to look over some of the proof-sheets—because the author's choice of a title is, we think, likely to excite a totally erroneous notion in regard to his object. The book is in reality a very elegant and amusing Romance—and so far as we may judge, not unlikely to become *the Scottish Vicar of Wakefield.* It affords a very striking contrast to the Author of Waverley's manner of viewing certain very interesting subjects; and a still more striking one to that of the Author of the Annals of the Parish.

Mr James Hogg has a New Work in the Press, to be, it is said, entitled, "The Three Perils of Man; War, Women, and Witchcraft." In 3 volumes.

Dr Cook of Laurencekirk, has at present in the press, "A General and Historical View of Christianity, comprehending its Origin and Progress, the Doctrines and Forms of Polity founded on it, and the effect which it has produced upon the Moral and Political State of Europe." The work will extend to Three Volumes octavo.

We understand that an Account of the Life and Trial of James Mackcoul, who was tried before the High Court of Justiciary, in June, 1820, and condemned for the Robbery of the Paisley Union Bank, in the Year 1809, is now in the press.

Conduct is Fate, 3 vols. 12mo, will be published in March.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

AGRICULTURE.

The Farmer's Calendar, by Arthur Young; a new edition, revised and enlarged. By John Middleton, Esq. 12mo. with Engravings, 12s.

ANTIQUITIES.

The Architectural Antiquities of Rome. By G. L. Taylor, and E. Cresy, Architects, and Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries. No. VI. Imp. fol. £1, 11s. 6d. India paper, £2, 2s. To be completed in 12 Nos.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY.

A Descriptive Catalogue of rare books, MSS. in various languages, with critical remarks and biographical notices, &c. on sale, by J. Sams, Darlington, 8vo. pp. 420, 6s. 6d. To be had of Lackington and Longmans, London.

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*** Want of room obliges us to omit the Commercial Report for this Month.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

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Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,...33s. 6d.	1st,...21s. 6d.	1st,.....18s. 6d.	1st,.....17s. 0d.
2d, ...30s. 0d.	2d, ...20s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.	2d,.....15s. 0d.
3d, ...28s. 0d.	3d, ...18s. 0d.	3d,.....14s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 8 : 0d. 7-12ths. per boll.

Tuesday, January 8.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 3½d. to 0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 9d. to 0s. 0d.
Mutton	0s. 4d. to 0s. 7d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 9d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 3d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 5d. to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per stone	17s. 0d. to 18s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter .	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.	Ditto, per lb. . .	1s. 0d. to 1s. 2d.
Tallow, per stone .	6s. 8d. to 8s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen .	1s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—*January* 11.

OLD.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 0s. 0d.	1st, ... 0s. 0d.	1st, ... 0s. 0d.	1st,.....15s. 0d.	1st, ...15s. 6d.
2d, ... 0s. 6d.	2d, ... 0s. 0d.	2d,..... 0s. 0d.	2d,.....13s. 0d.	2d,.....13s. 0d.
3d, ... 0s. 6d.	3d,..... 0s. 0d.	3d,..... 0s. 0d.	3d,.....11s. 0d.	3d,.....11s. 0d.

NEW.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ...32s. 0d.	1st, ...19s. 0d.	1st; ...17s. 0d.	1st, ... —s. 0d.	1st, ... —s. 0d.
2d, ...29s. 0d.	2d, ...17s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.	2d, ... —s. 0d.	2d, ... —s. 0d.
3d, ...26s. 6d.	3d, ...15s. 0d.	3d, ...14s. 0d.	3d, ... —s. 0d.	3d, ... —s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 8s. 5d. 4-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended January 5.

Wheat, 44s. 11d.—Barley, 19s. 2d.—Oats, 16s. 5d.—Rye, 20s. 5d.—Beans, 21s. 10d.—Pease, 24s. 3d.

London, Corn Exchange, Jan. 7.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, red, new	30 to	37	Hog Pease .	22 to	25
Fine ditto . .	34 to	43	Maple . . .	24 to	25
Superfine ditto	45 to	55	White ditto, new	25 to	27
Ditto, old . .	50 to	64	Ditto, boilers .	28 to	30
White, new .	34 to	40	Small Beans .	25 to	28
Fine ditto . .	42 to	54	Ditto, old . .	27 to	32
Superfine ditto	56 to	62	Tick ditto, new	19 to	22
Ditto, old . .	50 to	71	Ditto, old . .	25 to	27
Foreign, new .	— to	—	Foreign . . .	— to	—
Rye	20 to	24	Feed oats . .	15 to	18
Barley . . .	16 to	18	Fine ditto . .	16 to	20
Fine ditto . .	20 to	22	Poland ditto .	18 to	20
Superfine ditto	23 to	25	Fine ditto . .	20 to	25
Malt	45 to	54	Potato ditto .	20 to	24
Fine	56 to	64	Fine ditto . .	24 to	26

Seeds, &c.

	s.	s. d.		s.	s. d.
Must. Brown,	5 to	10 0	Hempseed .	— to	— 0
— White, .	8 to	15 0	Linseed, crush.	42 to	47 0
Tares, per qr.	— to	— 0	New, for Seed,	— to	— 0
Turnips, bsh.	32 to	45 0	Rye Grass, .	28 to	34 0
— Red & green	— to	— 0	Clover, red cwt.	30 to	64 0
— Yellow,	— to	— 0	— White . . .	54 to	82 0
Caraway, cwt.	64 to	66 0	Coriander . .	10 to	16 0
Canary, per qr.	44 to	50 0	Trefoil	10 to	24 0

Rape Seed, per last, . £26 to £28 10.

Liverpool, Jan. 8.

	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.					Amer. p. 196 lb.				
Eng. Old	10	0 to	11	0	Sweet, U.S.	— 0 to	—	0	
New .	6	6 to	9	6	Do. inbond	25 0 to	27	0	
Foreign . .	4	0 to	5	6	Sour do. .	34 0 to	35	0	
Waterford	7	0 to	8	0	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.				
Limerick	7	0 to	8	0	English	29 0 to	31	0	
Drogheda	7	9 to	8	3	Scotch . .	25 0 to	27	0	
Dublin	6	0 to	6	9	Irish . . .	23 0 to	26	0	
Scotch .	8	0 to	10	9	Bran, p. 24 lb.	10 to	1	0	
Irish Old .	8	3 to	9	9					
Barley, per 60 lbs.					*Butter, Beef, &c.*				
Eng. . . .	4	0 to	5	3	Butter, p. cwt.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Scotch . .	3	9 to	4	3	Belfast, new	91 0 to	92	0	
Irish . .	3	0 to	3	9	Newry . .	89 0 to	90	0	
Oats, per 45 lb.					Waterford .	82 0 to	83	0	
Eng. pota.	3	2 to	3	3	Cork, pic. 2d,	82 0 to	83	0	
Irish do. .	3	2 to	3	3	3d dry	70 0 to	—		
Scotch do.	3	6 to	4	0	Beef, p. tierce.				
Rye, per qr.	26 to		28		— Mess	90 0 to	95	0	
Malt per b.					— p. barrel	60 0 to	—	0	
— Fine .	8	6 to	9	6	Pork, p. bl.				
Beans, per q.	7	6 to	8	6	— Mess .	48 0 to	52	0	
English .	33	0 to	35	0	— Middl. .	46 0 to	—	0	
Irish . .	32	0 to	34	0	Bacon, p. cwt.				
Rapeseed, p. l.	£26 to		30	0	Short mids.	32 0 to	34	0	
Pease, grey	26	0 to	28	0	Sides . .	30 0 to	—	0	
—White .	37	0 to	42	0	Hams, dry,	— 0 to	—	0	
Flour, English,					Green . .	— 0 to	—	0	
p. 240 lb. fine	41	0 to	42	0	Lard, rd. p. c.	46 0 to	48	0	
Irish . .	30	0 to	40	0	Tongue, p. fir.	— 0 to	—	0	

Course of Exchange, Jan. 8.—Amsterdam, 12 : 10. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 12 : 7. Rotterdam, 12 : 11. Antwerp, 12 : 7. Hamburgh, 37. 6. Altona, 37 : 7. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 60. Ditto 25 : 90. Bourdeaux, 25 : 90. Frankfort on the Maine, 156. Petersburgh, per rble. 8¾ 3. *Us.* Vienna, 10 : 17 *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10 : 17 *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 36. Bilboa, 36¼. Barcelona, 35¾. Seville, 35¾. Gibraltar, 30¼. Leghorn, 47. Genoa, 43¾. Venice, 27 : 60. Malta, 45. Naples, 40. Palermo, 119. Lisbon, 49½. Oporto, 49½. Rio Janeiro, 40. Bahia, 50. Dublin, 9 per cent. Cork, 9 per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½d. New Dollars, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11½d.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d December, 1821.

	1st.	2d.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	238½	—	237	236½
3 per cent. reduced,	76¾ ⅝	76½ ⅝	76¾ ⅞	76⅝ ¾
3 per cent. consols,	77⅛ ⅛	—	—	—
3½ per cent. consols,	87⅜ ¼	—	87½	87½
4 per cent. consols,	96 ⅛	96¼	96½	96¼
5 per cent. navy ann.	110¾	111	—	—
India stock,	240	—	—	—
—— bonds,	67 67	65	70 71	70
Exchequer bills, 2d.	3 pr.	2 pr.	2 pr.	2 pr.
Consols for acc.	78⅛ ¼	78	78¼ ⅛	78⅛ ¼
Long Annuities	19 7-16¾	19⅛	19 7-16	19⅛ ⅜
French 5 per cents.	89fr. 15c.	87fr. 40c.	87fr. 40c.	87fr. 35c.
Amer. 5 per cent.	102	102	101	101.

PRICES CURRENT, *December 6.*

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
SUGAR, Muse.				
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	57 to 60	54 58	52 56	53 59
Mid. good, and fine mid.	70 80	58 73	56 76	60 74
Fine and very fine, . .	80 80	— —	77 81	76 82
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	130 145	— —	— —	— —
Powder ditto, . .	100 110	— —	— —	— —
Single ditto, . .	88 102	98 112	— —	— —
Small Lumps, . . .	88 92	88 92	— —	— —
Large ditto, ...	82 86	84 87	— —	— —
Crushed Lumps, . .	44 56	— —	— —	— —
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	25 6 —	25 26	26 6 27	23 21 6
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.				
Ord. good, and fine ord.	95 100	88 100	98 107	85 100
Mid. good, and fine mid.	110 120	105 125	108 122	125 128
Dutch Triage and very ord.	— —	— —	70 96	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	120 135	— —	100 109	— —
Mid. good, and fine mid.	135 140	— —	110 120	— —
St Domingo, ...	122 126	— —	97 102	— —
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	8 9	7½ 7½	8½ —	— —
SPIRITS,				
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 2d 2s 4d	1s 8d 1s 10d	1s 10d 2s	1s 6d 2s 9d
Brandy, ...	4 3 4 6	— —	— —	3 7 4 5
Geneva, ...	2 0 2 3	— —	— —	1 4 —
Grain Whisky, . .	6 9 7 0	— —	— —	— —
WINES,				
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	45 55	— —	— —	£20 £60
Portugal Red, pipe.	30 42	— —	— —	30 34
Spanish White, butt.	34 55	— —	— —	— —
Teneriffe, pipe.	30 32	— —	— —	— —
Madeira, ...	55 65	— —	— —	— —
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£7 7 7	9 0 0 0	9 0 9 10	£9 10 10 10
Honduras, ...	— —	— —	9 10 10 0	9 10 9 15
Campeachy, ...	8 —	— —	10 0 10 10	10 10 12 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	7 8	6 10 7 0	6 10 7 10	4 10 7 0
Cuba, ...	9 11	8 5 8 10	8 5 8 10	8 10 0
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	7s 6d 10s 6d	— —	— —	9 11 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 6 1 8	— —	— —	— —
Ditto Oak, ...	2 9 3 0	— —	— —	— —
Christianstand (dut. paid.)	1 10 2 0	— —	— —	— —
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 0 1 6	1 0 1 2	0 11 1 0	0 10 1 0
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 6 2 8	1 8 2 2	1 5 2 0	1 6 1 10
TAR, American, brl.	20 21	— —	14 6 16 0	— —
Archangel, ...	16 17	— —	— —	23 —
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10 11	— —	— —	11 6 —
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	45 —	46 48	45	— —
Home melted, ...	48 —	— —	— —	— —
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	— —	— —	— —	£54 —
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	51 52	— —	— —	52 0 52
FLAX,				
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	55 56	— —	— —	£58 —
Dutch, ...	50 90	— —	— —	51 52
Irish, ...	42 48	— —	— —	— —
MATS, Archangel, 100.	85 90	— —	— —	— —
BRISTLES,				
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	13 10 14	— —	— —	14 —
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	40 42	— —	— —	43 45
Montreal, ditto, . .	38 40	39 40	38 0 38 6	— —
Pot, . .	34 35	33	33 34 0	34 —
OIL, Whale, . tun.	L.21	21 22	— —	19 20
Cod.	— —	20 —	— —	— —
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7½ 8	7½ 8	0 5½ 0 8	0 7d 7½
Middling, ...	6 6½	5½ 6½	0 4½ 0 5	— —
Inferior, ...	5 5½	3½ 4	0 2¾ 0 3	0 3 0 4
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	0 9½ 11	0 7 0 10½	0 9 0 10⅝
Sea Island, fine, .	— —	1 8 1 10	1 4 1 7	1 2¾ 2 2
Good, . .	— —	1 4 1 6	1 1 1 3	— —
Middling, . .	— —	1 2 1 4	1 1 1 3	— —
Demerara and Berbice,	— —	1 0 1 1	0 9½ 1 0¼	0 9½ 1 —
West India, ...	— —	0 9 0 11	0 8½ 0 9½	— —
Pernambuco, ...	— —	1 0½ 1 1½	0 11¾ 1 0½	1 1 1 1¼
Maranham, . . .	— —	1 0 1 1	0 10½ 0 11½	—

Meteorological Table, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Dec. 1	M.50	28.744	M.40	NW.	fair fo. th. lit.
	A. 40	.74	A. 39		aftern. hail.
2	M.50	29.26	M.38	W.	Fair foren.
	A. 38	.428	A. 40		rain aftern.
3	M.29	.191	M.37	W.	Frosty day.
	A. 33	.282	A. 37		rain night.
4	M.30	.103	M.38	W.	Rain most of
	A. 37	.102	A. 39		day.
5	M.31	.102	M.38	NW.	Rain morn.
	A. 38	.294	A. 38		sleet aftern.
6	M.26	.961	M.36	Cble.	Keen frost.
	A. 32	.964	A. 34		
7	M.26½	.425	M.38	SW.	Dull, with
	A. 40	.102	A. 44		showers.
8	M.39	.515	M.43	SW.	Fair day,
	A. 44	.514	A. 44		and mild.
9	M.39	.392	M.49	SW.	Day dull, fair
	A. 51	.352	A. 41		rain night.
10	M.40	.526	M.48	Cble.	Rain most of
	A. 45	.262	A. 50		day.
11	M.39	.826	M.41	SW.	Mild and
	A. 37	.978	A. 41		fair.
12	M.40	.664	M.41	Cble.	Foren fair.
	A. 42	.631	A. 46		show. after.
13	M.36	.355	M.46	Cble.	Day dull,
	A. 45	.380	A. 46		mild, rain af.
14	M.34	.575	M.46	Cble.	Ditto.
	A. 40	.555	A. 44		
15	M.36	.485	M.47	Cble.	Ditto.
	A. 48	.156	A. 49		
16	M.39	.130	M.50	SW.	Dull, with
	A. 49	28.911	A. 47		showers.
Dec. 17	M.38	28.882	M.47	SW.	Changeable,
	A. 45	.872	A. 44		heavy show.
18	M.37	.334	M.44	SW.	Dull, with
	A. 44	.379	A. 43		h. showers.
19	M.36	.390	M.43	W.	Dull, but
	A. 44	.769	A. 43		fair.
20	M.32	.819	M.42	W.	daydull, fair,
	A. 40	.453	A. 40		rain night.
21	M.32½	.428	M.39	W.	Day showers
	A. 37	.765	A. 40		
22	M.33	.608	M.39	SW.	Frost mor. h.
	A. 35	.580	A. 37		rain, sl. day.
23	M.31	.480	M.37	W.	Fair, but
	A. 37	.352	A. 37		dull.
24	M.32	.474	M.40	Cble.	Frost morn.
	A. 35	.521	A. 37		mild day.
25	M.31	.272	M.37	Cble.	Rain foren.
	A. 36	27.985	A. 38		dull aftern.
26	M.31	.999	M.36	Cble.	Frosty, with
	A. 37	.998	A. 36		sunshine.
27	M.30	28.315	M.36	Cble.	Frost morn.
	A. 35	.320	A. 36		sleet aftern.
28	M.32	.398	M.39	E.	Frost morn.
	A. 36	.625	A. 37		dull and cold.
29	M.32	.303	M.40	E.	H. rain most
	A. 36	.655	A. 42		of day.
30	M.31	.995	M.42	E.	H. rain morn
	A. 40	29.990	A. 41		fair day.
31	M.30	.682	M.38	E.	Frost, with
	A. 35	.664	A. 38		sunshine.

Average of Rain, 2.944 inches.

Alphabetical List of English Bankruptcies announced between the 20th of Nov. and the 20th of Dec. 1821, extracted from the London Gazette.

Armistead, J. Clapham, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner.
Athwood, A. Lymington, surgeon.
Aydon, S. and Elwell, W. Halifax, iron-masters.
Baker, W. and Baker, N. Portsea, grocers.
Bamford, R. Pontefract, maltster.
Barker, W. Welch Whittle, Lancaster, victualler.
Barratt, A. Newport Pagnell, Buckinghamshire, farmer.
Beale, W. Newbury, timber-merchant.
Beaumont, J. D. Maidstone, upholsterer, ironmonger, &c.
Bellot, H. Manchester, cotton manufacturer.
Bell, J. and Bell, G. Berwick-upon-Tweed, coopers.
Bingham, R. Gosport, banker.
Boultbee, J. and Cole, J. W. Petersburgh, Northampton, bankers.
Box, T. Buckingham, banker, &c.
Brander, J. and Barclay, J. Size-lane, merchants.
Bray, D. Plymouth Dock, victualler.
Brown, J. Canterbury, linen-draper.
Burkitt, W. Beverley, Yorkshire, miller.
Callanan, D. and Walsh, T. Wapping, soap-makers.
Calvert, J. Covent Garden, merchant.
Campart, W. H. Croydon, hatter.
Cavey, J. Beckley, Sussex, dealer.
Cella, P. Minories, wine-merchant.
Chamberlin, J. Bristol, merchant.
Clarke, J. Commercial-road, ship-owner.
Clarkson, J. Gracechurch-street, hatter and coal-merchant.
Cleaver, W. Chelsea, grocer and cheese-monger.
Cooper, C. Gray's Inn-road, grocer.
Court, H. Fish-street Hill, straw-hat manufacurer.
Cropper, J. Westminster, brewer.
Dentith, J. Liverpool, silversmith and common brewer.
Dewzilye, M. K. Bridport, Dorsetshire, bookseller.
Dobell, J. Cranbrook, currier.
Dobson, T. and Thomson, G. Darlington, mercers.
Durrant, W. Castle-street, Finsbury, tailor.
Eastwood, R. Leeds, draper.
Eastwood, H. Yorkshire, fustian-manufacturer.
Edwards, W. Chatham, linen-draper.
Elliott, T. and Haslock, Northampton, boot and shoe-manufacturer.
Else, S. Tredegar Iron Works, Monmouthshire, shopkeeper.
Epps, J. Holburn, ham and bacon-merchant.
Evans, T. Mackynlleth, Montgomery, inn-keeper.
Fisher, F. jun. Leicester-square, surgeon dentist.
Fowler, J. Mark-lane, tea dealer.
Fuller, J. M. Worthing, linen-draper.
Gale, Q. Newgate-market, butcher.
Garrick, J. L. Mitcham, merchant.
Gaytcr, T. Brinsyard, merchant.
Gleave, S. Warrington, Lancashire, shopkeeper.
Greaves, J. Sheffield, merchant.
Harrison, J. late of Beckfoot, Kirkby Lonsdale, carpenter.
Harvey, B. Raleigh, surgeon.
Hatfield, H. Goswell-street Road, merchant.
Haviland, R. Cirencester, rectifier and distiller.
Holland, H. L. Coventry, builder.
Hounsfield, J. Cononly, Kildwick, Yorkshire, calico-manufacturer.
Howard, J. St Martin's-lane, cordwainer.
Hutchins, J. Stoke Damerel, Devon, builder.
Jackson, R. Cannon-street, merchant.
James, R. Condeston, Worcester, dealer in horses, &c.
Jarvie, E. Norwich, carpenter.
Kay, E. Sheffield, merchant.
Kay, T. Walcot, Somersetshire, auctioneer.
Kerwood, C. G. Mary-le-bone, printer.
Lapage, S. Clement's-lane, drysalter.
Lancastle, J. and Gillard, R. N. the younger, Bristol, carpenters.
Levi, H. late of Demarara, now of Nelson-square, Blackfriars-road, factor.
Litchfield, J. Cambridge, gardener.
Longrigg, I. Liverpool, linen-draper.
Longster, G. Islington, merchant.

Matson, W. Kelsall, farmer, &c.
Margetts, T. Wooton, Oxfordshire, wheelwright.
Marsden, P. Sheffield, grocer, &c.
Marshall, W. H. Bristol, ship-broker.
Monkhouse, R. New Shoreham, timber-merchant.
Moore, J. Sowerby, Halifax, woollen-cloth-manufacturer.
Morton, P. Salford, Lancashire, merchant, &c.
Moyse, W. Saxmundham, Suffolk, baker.
Mumby, R. Glamford Briggs, mercer, draper, and grocer.
Nibloek, J. and Latham, R. S. Bath, woollen-drapers.
Nicolson, J. Cummersdale, Cumberland, iron-founder.
Page, W. Lime-street, spirit-merchant.
Paine, E. Little Chart, Kent, paper-maker.
Parker, R. Whitechurch, Salop, stationer and bookseller.
Parr, J. Strand-lane, Pilkington, check-manufacturer.
Pattison, C. St Neots, Huntingdonshire, ironmonger.
Potter, T. Manchester, publican.
Rendel, J. Bridport, painter.
Rickat, H. Shoreditch, grocer.
Rirkham, G. Lancaster, merchant.
Ritchie, J. Richardson, F. and Ritchie, J. warehousemen, Watling-street.
Rivolta, A. Brook-street, Holborn, looking-glass manufacturer.
Saunders, J. Coventry, auctioneer.
Smith, H. St Martin's-lane, woollen-draper.
Staff, E. and Wilson, W. Staff, Norwich, brick-makers.
Staff, H. A. Norwich, soap-manufacturer.
Staff, C. and Staff, W. W. Cheapside, bombazine manufacturers.
Staples, G. C. Halifax, wool-stapler.
Temple, N. Fleet-street, wine and spirit merchant.
Tippets, E. and Gothen, E. Basinghall-street, factors.
Todd. S. Southampton, mercer, &c.
Townshend, J. Honiton, Devon, and Brooke, G. Whimple, bankers.
Turner, G. Liverpool, merchant.
Warner, R. Huntingdon, iron-monger.
Warner, J. late of Garforth, Yorkshire, maltster.
Warner, R. Garforth, Yorkshire, chapman.
Whatley, T. Batcombe, shopkeeper.
Whitehead, J. Hanley, merchant.
Wild, W. Sheffield, merchant.
Wildman, J. Fenchurch-street, merchant.
Williams, S. Bristol, apothecary.
Wills, R. Bloomsbury, tobacconist.
Winsh, B. sen. Hawkhurst, farmer.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th December, 1821, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Bulloch, John and Archibald, distillers and corn-dealers at Duntochar, parish of West Kilpatrick.
Campbell, John, now or lately at Kingsbury, in the Isle of Skye, ship-owner, merchant, and general trader.
Chalmers, James, merchant and agent, Glasgow.
Davidson, James and Peter, merchants and fish-curers, Dundee.
Gallaway, William, merchant and insurance broker, Leith.
Gillespie, Colin, merchant and trader, Glasgow.
Jeffrey, George, spirit dealer, Glasgow.
MacNair, James, merchant and sugar-refiner, Glasgow.
Mair, John, vintner and horse-setter, Glasgow.
Myine, William, merchant and insurance broker, Leith.
Provand, James, merchant, Glasgow.
Samson, John, merchant, Kilmarnock.
Simson, Alexander and Co. merchants in Portsoy.
Swayne, Walter, manufacturer, Dysart.
Watson, Robert and Co. stationers, Edinburgh.

DIVIDENDS.

Crawford, George, writer and builder, Glasgow; a first and final dividend after 21st January.
Gilmore, the late Samuel, ropemaker in Edinburgh; a fiftr dividend after 9th January.
M'Gowns, Watson, and Co. merchants in Greenock, and who carried on business at the island of St Thomas, under the firm of James Blair and Co.; a dividend 9th January.
Oughterson, Arthur, and Co. merchants, Greenock; a sixth dividend 28th January.
Saunders, John, jun. merchant, Leith; a dividend of 2s. 9d. per pound after 10th January.
Wallace, John, baker, Aberdeen; a final dividend 16th January.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Col. *Count* Bentinck de Rhone, to be Maj. Gen. on Continent only, Nov. 29, 1821.
Maj. *Hon.* A. J. H. Fitz G. de Roos, h. p. 22 Dr. Lieut. Col. in the Army, Aug. 17.
—— Disbrowe, Gren. Gds. do. do. do.
Capt. Simpson, Town Maj. of Portsmouth, Major in the Army, Jan. 8, 1815
—— Henderson, 12 F. do. do. July 19, 1821
—— Denham, h. p. 3 F. Maj. in Africa only, Nov. 22.
5 Dr. G. Lt. Hodgson, Capt. by purch, vice Cust, 55 F. Oct. 24.
2 Dr. —— Innes, do. vice Mackenzie, ret. do.
4 Assist. Surg. Greig, from 53 F. Assist. Surg. vice Gardiner, h. p. 53. F. Nov. 10.
Lt. Col. Hay, from h. p. 16 Dr. Lt. Col. Dec. 25.
Capt. Jarmay, from h. p. Staff Corps of Cav. Capt. do.
Cornet Harrison, Lt. do.
—— Sullivan, do. do. 26.
Lt. Robison, from h. p. 22 Dr. Lt. do. 27.
—— Murray, do. do. do.
—— Loftus, from h. p. 24 Dr. do. do.
—— Gibson, from h. p. Staff C. of C. Lieut. do.
Lt. Lindsey, from 17 Dr. do. Dec. 27
—— Gillespie, fm. h. p. 20 Dr. do. do
—— Clarke, from 17 Dr. do. do.
J. S. Smith, Cornet, vice Harrison, do. 26.
E. Knox, do. vice Sullivan, do. 27.
Cornet Dixon, from h. p. 21 Dr. Adj. and Cornet, vice Daly, res. Adj. do. 25.
Assist, Surg. Walbran, fm. h. p. 1 Vet. Bn. Assist. Surg. do.
6 W. Terry, Cornet by purch. vice Perry, 7 Dr. do. 6.
9 Sub-Lt. *Lord* F. Conyngham, fm. 2 Life Gds. Lt. by purch. vice Ellis, 76 F. Oct. 24.
12 Cornet Broadhead, from 16 Dr. Lt. by purch. vice Hay, prom. do.
A. Davies, Cornet by purch. vice Kennedy, 7 F. Nov. 22.
13 Cornet Lawrenson, Lt. do. vice Bacon, 18 Dr. Dec. 6.
D. T. Cunynghame, Cornet by purch. do. 15.
14 Cornet Burroughs, Lt. do. vice Vandeleur, 84 F. Oct. 24.
R. T. Gilpin, Cornet, do. Nov. 29.
16 Lt. Laurd, Capt. do. vice Rizon, ret. Dec. 13.
Cornet Graham, Lt. do. do.
C. R. Cornet, do. vice Broadhead, 12 Dr. do. 12

C. F. Havelock, do. do. Dec. 13.
J. S. Ramsbottom, do. do. vice Montgomery, prom. do. 11.
18 Lt. Schrieber, Capt. do. vice Western, ret. Nov. 9.
Cornet Leslie, Lt. do. do.
W. E. F. Sharpe, Cornet, do. do.
Cornet Freeman, Lt. do. vice Walker, 19 Dr. do.
19 Lt. Walker, from 18 Dr. Capt. do. vice Georges, ret. do.
C. Chalmers, Cornet, do. vice Dashwood, prom. Dec. 13.
1 F. Hosp. Assist. Osborne, Assist. Surg. vice Bolton, dead, Nov. 29.
7 ——— James, do. vice Duigan, 2 W. I. R. do. 19.
13 Ens. Kershawe, from 63 F. Ens. vice Thomas, h. p. 22 F. Dec. 13.
16 Bt. Lt. Col. Hardy, fm. 19 F. Maj. by purch. vice Hamilton, dead. do.
19 Capt. Raper, fm. h. p. Capt. vice Hardy, 16 F. do.
20 Col. J. Maitland, from h. p. 103 F. Lt. Col. Nov. 25.
Lt. Goldfrap, Capt. do.
Ens. Moore, Lt. do
—— Douglas, do. do. 26.
Lieut. Patience, from h. p. York Rang. Lt. do. 27.
——— O'Connor, from h. p. 100 F. do. do.
——— Watson, fm. h. p. 94 F. do. do.
——— Maclean, fm. h. p. 72 F. do. do.
——— Hemmans, fm. h. p. 14 F. do. do.
——— J. Maclean, from h. p. 43 F. do. do.
——— Kidman, fm. h. p. 8 F. do. do.
——— Robinson, from h. p. 19 F. do. do.
——— *Hon.* G. T. Keppel, from 24 F. do. do.
Ens. Rose, fm. 55 F. do. do.
F. Pitts, Ens. vice Moore, do. 25.
S. Robbins, do. vice Douglas, do. 26.
Assist. Surg. Devitt, fm. h. p. 2 Vet. Bn. Assist. Surg. do. 25.
22 Lt. Lockward, fm. 89 F. Capt. by pur. vice Lt. Col. Hall, ret. do. 15.
26 J. Sutherland, Ens. do. vice Maxwell, 64 F. Dec. 6.
35 Bt. Maj. Knight, Major, vice Grant, 54 F. Nov 25.
38 Bt. Lt. Col. Hall, fm. 89 F. Lt. Col. do.
Ens. Matthew, Lieut. do.
—— Campbell, do. do. 26.
—— Kerr, do. do. 27.
Lieut. Taylor, fm. h. p. 25 Dr. Lt. Nov. 28.
——— O'Brien, fm. h. p. 4 W. I. R. Lt. do.
——— Campbell, fm. h. p. 91 F. do. do.
——— Liston, fm. h. p. 47 F. do. do.
——— Buchanan, fm. 89 F. do. do.
——— Armstrong, fm. h. p. 2 F. do. do.
J. Campbell, Ens. vice Matthew, do. 25.
F. Tudor, do. vice Campbell, do. 26.
H. C. Fraser, do. vice Kerr, do. 27.
Ass. Surg. Johnson, fm. h. p. 9 Vet. Bn. Assist. Surg. do. 25.
40 Hos. Assist. Coleman, Assist. Surg. vice Barry, prom. Staff, do. 19.
Ens. Low, Lt. vice Crabb, dead, do. 29.
—— Curten, fm. h. p. Ens. do.
Lt. Neilly, Adj. vice Manning, res. Adj. only, Dec. 6.
44 Gent. Cadet W. Ogilvy, from R. Mil. Col. Ens. by purch. vice Fludyer, Gren. Gds. Nov. 29.
47 Ens. Macdonald, fm., h. p. 42 F. vice Williams, dead, Dec. 13.
54 Bt. Lt. Col. Grant, fm. 33 F. Lt. Col. Nov. 25.
Ens. Fraser, Lt. do.
—— Hill, do. do. 26.
—— Clark, do. do. 27.
Lieut. Lawless, fm. h. p. 60 F. Lt. do. 28.
——— Foskey, from h. p. 5 W. I. R. Lt. do.
——— Manners, fm. h. d. 2 F. do. do.
Lieut. Mitchell, from h. p. Rifle Br. do. do.
——— Beaven, fm. 65 F. do. do.
——— Thornbury, fm. h. p. Rifle Br. do. do.
——— Norman, fm. h. p. 81 F. do. do.
G. C. Mundy, Ens. vice Fraser, do. 24.
——— Fenton, do. vice Hill, do. 26.
F. Considine, do. vice Clark, do. 27.
Assist. Surg. Shanks, from h. p. 56 F. Assist. Surg. do. 25.
55 Lt. Craigie, Capt. by purch. vice Dickie, ret. Oct. 24.
2d Lt. *Lord* Edward Hay, from Rifle Br. by purch. do.
Capt. *Hon.* E. Cust, from 5 Dr. Gds. Major, by purch. vice Macdonald, ret. do.
56 Bt. Maj. Prichard, Maj. by purch. vice Gauly, canc. July 26.
57 Lieut. Hartley, Capt. by purch. vice Mosseman, ret. Nov. 29.
Ens. Ferrier, Lt. by purch. do.
T. B. Bower, Ens. by purch. do.
61 Lt. Wolfe, Capt. by purch. vice Stewart, ret. Oct. 24.
63 Ens. L. C. *Viscount* Falkland, fm. h. p. 22 F. Ens. vice Kershawe, 13 F. Dec. 13.
64 —— Maxwell, fm. 26 F. Lt. by purch. vice Denham, 3 F. Oct. 24.
69 J. Ford, Ens. by purch. vice *Lord* Carmarthen, 10 Dr. Nov. 15.
Ens. Hamilton, Lieut. by purch. vice Maclean, 72 F. Oct. 24.
C. Ramsden, Ens. by purch. Nov. 29.
78 Ens. Beales, Lt. vice Marquis, dead, Dec. 13.
—— Montresser, fm. h. p. Ens. do.
79 —— Brown, fm. h. p. Ens. vice Graeme. 89 F. do.
82 Paym. Williams, fm. h. p. 73 F. Paym. vice Ottley, superseded do,
89 Bt. Maj. Basden, Maj. vice Hall, 38 F. Nov. 25.
Ens. Thomas, Lieut. vice Buchanan, 38 F do. 22.
Lt. Steel, Capt. vice Basden, Dec. 13.
Ens. Graeme, fm. 79 F. Lt. do.
—— Derinzy, fm. h. p. 11 F. Ens. vice Thomas, do.
91 Maj. J. Macdonald, fm. h. p. Port. Ser. Maj. vice Bt. Lt. Col. Rochfort, canc. Nov. 29.
92 Lt. Wilson, Capt. by purch. vice Alexander, ret. Oct. 24.
Rifle Br. J. Parker, 2 Lt. by purch. vice *Lord* Hay, 55 F. Nov. 29.
2 W. I. R. Capt. Delahoussay, Maj. by purch. vice M'Pherson, ret. do. 22.
Lt. J. Maclean, Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Williams, Lt. by purch. do.
W. M'Pherson, Ens. by purch. do.
Ass. Surg. Duigan, fm. 7 F. Surg. vice Haskins, dead, do. 19.
Capt. Grant, Maj. by purch, vice Lord, ret. Dec. 13.
Lt. Peel, fm. 71 F. Capt. by purch. do.

Staff.

Lt. Col. Cotton, 47 F. Extra Aide-de-Camp to the King, with the rank of Colonel in the Army, July 25, 1821

Medical Department.

Assist. Surg. Barsy, fm. 40 F. Surg. to the Forces, vice Gilder, dead, Nov. 19, 1821
J. Mair, Hosp. Assist. vice Gillespie, dead, do. 8.
A. Kinnis, do. vice Colman, 40 F. do. 19.
Hosp. Assist. Sibbald, fm. h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Dockard, prom. do. 25.
——— J. Blair, from h. p. do. vice White, superseded, Dec. 7.

Exchanges.

Capt. Wrench, from 38 F. with Capt. Birch, h. p. African Corps.
——— Rainey, fm. 55 F. with Capt. Craigie, h. p.
Lieut. Gray, from 3 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Abercromby, h. p.
——— Crossley, from 7 Dr. Gds. with Lt. Nugent, 16 Dr.
——— M'Conchy, from 3 Dr. with Lt. Tuite, 16 Dr.

Lieut. Shuttleworth, from 26 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Small, h. p.
—— Ditmas, fm. 25 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Scott, h. p. 68 F.
—— Grant, from 42 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Hogarth, h. p.
—— Finlay, from 43 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Fraser, h. p.
—— Holland, fm. 49 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Pellichody, h. p. Wattev. Regt.
—— Pack, from 55 F. with Lieut. Brockman, 84 F.
—— Bailey, from 69 F. rec. diff. with Lt. King, h. p. 60 F.
Cor. and Sub-Lt. Chatfield, from 2 Life Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hardwicke, h. p. 20 F.
—— Grant, from 3 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Cornet Todd, h. p.
Cornet Kelly, from 7 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Cornet Greenland, h. p.
2 Lt. Wemyss, from 23 F. rec. diff. with 2d Lieut. Matthews, h. p.
Ens. Grant, from 41 F. with Cornet O'Neil, h. p. 19 Dr.
—— Campbell, fm. 2 F. with Ens. Mundy, 54 F.
Surg. Black, from 22 F. with Surg. Chambers, h. p. 18 Dr.
Assist. Surg. Newton, fm. 44 F. with Assist. Surg. Verling, h. p. 8 Vet. Bn.
—— Burrell, fm. 38 F. with Assist. Surg. Dempster, 72 F.
Hosp. Assist. Brown, with Hosp. Assist. Cocking, h. p.
—— Barry, with Hosp. Assist. Dobson, h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Col. Hall, 22 F.
Major Mackenzie, 2 Dr.
—— Macdonald, 55 F.
—— M'Pherson, 2 W. I. R.
—— Lord, do.
Captain Wrixen, 16 Dr.
—— Western, 18 Dr.
—— Georges, 19 Dr.
—— Dickens, 55 F.
—— Mosseman, 57 F.
—— Stewart, 61 F.
—— Alexander, 92 F.
Barrack Master Middleman, Ayr.

Appointments Cancelled.

Major Gualey, 56 F.
—— Rochfort, (Bt. Lt. Col.) 91 F.
The Exchange between Lieut. Bailey, 69 F. and Lt. *Hon.* R. King, from h. p. 60 F.
Quarter Master Hamilton, Lanark Mill.

Superseded.

Paymaster Ottley, 82 F.
Hosp. Assist. W. White.

Cashiered.

Lieut. S. R. Poynts (*since dead.*)

Dismissed.

2d Lieut. Sloper, 2 Ceylon R.
Dep. Com. Gen. Vaux.
Dep. Ass. Com. Gen. Wetherman.

Deaths.

Lieut. Gen. Lee Clifton, Dec. 1, 1821.
Lieut. Col. Hamilton, 16 F. London, do. 2.
—— West, R. Art. Woolwich, Nov. 28.
—— Seymour, h. p. 71 F. late of 3 F. G.
—— Hayne, No. Devon. Militia, do. 15.
—— Imrie, h. p. 122 F. do. 13, 1820.
Major Fead, R. Art. Lewisham, Kent, Dec. 23, 1821.
—— Money, h. p. R. Mar. Nov. 13.
Captain Ogle, 9 F. on passage from the West Indies. do. 11 or 12.
—— M'Lean, late 4 Vet. Bn.
—— Hare, h. p. 19 Dr., Lincoln, Nov. 2.
—— Hogg, h. p. 15.
—— Webster, h. p. 60 F. March 25, 1820.
—— Forbes, h. p. 71 F. May 16, 1821.
—— Sanderson, h. p. 89 F. Aug. 25.
—— Dewar, h. p. 73 F. Perth, do. 19.
—— Berger, h. p. 95 F. Sept. 20.
—— Edgeworth, h. p. Invalids.
—— Farmer, h. p. 97 F.
Capt. Commis. Robinson, R. Art. Driv. June 7, 1821.
Lieut. Orrock, 1 F. Trichinopoly, Madras, July 24.
—— Marquis, 78 F.
—— Cavanagh, R. Art. Wexford, do. 25.
Lieut. Taylor, h. p. 25 Dr. Oct. 9, 1820.
—— White, h. p. 4 F.
—— Gordon, h. p. 18 F. Duffus, near Elgin, No. Brit. Aug. 6, 1821.
—— Manders, h. p. 45 F. Dec. 16.
—— Bell, h. p. 32 F. Chatham, Oct. 14.
—— Clark, h. p. 70 F. London, Nov. 28.
—— Crane, h. p. 85 F. do. 11.
—— Markett, h. p. 87 F. London, June 7.
—— Whitney, h. p. 90 F. April 9.
—— Wharam, h. p. 94 F. March 31.
—— Horne, h. p. 113 F. June 25.
—— Gonne, h. p. 4 W. I. R. Trinidad.
—— M'Lean, h. p. 103 F. Oct. 22, 1820.
—— Fleming, h. p. 76 F.
—— Davies, do.
—— Mylrea, late 4 Vet. Bn. Dec. 2, 1821.
—— Macpherson, late 5 Vet. Bn., Edin. Nov. 4.
—— M'Innes, late 8 Vet. Bn. Sept. 13.
—— Thomas, h. p. Corsican Regt. March 26.
—— Luggart, h. p. R. Mar.
—— King, do.
—— Cadoux, do.
—— Oakley, do.
—— Gibbons, do. Jan. 27.
—— Williams, do. April 21.
—— Hanlon, do. May 4.
Lt. Commis. Hay, Aug. 23.
—— Thomas, Jan. 4.
2d Lt. Fleming, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt. Tuam, Ireland, May 26.
—— R. Clark, h. p. R. Mar. Nov. 24.
—— Boultbee, do.
—— A. Clarke, do.
Ens. Duff, 1 F. Negapatam, Madras, July 20.
—— Williams, 47 F.
—— Hayes, 48 F. April 26.
—— Poe, late 1 Vet. Bn.
—— Barclay, late 12 do.
—— Sadlier, h. p. 69 F. Nov. 20, 1819.
—— T. Carter, h. p. 101 F. April 24, 1821.
—— Souter, h. p. 103 F. Feb. 20.
—— Sullivan, h. p. 83 F.
—— Brown, h. p. 7 Gar. Bn.
—— Meredith, h. p. 124 F.
—— Godfrey, h. p. Ind. Inv.
Paym. Seward, h. p. 8 W. I. R. Sept. 2, 1820.
—— Burford, h. p. 2 Dr.
—— Edie, h. p. Rec. Dist. Dec. 31.
Adj. Lt. Le Neve. h. p. Staff, C. of Cav. Abergely, Denbighshire, Sept. 21.
—— Wikeley, h. p. 100 F. Feb. 22.
—— Hassel, h. p. Rec. dist. Dec. 18, 1820.
Ens. Grant, 92 F. Jamaica, Oct. 28, 1821.
—— Hicks, h. p. 125 F. Feb. 15, 1820.
—— Atkins, h. p. 1 Manx. Fen. Inf. Nov. 22.
Quar.-Mast. Stevens, 69 F. Cannanore, Madras, July 15, 1821.
—— Coppin, h. p. R. Afr. Corps, Cape of Good Hope, Aug. 12.
—— Ranie, R. Art. Woolwich, Oct. 27.
—— Hay, 5 Vet. Bn. Granville, France, Aug. 13.
Chaplain Shaw, h. p. 21 F. Sept. 16, 1820.
Assist. Com. Gen. Ainslie, h. p. Lisbon, Feb. 13, 1821.
—— Crockatt.
Dep. Ass. Com. Gen. Broughton.
—— W. Ross, sen. h. p.
—— Armstrong, h. p.
—— Hall, h. p. Montreal, Canada, June 1.
—— Dobson, h. p. Scotland, March 7.
—— Hughes, h. p. Messina, Feb. 23.
Phys. West, h. p. (*Dep. Insp. by Brevet.*)
Staff. Surg. Wynn, h. p. (*do.*) Lisbon, Nov. 13.
—— Bolger, h. p. Guernsey, do. 24.
Surg. Goodsir, h. p. 89 F.
Assist. Surg. Evans, 50 F. Hydrabad, Madras, July 16.
—— Knox, h. p. 12 F. Ireland, Nov. 22.
—— Mackay, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. June 4, 1820.
—— Anderson, R. Art. at Dundee.
—— Barclay, h. p. late Ir. Art.
Apoth. Halloran, h. p.
Dep. Purv. Harris, h. p. Falmouth, Dec.
Hosp. Assist. James Blair, h. p. (2d.)
Bar. Mast. Buchanan, Fort Augustus, Jan. 21.
—— Child, Chatham, March 5.
—— Lefanu, Northampton, Aug. 9.
—— Rollo, Perth, Dec. 10.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 16. At Spencer Lodge, Surrey, the lady of Charles Adams, Esq. (and oldest daughter of Sir Lachlan Maclean, M. D.) of a daughter.

22. At Leghorn, the lady of Major-General Sir Patrick Ross, K.C. M.G. of a son.

27. At Darsham House, Suffolk, the lady of Major Purvis, of a daughter.

29. In Gower Street, London, the lady of Colonel O'Connell, of the 73d Regiment, of a son.

Dec. 1. At Kelso Manse, Mrs Lundie, of a daughter.

— At Kilbride Castle, Lady Campbell, of a son.

3. At Ayr, the lady of William Fullarton of Skeldon, Esq. advocate, of a son.

— In Charlotte Square, Lady Elizabeth Hope Vere, of a daughter.

4. Mrs Sutherland, Leith Walk, of a son.

5. Mrs Ogilvie of Pareonan, of a son.

7. At London, Lady Cochrane, of a daughter.

8. In Warwick Square, London, Mrs Newton, of a daughter.

— The Countess of Uxbridge, of a son and heir.

— At the Governor's house, Plymouth, the right honourable Lady Elizabeth Pack, of a daughter.

13. At Rosslie, Mrs Oliphant of Rosslie, of a daughter.

14. At Cottesmore, Rutlandshire, Lady Lowther, of a son.

— At Mineral Street, St Bernard's, Mrs Alexander Stephen, of a daughter.

15. At Edinburgh, Mrs G. Moncrieff, of a daughter.

16. At 31, Heriot Row, Mrs Wedderburn, of a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs H. D. Dickie, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, Lady Berridale, of a son and heir.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs David Murray, of a daughter.

— Mrs James L. Hule, Infirmary Street, of a daughter.

— At Woburn Abbey, the Duchess of Bedford, of a son.

17. In Somerset Street, Portman Square, London, the lady of Major Mackenzie of the Scots Greys, of a son.

18. At the Hague, the Countess of Athlone, of a daughter.

— At Douglas, the lady of Lieutenant Hood, formerly 38th, or Ayrshire militia, and late of the 91st regiment, of a daughter.

19. At Bath, the lady of Dr Bowie, of a son.

— At Bellevue Crescent, Edinburgh, Mrs Crawford of Cartsburn, of a daughter.

20. At Campie, Mrs North Dalrymple was safely delivered of a daughter.

21. The lady of Captain George Stirling, of a daughter.

22. At Edinburgh, the lady of the late J. C. M'Leod, Esq. younger of Geanies, of a daughter.

23. At 18, Ann Street, St Bernard's, Mrs J. T. Goodsir, of a daughter.

26. Mrs Paterson, 4, Gayfield Square, of a son.

— In Broughton Place, the lady of Major Martin, of a daughter.

27. The lady of Sir George Clerk, Bart. M. P. of a son.

28. Mrs Robert Paul, No. 1, Howe Street, of a daughter.

— At 51, Howe Street, Mrs Scott Moncrieff, of a daughter.

— At 19, New Street, Mrs Anderson, of a son. The infant survived but a few hours.

29. At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lady Ellinor Campbell, of a son and heir.

— In London Street, Mrs Joseph Gordon, of a daughter.

30. At 53, George Street, Mrs Hutchins, of a son, who only survived two hours.

Lately.—At Newcastle, county of Limerick, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Balfour, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

July 2. At Madras, Lieut.-Col. Marshal, paymaster at the Presidency, to Maria Letitia, daughter of Evelyn J. Gascoigne, Esq. Deputy Master Attendant.

16. At Cannanore, Captain W. Hardy, of the 7th regiment M. N. I. to Jane, only daughter of the late J. Hunter, Esq. surgeon, R. N.

Nov. 26. At Peterhead, Andrew Sims, Esq. Lieut. R. N. to Mary Anne, second daughter of the Right Rev. Bishop Tory, Peterhead.

— At Largs, Robert Baine, Esq. Greenock, to Mrs Morris, widow of the late Hugh Morris, Esq. Glasgow.

27. At Sudbury, Suffolk, John Eaton, Esq. banker, Shrewsbury, to Mary, second daughter of Sir Lauchlan Maclean, M. D. of the former place.

Dec. 3. At Edinburgh, Mr Smith Glen, Mains, Linlithgow, to Agnes, only daughter of the late James Smellie, Esq. of Lochend.

4. At London, Edward Stanley, Esq. of Ponsonby Hall, Cumberland, to Mary, second daughter of the late William Douglas, Esq. formerly Judge of the Court of Adawlat at Dacca, in the Hon. East India Company's service at Bengal.

6. In Mr Oman's hotel, Edinburgh, Thomas Mather, factor to the Right Hon. William Adam, Lord Chief Commissioner, to Sarah Maria Easty, second daughter of the late Mr James Easty, Southampton Street, London.

7. At Edinburgh, Mr Paterson, pianoforte maker, to Miss Josephina Lawrie, youngest daughter of the late Mr John Stirling, merchant, Edinburgh.

10. At Barnsmuir, the Rev. James Brown, minister of Kilrenny, to Anne, youngest daughter of the late Captain Ranken, 48th regiment.

— At her father's house, Henry Salmon, Esq. banker, Falkirk, to Miss Christina, youngest daughter of George Morgan Esq. Kirkaldy.

11. At Paisley, William Hart, Esq. writer, to Marion, second daughter of Mr John Adam, Paisley.

— Mr George Gray, merchant, Dalkeith, to Isobel, eldest daughter of Mr James Murray, Tranent.

13. At St Mary's, Shrewsbury, Captain James Arthur Murray, R. N. son of the late Right Hon. Lord William Murray, and nephew to his Grace the Duke of Athol, to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late William Coupland, Esq. of that town.

14. David Scott, Esq. W. S. to Theodosea, youngest daughter of Robert Anderson, Esq. Broughton Place.

17. At Aberdeen, the Rev. Patrick Forbes, D.D. Professor of Humanity, Chemistry, and Natural History, in the King's College, and one of the ministers of Old Mahar, to Mary, second daughter of the Rev. Dr Glennie, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic, in the Marischal College, and one of the ministers of Aberdeen.

— Captain James Pearson, of the East India Company's Service, to Agnes, youngest daughter of the deceased William Richardson, Esq. late of Keithock.

— At Parklee, Robert Welsh, Esq. writer, Edinburgh, to Mary, youngest daughter of John May, Esq. Parklee.

— At Lyndhurst, the Rev. C. W. Wodehouse, to Lady Jane Hay, sister to the Earl of Errol.

18. At Eling, Hants, Robert Aitchison Esq. Captain Royal Navy, to Eliza, daughter of the late Matthew Monro, Esq. of the Island of Grenada.

— At Mellendean, Roxburghshire, the Rev. Alexander Wood, minister of Rosemarkie, to Agnes, second daughter of Adam Walker, Esq. of Muirhouselaw.

20. At Edinburgh, Mr William Sharpe, merchant, Glasgow, to Isabella, daughter of the late Rev. Alexander Pirie, Glasgow.

— At Sulhamstead, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Henry Watson, C.T.S. and Brigadier-General in the ser-

vice of his Most Faithful Majesty, to Ann Rosetta, fourth daughter of the late William Thoyts, of Sulhamstead House, Berkshire.

21. Mr William Jamieson, merchant, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Mr William Robertson, upholsterer and auctioneer in Edinburgh.

— At Mrs Hume's, Mr Dunn, teacher of English, Hillhousefield Academy, to Miss Hume.

22. John Lucius Charles Van Baerle, Esq. to Caroline, daughter of Sir Thomas Hislop, Bart.

24. At Stockbridge, William, son of Mr John Lauder, Silvermills, to Barbara, daughter of Mr Gavin Bengo, Stockbridge.

27. At Westfield, Charles Grace, Esq. writer, St Andrews, to Alison, second daughter of Alexander Forbes, Esq. of Westfield.

— At Garvamore, Mr A. N. Carmichael, of the Royal Academy, Inverness, to Mary, youngest daughter of Mr John M'Donald, Badenoch.

31. At Glasgow, Mr Robert Muirhead, merchant, to Mary, only daughter of the late Mr D. Marquis, Lorn.

Lately.—Mr George Clark, bookseller, Aberdeen, to Miss Helen Thomson, Dundas Street, Edinburgh.

DEATHS.

Feb. 18, 1821. At Wick, John Macleay, Esq. of Lass, much and justly regretted.

June 19. At Madras, Mrs Lucy Jamieson, wife of Dr William Bruce.

Captain James Scott, of the British Legion in the Columbian service, and youngest son of the late Rev. John Scott, of Kilclaven, Perthshire, was killed on the 24th of June last, in the decisive battle of Carabobo, in South America.

July 17. At Valencia, in South America, of the wounds received on the 24th June, in the battle of Carabobo, Thomas Ilderton Ferriar, Esq. eldest son of the late Dr Ferriar, of Manchester, Colonel in the Columbian service, and Adjutant-General of the army of Apure.

20. At Negapatam, East Indies, of fever, aged 21 years, Alexander Arthur Duff, Esq. younger of Muirtown, of the royal regiment of foot.

24. At Trichinpoly, Madras establishment, of the cholera morbus, Lieutenant William Innes Orrok, of his Majesty's Royal Scots, son of the deceased John Orrok, Esq. of Orrok.

27. At Batavia, Mr William Leslie, aged 56; and on the 9th Dec. at Boghall, Mr Andrew Leslie, farmer there, aged 55—sons of the late William Leslie, Kingsbarns.

Aug. 7. At Arcot, William Cairo Lockhart, Lieutenant in the 8th Madras Cavalry, son of the deceased Major-General William Lockhart, of his Majesty's service.

Sept. 13. At Hall Head Estate, Jamaica, Andrew Graham Sievwright, third son of Mr Sievwright, Ariston Place.

15. At Dover, on her journey home from Selessin, near Liege, Miss Delicia Taylor Sutherland, aged 16, only daughter of Dr Sutherland, of Belmont Street, Aberdeen. She was affectionate and dutiful; lovely, amiable, and accomplished. Her premature death is a deep affliction to her parents, by whom she was tenderly beloved; and who will ever cherish her memory with the most affectionate attachment.

20. In Spanish Town, Jamaica, a negro woman, named Mary Goodsall, aged 120 years.

Oct. 22. In the Island of Jamaica, Mr Alexander Murray, son of the Rev. Andrew Murray, minister of Auchterderran, Fifeshire.

Nov. 7. At St John's, Newfoundland, Mrs Cross.

10. At Malta, Ensign Hesse Maxwell Gordon, of the 85th regiment.

12. At the Manse of Rathven, the Rev. George Donaldson, minister of that parish, in the 79th year of his age, and 42d of his ministry.

22. At his house, Lothian Road, Edinburgh, John Spalding.

25. At Dundee, in the 67th year of her age, Miss Catherine Sandiman, youngest daughter of Mr David Sandiman, late merchant in Dundee. In the short space of eight months and five days, a son and three daughters, his whole remaining children, have been removed from this transitory life—an instance of mortality in one family rarely occurring.

27. At Dover, on her way from Canada to France, for the benefit of her health, Euphemia Ludin, wife of Deputy Assistant Commissary-General Maclean.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Luke Fraser, late one of the masters of the High School of this city, aged 85 years.

28. After a severe and lingering illness, Mrs Fraser, wife of Thomas Fraser, Esq. of Woodcotthouse, near Reading, and of Bannskirk, in the county of Caithness, who served during last year as High Sheriff for Oxfordshire.

— At Mr Thomson's house, 21, Broughton Street, Edinburgh, Mr Robert Smith, Thornhill, near Falkirk.

29. At her house, Leith Walk, Mrs Jane Richie, relict of the late Captain John Roberts of Carronflatts.

30. At Dalyell Lodge, John Dalyell, Esq. of Lingo.

— At Bankfoot, Mrs Jane Hay, relict of the deceased Alexander Robertson, Esq. one of the Principal Clerks of Session.

Dec. 1. At her house, No. 60, Queen Street, Mrs Anne Dunlop.

— At Clifton, after a lingering illness, Lieut.-General John Lee.

2. At her house, in Dundas Street, Miss Janet Macfarlan, eldest daughter of the late William Macfarlan of Macfarlan, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Charles Hamilton, of Fairholm, Esq. aged 55.

— At Douglas, Mrs Hawthorn Thomson, relict of the Rev. William M'Cubbin, minister there.

— At Cholmondeley House, Piccadilly, Colonel Seymour, son-in-law of the Marquis of Cholmondeley.

— At Philpstoun, Miss Catherine Keir, eldest daughter of the late William Keir, Esq. Milnholm.

3. At her house in Gloucester Place, London, Mrs Fitzgerald, widow of the late Lieut.-Colonel Fitzgerald, of the Life Guards, who fell at Waterloo.

— At his house, in Upper Cadogan Place, London, Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Hamilton, aged 53 years, eighteen of which had been devoted to the service of the army, most of them in foreign climates, and scarcely one in his own country.

4. At his house, at Stratford, the Right Hon. Lord Henniker, LL.D. F. R. S.

— At his house, at Brighton, James Perry, Esq. editor and proprietor of The Morning Chronicle.

— At Greenhill, the Hon. Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn, Bart. one of the Barons of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer.

4. At Pilrig Entry, Leith Walk, Mr John Arthur, late gunner of his Majesty's ship Bellona.

— At No. 23, South St Andrew's Street, Mrs Margaret Alston, wife of Mr Dassauville, surgeon.

— At Edinburgh, Adam Scott Elliot of Arkleton.

5. At Wellington Place, Leith Links, Mrs Margaret Lindsay, wife of Mr Foggo, of the High School there.

— At Bowerhouses, near Dunbar, Margaret Carfrae, daughter of the Rev. Dr Carfrae.

— At Hillhouse, Berwickshire, Archibald Somerville, Esq.

— At Antonshill, Mrs Jean Dysart, wife of James Dickson, Esq. of Antonshill.

6. At Musselburgh, Richard Jones, late of the Customs, Edinburgh.

7. At Edinburgh, Mrs Stewart Cunninghame, wife of Captain James Haldane Tait, of the Royal Navy.

— At Portobello, Mrs Rhoda Mudie, wife of Dr J. Dunbar Mudie, late of Alford, Lincolnshire.

8. In Seymour Place, London, Grace, the eldest daughter of Leaver Legge, Esq. of Melrose, Roxburghshire.

— At London, of apoplexy, John Ring, Esq. surgeon, generally known for his philanthropy and literary professional acquirements.

10. At Glasgow, Sarah Cochran, second daughter of James Cochran, Esq. of Kirkfield.

— At her house, No. 3, George Street, Mrs Margaret Ringann, widow of the late Mr Henry Ringann, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At his house, Rankeillour Street, Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Ferguson, aged 78. This gentleman has bequeathed the sum of L.100 to

each of the four following institutions:—The Magdalen Chapel; the Royal Infirmary; the Trades' Maiden Hospital, and the Charity Workhouse.

10. After a short but severe illness, Mr James Currie, farmer, Halkerstone.

11. At Leith, Mrs Ann Richlet, wife of Mr John Hutchinson, merchant there.

— At Moray Street, Leith Walk, Mrs Knox, late of Firth.

— At Greenock, in the 20th year of her age, Miss Christian Weddell.

— At Arbroath, Miss Gleig, daughter of the Rev. George Gleig, minister there.

— Miss Barbara Moir, eldest daughter of Andrew Moir, Esq. late of Otterburn.

12. At Hermitage Place, Leith, Lieut.-Colonel Lauriston, of the Honourable East India Company's Service.

— At Brighton, Phoebe Hassel, aged 111 years. His Majesty had, for the last seven or eight years, allowed the deceased 10s. 6d. a-week.

— At Graycraig, Fifeshire, Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Bethune, of the Honourable East India Company's Service.

— At Burntisland, Mrs Helen Simpson, wife of William Young, Esq. distiller.

13. At Belfield, in the 77th year of her age, Mrs Margaret White, relict of Mr James Stalker.

— At Lisbon, Dr Wynne, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, and formerly Surgeon to the Chester Infirmary.

14. At Penrith, R. Story, Esq. M. D. in the 83d year of his age.

— At Down, near Dunbar, Mr John Skirving, late farmer, Westfield, at the advanced age of 90.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Carruthers, relict of the late John Carruthers, Esq. of Holmains, and daughter of Sir Robert Lawrie, Bart. of Maxwelton.

— At her house, in Castle Street, Miss Margaret Maxwell, daughter of the late Sir William Maxwell, of Calderwood, Bart.

15. At No. 9, North St David Street, Isabella M'Limont, wife of John S. Ramsay, M.D.

— At Yardheads, Leith, Matthew Combe, Esq. brewer.

— At Echt-house, Sir Harry Niven Lumsden, of Auchindoir, Bart.

16. At Lessendrum, Maurice George Disset, Esq. of Knighton, in the Isle of Wight, and Lessendrum, Aberdeenshire.

— At Broughty Ferry, near Dundee, Mrs Horsley, wife of the Rev. Heneage Horsley, Episcopal clergyman, Dundee.

— At Castlemilk, Lady Stuart, widow of Sir John Stuart of Castlemilk, Bart.

— At Woodside, near Hamilton, Mrs Dykes, relict of John Dykes, Esq. of Woodside.

17. At the Chateau of Epine, near Paris, the Countess of Lisburne.

—At his seat at Daly's Town, in the county of Galway, the Right Hon. Denis Bowes, Daly, upwards of 40 years M.P. for the county of Galway.

— At his house, Musselburgh, William Scott, aged 70.

18. At Mount Lodge, Portobello, Colonel Francis James Scott.

— At his house, No. 25, Potterrow, Alexander Ketchen, baker.

19. At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Salter, wife of James Murdoch.

20. At Whitehill, New Deer, the Rev. John Bunyan, minister of the United Associate Congregation.

— At St Andrews, in the 57th year of her age, Miss Elizabeth Stevenson, sister of David Stevenson, Esq. formerly of London.

— After a short illness; Mr Daniel M'Intosh, formerly grocer in Edinburgh.

21. At Stirling, M[illegible]rman, wife of Mr Forman, bookseller.

22. At St Ann's [illegible], near Liverpool [illegible] years, Jane, second daughter of Gilber[illegible] son, Esq.

— At the Manse of Crieff, Mr John [illegible]ory, late of Edinburgh, in his 85th year.

— At Edinburgh, in the 62d year of his age, Thomas Henderson, Esq. the City Chamberlain. The death of this respectable individual has terminated a career of much public usefulness and great personal integrity. Mr Henderson for many years filled various departments in the Magistracy and Council of this city; he was for some period Treasurer to Heriot's Hospital, and, we believe, about twelve years Chamberlain and Manager of the City Revenues of Edinburgh, an office attended with much anxiety, care, and responsibility. In all the situations which he occupied, we think we only speak the public feeling, when we say that he filled them with fidelity. In his official duties, he was firm and decisive, while to all he was easy of access, kind, and affable. In private life, those who knew him, were well acquainted with the pious feelings of his heart, and general benevolence of his character.

— At Tulliallan Manse, the Rev. David Simson, in the 82d year of his age. During his long life, he enjoyed uninterrupted good health; and, until within three days of his death, was never prevented by indisposition from performing all his ministerial duties. His amiable simplicity of manners, his kind and affectionate dispositions, his inflexible integrity, and exemplary piety, endeared him to his family and parishioners, whilst his character as a man, a Christian, and a divine, will be long remembered by those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

— At Glasgow, Mr James Greenlees, late bookseller in that city.

23. At Lewisham, Major John Francis Fead, Royal Artillery.

24. At Edinburgh, Mr John Cochran, merchant there.

— In London, Mr Henry Beaumont, aged 35.

— At Hastings, Mrs James Elphinstone, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Elphinstone.

25. In Pitt Street, Bonn[illegible]gton, near Leith, Mrs Lauder, relict of Bailie L[illegible]der, Lauder, Berwickshire.

26. At York Place, David M'Farlan, youngest son of Mr William Williamson, writer.

— At Huntly, Mrs Isobel Grewer, relict of the late William Grewer, merchant in Huntly, aged 82 years.

28. At Witham, after an illness of a few hours, the very Rev. J. Jefferson, Archdeacon of Colchester, Rector of Wesley, and Vicar of Witham, in the county of Essex.

30. At her house, in Berkeley Square, London, after a long and painful illness, Maria, Countess of Guilford, widow of Francis, late Earl of Guilford.

— At Ballewn, Strathblane, Archibald Edmonstone, Esq. of Spittal.

— At Doune, aged 14, Janet, second daughter of Mr James M'Farlane.

Lately. At Dacre Lodge, Herts, the Right Hon. Maria Margaret, Lady Napier, eldest daughter of the late Sir John Clavering, K.B.

—In French Street, Southampton, Mr F. Guion. He was at an early period of his life on the Edinburgh stage, and played the same characters as Mr Garrick was then performing in London, and with nearly as much eclat.

— At Saxe Greta, Andreas Romberg, the celebrated composer and violin player.

— At Liverpool, Edward Simon, aged 104 years, and 22 days, a labourer in the Docks.

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ON THE GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF ROUSSEAU.

It is not an injustice to designate by the name of illegitimate genius, that power which has its foundation in temperament alone. This may seem merely an invidious distinction to those who mistake strong passions for great ones, and consider weak nerves and feverish blood to characterize the first order of men. But let us consider the developement and progress of the different kinds of intellect, and it will be manifest that the distinction is not arbitrary. The first step of a mind of superior organization is a consciousness of its powers—at times, but not always, a consciousness of its superiority: for the observation and self-reference that give birth to the latter, are generally excluded by the all-possessing spirit, that is absorbed in its own contemplation. The restless ambition of early vanity is perhaps a mark of genius; but it is always of that middling rank which allows itself leisure for comparison with others, and which is destined to seek its reward in praise, not in the sublime content of its own possession:—Cowley and Pope displayed precocity, Milton and Shakespeare none. There is another distinction to be observed here, which is, that those whose talents are thus developed early, seldom possess the genius of *temperament*, but that of *real capacity of mind*, though not of the first rank. The genius of temperament is developed with the age of puberty; its appearance, powers, conversation, and productions before that period, give not the least promise. Of this class, to speak plainly, it is their physical feelings which first awaken and ferment their spirit, and which, too impetuous and too fickle to find satiety in external objects, turn inwards, and prey upon the mind. To these feelings solely their imagination seems to owe its birth; and to whatever grave or sublime speculations it is afterwards elevated, its tone, somehow or other, always betrays the baseness of its origin. In their most abstracted thoughts, or most generous enthusiasm, the original leaven is still seen breaking forth, to belie the specious purity of their declamation.

The consciousness which we have before mentioned, is the point of separation for the two kinds of genius. That of *mind*, after having explored its own feelings and principles, and become acquainted with its internal organization, passes on, out of itself, into the expansive regions of knowledge. That of temperament, enchanted with the task of self-contemplation, lingers *there*, and considers as the goal of its course, what the other regards but as the entrance. Like a child, it becomes enamoured of its playthings, and refuses to advance into maturity. Continually occupied in comparing one petty feeling with another, imagining scenes where it acts a part, and running over the catalogue of possibilities for a novel picture or sensation, it at length arrives at the profound discovery, that all is vanity, and that there is no pleasure in life. This is the sum of the philosophy of these sublime spi-

rits; and to turn it to the best advantage, they take care to proclaim it to the world daily in a thousand shapes —unbuckle their little truss of wisdom with a pedlar's importance, and palm their half-nonsense half-truism on the world by dint of emphasis and gesticulation.

In minds of genuine capacity, this mental egotism is of short duration. It is not excited by the senses, or supported in subservience to them, but prompted by the innate thirst of wisdom and truth. Conscious of "their great task-master's will," they do not live to contemplate alone, but to progress; nor do they listen to imagination, that subtle alchymist, that promises to convert the dregs of impurity into gold. The eye of mind is turned upon itself, not to seek a theme of pleasure or of pain, but to perfect an instrument of power—to acquire the self-knowledge, the intuition, the judgment, to be employed on worthier and more remote objects. Beings that are so constituted, find in the exertion of intellect an adequate end and reward—their impulse is purely spiritual, their longings solely after truth. But the unfortunate children of temperament, who mistake the fretful irritability of their nerves for a yearning of soul, can find nothing in the intellectual world to content them. Vain and eager to pursue the paths of philosophy, in which the great of old have trod and been happy, they soon find that the climate does not suit them—that it is too rare, too unsubstantial for their earthly lungs. And ever after, with them, "virtue is but an empty name," religion nonsense, laws chains, men villains;

> "Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
> And nought is every thing, and every thing is nought."

The "philosophy of temperament" would make a very interesting volume, and a very useful one, in this, that it would, without a doubt, be the most nonsensical and absurd system ever conceived. Scattered as it is, in ingenious scraps, throughout numerous volumes of eloquence and poetry, it is by this means enabled to retain some sort of consistency. It is blended with beautiful images and sublime associaciations, that keep asunder, and at the same time connect, its jarring principles. All that is wanting to destroy the system, is some cunning hand to put it together, and represent it in one view. A kind of dictionary would do it to a nicety, even if confined to the works of the high-priest of the sect,—Rousseau. Let the word *virtue*, for instance, be chosen, and the different significations given, in which it is applied;—the *virtue* (it is the very term J. Jacques uses) in which he and Madame de Warens lived—the *virtue*, as it is applied in what he calls his polemical works—and the *virtue*, which he applies to himself in his old days. In the first case, it stands for the most abominable and unspeakable debauchery; in the second, for an indefinite mixture of atheism and fanaticism; and in the last, for that impudence peculiar to himself, and which had its origin in cowardice. The only way to judge of them is by words, for distinct ideas they had none—their writings are, as Jean Jacques himself confesses, but *le bavardage de la fievre*. But we forestall.

It is Moore, we believe, who, in an elegant critique on Childe Harold, has asserted, and with justice, that the fame attendant on such writers, being for the most part personal, generally terminates with the life of the object. Notwithstanding the justice of his maxim, he has not been happy in illustrating the principle by the example of Rousseau, nor was he right in stating, that the controversy and the interest to which he gave birth, had subsided. During the ten years that elapsed between the death of that author and the Revolution, the enthusiasm for and against him was hourly increasing: every one knows the translation of his remains to the Pantheon, and the speech of Cambaceres over him.* Morellet was near being brought to the guillotine, for having been suspected, wrongfully, of writing against him. Popular interest in his memory was not allowed to subside for a mo-

* The words of the orator-president but too strongly mark the influence of Rousseau's writings.

"Au premier regard qu'il jeta sur le genre humain, il vit les peuples à genoux, courbés sous les sceptres et les couronnes; il osa prononcer les mots d'*égalité* et de *liberté*. Ces mots ont retentis dans tous les cœurs, et les peuples se sont levés."

ment: the last books of the Confessions appeared in 1788; since which period, new accounts have been gradually appearing, almost yearly, to throw light on his character and actions. The Memoires of Madame d'Epinay, and Grimm's Literary Correspondence in particular, renewed the whole controversy, some twelve or thirteen years since. There have been no less than eleven different publications—Voyages to the Hermitage, which is not three leagues from Paris. And to crown all, a work has appeared the other day, which has for its scope, an utter annihilation of all the antagonists of the philosopher.*

Any one that has heard of the famous Confessions, would suppose that a life of the author was needless. But, besides that the Confessions are a closed volume, even for men who have any regard for decency and their own dignity, they convey little intelligence of that part of literary life which would be valuable to know. The first six books are mere annals of debauchery, which the wretched old man, when he wrote, dwelt on, in spite of years and disease, with a fondness that is disgusting. He confesses, with deep contrition, having forsaken his friend in an epileptic fit, and having purloined a piece of red ribband; but he details with a jocularity and enjoyment inconceivable, and without the least symptom of shame, habits and actions so filthy, so horrible, so beastly—our language, thank heaven! has no name for them. The six last books, with the exception of his account of his productions, which is extremely interesting, are a kind of thermometer of friendship, containing an accurate memorial of kisses given and received, visits, slights, huffs, quarrels, mysteries, and suspicions. Diderot misses an appointment with him—Grimm sits down in his chair—the young Duke of Villeroi quizzes him for calling his dog *Duke*, and then changing it to *Turk*, for fear of giving offence; and this, he observes, brought a scolding on the Duke from his mamma, which made him poor Jean Jacques's enemy for life—the Marechale de Luxembourg did not hug him tight enough at parting†—his friends did not shed tears of joy when they met him;—these are the serious complaints and miseries of a watchmaker's son, who, after forty years of indigence and vagabondism, is admitted into the first societies and friendships of Europe—lodged by marshals, caressed by duchesses, served with game by the very hands of a prince of the blood, and sought after by royalty itself, which introduction he was obliged to refuse, because his debauched life had entailed on him a disease, that rendered him incapable of remaining in the antichamber for an hour without retiring. His refusal was nevertheless attributed to his independence.

The verdict of English juries on unfortunate suicides is much the same, and produced by the same motive, as the public opinion of Rousseau. The word *insanity* is allowed to cover and excuse his sins;—the worst that an enemy can do, is to apologize for him, and this is the attempt of the author of the Life lately published. The work is merely one of compilation and research, it contains some letters that have not before seen the light, and its attempts at exculpation are narrowly spiteful, and at times ignorant (especially in the case of Hume) without producing the least effect. The history of the works of J. Jacques, with which it closes, and which is the only part of the volumes worthy of attention, had appeared word for word some years back, prefixed to an edition of "Emile," &c.

Jean Jacques Rousseau was born at Geneva in the year 1712. He was bound apprentice, first to a register-keeper, then to an engraver, from whom he ran away. Having turned Catholic for food, he became a catechumen at Turin, then a lackey; after having inspired a noble family with interest for him, he was in the high road to preferment, and even one of the sons of his noble benefactor took upon him to instruct the little vagabond. Jean Jacques, however, vanished, and occupied various stations in a few years,—interpreter to a Greek archimandrite,—a music-master,—a tutor,—*gentleman of the chamber* to Madame de Warens; till having hit upon what he thought a discovery—a new

* Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de J. J. Rousseau, par V. D. Musset-Pathay.

† "Madame la Maréchale n'embrassa plusieurs fois d'un air assez triste; mais je ne sentis plus dans ces embrassements les étreintes de ceux qu'elle m'avoit prodigués il y avoit deux ou trois ans."—*Confessions*, Livre XI.

mode of noting music, he set off for Paris in the year 1741, being nearly thirty years of age.

Rousseau has given us, in his Confessions, ample details of the developement of his youthful intellect—they are impossible to relate; suffice it to say, that they are a disgrace to human nature. With the help of his father, J. Jacques exhausted a library of romances at seven years of age, an occupation not likely to improve his tendencies. While at Madame de Warens, she sent him to M. D'Aubonne, a man of intrigue, and an adventurer, to see what he was fit for. "The result of his observation was, that in spite of an animated physiognomy and pleasing exterior, he was, if not quite a fool, at least a child of little spirit, without ideas or acquirements, of a very limited capacity, and that the highest honour he could look forward to, would be at most a village curacy at some distant day." Rousseau confesses that his appearance and conversation justified the unfavourable impression. His remarks on the opinion of D'Aubonne are worthy of quotation:

"This langour of thought, united with this vivacity of feeling, I experience not only in conversation, but even when alone, and occupied with reflection. My ideas arrange themselves in my head with incredible difficulty. They circulate dully—ferment in my mind to distraction,—put me into a sweat and palpitation; in the midst of this emotion I see nothing clearly, and cannot write a word—I must wait.* Insensibly the distraction subsides, the chaos dissipates; each idea steps into its place, but slowly, and after long and confused agitation. Have you ever seen the opera in Italy? During the changes of the scene there reigns a long and disagreeable disorder—all the decorations are intermingled, pulled and hawled about, and seem ready to overturn. Nevertheless, in an instant every thing is set to rights and arranged, and one is surprised to see such a tumult succeeded by a delightful spectacle. Thus it is with my brain when I would write. If I had known at first to wait, and then render into beauty the images that have presented themselves, few authors would have surpassed me.

"Hence comes the extreme difficulty with which I compose. My manuscripts are scratched, scribbled, jumbled, illegible, and attest the pain they have cost me. There is not one which I have not been obliged to transcribe four or five times ere I sent it to press. I could never do any thing with pen in hand over a table and paper:—it is in walking through rocks and woods, in the night, while in bed and sleepless, that I write in my brain, and people may judge with what difficulty and length of time, since I am totally deprived of all power of verbal memory, and never in my life could retain six verses by heart. There are some of my periods that I have turned over and over in my head for six nights, ere they were in a state to be put on paper. Hence it is, that I have succeeded better in those kinds of composition which demand labour, than in those which require lightness, as letters—a species of writing of which I have never been able to catch the tone, and which puts me to the torture. I never write a letter on the most trivial subject that does not cost me hours of fatigue; or if I write what first comes into my head, I know not how to commence or finish—my letter is a long and confused *verbiage*, that scarce can be understood when read.

"It costs me this trouble not only to render my ideas, but to receive them. I have studied men; I think myself an acute observer, nevertheless I know nothing of what I see. I see nothing well but what I recall, and have no power but in my recollections. Of all that is said and done in my presence, I neither can perceive, nor penetrate the motive—it is merely the exterior sign that strikes me. But afterwards the whole scene returns—the place, the time, the tone, the look, the gesture, the circumstance,—nothing escapes me. Then I find the motives and the meaning of all that was said or done; and rarely am I deceived."—*Confessions, Livre* 3.

This sottish stupidity at the time that presence of mind was most wanting, and this habit of recollective penetration afterwards, were the principal causes of all the miseries of the philosopher. Happy enough when in

* This is a complete key to the philosophy of Jean Jacques, and to that of temperament in general.

company, he had the knack of discovering when he left it, that they had been making game of him all the time—the consequence was, that he took the first opportunity of insulting his friends. A little more reflection, accompanied with kindness on their part, again undeceived him, and he hurried to a reconciliation. And in reflecting upon this reconciliation, he was sure to fall back again into mistrust. Thus he complains that Grimm received him *en empereur Romain*, and that Madam D'Epinay forgave his first insolence merely to lay a plot for what he calls his *ruin*. The Encyclopedists, and all those whom he stigmatizes under the name of the *Holbachich coterie*, merely wanted to humanize him, to have him amongst them, to make him happy, and an atheist, (which was certainly very kind of them);—they read lectures to him, like a child, which hurt him severely, and used very unwarrantable means, it must be allowed, to separate him from his *commandantes*—Therèse and her mother. All this was at first carried on with very kind intentions, but when they had deserted him, and found that instead of becoming, as they had conjectured, utterly forsaken, he was taken up by the Marechale de Luxembourg and the grandees of the court; then no doubt their hate grew black, and their hostility treacherous.

When Rousseau arrived in Paris, he presented his scheme for noting music to the Institute—it was not considered worthy of being followed up. He had also with him his comedy of Narcisse, for which he could gain no attention; nor did it merit any. His knowledge of music gained him the acquaintance of Diderot, whose conversation awoke his dormant predilections for literature. These were evinced by a curious occupation for a young enthusiast. "Every morning," says he, "about ten o'clock, I betook myself to walk in the Luxembourg, with a Virgil and a Rousseau in my pocket, and there occupied myself till dinner, endeavouring to learn by heart an ode or a burlesque, without thinking what I learnt to-day was forgotten to-morrow." At length he is introduced to Madam Dupin, a lady of the first rank and fashion in the capital, and here he makes his *debut* by writing to the lady a declaration of love—he is forbidden the house. After spending some time in musical composition, he becomes secretary to the French embassy at Venice. In this respectable and delicate situation, which he obtained through the interest of Madam De Broglie, Rousseau conducted himself with great integrity and credit, and his quarrel with the Chevalier Montaign, and subsequent dismission by that wrong-headed ambassador, forms one of the very few exceptions of a contention in which Jean Jacques was in the right.

Soon after this commences the era of his reputation—the Discourse on the Sciences and Arts, which won the prize of the Dijon Academy. This essay is the germe of Rousseau's opinions—all his subsequent writings are but an extension of the same paradox. The question proposed is, Whether the sciences and arts have tended to purify or to corrupt general morals? Rousseau chose the field for eloquence, and supported the opinion of their being the causes of corruption; his success pointed out paradox to him as the easiest road to fame, and he failed not to make good use of the discovery. The author himself has confessed this discourse to be void of all merit, notwithstanding, as Diderot observed, "it took above the clouds;" he has recapitulated and summed up his opinions on the subject many years after—when he had had full time to consider what he at first put forward hastily—in the preface to "Narcissus." He there allows the validity of the objection, that literature, because it is attended with corruption, does not necessarily produce it; but then, says he, books are produced by idleness, and the desire of distinction, &c.—he confesses the argument to be unanswerable; and, as if he had never heard of it, runs on, addle-headed, in the same strain. The controversy, on either side, is not worth one moment's consideration, but it is a sample of the logic of Jean Jacques. There is a doubt whether he espoused in this case the side hostile to letters, of his own accord, or by the suggestion of Diderot. Rousseau asserts, that the idea arose in his mind, during a walk to see his friend, who was confined for his "*Lettres sur les Aveugles*," in the Donjon of Vincennes, and ushers it in with great effect, as they do the entrance of heroes on the stage, with all kinds of thunder and trumpets. "At the in-

stant," says he, "I saw another universe, and became another man,"—according to his account, it put him all in a perspiration; we think that he might account for any extraordinary heat, by the walk in the middle of summer, from Paris to Vincennes. Diderot tells another story, and quite as circumstantial, that Jean Jacques had determined on the same side of the question, but that he shewed the advantage of paradox—I induced him to take the part he did;—the question is not worth deciding.

The discourse was written in 1749, and Rousseau quitted Paris for Montmorenci in 1756. These seven years may be considered the first epochs of his literary life;—during it he produced the "*Devin du Village*," and the Essay "*Sur l'Inégalite des Conditions*." This latter is a sequel of his first paradox, which he subsequently carried to its extent in the *Contrat Social*. The literary connexions which had such influence on his future temper and actions, and concerning which there have arisen so many subjects of debate, were formed, or at least established, during this period. His chief intimacy was with Grimm, who was, at best, a worthless puppy; and with Diderot, whose literary fame, already established, did not allow him to meet Rousseau's friendship on an equality. Jean Jacques was, in simplicity and forwardness, all his life a child, and could never comprehend those different shades of intimacy which are so distinct, although politeness veils them with the same mask. He gave his whole heart to the persons he had taken a fancy to, and expected, without any compromise or delay, a like return. The act of shaking hands was a *scene* with him, and he was equally disappointed and ashamed when he found these emotions confined to himself. Upon his first visit to Diderot, at Vincennes, he rushed into the arms of his friend, and dissolved into tears; he afterwards complained bitterly, that Diderot, instead of weeping, as in duty bound, merely observed to the company, "You see how my friends love me." The very same omission is one of his chief complaints against David Hume, who, in one of his letters, asserts, that he was much affected:—Rousseau, however, was not satisfied, he wanted tears, and that from two materialists, who would belie their creed at every sob. Grimm was a hypocrite, a mere pretender in feeling as in every thing else; of his conduct there might be reason to complain—but it never appears that Diderot made a promise of any romantic attachment. The sentence of the latter, "none but the wicked love solitude," or something to that effect, was the commencement of the quarrel;—mark the sophism by which Rousseau replies:—"If a man be alone, what harm can he offer to any one?" as if wickedness consisted solely in our relations with others. But this was evidently his morality: the least harm to another is marked by deep contrition in his Confessions, while the abominable sins that he committed against himself are told without the least remorse. It was at this period that Rousseau, who could not meet his friends without tears in his eyes, packed off his five children, one after another, to the foundling establishment at Paris; the first was sent with a cipher, but even that precaution was not thought worth taking with the others. Of this his enemies made a fertile subject of accusation in the sequel; and, as may be supposed, all his attempts at exculpation but aggravated his crime.

After the success of his little opera, in which Madame de Pompadour even deigned to act the part of Colin, Rousseau fancies that all his friends grew cold towards him. "They could have pardoned me," says he, "for having written books, and excellent books, but having succeeded in an opera, a path in which they could never follow me, I could never obtain forgiveness." This is manifestly the surmise of narrow vanity and suspicion; had his friends been envious, they could not have met any thing more to their wishes, than to see him distracted from literature by musical composition. His removal from Paris soon effected a total separation from his old friends. While walking with Madame d'Epinay on her domain of La Chevrette, Jean Jacques admired the situation of the hermitage, and seemed struck with the beauty and retirement of the spot. Madame d'Epinay made no remark on the occasion, but immediately employed workmen to fit up the residence, and leading Rousseau one day unexpectedly to the place,—"My

bear," says she, "behold your asylum."*

"Emile" and "La Nouvelle Heloise" were produced in the solitude of the Hermitage. "Emile" was undertaken first, but completed after the publication of "Heloise." The latter was published in 1759, and nothing can equal the fury with which it was sought after. "The men of letters were divided in opinion concerning it," writes the author, and they are so yet. The *philosophes* set it down as a mere imitation of Richardson. "Heloise," say they, "is Clarissa, Claire, Miss Howe." M. Musset-Pathay, in attempting to defend the originality of Rousseau from this imputation, confirms the opinion beyond a doubt, by mentioning the note in which Rousseau combats the principles of Richardson—people always borrow under the name of amending. An accusation of the same kind, and with equal justice, was applied to the "Emile;" "Que le fond des idées de l'Emile est tout entier, dans Plutarque, dans Montaigne, et dans Locke, trois auteurs qui étoient constamment dans les mains de J. J." To point out the beauties or the defects of the Heloise is needless; it was written for a certain class of society, and for certain manners and modes of living, now out of fashion even in France. For them it was a moral work; for Mesdames d'Epinay, d'Houdetot, and the circle around them, it was a sermon; to us it more resembles an insult. We may conceive an idea of the morals of the time from a passage in the Confessions—he is speaking of the success of this novel; "So inebriated were the women with the book and its author, that there was scarce one female, even of the highest rank, of whom I could not have made a conquest, had I wished it. I have proofs of what I write," &c. And this is from a man of fifty, an old debauchee, "revered and ruptured," as Canning says.

The "Heloise" insured the success of "Emile," which, had it been published first, would most likely not have produced many of the wonderful effects it has. All the people to whom he read it in manuscript, fell fast asleep; and he complains that St Lambert took ample vengeance of his treason by snoring while the author read

* Montmorenci had long the honour of giving its name to the proud family of the Constable of France. By one of the daughters of that house it passed into the possession of the family of Condé, who changed its name to that of Anguien—the title that was borne by the unfortunate victim of Bonaparte. It is about four leagues north-west of Paris, situated on the declivity of a hill; between it and the wood of Montmorenci is the valley of the Hermitage. Southward of the town was the chateau of the Marechale de Luxembourg, so often mentioned by Rousseau; it was destroyed during the Revolution, but the celebrated terrace, described in the Confessions, yet exists, and presents the same splendid view he loved to contemplate. The chateau Chemette was purchased after the death of Madame d'Epinay, by M. Sommeriva; it is at the back of La Barre, facing the hill, and looks as gay as if it was yet inhabited by Madame d'Epinay and her various favourites.

The Hermitage is a great object of attraction for travellers; and an *Auberge Anglais*, on the little road that leads from the town to it, witnesses what country is most assiduous in paying its respects. The house and garden passed, after Rousseau's death, into the hands of Grétry, the composer, whose bust and pillar, containing his heart, stand in the garden, rather impudently rivalling the manes of Rousseau. There also stands in a niche, a very characteristic bust of Jean Jacques, surrounded with pencil scribbling, and beneath it is inscribed the reproachful tribute of Madame d'Epinay:

"Toi dont les plus brûlants écrits
Furent créés dans cet humble Hermitage,
Rousseau, plus éloquent que sage,
Pourquoi quittas-tu mon pays?
Toi même avais choisi ma retraite paisible;
Je t'ai vis le bonheur, et tu l'as dédaigné;
Tu fus ingrat, mon cœur en a saigné;
Mais qu' ai-je à retracer à mon âme sensible?
Je te vois, je te lis, et tout est pardonné."

This was written when she was in dread of the Confessions, and is unjust, for she *turned* Rousseau out of the Hermitage.

The house at present belongs to Mr Flammand Grétry, who has written a thick poem on the subject of his habitation—we can speak as to nothing but its thickness. Half the mansion is at present occupied by a Scotch gentleman of the name of Campbell.

aloud his Emile. A variety of circumstances, not generally taken into consideration, contributed to the condemnation and outcry against this work, and consequently swelled it to the vast importance it acquired. The Parliament, which had just suppressed the Jesuits, could not shew themselves deaf to the interests of religion—La Bane had been burned alive for indecorous behaviour, merely on the presumption that he had overturned a wooden cross—the great were bound to support Voltaire, yet it was incumbent on the authorities to display some zeal. "Emile" had been written and even printed under the very auspices of Choiseul and Malesherbes; but it became expedient to sacrifice the author, and they withdrew from him the letters in which his work was approved. The Parliament issued an edict against Rousseau, which compelled him to fly,—the Archbishop of Paris attacked his work with equal eloquence and superior truth,—the Sorbonne was in such a hurry to attack him, that laying aside its old custom of expressing itself in Latin, it thundered forth its anathemas in bad French—the general assembly of the clergy of France,—the Pope, and even Geneva, hastened to condemn and publicly burn the work, some of them even before they had time to read it. All this was great fun to Jean Jacques, who eclipsed for a while even the renown of Voltaire, and gathered all the eyes of Europe upon himself. He took care to answer kings and archbishops, and let the small fry vex themselves in oblivion; for a time he found a protector and a friend in the worthy veteran, to whom alone he ever remained attached and grateful. The suspicious self-tormentor, who could discover but a spy in the philanthropic Hume, could not find a flaw in the character of George Keith.

The part of "Emile" that drew down all this persecution on its author, was the profession of faith of a Savoyard vicar, where, half deist, half Christian, he eloquently vacillates between the doctrines he learned from his philosophic friends, and the true dictates of his own enthusiastic spirit. As usual, neither party gave him any credit; the philosophers disliked this mode of balancing the question, and were not more favourable to his paradoxes than the devotees. It is surprising that, in that age of boasted liberality, the only dignified and unbigoted answer to Rousseau came from the pen of a partizan of the Jesuits, and the head of the Catholic church of France—from the same Christophe Beaumont, who refused the last sacraments of the church to the dying Jansenists. It is thus that the archbishop combats the errors, at the same time that he respects the talents of Rousseau:

"From the bosom of error has arisen a man full of the language of philosophy, without being truly a philosopher—a spirit gifted with an extensive knowledge, that has not enlightened *him*, but spread darkness even over *his fellows*—with opinions and actions at variance, uniting simplicity of manner with internal haughtiness of thought; the zeal for old maxims with the desire to establish new, and the obscurity of retirement with an insatiate eagerness for distinction. He defames the sciences which he cultivates, extols the excellence of the gospel while he destroys its principles, and paints the beauty of virtue while he strives to extinguish it in the souls of his readers. In a work on the inequality of conditions, he has degraded man to the rank of brutes—in a later production he has insinuated the poison of voluptuousness, under the pretence of warning against it; and in this he lays hold of the earliest moments of human life, that he may establish the empire of irreligion."

In contemplating the fortunes and character of Rousseau, we are at one time inclined to think, that if he had possessed common sense, he might have been the greatest man in Europe; and at another, that without his extravagance he would have been nothing. The latter opinion is the most likely to be just, therefore let us examine the principal source of his fame in the quarrels with his cotemporaries. The partizans of Jean Jacques come to these discussions armed with the idea of his superior sensibility, which they consider as an excuse for every crime, and a salvo against every extravagance. Now, for our part, we do not at all esteem Rousseau to have possessed finer feelings or a warmer heart than the general run of what are called *soft souls*—in the history of his actions there are many signs of callousness, even of barbarity; any tenderness he displays is to the last degree selfish. But even allowing the utmost that his

friends can assert, we attribute his acuteness and morbidity of feeling not to a spirit of refined or superior organization, but to mere physical weaknesses; nay more, to a distempered state of nerves, brought on by debauchery. Genuine feeling of all kinds, be it sensibility or modesty, produced with a view to others or ourselves, is, even in its finest state, essentially healthy, rude, and pure. We have heard of Dean Swift's saying; that the cleanliest people have the dirtiest minds—it is the same in feeling. Your dealers in *scents* and pocket-handkerchiefs, have hearts of callous stuff, they seem refined because they are weak, and feeling because they are distempered. There can be no trust in such men, who have principles no deeper than the surface of their nerves; there can be no safe communication expected with them, nor from them. Hourly-varying humours destroy their very identity—in one hour, in one moment, they can be noble, mean, generous, malignant, doubly dangerous, because they are sincere during the existence of the reigning passions, and display to the new acquaintance their character in its most attractive light. Nothing but fatal experience can teach their friends, as it did Hume, that they but cherished a viper in their bosom.

Rousseau had a strange peculiarity, he never could hate a man thoroughly, unless they had once been intimate together. If he had reason to hate any one, it was Voltaire; but having never seen the foe that pursued him with the most cutting satire, he could not thoroughly bring his mind to enmity. He always spoke of Voltaire with respect and moderation, while he vented his spleen against Grimm, Diderot, D'Alembert, and all who had the ill luck to have professed a friendship for him. He would not believe there was such a person as Horace Walpole,—he must fix the blame of having ridiculed him on Hume. His first intimate was Grimm, who certainly gave him just cause of offence—whom he should have despised, and whom he would, if his nerves had permitted him. His quarrel with Madame D'Epinay, in which, even by her own account of the affair, he acted on just motives, was owing to Grimm. The heart of Rousseau was hardened against the world, and taught the harsh lesson of mistrust, to which it was before too well inclined, by this mean and eavesdropping coxcomb. It is impossible to peruse the literary history of that age without being filled with indignation at the craft and baseness of this mercenary "correspondent." What a useful school of experience is preserved in the accounts of these societies, for the youth who destine themselves to the pursuits of literature!

Rousseau and Diderot seem to have balanced pretty fairly between each other the account of injury. The Confessions and the Vie de Seneque, with the famous note to the latter, are even. Rousseau commenced distrust, Diderot commenced hostility.* Diderot was an obstinate reasoner, and had set his heart on establishing the doctrines of materialism; Grimm relates, that he could not sleep till he had satisfied himself that Virgil had approved the doctrines of Lucretius. The passage on which he wished to found this assertion is,—

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas."

And his friends were compelled to restrain their opposition, that they might not deprive him of rest. There is an anecdote, extremely characteristic of Diderot, as well as of the liberality and logic of the philosophers of those times. Fréron, in his *Année literaire*, attacked the *philosophes* in an essay called *l'Histoire des Cacouacs*, in which, alluding to his articles in the Encyclopedia, he accuses Diderot of impiety. Now all the world knew that Diderot was a professed atheist;—this atheist and philosophic stickler for the liberty of the press, applied seriously to Malesherbes, who was then at the head of the censorship, that the heavy hand of authority might punish Fréron for accusing him of impiety.—Mark his argument—he does not say that the assertion is false, but that it is a *personality*. The dignified answer of Malesherbes to

* If we can call the sentence that Jean Jacques so bitterly complains of, hostility;—"*que il n'y a que le méchant qui soit seul.*"

Diderot might be perused with advantage by some of our contemporaries.

Notwithstanding a few sarcastic remarks scattered throughout his two novels against the *philosophes*, Rousseau did not openly break with them, till the publication of his letter *Sur les Spectacles*, in answer to D'Alembert's article in the *Encyclopedie*, under the title *Genève*. Before this, however, he was a sworn enemy to Grimm, on account of the affair with Madame D'Epinay, and also to Holbach, who had denied the originality of the music in the *Devin du Village*, and who was a kind of president among the philosophers, uniting them once or twice a-week at his table, whence Rousseau classes them all under the title of the Holbachich coterie. The letter, *Sur les Spectacles*, was the signal of war; Rousseau was determined to keep no measures with Diderot, since he made the supposed discovery of the latter's having betrayed his intrigue with Madame d'Houdetot to St Lambert. In the letter, he openly declared his enmity, and almost as openly, the cause. 'Tis difficult to conceive what business D'Alembert had to persuade, by an article in the Encyclopedia, the Genevese to open a theatre; the advice might have been conveyed some other way, but it was most likely so introduced for the purpose of pleasing Voltaire. Rousseau's letter had also the effect of heightening the enmity of this philosopher, who at the very time was busied in erecting a theatre at Ferney.

The first communication that took place between these two rivals, was a letter from Rousseau, on the subject of some music he wished to alter, addressed to Voltaire, and couched in the most humble and flattering terms. In the early correspondence of this *bear*, as Madame d'Epinay calls him, both with Voltaire and with Hume, he makes use of a tone of servility not at all necessary, and which he took care to counterbalance afterwards, by a proportionate degree of impudence. He that insulted the Prince of Conti, addressed Hume always by the title of *Mon cher Patron;* it was subsequent remorse for this servility that rendered him so anxious to break with his benefactor. When Voltaire published his poem on the *Disaster of Lisbon*, he sent it to Rousseau, who was indignant, as every man of sense ought to have been, at the poor sophistry and ludicrous impudence with which it arraigns Providence. Rousseau answered it in a private letter to the author, full of eloquence and acute reasoning, one of the best answers he ever wrote. In the poem, there is a modest objection against the earthquake for having taken place in a populous city, instead of choosing the wilderness for the scene of its depredations. "Shall the order of the universe," says Rousseau, "be changed according to our caprices? —shall nature be submitted to our laws? and if it be our will to forbid an earthquake in a certain place, have we but to build a town there?" The reply of Voltaire was civil;—that he was ill, and would take time to answer. The answer was "*Candide*." Before, however, any sarcasm of Voltaire was published against the optimist, Jean Jacques made an open declaration of war.—"I hate you," says he, very politely, in one his letters. He was more jealous of Voltaire's being established at Geneva, than of his reputation. Rousseau looked upon his native city as his property, and hated the owner of Ferney as a usurper. The inferior rank of the literary men of that day, have all appeared, in their works, since his death, the enemies of Rousseau; but this must be owing to the malignity of the Confessions in a great measure, and may be considered as a retaliation. Marmontel he offended, by addressing one of his pamphlets "to M. Marmontel, not to the editor of the Mercure;" but the friend of Voltaire and D'Alembert did not need this provocation. He wrote a poor answer to the letter on the *Spectacles;* and has preserved, in his Memoirs, a full account of Rousseau's intrigue with Madame d'Houdetot,* and treason to St

* The author of the History of Rousseau's Life and Works, is justly indignant with Mrs Morgan, for having traduced, and turned into ridicule, this amiable and aged lady, into whose presence she had the luck to be admitted. Whatever might have been Madame d'Houdetot's early indiscretions, it required a monstrous deal of impudence and indelicacy in a stranger, not only to suppose, but to publish her opinion, that at the age of eighty, this lady was still in search of a new intrigue.

Mr Sommeriva, who had purchased the Chevrette, and was intimate with Madame

Lambert, not forgetting a set speech of his own, that was evidently composed and manufactured in his closet. Suard translated Hume's *Exposé*. Morellet has preserved anecdotes against Jean Jacques; D'Alembert, who, notwithstanding his reputation during life, has shrunk since to an inferior rank of consideration, attacked his memory in the eulogium on Marshal Keith. In short, there is not a single cotemporary of Rousseau, possessed of the least celebrity, that adhered to him, except Bernardin St Pierre. The rest were visitors of curiosity, mere BOSWELLS, who mounted to his genet, to collect a page for their memorandum-book.

Banished from Geneva, and from Berne, as he was from France, Rousseau took refuge in Neufchatel, under the protection of Marshal Keith. From this retreat also he was soon compelled to fly by the manœuvres of the woman he lived with, who was never satisfied but when in Paris. Therèse persuaded Jean Jacques, that the Neufchatelese had determined to stone him; he thence took refuge with one of his literary antagonists, Stanislaus, King of Lorraine, who received and entertained him at Strasbourg, with all possible kindness and respect. It is worthy of remark, that while at Neufchatel, he received the sacrament in the Protestant church, and always attended divine service in his Armenian habit. At Strasbourg, he accepted the offer of Hume, who, then *Chargé d'Affaires* at the Court of France, wrote to Rousseau, offering him his protection, and an asylum in England. Rousseau, in his answer, among other things, declares, that after Geneva, England is the country where he should most like to reside; notwithstanding this, in his Confessions, he accuses Madame de Boufflers of having forced him to undertake this journey,—that he never liked England nor the English.

"Madame de Boufflers désapprouva beaucoup cette résolution, et fit de nouveaux efforts pour m'engager à passer en Angleterre. Elle ne m'ébranla pas. Je n'ai jamais aimé l'Angleterre ni les Anglois; et toute l'eloquence de M. de Boufflers, loin de vaincre ma répugnance, sembloit l'augmenter, sans que je susse pourquoi."

This is in direct contradiction with his letter to Hume, and is worthy of remark in this, that the only plea of the partizans of Rousseau consists in the unimpeachable sincerity of the Confessions and their author. The Confessions go no farther than the year 1759, the period of his journey to England; he purposed writing a third part, but thought it better to leave matters as they were. The abrupt termination of his auto-biography, allows us to be more circumstantial in the details of the rest of Rousseau's life, a supplement relating to this period being all that is wanting.

He arrived in Paris from Strasbourg, December 1765. The Prince of Conti placed him out of danger of arrest, by lodging him within the *enceinte* of the Temple; and the police allowed him to remain without any disturbance, on the condition that he was to depart as soon as possible; and, while he remained, to drop the Armenian garb, and cease to attract crowds in the streets of the metropolis. In January 1766, he set out for London in company with Hume, and M. de Luze, a Genevese friend, who, it was agreed, should accompany him. His letters from London after his arrival, bear testimony to the kindness and enthusiasm with which he was received—a testimony which he soon afterwards takes the liberty of retracting, another example of the reliance to be placed on the vaunted *bonne foi* of the author of the Confessions. After proposing various plans and places of residence,

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d'Houdetot, became anxious, as was very natural, to possess the portrait of a person so celebrated in the writings of his country. Madame d'Houdetot presented him with the picture, on which were inscribed some pretty verses, "that the original would soon be no more, but that here were the features of one who loved him as a mother." This simple circumstance Mrs Morgan has distorted into a dishonourable connexion. "To comprehend such pure attachments," says the author of the Life, "it is necessary, first, to be capable of them; secondly, not to run vainly after the character of a *bel esprit*, but like Madame d'Houdetot, who never spoke ill of human person, learn to please without the aid of malignity."

Madame d'Houdetot is not the only foreigner of distinction who has had reason to curse the day on which they took to patronizing this vulgar body.

Hume settled his protégé with his friend Davenport, at Wootton in Staffordshire; and to satisfy the affected independence of Rousseau, it was agreed that he should pay some petty sum, and be deceived into the opinion that he was living solely on his own resources. Of the same kind was the plan of making Clairaut, the bookseller, give Rousseau an enormous sum in exchange for his Dictionary of music, then ready for the press, for which, of course, the bookseller was to be reimbursed by Hume and his friends: the benevolent deceit was frustrated by the death of Clairaut. While Jean Jacques was busied in writing his Confessions at Wootton, Hume was employed in London to obtain for him a pension; this he succeeded in, when, after various demurs on the part of the fugitive, he at last gave Hume to understand, that he would have no further connexion with him. The worthy historian was confounded—remonstrated,—and received a reply, where, to his increased surprise and regret, he finds himself accused; and in the third person, of every species of baseness and treachery. The cause of all this was the following letter, written by Horace Walpole, in the name of the King of Prussia, addressed to Rousseau;—it was written in French, we give the translation:

"My dear Jean Jacques,—You have renounced Geneva, your country. You have driven yourself from Switzerland, so vaunted in your writings. France has condemned you: fly then to me. I admire your talents, and am exceedingly amused with your reveries, though, (between you and me,) they are somewhat too long. It is time for you to be wise and happy: you have sought vulgar fame enough by singularities that do not much become a great man. If you want decidedly to annoy your enemies, shew them that you have common sense. In my dominions you may find a peaceable retreat: I am your friend, and will prove myself so, if you wish it. But if you reject my offers, remember that I will not publish your refusal. If you persist to torture your mind to invent new misfortunes, choose what kind of misery best suits you. I am king, and can furnish you to your heart's content. And, what you will not find among your enemies, I promise to cease persecuting you, the moment you cease to put your glory in persecution.

FREDERIC."

This sarcastic epistle shook Rousseau more than the thousand pamphlets and condemnations which had been hurled at him. He wrote to the editor of the St James's Chronicle, that it had *navré son cœur*.—He accused D'Alembert of having written, and Hume of having circulated it. And after some further delay at Wootton, Hume having begged of his friend Davenport, still to protect the ingrate, he fled in trepidation back to France.

These circumstances are so well known, and the sensation and dispute at the time, was so lively, that it is almost impertinent to repeat them here. The author of Rousseau's Life, however, has taken advantage of the publication of Hume's correspondence in 1820, to renew the controversy, which renders it necessary that we should touch upon the disputable points. Jean Jacques charged David Hume with opening his letters and reading them; and with having brought him to England, merely to spy upon his actions; and this accusation Mr Musset-Pathay indirectly hints to be just. He founds his opinion on this passage in one of Hume's letters, where, speaking of Rousseau, it says, "because he receives no letter by the post." Mr M. P's. note upon this is, "How was Hume so *au fait* with respect to the letters of his friend?"——a notable sort of proof this. We would not so grossly insult the memory of the historian as to defend him against such accusers; nor would we at all have taken the least notice of Mr M. P., were not his work highly spoken of in French society. The next complaint of Jean Jacques against Hume is, that he fixed his eyes on him one evening, in a queer kind of a manner, on which he (Rousseau) fell to shaking and suspecting, and anon, leaped on the neck of honest David, exclaiming "No, you are not a traitor!" For this compliment David pats him on the back with "Quoi, Monsieur? Quoi donc, mon cher Monsieur?" These pats on the back Jean Jacques bitterly complains of, as the effects of a total want of sensibility, and of course, Mr Musset-Pathay echoes the accusation.——Good, as

brief wit says. Another of the wrongs enumerated is, that Hume asleep, uttered these words, "Je tiens, Jean Jacques Rousseau," which, if true, he ought to have been more proud of than the esteem of princes. The chief and only charge worth consideration is, whether Hume was privy to Walpole's letter; and Rousseau, in one of his letters, declares himself contented to rest the dispute on this one consideration. Walpole writes, that he never spoke of it to Hume, and that he even refused visiting Rousseau, merely because he had the letter ridiculing him in his pocket. The reasons drawn from Hume's correspondence, which Mr M. P. brings to support this assertion, and for the sake of producing which, he seems to have compiled his two volumes, there being nothing else in them new,—are simply these passages: "Tell Madame de Boufflers," says Hume, at the end of his letters to Madame de Barbantance, * "that the only pleasantry I have permitted with respect to the pretended letter of the King of Prussia, fell from myself at the table of Lord Ossory." This, of course, was after the publication of the letter. The other convincing extract brought forward, is from Madame de Boufflers herself, who accuses Hume, that one of the expressions in Walpole's letter was a common one of his own;—this Hume in answer denies. The dry statement of these charges, and what they rest upon, is quite sufficient,—more contemptible special pleading in criticism never met our eyes.

To substantiate the term *ignorance*, which we have applied to the defamer of Hume, we will quote another specimen from this work. Rousseau longing to be completely isolated and retired, wished to depart immediately for Wales;—Hume says, that he "*fait naitre*," caused obstacles to be thrown in the way of this scheme. Mr Musset-Pathay, not knowing that there is any difference between Staffordshire and Wales, accuses Hume of raising obstacles to the journey to Wootton, and thus openly encouraging what privately he counteracted. Mr M. P. should have learned geography before he turned critic. Rousseau, in his complaint, accuses the English for having visited him, and for having neglected to visit him. With equal consistency, his biographer accuses Hume of having written an account of the quarrel to his friends in France, and of not having written;—in short, he has not left a letter unrummaged, nor a scrap unquoted, that might at all be brought to bear against the character of the person whom he calls ironically the "*bon David*." The absolute nothingness of his research is surprising; we did not think it in the nature of hospitality, that any one could have lived a public life—both political and literary, as Hume did,—leave his writings, his letters, and his actions, open to the world, and yet escape so perfectly free from the slightest imputation. His benevolence to Rousseau need not be again repeated; the trouble he took, the expedients he used not to wound the distempered sensibility of the unfortunate man, are peculiarly remarkable in such a passionless character. The only time he ever replied with warmth and harshness to Rousseau, was when the latter spoke wrongfully of D'Alembert. The French critic has been more successful in impeaching the sincerity of Walpole, from whose correspondence he produces two extracts injurious to Hume; and which indeed no one would expect to see from the pen of the man, who would not visit Rousseau, because he had a letter quizzing him in his pocket. But for all the stress laid on them by the biographer, they weigh but little even against Walpole: one is confined to the historical work of Hume, and expresses a contempt for the French admiration of it,—and the other is too general to be considered injurious. He writes to George Montague:

"The jesuits, methodists, politicians, and philosophers, Rousseau the hypocrite, Voltaire the wit, the Encyclopedists, the Humes, the Fredericks, are in my eyes but impostors. The species varies, and that is all—they have for their end but interest or fame."

And pray what was the end of all Horace Walpole's thoughts and actions? Impertinent scribbling, which he had the good sense to confine to the knowledge of himself and friends, and which those friends had the imprudence to give to the world after his death. But comparisons between the sincerity of literary society in the two

* Dated February, 1766.

countries, by whatever party they are instituted, must redound to the honour of England. In their relations with one another, the *soi-disant* philosophers of France, during the 18th century, including the great Frederick himself, conducted themselves more like the fry of a day-school, than an assemblage of genius and respectability. The Humes, the Robertsons, the Smiths, neither flogged nor lampooned each other.

Therèse, the mistress or wife of Rousseau, whichever she was, excited continual disturbances, according to her custom, in the family of Mr Davenport, who, notwithstanding the breach with Hume, still proffered his friendship. On the 1st of May, 1767, Jean Jacques made off from Wootton, leaving all his effects behind him in his fright and hurry. He soon after was established in the Castle of Trie, by the Marquis of Mirabeau, with whom he commenced a correspondence, and who pressed him in vain to take up the pen once more. Jean Jacques declared himself dead to literature—we believe he had become totally incapable of mental exertion. In June 1768, he ran away from Trie, because they would not give him any cabbage, and settled successively at Bourguoin and Monquin. Here he gives himself up to the study of botany, and forsakes politics and polemics, to "*meubler la tête de foin*," as he says. Here also he contrived to take revenge of Voltaire, by subscribing to the statue about to be erected to that philosopher;—Voltaire was extremely annoyed, and endeavoured to have his subscription refused. In June 1770, Rousseau took up his residence in Paris, having joyfully obtained permission: the reason he gives for preferring the metropolis to his beloved retirement, is not very intelligible. He writes, "that honour and duty call him;" if honour and duty be variety, the reason is plain. On his settling in Paris, he hired a chamber in the Rue Platriere, now Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, opposite the post-office, where he remained till a little before his death, wholly occupied in copying music, if we except the *Réveries du Remeneur Solitaire*.

During the eight years that elapsed between Rousseau's settling in Paris, and his departure for Ermenonville, he was at times delighted and at times annoyed by the crowds of visitors, which curiosity attracted to his garret. They have all mostly preserved their different accounts in the *Anas* of the time; and news from the Rue Platriere was then in Paris, what a corner of a letter from Italy is at present to us. Among those whom he became intimate with, was Sophie Arnoud, the actress; he even dined with her frequently; but supper, the convivial meal of that day, was too late for his habits. Some of the young gallants of the time were continually tormenting Sophie to keep Jean Jacques for supper, that they might obtain a sight of him. She had frequently endeavoured to detain him, but could never succeed; she therefore thought of an expedient to satisfy the importunities of her fashionable guests. The tailor of the theatre was not unlike Rousseau, and she compelled this tailor to fit himself with a dress similar to that worn by the other—the wig, the brown coat, and the long heavy cane. And instructing him to hold his head down, and his tongue tight, she seated the mock Jean Jacques by her side at supper. The guests spoke at him in vain, the tailor sat imperturbably silent, until the wine began to drive out of his head the lessons of prudence he had received. The fun of it was, that at last he out-talked them all, and they separated, each to recount to his friend the wonderful *esprit* of Jean Jacques. But the most amusing anecdote is that told by Madame de Genlis, in her *Souvenirs de Felicie*.

"My first interview with Jean Jacques," relates this lady, "does not do much honour to my discernment; but it was of so comic and singular a nature, that I cannot help recalling it. I had been in Paris about six months, and was then eighteen years of age. Although I had never read a line of his works, I felt a great desire to see a man so celebrated, and who particularly interested me as the author of the *Devin du Village*. But Rousseau was savage in the extreme, and absolutely refused either to pay or receive visits of any kind. At any rate, I had not the courage to make the attempt, but merely expressed my desire to be acquainted with him, without any hopes of having my desire fulfilled. One day Mr de Sauvigny, who sometimes saw Rousseau, told me in confidence, that Mr de * * intended

playing me a trick, by bringing, some evening, Preville, the comedian, to our house, disguised as Jean Jacques Rousseau, and who would act in consonance with the habit he had assumed. The idea made me laugh, and I promised myself much amusement by pretending to be the dupe of the trick."

Several weeks passed without any sign of Preville; but Rousseau himself, who wished to hear Madame de Genlis play upon the harp, visited her one evening, introduced by Sauvigny. She takes Jean Jacques for Preville acting the character. "I confess," continues she, "I never saw any thing so comic as the figure, and so took it, without hesitation, for a mask. His coat, his chesnut-coloured stockings, his little round wig, in short, his whole costume and appearance, presented to my eyes but the scene of a comedy most inimitably acted. Nevertheless, that I might seem to be deceived with the joke, making a wondrous effort, I kept my countenance, and after a few words of politeness, sat down. The conversation, happily for me, was gay enough, I held my tongue, but could not help, for the life of me, now and then bursting into prodigious fits of laughter. This extravagant gaiety seemed not to displease Rousseau—he said the prettiest things in the world of youth and young people. Preville, thinks I to myself, has more talent than one would expect; Rousseau himself would not be half so agreeable, besides that my laughter would have offended him. He addressed me; I was not in the least embarrassed; I answered, cavalierly, every thing that came in my head. He found *me* quite *original*, and I thought that *he* acted his part to perfection. Preville seemed never to have acted so well upon the stage as in my chamber, yet I thought he had represented Rousseau with too much indulgence and *bonhomie*. I played upon the harp, sung some airs of the *Devin du Village*, and laughed even to tears at the praises he uttered of his *Devin*. He looked at me always with a smile, as at a good-humoured infant; and on leaving us, he promised to return next day to dinner. He had so much diverted us, that I leaped for joy at his promise, and conducted him to the door, saying all the polite things imaginable. When he was gone, and no longer any restraint, I set myself to laugh away all the humour his presence had suppressed. Mr de * * was astonished, and regarded me with a discontented and displeased countenance. 'You see, at length,' says I, 'that you have not deceived me. You're piqued at your want of success. But could you really suppose me so simple as to take Preville for Jean Jacques?' 'Preville?'—'Yes, you may deny it, but you can't persuade me.'—'Why, girl, your brain's turned.'—'I confess that Preville was charming, perfect; no one could act better; but I'll engage, that with the exception of the costume, he has not at all imitated Rousseau. He has represented a very amiable old man, but nothing like Jean Jacques, who certainly would have thought me most extravagant, and been scandalized at such a reception.'

"At these words Mr de * * and Mr de Sauvigny laughed immoderately, and I began to have doubts of my sagacity. They explained, and what was my confusion on learning that I had received the veritable Jean Jacques Rousseau in this pretty manner. I declared I never could see him again, if they discovered to him my stupidity; they promised they would not, and kept their words. What is most singular is, that this conduct won me the good graces of Rousseau. He told Mr Sauvigny that I was the most natural, gay, unpretending young person he had ever met; and certainly without the mistake that had furnished me with such a cause of mirth, he would have found nothing in me but bashfulness and timidity. As I owed my success to error, I cannot be very proud of it. Knowing thenceforward all the indulgence of Rousseau, I saw him without embarrassment, and felt always perfectly at ease in his company. I have never seen a man of letters so amiable in conversation;—he spoke of himself with simplicity, and of his enemies with moderation; he rendered justice to the merits of Voltaire, and said it was impossible that the author of Merope and Zaire did not possess a soul of great sensibility. He spoke also of his Confessions, and told us he had read them to Madame d'Egmont. And at the same time said, that 'I was too young to obtain from him the same mark of

confidence."* He then asked me, had I read his works? A little embarrassed at the question, I answered, No. He wished to learn, why?—this embarrassed me more, especially as his look was fixed on me. His eyes are very small, and sunk in his head, yet they seemed to penetrate into the very soul of the person he interrogated. It appeared to me, that he would have discovered instantly any thing like a falsehood or excuse. Thus I had not much merit in declaring, as I did frankly to him, that the reason was that his works contained many things against religion. 'You know,' replied he, 'that I am not a Catholic, but *no one can have spoken of the gospel with more conviction.*' I then thought myself rid of his questions, when he asked me, Why I blushed? 'For fear of displeasing you,' I answered simply. This frankness always pleased him excessively. He told me that his writings were not fit for my age, but that I would do well to read *Emile* in a few years. He spoke much of the manner in which he had composed the *Nouvelle Heloise;* and told us, that he wrote all the letters of Julie on fine little note paper, with vignettes, which he folded up into billets, and then perused them in his walks with as much pleasure as if he had received them from an adored mistress. He recited *Pygmalion* for us, standing and gesticulating, in a manner truly energetic and just. He had a very agreeable smile, was communicative, and often gay," &c.

Madame de Genlis unluckily asked him to accompany her to the theatre; he went, but never spoke to her after, saying, she wished to shew him like a bear in a cage.

Whether we attribute Rousseau's conduct in England to simple ingratitude or to insanity, there can be no doubt that his intellect was deranged some years before his death. Corançey applies the definition of insanity in Locke to him, without seeming aware that he is but quoting the English metaphysician.

"Il partait toujours d'un principe, fruit de son imagination blessée, principe qu'il ne pouvait examiner sensément; mais les conséquences qu'il en tirait etaient toutes dans les règles de la plus saine logique, de façon qu'on ne pouvait qu' être infiniment etonné de le voir, sur le même fait, si sage ensemble et si fou."

But if we could doubt the insanity of a man of genius, who walked about the streets of Paris in an Armenian cloak and caftan, and who played cup and ball after having written *Emile*, the following account is convincing. It is also interesting to those who are given to the ungrateful amusement of comparing the living with the dead—but "caparisons are odoriferous," as Mr Malaprop says. There may be shades of similarity; but to speak plain, it is impertinent to compare Byron with Rousseau;—only conceive the noble author of Childe Harold, directing with his poetic pen, the suckling, the rearing, and the Reading-made-easy's of children—writing volumes about the alphabet, and running for cakes:—and yet for all this there is a striking analogy between the characters, that tempts us at times to allow him the name of the patrician Rousseau.† The extraordinary sympathy of both for Tasso, is one striking point of union.

"For a long time," says Mr Corançey, speaking of Rousseau, "I had perceived a striking change in his physiognomy; it often appeared in a state of convulsion, so as to render the features impossible even to be recognized, and the whole expression horrific.

"In this state his look seemed to embrace the totality of space, and his eyes seemed as if they perceived every object at the same time; but, in reality, they saw nothing. He used also to turn in his chair, and pass his arm

* He was in the habit of reading his Confessions to select circles, till Madame D'Epinay obtained the interference of the police to prevent him.

† It is whispered, that another point of resemblance has taken place: that the noble author has written his Life, or Confessions, and has made a noble use of them in presenting the manuscript to a celebrated poet, whom misfortune, more than imprudence, had involved in debt. The sale of the copy-right will, it is said, enable the latter to return to England, and take up his residence among his countrymen. The work in question will of course not be published till the death of the noble author. May we long wait!

over the back of it; the arm went like a pendulum, continually back and forwards—this habit I observed the four years preceding his death. As soon as ever the arm assumed that posture, I was prepared to hear him start some extravagant supposition, nor was I ever disappointed. It was in one of these moods that he said to me abruptly, 'Do you know why I give Tasso so decided a preference?'—'No,' said I; 'but 'tis not difficult to conjecture. Tasso, uniting to the most brilliant imagination, the good fortune to have lived after Homer and Virgil, had profited of the beauties of both those great poets, and avoided their defects.'—'There is something in that,' said Rousseau; 'but do you know that he has predicted my misfortunes?' I made a movement, he stopped me—'I understand you,' continued he, 'Tasso has come before my time; how could he foretell my misfortunes? I know not how, probably he knew not himself; but, in fine, he has predicted them. Have you remarked that Tasso has this peculiarity, that you cannot take from his work a single strophe, nor from any strophe a single line, or from any line a single word, without disarranging the whole poem, so precise is it and curiously put together. Very well, take away the strophe I speak of—the word does not suffer, it rests perfect; the stanza has no connexion with those that precede or follow it—it is absolutely useless. We must presume that Tasso wrote it involuntarily, and without comprehending it himself—but there it is.' He cited to me this wonderful strophe, it is in the mouth of Tancrede,"* &c.

On the 20th of May, 1778, Rousseau left Paris for Ermenonville, where he was invited to take up his residence by the Marquis de Girardin. His wife, Therèse, was, as usual, the cause of his removal; she pleaded ill health, and the necessity of country air. It turned out, that the object of attraction for the wretched woman was a stable-boy of M. de Girardin's, whom, after Rousseau's death, she married, to the indignation of all the friends of her first husband. On the 2d of July, the same year, Rousseau died, according to the *procès verbal*, of a serious apoplexy; but in the opinion of every one who examined the circumstances of his death, he perished by his own hand. That the Girardins and Therèse should endeavour to conceal the true cause of his death, is easily accounted for, and there were many instances at that period of a *procès verbal* procured to suit the views of the parties. The Girardins and Therèse equally allow a deep wound in the forehead; which, if occasioned as they state, by a fall upon the floor, could not have been so deep, as to oblige the artist, who took the cast of the visage, to fill it up with much trouble. The *procès verbal* makes no mention of this deep wound; the surgeon could not have overlooked such an accident; and the intentional omission alone, apart from any other consideration, strongly impugns their veracity. There is little doubt that the conjectures of Corançey and Madame de Staël were but too true;—that Rousseau having perceived the infidelity of his wife, the only being he had not ceased to trust, took poison in his morning coffee, and this being of slow effect, he shot himself in the forehead. The letters of Therèse, detailing the circumstances of his death, are manifestly false, nor even do they agree. In one of them she tells the well-known anecdote, of his rising to take a last view of nature and the sun, which sublime picture the generality of people have not thought sufficiently romantic, unless the hero of it were a Deist. For our part, we can find no reasons to make us suppose, that Rousseau died an unbeliever.

* Canto XII. Stanza 77.

How far is Poetry an Art?

Mr North,

Even in my boyish days, when creeping "with shining morning face, unwillingly to school," I can remember a shade of that feeling which Hume calls "sceptical doubt," being excited by the term "Art of Poetry." It must probably have been Horace's celebrated epistle that I had heard of, for I was something of a precocious devour-

er of poetry in all shapes, and was early dragooned into a sort of sulky reverence for Greek and Latin authors. I was soon favoured with a notion of the legitimate rule of Homer and Virgil. Indeed, the first book I ever read in (willingly,) was Macpherson's translation of the Iliad; and though, since that time, I have softened much in my opinions about this description of "divine right," I have ever since that period been aware of a cloudy idea floating about my pericranium, which might have embodied itself in an audible query, much like the following. "If Horace was at the pains of laying down a plain receipt for the composition of poetry, how has it happened that we have not had a dozen or two of Homers and Virgils since his time, with a pretty supply of Horaces, according, as is his rule in such cases, to the *demand*?" This was to me an inexplicable paradox. But a plain-spoken elder friend, to whom, in a kind of despair, I ventured to propose the difficulty, summarily solved it by the application of an old homely proverb, which I fear may be a little too homely for the polite fastidiousness of your *Æsthetic* Magazine, as Mr Coleridge has so happily termed it. "It's all moonshine," quoth he; "let them say what they will, there's no making a whistle of a pig's tail." I have been of his opinion ever since.

After all, both Horace, and Vida the author of the "Poetics" which Pope condescended to edite, were too sensible men by far to pretend to lay down infallible rules for the creation of a Poet. Such a generation would be more miraculous than that of the maniken in Flim Flams,"—a book, by the bye, that has not obtained the credit it deserves,—or of the misanthropical monster in Frankinstein. If their respective works be examined, they will be found to consist of rules, without the observance of which, they maintained, all poetry must be imperfect. The Poetics and the Epistle to the Pisos are really no more than this. The title "De Arte Poeticâ" ought to be rendered, "concerning the artificial part of poetry," or, more literally, "concerning poetical art." Vida goes most into the metaphysics of the matter, and admits in words the inefficiency of his own rules, in certain cases; to wit:

"Verum non eadem tamen omnibus esse memento
Ingenia. Inventus sæpe est cui carmina curæ
Cui placeant Musæ, cui sit non læva voluntas;
Nititur ille tamen frustra et contendit inani
Delusus studio ——"

To be sure he adds

"Sæpe tamen cultus frequens et cura docentum
Imperat ingeniis"——

but maugre this qualification, the secret is out. Here lies the rub. If the "Ingenia" are wanting, the rules are now and then found not to answer. This lurking distrust of the power of precept sometimes gives the whole an air truly ludicrous. The young poetical aspirant is warned in one place not to venture too near the fires of love—but for what reason few readers would guess.

"Sæpe etenim tectos immitis in ossibus ignes
Versat amor mollesque est intus cura medullas,
Nec miserum patitur vatum meminisse nec undæ
Castaliæ."

He is to be careful not to get his head fairly turned, lest he forget his prosody. If he burn his fingers, how is he to hold his pen to write verses? Now this is a most edifying warning to the whole tribe of artificial poets. It is probable enough, to be sure, that they should leave what they affect to like for what they really do like;—that is to say, the Muses for "one earthly girl." But to insult a poet of nature's making with such a maxim as this—to talk to such a man as Burns, for instance, the natural language of whose passion was poetry, in this style ——It is enough to make one hate the very idea of all schools, and academies, and canons of criticism, and every thing appertaining to those scholastic laws, which have served only to breed rhyming pedants and coxcombs, just as all the webs Penelope spun only filled Ithaca full of moths.

A great deal has been said and written about schools of poetry. We have had Byron schools, and Scott schools, and Lake schools, and Classical schools, and Italian schools, and French schools, and Frenchified schools, and they have all one peculiarity. It is, that the founders are almost the only persons connected with them, whose reputations stand any chance of being of the value

of a "pin's fee" in the eyes of posterity. If we once admit the principle that poetry is a thing to be taught, or "an art" in any proper sense of the term, the list of poets seems truly a most paradoxical catalogue. In all other arts and sciences, the progress is that of diligent and gradual inquiry. Information is piled upon information—example upon example. A man of talent or genius, doubtless, sometimes pushes the limits of science much beyond the extent to which a man of moderate ability can push them. Still upon the whole it goes on in a regular gradation. Ptolemy and Tycho Brahe led the way to Galileo and Newton; the Marquis of Worcester to Boulton and Watt; and Friar Bacon to Sir Humphrey Davy. But the Iliad and the Æneid were not the mere precursors of the other celebrated Epics in *ad* and *id*, that have been endited since. They were not sent before to lacquey the way for the Epigoniad and the Atheneid. The matter is reversed in toto. If, after the manner of Tristram Shandy, we were to construct diagrams in illustration of the state of the arts and sciences, we should have a mathematical pyramid with Newton at the top; a chemical one with Davy—a natural history one with Cuvier—a traveller's with Humboldt—a scholar's with Porson. But what are we to do with Shakespeare, if we make a dramatic pyramid? Why turn it with the base uppermost, Shakespeare at the bottom, and the top a sort of "table-land," with the heads of Monk Lewis, Mr Maturin, Mr Shiel, Mr Barry Cornwall, Mr Knowles, and Mr Haynes, in a horizontal line, unbroken by towering talent, or reaching originality. If we go on to review the many volumes of poetry which have been, as Dr Southey expresses it, "cast upon the waters," we shall find that, with a very few exceptions, the founders of an original style only have lived. The "Imitatores, servum pecus" have either leaked and foundered after a time, or else have been so crank and top-heavy, that they capsized before they were well launched. There is Milton sailing about like a gorgeous Spanish galleon, deep in the water, and leaving a luminous track as he ploughs the waves of oblivion, which vainly ripple about his huge sides. What English blank-verse epic of those that have followed in his wake, is now sea-worthy? There is Butler, like a contraband cutter, daringly dashing over the billows; there is Prior, an elegant yacht; and Dryden, a very fine ship; and Young, like Rowland Hill's floating Methodist Chapel. As for Shakespeare, to whom can we compare him but to the celebrated "Vanderdecken, the Flying Dutchman," who sails when he pleases miraculously against the wind? Now these names are all founders of schools, of which their country had not before seen the like; a fact sufficient in itself to unsettle one's notions of the mechanical nature of poetry. To what this "founding of poetical schools," as it is called, really amounts, is another matter.

If we set about analysing the nature of poetical talent, we shall find it to consist, for the most part, in a union of two qualities. The prominent characteristics of a poet, are a capability of receiving strong impressions from external things, and a liability to the intense play of the passions. To these faculties he adds, if it is not inherent in their possession, a power of nice intellectual discrimination. He has correct as well as vivid ideas of the beautiful and sublime in nature, and of the affecting and passionate in mental emotion. Whether the discussion of the doctrine of innate propensities and talents is involved here, I do not know, nor do I much care. Whether the character of a man, including in that term disposition and talent, is part of his natural constitution originally, or the after-work of external circumstances, seems to be of little consequence, could it even be certainly known which hypothesis is the true one. Under each theory the event is equally uncontrollable. The influence of circumstances is admitted to begin so early, and to be in itself so inscrutably minute and complicated, that as far as education is concerned, one supposition is about as unmanageable as the other. Not that I could ever see the slightest probability in the notion of the constitution of all minds, as to natural propensities and capabilities, being, as it were, originally balanced to a sort of equiponderance. The thing is nearly inconceivable. That thinking, whether simple perception or reflection, depends somehow or other upon the brain, seems to be clear—that the difference of fibre, in different men, must involve different states of the

brain, seems unavoidable—that different states of the brain should not necessarily cause varieties in the strength of impressions and the vividness of ideas, is surely hard to be imagined. Be this as it may, whether early contingencies or original conformation be the cause, it is sufficient that the mind of a poet must of necessity have been, from the beginning, chiefly conversant with those ideas which constitute the basis of his poetry. For in what does the art of poetizing consist, but in drawing vivid, and somewhat heightened, but yet natural pictures of matters, which are calculated to produce pleasing emotions in the mind. It is this power of mental painting, this correctness of delineation, with this warmth of colouring, that is the essence of poetry. The power of fully expressing these ideas in words, is the next requisite. The possession of discrimination in the choice of subjects, is the next, but far below the other two in importance. Experience has shewn, that almost every object which life affords is capable of poetical adornment—pleasing when depicted, and naturally connected with reflections of the most interesting description. Great poets have not been those who have discovered new and unthought-of subjects for poetry, but those who have discovered excellence and originality in their powers and style of treating of subjects, in a great degree familiar. Every poetical theme must, in fact, be more or less popular, because readers must know something of the subject of a picture, to be enabled to feel and appreciate the merit of the resemblance. To borrow a common expression, it is because "he sees further into a mill-stone than the man who picks it," that a poet is a poet. It is because he knows minutely and deeply, what others know generally and superficially, that he is able to rouse in them sensations which they cannot awaken for themselves. He remembers what they have forgotten, and fills up for them the blanks of their imagination, and heightens for them the dim colouring of their fancy. He who hits upon a subject completely new in poetry, will probably become a popular poet, provided he has, even in a slight degree beyond his neighbours, the faculty of poetical delineation; but he who, with much more of this faculty, takes the same subject after him, will become a greater and more popular poet. He will do so because he can delineate more nicely, shadow more deeply, and colour more truly, than his precursor. How many Madonnas were painted before Raphael's? or who has ever inquired?

That the talent of poetry is mainly composed of a capability of vivid impression from without, and an inward susceptibility of mental emotion, is apparent in the fact, that poets have more frequently been attached to the studies of painting and metaphysics, than to that of any other science—music, I believe, not excepted. Salvator Rosa was equally eminent in poetry and painting. Some of our modern painters have written good verses, as for instance Shee; and some of our poets have been good painters, as for instance Peter Pindar. The present Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, is a striking example of the union of poetical with metaphysical talent—so was his predecessor—so is Sir William Drummond—so is Coleridge—so is Wordsworth—so were Beattie and Akenside—and so even was Hobbes, the father of English metaphysicians, though, to be sure, his translation of Homer is said to be none of the most readable of books.

If depth and correctness in the perception and expression, both of the sensations of external beauty and of inward emotion, be the mainspring of the poetical, it is pretty clear, that those whom chance or nature has turned into one favourite channel of observation from their earliest years, are likely to have most of it. The inclination to observe, and the talent for observation, generally accompany and assist each other. The having one, is a proof of the possession of the other. In all human pursuits, we see what wonders are effected by this early devotion. Hence the almost superstitious notions of genius overcoming every obstacle, and treading, with undeviating step, the way which nature points—hence Sir Isaac Newton is reported to have said, that any man of good ability, who could have paid the same long and undivided attention to mathematical pursuits that he did, would have produced the same results. Though this was only saying, in other words, that any one with Newton's genius would have been

Newton; for whether the early tendency was the effect of strong perception of the objects of mathematical pursuit, or whether it was the effect of inscrutable circumstances in early life, and rather the cause than the effect of the keenness of intellect afterwards manifested, still to produce a similar genius by artificial culture, is about as hopeless upon one supposition as upon the other. It is difficult, however, not to think that original organisation is at the bottom, when we behold so many of those strange beings, called "men of genius," driven through life by one ruling impulse, with every action tinged by the prevailing prepossession. If it be not instinct, it is very like it; and they who would be indignant at a comparison with the marches of the Lennings, or the Land-crabs, to which rivers and mountains are said to be no impediments, may not find it easy to point out the specific difference. Instances of the display of early and decided tendencies towards particular pursuits, are innumerable in the annals of literature. The boy Opie sketched, "with desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls," the forms which existed in his young imagination, but which he had not the means of giving "a local habitation and a name." Little Mozart and Crotch roared to be at the harpsichord, when their fingers had scarcely strength to press down a key; whilst Jedediah Buxton appears to have employed all his life in discovering recondite modes of arithmetical calculation, and probably counted before he knew the names even of the numerals. Mr Hogg seems to have been a poet before he learned to write—nay to speak in decently grammatical, not to say polished language. Burns was something in the same way; and if we look further amongst the works of those poets of whom most is known, we shall find them to be coloured with those singularities of disposition, for which they were remarkable through life. Thus Cowper's morbid low-spirits tinge, almost without an exception, every one of his compositions. Milton's scholarship and fondness for Italian literature, are apparent in most of his poems. Burns' warm feelings, occasional seriousness, and independent spirit, are equally marked in his works. So are Lord Byron's sarcastic, melancholy, and splenetic carelessness of the world; and so, above all, are Sir Walter Scott's attachment to antiquarian pursuits, and to the local superstitions of his country. Why are these poets so tinged with those various peculiarities, is the question that immediately presents itself? Because it is only through these early peculiarities of thought, that men become poets. Of that which they have all their lives been ruminating upon, they have ideas more vivid than other people's; and by giving those ideas, with all the force of language they can, they write poetry. This is true of more than poets professed. Old Isaac Walton, the sole employment of whose life was angling, has, without knowing it, written a poetical pastoral more natural than Shenstone or Cunningham, more simple than Gesner, and more sincere than Thomson. Nay, some of the books of the old pharmacopolists, especially under the head of "Cordial Waters," from a habit of observing, or imagining, and minutely describing, the effects of these "distilments" upon the nervous system, are as poetical here and there, as any thing in Dr Armstrong. If we look over the extensive catalogue of English poetry, we shall find it to be a set of oddities versified. The poets are a sort of harmonious quizzes, and their poems are tinctured throughout with the particularities of disposition—the ideas arising from the pursuits of life, nay with the very diseases of the writers. There is no selection of subject; what they felt keenly and saw strongly, they have made poetry of. A sharp physiologist might trace out the constitution, profession, and usual residence of a poet, from his works only. Lord Byron, who has travelled, tells about Gondolas, Mantillas, comboloios, Gazelle eyes, mosques, and latticed windows. The head of Mr Wordsworth, who lives amongst lakes and mountains, is filled with rocks, clouds, leech-gatherers, pedlars, daffodils, and water-lilies. Mr Crabbe, whose clerical functions have made him familiar with vestries, work-houses, and the whole economy of a country parish, in lieu of the rocks and rills of Mr Wordsworth, has extracted poetry out of the stony hearts of church-wardens, and the scanty stream of parish charity. We have poems about ships and about religion—about steam-engines and hydraulic presses—about hunting, shoot-

ing, and fishing—about war and waltzing—about astronomy and gastronomie—about bees and silk-worms—and siphilis and spleen, and diseases in general—about playing at whist and at chess, and smoking tobacco, and making sugar-wine and cider. In fact, there is scarcely any human pursuit that has not been, directly or indirectly, introduced into poetry; and the obliquities and excellences of the human mind have each had about an equal share in imparting interest to its pages.

To be a poet, then, is not merely to possess the art of versifying accounts of battles, or declarations of love, or descriptions of flowers. It is the art of making of a subject what no one else can;—of treating an old friend after a new and high fashion.—In short, it is the art of being a clever fellow; and, being as it is, poetry can never be stopped by a lack of subject, nor a poet ever made or unmade by the volubility or laziness of a university professor. It is possible enough to imagine, that the want of an exciting glass of wine, may have rendered abortive many a sonnet, and its presence vivified many an anacreontic:—that a high-flown ode may have been sometimes drowned in a Pacific ocean of water-gruel, and an elegy or an epigram in a Red Sea of Julep, or "a Mediterranean of Brewis."—But that future Murrays and Blackwoods shall ever want customers for lack of canons of criticism—"Tilly Psally, Sir John!" So little of the mechanical is admitted by poets themselves to enter into the composition of poetry, that most of them have professed to be, as it were, only semi-voluntary agents in the matter. Thomson could only write in the spring. Pope used to keep a servant up all night, to be ready with pen, ink, paper, and a light, that the "afflatus" might not be lost; and we have the present Laureate bargaining that he is only to write court odes when he will—meaning when he can. It should seem, too, that this wayward faculty remains, when less complex, but less deeply rooted, propensities of the mind are found to be impracticable. Thus, the last rational act of Swift, was the composition of the "Legion Club;" Smart scrawled sublime stanzas on the walls of his cell; and "it is told of the late Dr King, that he used to write verses in a tavern three hours after he could not speak."

If a certain line of subject, or a certain method of treating or of ornamenting that subject, be not essential to the poetical, still less is versification. Smoothness of versification has, in fact, been attained as fully by those who have vainly struggled to become poets, as by those who have really been so. If this were not true, where is the satire of Pope's "Song by a Person of Quality," in which there is as much musical "no meaning," as in the most fashionable air of a modern opera. It is true, that Dr Johnson and others have even gone so far as to affirm, that rhyme is essential to the perfection of English poetry,—and they may be right. It may be essential to its completeness, though not to its existence;—and so in this sense are reading and writing. It needs not the subtlety of Scriblerus—who insisted that he could conceive the abstract idea of a Lord Mayor, divested of his gown, chain, and gilt coach—to imagine a poet without the accomplishments of reading, writing, or even speaking. He might possess ideas, without the power of communicating them. He might look deeply into the beauties and harmonies of nature, and excite in himself the play of fancy and the whirl of passion, and yet "voice be none." One of those anomalous cherubim, which consist of a head and wings only, would be a type of him. What are sounds, or words, or lines, or stanzas, but modes of expressing that which existed before them, and independently of them? The minds of Homer and of Milton were probably very similar, though the manner in which they have expressed their ideas is totally dissimilar? The Greek and Latin critics, who doated upon the hexameters of "the blind Mæonides," would have recoiled in consternation from the blank-verse or rhyme of the Englishman. Paradise Lost, or Il Penseroso, "would have made Quintilian stare and gasp." The mental figures of the poet are eternal, unchangeable, and adapted to all time;—the rhythmical adjuncts are capricious, fading, and changeable. Pope re-versified Donne, which only proves, that Donne's versification was no part of Donne. Had Pope given him a new coat for his old one, it would have been much the same thing.

There is one further inducement for believing that poetry is merely the *unfettered exercise of a peculiarly gifted mind, on a subject over which it feels it has pre-eminent mastery, for the purpose of producing pleasurable emotions.* Upon this hypothesis, I cannot help thinking, are only to be explained the many confessedly strange judgments passed by poets upon the works of other poets. A poet loses his critical judgment, as a man who is intoxicated with one sort of wine, loses all nicety of perception as to the merits of another sort. He whose body and soul are saturated with one kind of excitement, cannot, while it lasts, enjoy or appreciate any other. This truth, that simpering but sagacious personage, the Tavern-waiter, well knows; and, accordingly, they, who think to crown their "set-to" of Port or Madeira with a magnum of Claret, are sure to get it bad. The poet has, by some means or other, become possessed with an ardent feeling of admiration for the beauties of the style and subject he has adopted. Whether his yearning arose out of "the force of blood," like that of mysterious relationships in romances, or whether it has worked itself as modern friendships do, by repeated acts of kindness into a permanent warmth, it matters not,—the overpowering predilection is there. It has become a passion, and, as all passions do, colours according to its liking. A poetical subject is not a mere topic of conversation to such a man, but food for strong excitement,—the mere mention of the word poetry instantaneously rouses up a favourite train of ideas. It is like putting a blazing wisp of straw under a fire-balloon, which sends it up into the clouds forthwith, and keeps it there until the fuel be burnt out. We have all felt the difficulty of reconciling ourselves to new fashions in dress—how we were shocked at first by the French waists and scuttle-bonnets of the ladies! So is it with the poet, only in a degree ten times worse. Imagine, for a moment, with what feelings must Mr Moore sit down to read a Methodistical hymn by Mr Montgomery. He has been accustomed, all his life, to see and love the Muse romping and laughing in short petticoats and flesh-coloured silk stockings,—or else, pouting prettily, and shedding tears, purer than dew, and more precious, to the roses on which they fall,—yet he is to make a face, and pretend to admire her with a demure look, in a stuff gown and leaden-coloured quaker bonnet:—the thing is impossible. It is "fine talking," to tell us of his knowledge of the art, and his insight into all the graces of poetical style. So you may tell me of the legal knowledge of a prejudiced judge who is appointed to try me; but am I to be persuaded that I have not a fairer chance for justice with a man of moderate knowledge and unexcited passions, than with one who has every reason in nature to array his subtleties against me, and send me, if he can, to Botany Bay or the gallows?

T. D.

ANOTHER LADLEFUL FROM THE DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL.

DEAR NORTH,

As "Drouthiness" gave such superlative satisfaction, (that is, to myself,) I proceed in the course which Nature has at last pointed out to me. Questionless, I was born a poet, and yet I never found it out till lately. However, I shall spur on Pegasus the faster, to make him fetch up for lost time. I ride light weight, and do not expect that I shall blow him, even if I should push him rather smartly. To say the truth, I possess a spur, which makes him lift his legs nimbly again whenever he slackens. (Allegory apart, this means Walker's Rhyming Dictionary, but it is a profound secret.) As I mean to make you profit by my journeys, I send herewith the products of my two last rides, performed at a hand-gallop, in which I trust you will think that Peggy has bumpered but seldom. But here allow me to get off the great horse, and talk in a more pedestrian manner.

My first poem is a parody on Sir William Jones's spirited paraphrase of a fragment of Alcæus. His contains a palaver about Liberty, and Rights, and the Fiend Discretion, while mine alludes to the less disputable good of a hearty appetite and a dinner to satisfy it.

I conceive myself to be a dab at a dedication, so I have clapt a label of this kind on the neck of each of the

lyrics herewith assigned over to you. I inscribe the one I have been speaking of to Dr Kitchener, to console him for the roasting he met with when you put him on the spit. Nay, you treated him, I should rather say, as you would a turkey's gizzard, that is, handed him out to be peppered and salted, and then grilled till he looked black in the face—a culinary process, which, as nobody knows better than the Doctor, is called *devilling* the muscular tid-bit. Doubtless, my little complimentary morsel will set things right again. Here, however, I had better confess before others point it out, that the verses of mine, which are to embed Dr K.'s name in the savory jelly of immortality, belong to that school of poetry which is connate with the school of prose of which the Doctor himself is the Didascalus. My erudite friend Brahdpahntschius Pottinger, father of the beautiful Maria, and erstwhile tutor and law-professor in the university of Gottingen, terms these literary sects, in his Latin correspondence with me, the "Scholæ Coxovinæ," equivalent to the Leg-of-mutton schools in our vernacular. It appears as if Bishop Hall did not approve of that which must have existed in his time; namely, the one whose labours came forth in metre; for he says in his satires—

> Such hunger-starven *trencher-poetry*,
> O let it never live or timely die.

This is by no means flattering; but at the same time it proves that the institution is somewhat venerable for its antiquity, and so is not, like the Cockney school, a mere mushroom of today—no, no, like mushroom-ketchup, it was known long and merry ago, as well as it is now. Indeed, I do not think that either eating to live or living to eat is a modern invention. As to the latter art, Jeremy Taylor remarks, that "strange it is, that for the stomach, which is scarce a span long, there should be provided so many furnaces and ovens, huge fires, and an army of cooks, cellars swimming with wine, and granaries sweating with corn; and that into one belly should enter the vintage of many nations, the spoils of distant provinces, and the shell-fishes of several seas." (*House of Feasting, or the Epicure's Measures, Part I.*)

My second poem is a metrical advertisement of all Lord Byron's works; and for drawing it up, Mr Murray ought, I am sure, to be grateful to me, for it will save him I know not what in paper and printing, as there is little doubt of its being got by heart by all those for whom he stitches up his announcements. I have secured this, by making my dedication so diffusive—it is to the reading public, that abstract *Helluo librorum*, to whom Mr Coleridge has such an antipathy; but Mr Murray has a fellow-feeling for the omnivorous monster, and supplies him with frequent supplies of papyrus, which is the fodder he delights in. Indeed, this pamphlet-perusing prosopopœia the reading public aforesaid seems to squat like the night-mare on the chest of the author of the Ancient Mariner and Kubla Khan; and I much wish that so powerful a somnoversifier would harrow up our souls with some of the dreams, (all probably ready tagged with rhyme for the press,) which that incubus has occasioned.

You will observe that this copy of verses is wholly composed in double rhymes, a feat on which I pride myself, for they are sometimes monstrously hard to find. With one line, which I was determined not to alter, and to whose *finale* I could find nothing correspondent in the compass of the language, I was so vexed, that in an unversifying and unguarded moment I was all but tempted to jump headlong into the Devil's Punch Bowl, that huge circular abyss in my neighbourhood—"and there an *end!*" But the catastrophe was prevented by a timely discovery of the required *ending*. A happy termination this; I may well call it so, both of the couplet, (which now jingles most musically) and of my perplexity, which thus evanished without a dive of some fathoms downwards. In some cases, however, the will must be taken for the deed, I fear; but you will be pleased, according to the dictum of a sage critic, to crush the syllables, if they are refractory, and then they will fit much better. If my Lord B. should make you the channel of communication, in returning his grateful thanks on this occasion, let no time be lost in conveying them to yours,

BLAISE FITZTRAVESTY.

Ladle Court, near the Devil's Punch Bowl.

Dedication

TO THE PHYSICIAN WHO PENNED

PEPTIC PRECEPTS,

AND PRESCRIBED THOSE PILULAR PRODUCTIONS OF THE PESTLE,

PRÆNOMINATED

PERISTALIC PERSUADERS,

THIS PRETTY POEM IS PRESENTED

BY ITS PARENT.

A FESTAL ODE.

What constitutes a feast?
Not haunch of venison, of flavour true,
Fat, juicy, nicely drest;
Nor turtle calipash of verdant hue;
Not soup, in whose rich flood,
French cooks a thousand relishes infuse;
Not fricassees well stewed,
Nor France's greater boast, high-fumed ragouts;
Not a surlein of beef,
Crowning a dish in which rich gravy lies;
Not turbot, ocean chief,
Which ruddy lobster-sauce accompanies,
No—a good appetite,
And good digestion, turn into a feast
Whate'er front-teeth can bite,
And grinders manducate, and palate taste.
Be it homely bread and cheese,
Of which the ravenous carl tucks in some pounds;
Or bacon smoked, where grease,
Five fingers thick, each stripe of lean surrounds;
Be it onion, fiery root,
Whose rank effluvia draws unbidden tears;
Potato, Erin's fruit,
With which the bogtrotter his stomach cheers;
Be it cabbage, flabby leaf!
Which cross-legg'd tailors smack with liquorish chops;
Or oatmeal porridge, chief,—
Undoubted chief of Scotland's rustic slops.
Yet in these meals so plain,
Let but sharp appetite as guest attend,
And napkin'd Aldermen
May grudge the goût with which the bits descend.
This constitutes a feast,
To experience hunger and have wherewithal
(Though it be not of the best)
To stop the void bread-basket's healthy call.

LORD BYRON'S COMBOLIO. (1)

INTRODUCTION.

Reading public! whose hunger,
Thou egregious bookmonger,
Gets monthly large parcels
Of fresh sheets, for thy morsels;
And though publishers race, yet
Thou never art satiate
Of new poems, new histories,
New dramas, new *Mysteries*,
New romances, new novels,
New voyages, new travels,
New tourifications,
New *post prandium* orations; (2)
New lives and new memoirs,
New guide-books, new grammars,
New systems of science,
(Some writ in defiance
Of the sense that's called common) (3)
New endeavours to hum one,
Of old lies new editions,
Of old follies new visions,
New modes of abusing,
(Peep for these the Reviews in),
New revivals of scandal,
By some right or wrong handle;
In short, what is new, Sir,
Finds in thee a peruser.
Reader General! thou patron
Of many a squadron,
Who, with goose quills ink laden,
(Which their stands had best staid in,)
Lose available labour
In blurring white paper,—
To thee do I dedicate, now this most edifying sample of doggrel,
Which will sure catalogue well
The works now abundant,
Of an Author redundant;
And we do not disparage
The rolls of the Peerage
In saying, though they strive all
To discover a rival;
And be Horace Walpole
Stirr'd up with a tall pole, (4)
And his book's last edition
Put in due requisition; (5)
Let the Lords not be hindered
From including their kindred,—
Yet they will not environ
Such a Poet as Byron.
Him, thou, Reading *Demus!*
Hast been pleased to make famous;
So take to thy favour
This industrious endeavour
To make out a list of
The hanks, which his distaff
Has long time been untwining,
Of verses so genuine,
That renown they must e'en win.
Let some fame too o'erbubble
On his pate, who great trouble
(Behold it) hath taken
In this catalogue making.

THE ROSARY.

The first stretch of his powers
Was made in "The Hours"
'Clept "of Idlesse," that syren,
"By George Gordon Lord Byron."
No need of diviner,
To shew that "a Minor"
The book had compounded;
But to warn us, we found it
Printed under and over,
On the back on the cover,
On the title-page ominous,
And in prose prologomenous.
'Twas, in spite of the pother

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(1) As his lordship imported this word from the East, it is but justice that he should have the benefit of it. In the Bride of Abydos, where it is used, he tells us it means the rosary which the Turks use. Here, of course, it is figuratively applied to the series of his poems, which are to be looked upon as the beads of this combolio, (what a mouthful the word is!) and they are beautifully strung upon the golden thread of my verses. Et ego in Arcadia! ahem.

(2) Beware of mistaking,—no allusion here to *brandy*,—gin being the drink of our indigenous orators. Indeed, one of the speechifying Radicals averred in public, that "English gin," (sink the circumstance that he was a vender thereof,) "is as nutritive as mother's milk to an Englishman." Radical harangues are not generally specimens of *after-dinner* eloquence,—they are oftener *orationes imprandiæ*, or *ad prandium sedpiscendum*.

(3) Let us humbly request, that Sir Richard Phillips will, when he writes on philosophical matters, divest himself of the jocular *sobriquet* of "Common Sense," assumed by him, "quasi lucus a non lucendo, et mons a non movendo."

(4) *Tall* is surely synonymous with *long*, which is, I know, the epithet in common use in menageries, whence we borrow the metaphor.

(5) His "Royal and noble authors," which Mr Park lately edited.

Neither one thing nor t'other;
And though it was poorish,
It deserved not the flourish
Of that tomahawk cruel
In the saffron and cerule,
Which notch'd it and nick'd it;
In short those wits wicked
Had their sport with the lordling,
Whom they thought a soft bardling,
Too meek to retort it;
But they were not so sorted,
For his next was a stinger;
Master Frank found his finger
Had been burnt in the venture
With one, not a flincher
When his Pegasus skittish
Gave a fling at "Bards British."
If the "Hours" failed in merit,
There was talent and spirit
In this nettle stuff'd satire;
And the blows, like the platter
Of hail, fell by dozens
On our splenetic cousins
Dun-Edin's Reviewers,
Those paddlers in sewers,
Where their mud-ammunition
(Hooting, hissing, derision,)
Is mix'd up for griming
All those who won't chime in
With jacobin shoutings,
And infidel doubtings.
Then came doughty Childe Harold,
With whom the world quarrel'd,
Because this aspirant,
Though observant, enquirant,
Shrewd, keen, energetic,
Sublime, and pathetic—
Contriving to wedge in all,
In one word, original;
Yet betray'd the foot cloven,
Scepticism being inwoven
In his talk upon matters
Best left to his betters.
How plain folks roll'd their gogglers!
How the learned prov'd bogglers!
At the name of the "Giaour."
For sure ne'er to that hour
Did four-fifths of the vowels
Congregate in the bowels
Of a syllable single;
Even yet how to mingle
Their sounds in one's muzzle,
Continues a puzzle.
But the fragments are clever,—
Surpass'd has he never,
In his loftiest of stretches,
Two or three of the sketches.
"The Bride of Abydos"
Next sprang up beside us;
From the first time I met her,
The Giaour pleased me better;
Although I must own it,
With reluctance upon it,
Since my preference showing,
O'er a lady so glowing,
Of a wretch with a white face,
Argues not much politeness.
With a head rough as horse hair,
Heaves in sight now "The Corsair."
His Lordship here followed
The metre that's hallowed
By the poets, whose due, d'ye see,
Is no longer *sub judice*.
Ne'er could fail this fine story
To find fit auditory;
It holds one quite breathless
With interest; yet, nathless,
'Twould accord with my wishes,
If stops, 'stead of dashes,
Were put to the poem,
(How to do it I'd shew 'em;)
For, I'm sure, I was wearied,
Seeing comma and period
Smash'd,—as if punctuation
Were gone out of fashion.
"An Ode," rather warty,
Came to Nap Buonaparte;
Wherein he was scolded
For not having folded
His cloak like a Roman;
And, indebted to no man,
Kick'd the bucket with glory,
And lived ever in story.
Then appear'd Senor "Lara,"
Which, at sight, one could swear a
Reappearance of Conrad.
The attempt though did honour add
To our author, clear-sighted;
And ne'er hath he indited
With more perspicacity,
And psychologic sagacity.
To each "Hebrew Melody,"
Alas! and Ah, well-a-day!
For most are but rudish,
And a scantling are goodish;
So let Messrs Braham
And Nathan enjoy 'em.
"The Siege," next, "of Corinth,"
Illustrates a war in th'
Morea;—but I dare say,
From perusal or hearsay,
Most now think on the munching
Of the dogs, and their "crunching,"
(On what, in his jargon,
Dr Gall calls an organ,)
Stripping off the scalp, rot 'em!
"As ye peel figs in autumn."
With Alp to the arena
Came the fair "Parisina."
That he should not have written,
On this subject forbidden,
Still sticks in my gizzard,
'Spite of "gruff General Izzard."

Who devoid of all mercy is
Tow'rds King Leigh and his verses;
And because without panic,
That monarch Cockannic,
Rhymed lightly on incest,
Z., with fury intensest,
Pour'd out a full bottle (6)
Of wrath on his noddle;
But of Byron he's chary,
And lauds this same "Parisine," as if it were shapen,
All the perils escaping.
All we say of a "Monody"
Is, it issued forth on a day.
After this, the "Third Canto
Of Childe Harold" was sent to
Find its fate with the nation;
And it gained approbation.
"The Prisoner of Chillon"
Was sufficient to mill one;
So doleful,—so grievous,—
With nought to relieve us!
Enter "Manfred;" a serious
Sort of white witch mysterious;
Of our genius erratic
The first effort dramatic,
And so well in that province
He has never come off since.
"Tasso's sad Lamentation"
Much requires condensation;
But 'tis plaintive and striking,
And suits with my liking.
Not so the sarcastic
"Sketch on topics Domestic;"
As the matter has ended,
Least said's soonest mended.
To Venice he hied him,
And that city supplied him
With the matter capricious
For his "Beppo" facetious;
A model, so please ye,
Of a style free and easy.
The story that's in it
Might be told in a minute;
But *par parenthèse* chatting,
On this thing and that thing,
Keeps the shuttlecock flying,
And attention from dying.
There are some I could mention,
Think the author's intention
Was to sneer and disparage
The vow made in marriage;
But the sneer, as I take it,
Is 'gainst those folks who break it.
The lengthy "Fourth Canto
Of the Childe" makes us pant, oh!
It exceeds altogether
The three first in a tether;
But 'tis greatly applauded,
Yea, exceedingly lauded.
Now, though, without flattery,
It has powerful poetry,
Yet the world henceforth will know
Meo proprio periculo,
That, to my mind, the style of it
Is ambitiously elevate,
Too much in the fashion
Of a prize declamation;
Rather pompous and dullish,
Of *falsetto*, too, fullish;
As it don't wholly please me,
Of the subject I ease me.
Thunders in now on horseback
"Mazeppa" the Cossack;
Though he was not a Hettman
In performing that feat, man,
And a wag, for his trouble,
Call'd him John Gilpin's double.
With many an ill omen,
'Neath no publisher's *nomen*, (7)
(Proof that mischief was brewing)
Sneak'd forth, of "Don Juan"
Canto first, Canto second;
But here my Lord reckon'd,
His host unconsulted,—
Staunch admirers revolted,
And made a stern stricture
On the profligate picture;
E'en the wit could not save it
From being upbraided;
And, though read by the many,
No one champion'd Giovanni.
"The Great Doge of Venice"
Little joy stirred within us;
And the purse of Old Drury
Was not burst, I assure ye,
With the weight of the treasure,
When, in spite of displeasure,
And legal injunction,
Abjuring compunction,
This play they enlisted,
And to act it persisted
Till 'twas thoroughly hiss'd at.
The "Three Cantos" more recent
"Of Don Juan" are decent
Compared with the couple,
Of morals more supple,
Which first made us wonder.

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(6) *Bottle* is here used *aggravando for vial*, which is the old established wet-measure of wrath; but surely in these days when energy of language is so much in vogue, I shall find followers to adopt the more forcible expression. Z. gave full measure, whether it were bottle or vial.

(7) Pray be careful to understand that *nomen* is set down here, and not *gnomon*, which would do just as well for the rhyme sake; but then it would not accord with the truth of things; for though *Don Juan* was not sold under any publisher's *name*, it was sold under the *nose of* many a one.

But the three are much under
Their loose brethren in satire,
And in interesting matter;
Though they shew more decorum,
We could sooner snore o'er 'em. (8)
Last came to assail us
Great "Sardanapalus,"
"The Two Foscari's History,"
And "Cain" in a "Mystery."
Had they staid in his pinnace
On the waters of Venice,
His fame had not suffer'd,
For though they discover'd
Some power in the terrible,
They were not all agreeable.
Cain's murderous fury
He had best, I assure ye,
Have left where he found it,
Nor essay'd to expound it;
For, howe'er he conceit it,
We are bold to repeat it,
He's by no means a fit one
To play pranks Holy Writ on.
Milton's self, when he travell'd,
From the record was gravell'd,
In parts of his epic.
So abstain from the topic,
And with easy restriction
Seek the regions of fiction,
Extend thither your pinion,
For there lies your dominion.

L'Envoy.

Lo! in melody worthy
Of immortal Tom D'Urfey,
Have I chanted, my lyre on,
The doings of Byron.
And, as faithful recorder,
Chronological order
Have I kept. Now, as clincher,
I take heart, and will venture
To suggest to his Lordship
A proposal, (no hardship,)
Which he should not be sorry at—
Let him make me his Laureate.

(8) After all that has been said on Don Juan, what comes up to "Don Juan unread?" One of the pleasantest parodies that ever was written.

MORELLET'S MEMOIRES.*

France has at length ceased to present a revolting object of contemplation to the philanthropist; that hour, so long and so vainly sought through anarchy and blood, and so vainly through the splendour of military renown, has stolen upon the country in peace and apparent degradation. The great principles of constitutional freedom lately acquired, commence to be brought into action; and to the confusion of the partizans of vulgar tyranny, those principles have found their warmest advocates in the most aristocratic party of the state. All are compelled at length to acknowledge the irrevertible tendency to monarchy, of a great, a chivalrous, and a territorial people. Fatal experience has established this truth, and has reanimated in the minds of Frenchmen, the old feelings of the nation towards their ancient kings. Loyalty is no longer the blind unstable sentiment that it has been—the enthusiasm of its regard is henceforward founded upon wisdom and experience.

From this station of tranquillity, from this *terra firma*, which the French government has at length attained, there is a redeeming pleasure, which was impossible to experience before, in surveying the vast and stormy ocean, which the political vessel traversed for the last century. We may say century, without stretching our retroactive foresight to any extraordinary degree: although we willingly join with Clarendon and Necker in ridiculing the all-sufficiency of those who descry the germes of revolution in ages far removed, yet we cannot be blind to the chain of causes and effects which is strongly manifested in the history of France. All these causes centre in the great one—public opinion: and it is a strange paradox that would exclude letters from having had an influence on public opinion. If there has been too much effect attributed by some to the literary spirit and productions of the eighteenth century, there has also been too little allowed by others; a revolution in France might have taken place without them, but it certainly would not have taken place so soon. The course of events was by no means adequate to overturn the old and sacred prejudices of the people: the quarrels be-

* Mémoires de l'Abbé Morellet, sur le Dix-Huitième Siècle, et sur la Revolution. Paris, 1821.

tween the Jesuits and Jansenists, between the great law-courts and the monarch, could never alone have spread impiety and blood-thirstiness through the nation. It was the sneering sophistry of Voltaire, the eloquent blundering of Rousseau, that overwhelmed all honourable as well as all moral feeling, and effaced the humanizing effects of time and civilization among a race of men by nature thoughtless and ferocious. To prove the effect that letters had in producing the turbulent sentiment of anarchy, it is but necessary to examine the universal language of the time, from the declamations of Mirabeau and Sieyes down to the petitions and proscriptions of the most vulgar pens, and it will be easily seen in what school revolutionary France learned at the same time to read and to think——in the frothy volumes of its unprincipled wits. They too sought to balance the ills of their public professions, by the good of their private munificence—they too vaunted during their lives the petty charities which they bestowed on individuals; they had even the silly arrogance to call such things by the name of good done to mankind;—but it is neither for us, nor for them, nor for this world, to estimate the vain-glorious boast.

After the regent, and his financier Law, had led the French government its first palpable step to destruction, it is in the annals of literature almost alone that we are to trace its gradual downfall. Finance, which was the prominent and immediate cause of the Revolution, had ceased to be merely a state-craft or routine of office: it had become a portion of letters and of philosophy, and as well as law, politics, and religion, had become a topic of universal and trivial discussion for all ranks and sexes. It is not easy to discover what some writers mean exactly by the word *literature*—perhaps they exclude from being comprehended by this term such writings as those of Montesquieu and Turgot, while they admit the metaphysical subtletics of Helvetius and the Encyclopædists;—certes it requires some such play of words to support the assertion that letters were not a prominent cause of the French Revolution. The philosophers have been acknowledged and represented by all cotemporary historians as a political body in the state, important enough even to counterbalance the proud and united party of the Jesuits, as well as to temper the intolerance of the Jansenists, who may themselves be considered as a kind of literary body. Paradox may make what use it pleases of the word *literature*, but when the term is applied to the political and religious speculations of the Encyclopædists, it must also include all writings whatsoever, that influence the thoughts and actions of mankind. And to say, that writings which have been universally read, and extravagantly popular, and which have been followed by effects obviously to be expected from them—to say, that these writings had no influence in producing these effects, is nothing more or less than downright nonsense.

We are far from seeking to add mere consideration to literature, or to increase its importance at the expense of its honest reputation; but it is useful to estimate properly the influence of an engine, alike powerful for evil or for good, and which it is the interest of those to mask, who would use it for the purposes of destruction. The numerous and even well-informed mass of civilized society, whose principles of rectitude, of religion, and subordination, are necessarily founded more on habit and honourable prejudice than on set reasoning, are the van-guard upon which the lovers of vague change first make their attack. And such is the force of evil, that they are almost certain of success, if they can but carry on their plans without awakening suspicion. They come forward with smiles, and raillery, and lenient sophistry, with professions of benevolence and philanthropy—a love of pleasure, and the human race;—let but a thorn prick these lovers of mankind, an antagonist or a rival present himself, and soon will the fair mask be torn away, the hidden malice of the heart display itself to its diabolical extent, and show us how deep are those charitable feelings that profess to have for their sole end the instruction and amelioration of the world.

Such was the philanthropic countenance presented by the philosophers of the eighteenth century, and by such petty malice did they belie it. Nevertheless they were listened to and believed—we have seen the consequences. There are some men of the present day

amongst us, born for better things, who seem inclined to imitate these worthies, would fain renew the same farce, and would have no objection to see it followed up by the same tragedy. Did we not despise the attempt, and see in it but the flatness of a twice-told tale, we should promise ourselves much honour, and indeed much amusement, in bearing down on these second-hand Quixotes of philosophy with all the legitimate powers of reason and ridicule.

We have been led into these reflections not unseasonably by the consideration of one whose life, but just extinct, spread over the whole of that century so fertile in events, and who, "like Fontenelle, formed the link between two ages and two literatures."* The Abbé Morellet was the only one of the Encyclopædists who lived to witness the full extent and progress of that spirit, to which he had assisted, though in a very small degree, to give the first impulse. He was born in 1727, at Lyons, of humble parents—paper manufacturers;—at first educated in the college of Jesuits, he studied his way into the Sorbonne. The account of his early education, which he gives in the commencement of his Memoirs, and of that university, more celebrated than extensive,† must prove interesting to academic readers. The picture of his university life altogether is fascinating, and we can well appreciate the love he bore even to the walls of his college, "which," he says, "he never had the heart to visit, since the Vandals destroyed the beautiful mausoleum erected to the memory of Cardinal Richlieu."‡ Among his fellow-students were the Briennes, afterwards ministers and victims of the Revolution, and Turgot, concerning whom, especially the latter, he preserves some characteristic anecdotes. The genius and disposition of Turgot bore a strong resemblance to those of our Addison: both possessed equally a natural inaptness for the political stations they attained—both possessed in an eminent degree the amiable and moral virtues of private life. The French minister, if he possessed the advantage of having made political theory his peculiar study, had also the disadvantage of occupying the more responsible and dangerous office. Morellet, in his account of Turgot, gives us a *pendant* to the well-known anecdote of Addison's attempt at an official letter.

"He had," says the Abbé, "demanded preambles for the edicts which he was preparing on grain, on wine, on wardenship, and the *corvées*—his four principal operations—of Mr de Fourqueux, Mr Trudaine, Mr Dupont, Abeille, and also of me. He sent me three of these preambles, demanding my opinion of them. I returned them in a few days, without having made the least alteration. He insisted upon being told which was the best. I replied, 'whichever you first take up.' People had been expecting this unlucky edict for two months, and he kept them in expectation two months longer. I am not deceived in saying, that he spent, in digesting these preambles, more than two entire months of the little time that the whirlwind of affairs allowed him for meditation."

The French Government, between the theorist Turgot, and the man of business Neckar, calls to mind Burke's simile of the jack, with the ponderous weight at one end, and the fly at the other.

Through the example of his friend, Morellet devoted himself chiefly to the study of political economy, and he was confirmed in this pursuit by acquiring the intimacy of De Gournay, the brother *economist* of Quesnay, and who had enlightened his country on commercial subjects, not only by his own speculations, but by translating the English works of Child, Gee, King, &c. It was in opposing Morellet on the subject of the India Company that Neckar first rose into notice; the latter differed with the *economists* on many points, especially on the free commerce of corn; his "*habitude des calculs*," says Morellet, made him despise theory. His opposition, however, was always modest, deferent, and ne-

* Lémontey's "*Eloge de M. Morellet.*"

† The establishment had but thirty-six apartments, besides the church, hall, &c.

‡ The mausoleum or its fragments were removed to the Museum of French Monuments, Rue des Petits Augustins, which has since restored its collection to their old places, and has itself been converted into the French Academy of Painting.

ver disturbed the connexions of private intimacy; while, on the contrary, Turgot never could conceal his dislike to the Genevieve banker, and once, in particular, treated him with a rudeness that would have justified retaliation. Before, however, Morellet had entered the lists of political contention, he had laboured privately for the *Encyclopædie*, and furnished the articles of *Foi*, *Fatalité*, *Gomaristes*; which, by the by, it is a wonder that Diderot and D'Alembert would have given up to another, especially a young writer, since they were such excellent themes for the inculcation of their doctrines. But, indeed, we should not wonder that any degree of intellect or ardour should grow weary in the composition of an Encyclopædia. The Abbé also contributed forcibly towards overthrowing the reverence due to the Romish Hierarchy, by publishing, under the title of "*Manuel des Inquisiteurs*," a translation and compendium of an old and forgotten work, which he had found in Italy, written by a grand Inquisitor of the fourteenth century. His other literary productions at this period of his life were, a translation of Beccaria's treatise, some attacks on Le Franc, Le Pompignan, for one of which he was lodged in the Bastille, and the commencement and plan of a Dictionary of Commerce, which the troubles of the Revolution, and his consequent poverty, obliged him to abandon.

The world has heard enough about the literary society of France, that assembled at Madame Geoffier's, Madame Neckar's, and the Baron de Holbach's; but as these Memoirs are the *copestone* to the voluminous private history of those times, we may be allowed to translate a few extracts. Madame Geoffier was timid in permitting political discussions at her parties, whence the wits frequently retired from her saloon to that of some umbrageous tree in the garden of the Thuilleries, where they talked republicanism under the shade of the royal palace. Before Madame Neckar, free opinions were also constrained on the subject of religion; it was at De Holbach's alone that every thing in the shape of argument was welcome; here were to be seen, not only the *beaux esprits* of France, but also the foreign faces, which Morellet enumerates, of Hume, Wilkes, Sterne, Galliani, Beccaria, Caraccioli, Lord Shelburne, the Comte de Creuze, Veri, Frizi, Garrick, the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, Franklin, Priestley, Colonel Barré, the Baron d'Alberg, &c.

Hear the worthy Abbé's own account of himself and friends:—

"The Baron d'Holbach had regularly two dinners every week, Sunday and Thursday, at which were assembled, without prejudicing the visits of other days, generally from twelve to twenty men of letters and taste. There was always plain cheer, but good, excellent wine, excellent coffee, much disputing, and never quarrelling, simplicity of manners without rudeness, and mirth without folly.

"Frequently a single person took the word, and proposed his opinions, whatever they might be, peaceably, and without being interrupted. At other times there was single combat in form, of which the rest of the society remained tranquil spectators—a species of deference rarely to be met with elsewhere. It is there that I have heard Roux and Darcet propound their theory of the earth—Marmontel, the excellent principles subsequently digested in his *Elements of Literature*—Raynal detail, to the very livres, sous, and deniers, the commerce of the Spaniards with the Philippines and Vera Cruz, and that of England with her colonies—the Ambassador of Naples, and the Abbé Galliani, tell us long stories after the Italian fashion, a species of drama, which we always heard to the end—Diderot discuss a question of philosophy, of the arts, or of literature, and, by his copiousness, his eloquence, and look of inspiration, forcibly attract the attention. It is there, if I may mention my own name by the side of those so much my superiors, that I have been permitted to develope, more than once, my principles of public economy. And there also, it must be confessed, Diderot, Dr Roux, and the worthy Baron himself, established dogmatically their creed of absolute atheism—that of the *Système de la Nature*, with an internal persuasion and a good faith, *edifying* even for those who, like myself, dissented from their opinions, &c.

"I shall never forget a very good scene one evening. We had been talking after dinner on this subject; Diderot and Roux had argued to their

utmost, and had spoken impieties enough to bring down the thunder upon the house, if it fell for such things. The Abbé Galliani, Secretary of the Embassy of Naples, had listened with patience to all this dissertation; at length, rising, '*Messieurs*,' said he, '*Messieurs les philosophes*, not so fast, if you please. I shall commence by acquainting you, that if I were Pope, I'd send you all to the Inquisition, and if King of France, to the Bastille; but, as I have the good luck to be neither the one nor the other, I shall return here on Thursday next, and you shall grant me the patience I have bestowed on you.'—'Agreed,' cried we, atheists and all, 'on Thursday.'

"Thursday arrives: after dinner and coffee, the Abbé seats himself in his chair, crosses his legs according to custom, and taking his wig from his head with one hand, it being warm, and gesticulating with the other, he thus commenced:—'I suppose, gentlemen, that he amongst you who is most convinced that the world is the work of chance, playing at dice, and that his antagonist throws once, twice, thrice, every time, the cast of six. For as short a time as the game does last, my friend Diderot, who is losing his money, exclaims, that the dice are loaded, and that I am a scoundrel. Ah! my good philosopher, because ten or twelve casts of dice have made you lose six francs, you believe firmly that it must be in consequence of some adroit manœuvre, or artificial combination; and yet seeing, in this universe, effects produced a thousand times more difficult, more complicated, more sustained, and more useful, you never suspect that the dice of nature are prepared, *et qu' il y a là haut un grand fripon qui se fait un jeu de vous attraper*," &c.

Morellet proceeds to relate how he himself maintained the dispute against an obstinate neighbour, to whom he addresses a letter the next day, with the facetious commencement of *Monsieur, et très cher athée*.

When such were the professors and defenders of religion in the country, we no longer wonder that churchmen were decreed to be but a useless and expensive body. The illustrations of the Abbé Galliani, so much admired by Morellet, seem to us to offer a very poor sample of those all-intelligent discussions, and we have no doubt that the *argufyings* to which it was an answer were quite as stupid as itself. Had a single spirit, such as Pascal, lived in those times, he would have made minced-meat of the whole tribe, atheists, theists, religionists, and all, who, in their assembled sovereignty of intellect, have not bequeathed to the world even the shadow of a new truth. But if we were to condemn, as it merits, this compromising spirit in a minister of religion like Morellet, what words could we find to stigmatize such churchmen as Gregoire, Sieyes, and Bishop Talleyrand.

In 1772 the Abbé took a trip to England, on a visit to Lord Shelburne, and gratefully records the attention and the amusement he received in London. He does justice to the merits of Garrick, whom he compares to Le Kain. Garrick placed him in the orchestra at Drury-Lane, strictly forbidding him to look at the book of the piece, with which the Abbé had provided himself.

"I ventured to disobey him once or twice," says Morellet, "but he threw such looks at me from the stage, that I was obliged to shut the book altogether; and although the words were lost to me, Garrick made the sense of the acting quite intelligible." He seems to dwell with great pleasure on his stay in England, and mentions a dinner on the grass, near Plymouth, endeared to him by hearing some young ladies '*bien chanter a Scottish song*,' of which, says he, '*j'etais very fond*.' It was *The Lass of Patie's Mill*. At the peace of 1783, Lord Shelburne requested the French minister to bestow an Abbey on Morellet, 'in return,' as Lord S. politely said, 'for the latter's having liberalized his ideas on the subject of commercial regulations.' Vergennes gave the Abbé a pension, although by that time the English minister was out of power.

While in England, Morellet formed an intimacy with Franklin, which was renewed when Benjamin took up his residence at Passy.* Whatever may be

* The chief street of Passy is called *Rue Franklin*; also there is the *Barrière Franklin*, that enters from Passy to Chaillot.

our opinions of Franklin with respect to his public conduct, he certainly is one of the most original independent minds on record. In his lighter productions, we know of no one, except indeed Goldsmith, who can lay an equal claim with him to the epithet of *genuine*. The little parable of his quoted by Home, is perhaps the only imitation of inspired writing in our language that deserves to be tolerated.* Morellet has preserved many little sketches and anecdotes of his; one upon drinking, with fac simile illustrations, which we shall pass by, it being more witty than decorous. His letter to Madame Helvetius we will endeavour to translate.

Letter from FRANKLIN *to* MADAME HELVETIUS.

Passy.

"Chagrined by the resolution, Madam, which you pronounced so strongly last night, to remain single all your life, in honour of your departed husband, I returned home, fell upon my couch, dreamt that I was dead, and found myself in the Elysian fields.

"They demanded if I wished to see any particular person.—'Yes,' said I, 'bring me to the philosophers.'—'There are two, sir, living here in this garden, very good neighbours, and great friends.'—'Who are they?'—'Socrates and Helvetius.'—'Indeed! I esteem them both prodigiously; but pray introduce me to Helvetius first, for I know somewhat of French, but the deuce a word of Greek.' Helvetius received me with much courtesy, having known me by hearsay, he said, for some time. He asked me a thousand questions concerning the war, the present state of religion, and of the liberty and government of France. 'Are you not anxious to hear of your friend Madam Helvetius?' said I; 'she loves you still excessively; 'tis not an hour since I have quitted her.'—'Ah!' exclaimed he, 'you recall my ancient felicity; but we must forget such things here, if we would be happy. For some years I thought of nothing but her; at last I am consoled; I have taken another wife, as like her as I could find. She is not, to be sure, so well-looking, but she has all her good sense and amiability; her continual study is to please me, and she has this moment gone out to buy six penny-worth of nectar and ambrosia for my supper. Stay, and you shall see her.'—'I perceive,' said I, 'that your old mistress has been more constant than you; for although she has received many good offers, she has refused them all. I must confess that I have loved her myself to folly; she was inexorable, and refused me, all for the love of you.'—'I am sorry for your ill success,' said he; 'for truly it is an amiable and a worthy woman. But the Abbé de la Roche, and the Abbé Morellet, are they not sometimes with her?'—'Oh yes,' said I; 'she has not lost one of her friends.'—'Ah! if you had gained the Abbé Morellet, with a good cup of *café à la crème*, to speak in your favour, perhaps you might have succeeded; for a subtle reasoner he is, as Scotus or St Thomas, and puts forth his arguments in an irresistible order. Or if you had engaged the Abbé de la Roche, by the gift of some old classic, to speak against you, you might have carried your point; for I always observed, that when he counselled any thing, she became strongly inclined to the reverse.' At these words entered the new Madam Helvetius with the nectar, whom instantly I recognized to be my old American friend Mrs Franklin. I reclaimed her; but she coldly addressed me: 'My good sir, I have been your obedient wife for forty-nine years and four months—nearly half a century; be content with that. I have here formed a new connexion, which shall last to eternity.' Discontented with this reply of my Eurydice, I took the immediate resolution of quitting these ungrateful shades, and returning to earth, that I might behold the sun and you. Here I am. Let us avenge ourselves."

At length literature commenced to reap the bitter fruits of the seed it had sown. Its followers at first regarded the tumult they had raised, with vanity and self-complacency, but they soon found that the only return accorded to their labours was contempt; and that contempt even did not save them from destruction. In the elections for the *Tiers Etat*, men of let-

* Our respected Correspondent is not aware, that Benjamin stole this beautiful Apologue almost verbatim from Jeremy Taylor. C. N.

ters were universally overlooked or defeated, while more than three-fourths of the body of advocates were chosen; and even those authors, who made their way into the Convention by dipping their pens in blood, became the dupes and tools of men, allowed on all hands to have been as stupid and talentless as they were wicked.* It is miserable to read of the shifts which these professors of *polite* learning and *liberal* ideas were compelled to use, that they might preserve two things at that time inseparable—their heads, and a character for blood. La Harpe thought it politic to sing in full Lycée, with a red night-cap on his head, the most disgusting and sanguinary *chansons* of the Revolution—such as

Le fer, il boit le sang; le sang nourrit la rage,
Et la rage donne la mort;

While his brethren in the Convention were necessitated to be foremost in the attack on the dearest interests of their own profession, like mariners compelled to run their vessel upon their own shores for safety. Champfort attacked the French Academy, of which he was a member, and moved for its dissolution. Chénier spoke from the tribune a wretched tirade against the liberty of the press. To the honour of Morellet be it recorded, that he defended, if not effectually, at least fearlessly, those rights and privileges against his apostate brethren. 'Tis a wonder, as he himself says, how he escaped with his head: Chénier took a less wicked though a meaner revenge, by omitting the name of Morellet in his "*Historical Picture of French Literature.*"† Mirabeau, with the assistance of Champfort, had fixed the day, and even written the speech, which was to decide the fate of the Academy, when the death of Mirabeau saved the institution for a while. It was in July, 1793, that it was visited by the officers of the Convention, and its doors sealed: Morellet succeeded in preserving the edition of the Dictionary they were preparing, as well as the archives and registers of the Society, by conveying them to his own house, whence he had the happiness to reproduce them on the restoration of the Academy. He thus gives the political opinions of the body at the time of its dissolution.

"There were a good many of us who were revolutionary in every sense of the word—La Harpe, Target, Ducis, Sedaine, Lemierre, Chamfort, Condorcet, Chabanon, Bauzée, Bailly, &c. Of the opposite party we may reckon Marmontel, Maury, Gaillard, the Maréchal de Beauvau, Brecquigny, Barthélemy, Rulhières, Suard, Saint-Lambert, Delille, Vicq-d'Azyr, myself, &c. I speak here but of those most forward to display their sentiments; and although I divide them but into two classes, do not pretend that there were not many different shades in the aristocratic or democratic sentiments of both sides. The aristocracy of the Abbé Maury and the Abbé Delille, for instance, was more *pronounced* (to speak the language of the time) than either Suard's or mine; but there was little difference between the sentiments of our brethren who supported the Revolution, and I must confess to have frequently heard Chamfort and Sedaine, Ducis and La Harpe himself, who has since made noble

* No one will accuse us of seeking to be the defenders of Robespierre, but we wish to take notice of a palpable defect in Lacretelle's justly esteemed history of the *Assemblée Constituante*. That historian, though he fully execrates Robespierre, and declares him to be equally devoid of talent as of humanity, yet quotes from the speeches of the sanguinary tyrant, the only two passages, perhaps, in which he displayed the least particle of genius,—the one concerning the irresponsibility of sovereigns, which commences, "*C'est créer un Dieu sur la terre,*"—and the other, which we can by no means understand necessarily in a sanguinary sense, "*Périssent les colonies plutôt qu'un principe.*" These sentences, the only ones of Robespierre quoted by Lacretelle, give an idea of the assassin's talent, quite contrary to what the historian intended.

† The fratricide Chénier has been introduced to notice lately by an article in the Edinburgh Review, in which he himself and his principles are treated with just indignation. Chénier was born in Greece, and was chosen member for Versailles in the National Convention. He faltered almost to fainting in the tribune, on voting the death of the King. It could not have been affectation, yet it is difficult to account for, in one that refused to speak a word in behalf of his brother's life.

amends, support doctrines similar to those which, from the tribune of the Assembly, have caused the priests and nobles of France to be hunted and slaughtered like wild beasts from one end of the kingdom to the other.

"This opposition, and the disputes to which it gave rise, destroyed all the pleasures of society: conversation, ere this gay and instructive, degenerated into habitual wrangling. The less violent held their tongues, and the others did not fear to apologize for the most unheard-of crimes. Chamfort triumphed when he brought the news of an atrocious decree; and La Harpe came and sat down, quite contented with himself, between the Abbé Barthélemy and me, after having just printed in the *Mercure* a blood-thirsty diatribe against all ministers of religion, of which the natural end was to get our throats cut," &c.

Morellet is very severe against La Harpe, and in no very Christian spirit drags forth all his cowardice and meanness to light, in revenge for the mention which that writer made of him in the Russian Correspondence.

There is a very amusing account given in these Memoirs of the author's attempt to obtain a ticket of civism,—his repeated walks to the Hotel de Ville, and the scenes there—the female spectators spinning and applauding—the heroes of the section discussing matters of state policy, and pausing every moment to take the refreshment of a sanguinary song. To all Morellet's asseverations of allegiance to the republic and liberty, the only reply was, "Prove your citizenship on the 10th of August, and the 2d of September."—"I scarcely thought," adds he, "that it was necessary for my safety to prove that I helped to massacre the priests at the Carmes or the Abbaye." He is referred to two or three commissioners, who are to examine the principles and tenor of his political writings; these critics were, a butcher, a hairdresser, and a sexton. He was obliged to give up the pursuit, and run his chance without the ticket of civism.

As soon as the fall of Robespierre had restored some degree of liberty to the press, Morellet again lifted up his voice against oppression. He published, in December 1794, *Le Cri des Familles*, which met with great success, four or five thousand copies being sold in a few days; it also mainly contributed to the decree passed in June, 1795, which restored the family inheritance to the children of those condemned by the revolutionary tribunals. This pamphlet was followed by *La Cause des Peres*, which reclaimed indemnity and restoration for those who suffered in consequence of the emigration of their children. To the merit of these works honourable testimony is borne by Lacretelle, who elsewhere makes but ironical mention of the Abbé's talents.* But while successfully pleading the cause of the unfortunate, Morellet was reduced to poverty himself, and was obliged to devote himself to those literary labours best calculated to procure him subsistence. After the 18th Fructidore, 1797, the press became again under constraint, and it was hopeless to obtain from booksellers remuneration for political works. "Nothing sold," says he, "but romances,—English romances." He translated first the "*Italian, or the Confessional of the Black Penitents*," for which he was paid 2000 francs. He obtained 100 louis for the "*Children of the Abbey*," a novel much admired in France; from the year 1797 to that of 1800, he had translated sixteen volumes of romance, besides one of Robertson's America, and several voyages and travels.

If ever a society for the preservation and improvement of a language was necessary, it was so in France, during and after the Revolution. The writers and orators who enthralled the nation, took possession of the language also; and as they were equally devoid of talent as of information, vulgarity with them did not possess even its common advantages of force and expression. Called to discuss the highest subjects in politics and morals, of which they before had not an idea,

* We give Lacretelle's ironic mention of Morellet:—

"The Abbé Morellet, to whom all the happiness or misery of the world seemed to result from the good or bad logic of its governors, was thunderstruck at the logic of the Constituent Assembly. He attacked its errors in pamphlets without much force or popularity. But subsequently, his talents seemed to increase, in spite of years, with the noble progress of his pity and indignation."

and incapable of elevating either their thoughts or language, they dragged the loftier principles down to a level with themselves, and created as great an equality in the ideal world, as they had already in the personal. Marat was called a deity, so was the prostitute, whom they placed upon a cart and worshipped,—Roberspierre was the true model of Spartan virtue,—any thing in the shape of an epithet, of a virtue, vice, title, praise, reproach—all these became so confounded and so habitually used in their new sense, that the language had actually, and without exaggeration, turned topsy-turvy. A history of the Revolution is an enigma, without a glossary of its cant. Fools as they were, the heroes of the Assembly knew the value of the gibberish they were uttering, and looked upon a society instituted to watch over language, such as the Academy, to be their personal enemy. And although more than one-half of the society were staunch republicans, the officers that dissolved it declared, that the Assembly considered the whole body of the academicians as hostile to them.

The first attempt to re-establish the Academy, was made in 1800, by Lucien Buonaparte, then Minister of the Interior. The First Consul was in Italy, and Lucien seized the opportunity to collect the old academicians, to set them to draw up their regulations, and choose members in the place of those deceased,—Lucien himself was of course to be one of these. There was much disagreement among the old members as to the new fellows they were to appoint: the list first prepared, contained the names of Colin; Lucien B.; Fontanes; Talleyrand; Dureau; Ségur; Buonaparte, First Consul; La Place; Lebrun, Third Consul; Dacier; Rœderer; Fortalis; Devaines; Lefèvre, and Volney. Ducis and Target wished to introduce Garat and Bernardin St Pierre; we ourselves wonder how they could well omit the author of the Studies of Nature and of Paul and Virginia, now better known and more esteemed than any of them, but the objection was, that he always inveighed bitterly against the Academy. Buonaparte's return, however, after the battle of Marengo, put an end at once to their hopes and their dissensions; 'tis well known that he hated and dreaded men of letters—the Institute and its men of science were his favourites—and he quashed immediately the attempt to revive the Academy.

"In 1803," says Morellet, "a plan for the re-establishment of our Society was presented to Buonaparte by many estimable members of the Institute: the project was enforced by public opinion, long dissatisfied with the organization of the Institute, and which appeared decidedly convinced of the necessity of forming a body of men of letters to counteract the corruption of language and taste."

Buonaparte, at last persuaded, allowed five members of the Institute, La Place, Rœderer, Dacier, and two others, to form the plan of a new organization. This, as it exists the same, with little modification, at present, and as England has a similar establishment in view, we shall give at large.*

The entire literary establishment was to bear the name of the National Institute. It was to be divided into four academies, viz. one of sciences, *an Academie Française*, like the old; one of inscriptions and belles lettres, and one of the fine arts. There was no law against being a member of more academies than one. Each was to have a salary of 1200 francs, and the secretary 6000. The Consuls and Ministers became members of the new academies. All that Buonaparte altered of this plan was, First, he abolished the particular denominations of each academy, designating them merely by the names, of 1st class, 2d class, &c. Secondly, he preserved in the second class, or Academie Française, many members unfit, and who had never exercised the arts of writing or composition. Thirdly, no one class had a par-

* Our embryo Society is said to have adjudged its first prize to Mrs Hemans. Now, much and sincerely both as we admire Mrs Hemans, and a Literary Society established on constitutional and religious principles, we cannot help saying, that this looks very like smuggling. Except a few, and apparently unauthenticated, statements in the Literary Gazette, how has the Society presented itself to the public? How have its prizes been published to all competitors? For our part, we have seen no statement possessing more than hearsay importance. It is to be hoped that these reports will prove groundless.

ticular existence independent of the whole body. Fourthly, some of the by-laws of the old Academy were altered.

"This plan had a great many defects," says Morellet; "it did not regenerate the French Academy, nor restore to it the consideration or authority, which the ancient had enjoyed. It did not re-establish that happy mixture of men of letters and men of rank, which order of society the Revolution destroyed," &c.

The decree for the establishment of the Institute bears date, January, 1803. In the enumeration of the subjects granted to the discussion of the bodies, all *sciences, political and moral,* are excluded; which exclusion Buonaparte carried farther in his decree from Aix-la-Chapelle in the next year; which assigns prizes of from 10 to 5000 francs for different compositions, to be distributed every ten years on the anniversary of the 18th Brumaire. In this there is no prize allowed to any *philosophical* work. "Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois,* or Smith's *Wealth of Nations,*" says he, "would have had no chance of obtaining a prize from Buonaparte. It is clear enough, that he was nowise favourable to those kind of studies, which he comprized under the title of *sciences morales et politiques.* Without doubt, one cannot number among the kinds of knowledge he despised, mathematics, physics, or the arts, whether liberal or mechanical; but he manifested extreme aversion for all the discussions of that speculative and rational philosophy, whose object it is to discover the principles on which must be founded the constitution and government of political societies. It was on those who employed themselves in such reflections, that he bestowed the sarcastic names of ideologists and economists."

We shall conclude our notice of this entertaining work, with the account which our author gives of his interview with Buonaparte. It forms a curious sample of the ignorance and impudence of the man on his first accession to power. The objection which he raises to Morellet, about the consecration at Rheims, would have disgraced the intellect of a child.

"I must not omit in the Memoirs of my Life," says the Abbé, "the conversation which I had with Buonaparte at the Thuilleries, towards the end of 1803. I was invited with Sicard, by Madame Buonaparte, to pass the evening with her; one of those evenings on which there was not much company,—that is to say, not more than twenty ladies, and a little ball. We went. Madame Buonaparte received us kindly; talked with us for about a quarter of an hour; told us, that the First Consul would see us with pleasure, but that it would be late ere he arrived. The ball commenced, and we took part in it for half an hour. Madame Buonaparte proposed to me a game at whist; my ignorance of the game did not permit me to accept the honour, but Sicard played. I continued to be a spectator of the dancing, and to talk with some persons of my acquaintance. At midnight, Buonaparte not having arrived, Madame de Vaines, who had brought us in her carriage, proposed to reconduct us home; and we took our leave without having seen the First Consul, who did not make his appearance, as we learned the next day, till one o'clock.

"About three weeks after, we received, Sicard and I, an invitation similar to the last; and Madame Buonaparte acquainted us, through Madame Remusat, that the Consul regretted extremely not having talked with us,—me in particular,—but that we should certainly see him this time.

"We arrived at the palace about ten, and found the Consul playing at whist. He saluted us as we entered. His play finished, he conversed for half an hour with General Mortier, and then with some other General. I was at the end of the little saloon, near to where they were dancing, and I was conversing at the time with the Minister of the Interior. Buonaparte walked straight over, and addressed me tartly, (*brusquement,*) 'You are the secretary of the Academy?'—'No,' said I, 'Citizen Consul;' for that was the title he then used to be addressed by. 'But yes,' replied he. 'You are the Abbé Morellet, and an *economist,* are you not?' I told him, that there were many kinds of *economists;* that I was not one of those called *pure economists,* but upheld the doctrine with some modifications.—'Was it not Quesnay who was your master?'—'No, I never knew Quesnay. I am indebted for my early knowledge of this science to an intendant of commerce, M. de Gournay, and to the society of Messrs

Trudaine, both the grandfather and his son, intendants of finance.'—'You wish for the *impot unique*, do you not?' —'Tis true, that I believe that taxes might be gathered from proprietors alone, if these taxes were moderate; but, when they are excessive, the government is compelled to dissemble, and take them under all sorts of forms, and any way it can.' The assistants smiled at my answer. 'You wish, also,' continued he, 'the liberty of the commerce of grain?'—'Yes, Citizen Consul; I believe, that, under an established government, the entire and unlimited liberty of this commerce is the best and the only means to prevent and moderate the variation of prices, and to establish that mean price which is most favourable to all the inhabitants of a country,—the only end an enlightened government ought to propose to itself.'—'Nevertheless,' replied he, 'if Turgot had adhered to this plan of his concerning the liberty of commerce, instead of providing for the town of Rheims during the coronation, he would have been much embarrassed,' &c. 'Citizen Consul, the exception does not contradict the principle; a town of from ten to twelve thousand inhabitants, when there is suddenly and extraordinarily collected from sixty to ninety thousand persons, has need that the government, who operates the change, should also take the precautions,'" &c.

The Memoirs of the Abbé Morellet here close. He afterwards became a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and often gave his political and commercial opinions from the tribune. He died in 1819, aged 92.

SKETCHES OF SCOTTISH CHARACTER.

No. IX.

"CLERICAL PECULIARITIES."

There are few things, Mr Editor, of the kind, which give me more uneasiness than the passing and constantly shifting nature of the world we live in. The men and manners of the year eighteen hundred and twenty-two are very different from those of the year eighteen hundred; and by doubling the distance of time, you place yourself amongst a race of men who had very little in common with those of the present day. At this period to which I refer, civilization, or gentility, or politeness, or I know not by what designation the Demon "Equalization" may be known, —had not passed over society, smoothing inequalities, and giving one uniform and unvaried aspect to the whole. Then, there existed a reasonable proportion of individuals, in all ranks and conditions, who were really and truly "Characters," who dared to live "*secundum naturam*," that is to say, with a reference to their own conscience, and comfort, and convenience alone. It was from this rich and inexhaustible quarry that our great Dramatists and Novelists drew, and that they still continue to draw, the strong and striking expressions of human life, which are at once recognised by all as genuine copies. In vain should a moral painter fill his canvas, in these later times, with modern peculiarities and eccentricities,—the "mantle of fashion" is so largely and cozily spread over the shoulders of society, as to prevent all recognizance of the natural figure and shape. Men are now dressed in uniform, and turn out to the intercourse and duties of life like the King of Prussia's soldiers upon parade; and if any one possessed of more courage, or less reverence for the tyranny of opinion than his neighbour, dares to desert the ranks, and place his proper character in the strong light and relief which a deviation from the general "uniform" implies, he is sure to be branded as a fool, or subjected to the allegation of conceit and affectation. Nature now is out of date; and the worst of it is, that the standard which art and fashion have established, is one and the same for all shapes and sizes,—it resembles the bed of Procrustes—redundancies are reduced, and deficiencies racked out, to suit its dimensions and measurement. One may now pass from the street to the parlour, and thence again into the dining and drawing-rooms in succession; and this he may do for the whole hospitable period of the "daft days," without being fortunate enough to light upon

a single "Character." Sensible, well-informed men he will indeed meet with, and men of wit, and men of literature, and men of talents, and men of great common sense, and men, it may be, of all the cardinal virtues and sciences,—together with a handsome allowance, at the same time, of human ignorance, folly, and presumption. But as to encountering any one individual without his gown and wig—the usual paraphernalia of "fashion"—it is quite, or nearly so, out of the question. It is verily practicable to travel over Scotland with a creel on one's back, and a fishing-rod in one's hand, and to take up a temporary residence by the snug ben fire of the Farmer, or by the roaring beacon of the Chieftain's hall; to plant one's cold and dripping shins against the dying embers on the Cottager's hearth, or to obtain a warm and a comfortable corner by the patent grate and burnished brass of the Manufacturer's chimney;—to trace the Tay to its source, and the Nith to its mouth, the Tweed, *with a small exception*, through all its windings, and the Clyde from Queensberry Fell to the Broomielaw,—to accomplish all this, I say, in the only way in which travel is worth a farthing, or character can at all be seen, without lighting upon any thing above a crazed Laird or a talkative Bedal. No, sir; "fuit Ilium," and "fuimus Troes." The age of fairy knowes, and old weather-beaten cairns, and banks of natural brushwood, and heath-covered fells, and green sequestered spots, with a long et-cetera of Nature's most bewitching and pleasing aspects, is vanished, is passed away. "Cultivation" has run her ploughshare through, or driven her Steers to pasturage over the whole; and we have nothing now but specimens of grain in the husbandman's pocket, a bustling competition with foreign markets; shambles, bankruptcy, and the corn laws. The precious fruits of "civilization," the harrow and the roller of moral cultivation, are equally perceptible in the absence and almost total extinction of those varieties and resting points in the *moral* landscape, which used to render it at once so interesting and pleasing. It is seriously apprehended, as I am told, that in the course of a few years, in spite of lime and manure, of all that art can add of strength or stimulus, by which the exhausted powers of vegetation may be recruited, nothing but a "caput mortuum" will at last remain to exercise the patience and disappoint the hope of the husbandman; and there are similar apprehensions entertained by the "Wise ones" on the score of moral cultivation, of that universal civilization, which must, in time, reduce the mental energies of man to a mere "Vis consilii expers," very much, it is probable, to the quality and consistency of ashes chopped out from an extinguished "pipe."

Nevertheless, "for in the very tempest and whirlwind" of our declamation, it becomes us to acquire temperance, and observe justice, these observations are liable to a certain degree of limitation. There are exceptions from this sweeping allegation, but these, when stated, serve, among other useful and appropriate purposes, with a sort of paternal affection, to strengthen the rule from which they have dissented; just as I have known of a political "Renegado," whose accession to the ranks of respectable opposition has caused many who were formerly hearty in the cause, refuse their alliance, and pass over to the deserted party. There are still a few physicians, lawyers, and judges; a few Dandy Dinmonts, a few Jock Jaboses, and Cuddie Headriggs, in remote and landward districts; with a small proportion of Bailie Jarvies and Jeanie Deanses, in towns and royalties, who preserve somewhat of the freshness and consistency of individual existence. But it is amongst the Presbyterian Clergy of Scotland, all inferior in this view, as they are to their Sires of yore, that more of this desirable and rare quality exists in the shape of exception, than any where else. To be convinced of this, you have only to do something—any thing you find necessary, or convenient, or agreeable—till next May, when you can take a walk up the High Street of Edinburgh, immediately before or after the meeting of the General Assembly—or, now that I think better of the matter—you may, by bribing the door-keeper, or passing a member's ticket as your own, get a peep into that venerable court, and be enabled to judge of that variety of wig, face, and form, which is there exhibited. There you will mark the lank hair, or uncombed wig of the Transalpine; the smart air, sweet smile, and silver-headed cane of the Metropolitan;

the full round paunch, rosy cheeks, and broad-contented face of the west-country parson, with every external seeming which gives clothing, and expression, and *bump*, as it were, to the corresponding peculiarities within. Or, if you cannot afford to take this method of obtaining information and conviction, you may make a lesser survey in the district where you reside. Creep slyly, at the time when the last bell is ringing *in*, into a west-door corner of our country churches, as if you were employed in ferreting out supply for the metropolitan market, and observe that variety and eccentricity in point of voice, gesture, and manner, which many of our pulpits still exhibit. Take your chair by the Parson's fire-side, and mix with an easy Monday evening jocularity, in the stream and current of his family conversation, or hobbyhorsical inquiries, and you will find that your own nose does not differ more from his, nor both from a third, than do the manners (in many cases at least) and characters of the different men you have visited. Nor is it at all wonderful that this should be the case, when one considers the various avenues by which "a Presbyterian pulpit" is approached, taken in connexion with the difference of circumstances which afterwards exists. One Incumbent has been born in a "Bothie" or Cottage; and under the fostering advantage of a free school, and of a piously-disposed maiden lady, has fought his way through school-mastering, tutoring, and prudent economy, to that honourable office, the duties of which he now so zealously discharges. Another has, in early life, handled the chisel, the saw, or the shuttle, but feeling his soul expand and extend in reach and aspiration beyond his avocation and circumstances, has deserted the "*square*," the "*pit*," and the "*loom*," to subjugate "Penna," and assassinate "Doceo;" to expose himself to the ridicule of more advanced but younger school and class-mates; to work double tides at night, and construe double portions through the day; to encounter obstacle after obstacle, and discouragement after discouragement; to suffer not less from ignorance than from awkwardness, and shame, and sensibility; to swing, and roll, and elbow, and push, and pursue his determined course upwards, till the hand of patronage has relieved him at last from all his difficulties, and has set his venerable head "a-wagging in a pulpit." A third, apparently more favoured in original circumstances, has coached it—in the midst of hampers and baskets, and a vast allotment of butter, and cheese, and kipper, and jam, and jelly—up to college; the unshaven down, yet bristling upon his chin, and the *inexhaustible* bunch of "Notes" peeping out every now and then, as if anxious to escape from his side-coat-pocket,—and has enjoyed a vast deal of fun, and formed an immense number of very witty and very agreeable acquaintances; and has been at Society suppers, and dived into Pye-shops, and has contracted a pretty stretchy account with his Tailor—and has lost a hat on a new-year's morning—and has found means at last, after several summers and winters of idle and indolent lounging at home, to apply "Philip's Lever" to the elevation of himself, and the accomplishment of his father's wishes. Not a few have "Halled" themselves into preferment, by a decent, sober, religious, and devout deportment; by being early at the doctor's class, and by preserving, during the whole session, a place immediately under his eye,—by reading,—(at least by carrying frequently under their arm, and whilst at lecture, by glancing over,) a large musty folio volume,—by writing for prizes, and composing discourses with exceeding care,—by attending all Professorial invitations to supper, and by getting seasonably into the acquaintance of certain well-meaning and well-disposed ladies. By such steps as these have many useful ministers ascended. Others, again, have pursued a different method, and, as if determined to contrast themselves as "Divines" with the *former*, have rendered the Hall a theatre more of observation than of study,—of obtaining a knowledge of character, rather than of "Calvin" or of "Pictet." These have mixed much in society, and preserved, amidst every temptation to pedantry, a relish for classical and general literature, together with somewhat above the average share of the demeanour and feelings of gentlemen, and having in general been doomed to drift long and far from the harbour of promotion, have entered at last into the vineyard with the sentiments and resolu-

tion of those labourers who came at the "twelfth hour."

And if the avenues of approach are so different and multiplied, the objects attained are not less calculated to foster variety of character. It is the lot of One to migrate among the Shetland isles; and there, amidst gulls and sea-weed, to pray for good weather, and to secure "stranded whales." Another has his manse and kirk in a Highland glen,—where all that is sublime and striking in external nature and solitude, expands his soul. A third dwells in a country village, as Lot did in Sodom, with this difference, that he has no Zoar to fly to. A fourth occupies a Burgh incumbency—dines with magistrates—and gets fat. A fifth is placed in the very centre and focus, as it were, of metropolitan politics, from whence, as the spider in the midst of his web, he feels to the very extremity of the church. One has married early, and struggles on and on, like a man swimming for his life—under the pressure of an increasing family, and an accumulating burden of debt. Another has courted so many maidens, and missed so many churches, and counted so many years, before his final establishment, that he sits down a confirmed Bachelor, and keeps open house for all clerical visitors. A third advances upon courtship with the presentation in his pocket, and furnishes his manse with his wife's portion. The Calvinistic views and habits of One confers upon his aspect somewhat of severity, whilst it adds, however, greatly to the flow of kindly feeling which circulates beneath. Another praises our Saviour's sermon on the mount—regards St James as a sound preacher—and inculcates, rather by advice than example, good morals. A third and a fourth variety shoot out, on each side, into somewhat of extravagance, and are exceedingly violent upon mystical subjects of dispute. Now, Mr Editor, under these causes, which I have been at some pains to enumerate, the wonder is, not that we have here and there "a Character" in our Presbyterian Establishment, but that we have so few. And nothing short of the pressure of that "civilization Roller" to which I formerly alluded, can account for the fact, as it actually exists.

But when I recollect the olden times, and the men thereof—when I sit down of an evening, betwixt dinner and tea, and over a tumbler of toddy, my daily allowance, and, I believe in my conscience, the Helicon of all my musings—image to myself the father of his people, habited in the most plain and homely manner, not less loved and respected at home, than esteemed and venerated abroad—carrying along with him, into all the intercouse of life, "a mind void of offence"—a sincerity and an earnestness, which extended over all religious duty, from the "grace" to the frugal and homely meal,—to the more impassioned elevations of an "Action sermon." When I fancy him, of a sacrament afternoon, and under no other canopy than that which the cope of heaven afforded, pouring over an assembled district the wholesome, and the soothing, and the nourishing refreshments of the gospel—when I follow him from the tent to the manse—and mark, by the way, the every-day look and demeanour which he wears—that total absence of all selfishness which he betrays, and which evinces itself in an easy, and unconstrained, and unassumed familiarity with every, even the poorest and the meanest Peasant around him. When I follow him into his "Visitations," and advance with the venerable Patriarch, as he stoops to enter the door, or carefully avoids stumbling upon the threshold of the Cottager—as, in silent sympathy, he grasps the skeleton hand, and presses the burning brow of the sick—as he takes his seat by the bed-side, upon the carefully dusted chair, and opens his mouth in accents of heavenly comforting. When I still recall the plaintive and affectionate, "O, sir, there has been a great change sin' ye were here yesterday—an' meickle and sair has my poor man wearied to see you:" and when I listen to the petition, which on bended knee is offered up for pardon, and mercy, and comfort, and consolation to the dying man—for the possession of the kingdom, which it is "the Father's" good pleasure to give; and the bestowment of the mansion, "which the Son hath gone to prepare;"—When I image and recollect all this by my afternoon table, I feel as if I were seated, westward, beneath an old ash tree, basking away my hours, under the soothing and mellowing influence of a bright and setting sun. Such cogitations as these are laudanum to my soul, amidst all the feverish anxieties of life, and afford me a source of enjoyment

which "the world cannot give;" and which, thank God, who has hitherto continued to me the use of my mental faculties, the world, with its extensive power of deprivation, cannot take away.

There are times, too, when under the presiding influence of reflection, I can pourtray for myself the homely, heartsome "Boanerges" of *his* people, —idolized by *them*, and acceptable to all, possessed of strong common sense, of that "Crassa Minerva,"—without which nothing will *tell*, and with which nothing almost will fail of effect, and making use of that broad Doric accent and language, which is imbued and seasoned with the best feelings, and the most hallowed sympathies of a Scotsman. I can see him stretching out his arms over the pulpit, elevating the Bible above his head; and can even mark the "*supplosio pédis*," as it comes hollow and alarming from beneath. I can view him, now meek, and mild, and still, as the pause before the clap,—then bursting away into noise, and thunder and lightning, even to the dividing of the joints and the marrow, deriving illustrations and enforcements of his doctrine, not from the writings of men, but immediately and directly from God himself.

In perfect keeping and conformity with this strength and fearlessness of character, I can still recall the image of the man of God, in his every-day externals—"unanointed, unannealed"—straying about the doors in complete negligence of brace or buckle, or button, and altogether careless or unconscious of the somewhat uncouth and not a little ridiculous figure he cuts. Compared with this truly Tuscan order of clerical architecture, what are our modern imitations! the tortuous and top-heavy columns of imbecility, or the fluted and disproportioned shafts of affectation!

In order to vary the character of my "recollections," I can call from his grave the Scholastic and Mystic Doctor, with a whole host of commentators and authorities at his back, preaching over the *heads*, yet in his private deportment insinuating himself into the *hearts* of his people. I can uncoffin the trembling Victim of apprehensions, him "to whom Satan's invisible world was discovered;" and who, through the whole course of his ministry, lived under the bondage of superstition. I can give you a peep at the tart and caustic Satyrist, lowering sulkily under a heavy protuberance of frontal bone, yet bearing no malice in his heart against man, woman, or child; and, last of all, to conclude this enumeration of clerical peculiarities, I can treat you with the simple look and gentle demeanour of One, over whom conscience and his "Servant-man" have established their dominion, who knew not his own glebe from his neighbour's farm, nor could recollect the regular return of Sabbath, but for the timely and somewhat querulous suggestions of "his wife." And that you may enter more fully and heartily into the apprehension of the personage I refer to, be so kind as attend, previously, to the following facts and observations:—

In these good, old-fashioned, comfortable-looking times, of which I write, "a Minister's man," and a brace of horses, not quite indeed of the Pegasean description, together with the necessary implements of a small farming establishment, were as essential to "a Country Parson," as a goose and lap-board are to a tailor, or a slouched hat and black silk apron to an English Bishop. The Minister was never seen five hundred yards from his own door, unaccompanied by his half "Pylades," half "Mentor," and, as my cousin Paddy O'Rourke would add, *half* Servant—the "Minister's man." To this bustling and useful Individual were committed, without the trouble of repeated orders, or every day adjustments—the office of ploughing annually, or of causing to be ploughed, four *good* acres of arable land—of preserving himself and his horses, meanwhile, in flesh and in good keeping—of passing the Mistress from the "louping-on-stane," up to the curple behind her husband—of pinning down and carefully stretching under the feet of said mistress, the skirt of her riding-habit, or tail of a blue-duffle Joseph—of riding, whilst within the parish, at a respectful distance, but when fairly out of it, neck and head, alongside of his Master; and, lastly, of administering advice and assistance, in all cases of real or apprehended danger or difficulty,—and, in particular, in leading the minister's horse past a pond in moonshine,—in taking the road foremost upon the approach

of cattle,—in predicating of the weather,—and in assisting once or twice, in half a century, in the choice and purchase of a new wig.

These, however, Mr Editor, were the times when Presbytery could "cock her bonnet, and hold up her head, and look over her shoulder," (notwithstanding all the clerical simplicity of manners which prevailed) upon every rank and gradation of society, beneath "the Laird himsel:" when "the Minister" was a word wherewith, in all companies, to conjure up attention, and command respect; when his sacred office formed that connecting link or chain, by which a communication was preserved betwixt the lower and higher ranks of society; and when the fireside of the Peasant and the hall of the Nobleman were equally accessible to clerical "Examination." But "*tempora mutantur et nos*"—in this present Anno Dom. 1822, it is not easy to determine what relative situation in the scale of society a Presbyterian clergyman occupies. Whereabouts *is* he to be found?—Not assuredly *above* the spruce and bustling Manufacturer, who can afford to lay out as much in a day as a clergyman can spend in a twelvemonth;—not certainly above the swollen and purse-proud Merchant, who whistles home, with every October breeze, ships and wealth;—not undoubtedly above the home Retailer of merchant goods, the humbler Shop-keeper, who runs a gig to the country on Sabbath, drinks his bottle of port, and indulges occasionally in sixpenny whist. And as to the booted, and spurred, and well-mounted Farmer, who *rides* up once or twice a-day to visit his labourers, attends weekly markets, dines in the County inn, and pays a surgeon handsomely for setting his broken bones, he would take it "foul scorn,"—unquestionably to be brought into comparison with an "old prig of a Minister." It is quite a struggle now-a-days betwixt the Country parson and his butcher, baker, shoemaker, and tailor; and if government do not take some steps, and that speedily, to remedy the evil, in regard to the "poor Livings of Scotland* in particular," there is every probability that the Parson will have the worst of it. Even in his official capacity, and in the conscientious discharge of his sacred duties, he finds himself not unfrequently hemmed in and hampered. His "Examinations" are restricted to children, old women and servants; and whilst the Laird and his Lady are entirely out of the question, the Farmer begins to look exceedingly shy, and even the Foreman and Mechanic flinch on these occasions. Thus an air of vulgarity and partiality is thrown over the whole proceeding, and, what betwixt desertion on the part of those to be examined, and consequent negligence and irregularity on the side of the "Examinator," this most useful and at one time most conscientiously discharged part of a Clergyman's duty, is falling fast into desuetude.

"Angus," said the Reverend Mr Ambrose to his Servant-man. Angus Barton, or as it was pronounced in these days, "Bratton," who, as "the Lass" was employed in removing the breakfast apparatus, had taken his wonted morning station immediately behind the parlour door, "ye maun saddle 'Shadrach' an' the grey Naig immediately; for this is Forsday, ye ken, an' we hae a diet † the day as far up the water as Caple yetts, and the vile kittle pass o' Bellybught afore us." Angus executed his Master's orders, if not with dispatch, at least with accuracy; and having drawn down from an Alder-bush a rough switch for himself, and another carefully stripped for his Master, the grey Naig's far-shoe and Shadrach's tail were in motion incontinently. "That beast's shoe maksa ye an awfu' clattering, Angus," said the minister, turning half round on the seat to ascertain if Angus was really within hearing; but as this was not the case, the cavalcade proceeded towards the Pass of "Bellybught," without farther attempt at communing. This Pass was a deep ravine, which a brawling and impetuous stream had probably wrought out for itself, directly across a high and rocky mountain ridge; a small sheep

* There are upwards of 150 livings in Scotland, which, notwithstanding the nominal minimum of £150 per annum, do not at present average £100 *each*.—How much has the Scottish church suffered by the *act* of the murderer *Bellingham!*

† Diet "of Examination," so termed "par *excellence*," as Sacrament, for Sacrament of the Supper, &c.

track lay along the side of the linn, curving upwards or downwards, right or left, as necessity or convenience had originally dictated to the fleecy travellers. *Beneath*, the water struggled onwards through narrow gullets, boiling caldrons, and pooly whirls, which had been distinguished in the shepherd's nomenclature by the descriptive appellations of "Grey mare's tails," "Devil's aprons," and "Gully spouts." *Above*, even up to the very "carry" of the clouds, and almost in a perpendicular ascent, there was nothing to be seen but broad and loose shingly stones, large waterworn or weathered rocks, with every here and there the recent scar of some extensive "shot brae," or "avalanche," which had rushed into the flood below, and entirely obliterated where it passed every trace of a pathway. Remaining on horseback in such a ticklish situation as this was entirely impracticable; so both Master and man alighted at the entrance of the cleugh, and commenced on foot their somewhat perilous advance. "This is an awfu' bit," said the worthy Patriarch, adjusting his hat and wig, so as to set a sudden squall, which came down directly a-head, at defiance; "and yet it was in this eery and fearsome place, Angus, that mony a godly and heart-searching sermon has been preached, when there was nae pulpit but the 'gouk thorn,' an' nae shelter frae the driving drift but the scoug o' a bare craig."—"Tak' ye tent o' your beast, sir," rejoined the wary Menial, who was now employed in pulling and dragging, as if to the separation of the head from the shoulders, the recoiling chafts of the grey naig, up a kittle step. "Tak' tent o' Shadrach, that he dinna miss a fit, and coup the creels into the 'Covenanter's hole' there below."—"I remember, Angus," continued the man of God, the concatenation of his ideas being nothing interrupted by this abrupt and alarming address, "I remember that it was here or hereabouts, for I have often heard him speak of the circumstance, that my worthy grandfather, the Gudeman o' Hoalstane, was christened in the *how, dumb, dead* o' a caul' winter night, wi' water scouped out, in all likelihood, frae that very fearfu' pool, Angus."—"And if ye dinna tak' better heed, baith you and Shadrach will be christened o'er again or it be lang; had ye the aukl Naig, sir, an' I'll try to manage Shadrach." But just as this prudent and managing menial was in the act of thrusting his somewhat large and broad-set person past the Minister's shoulders, a strong blast of wind, co-operating, in all probability, with a sudden collision, sent hat and wig at once, and without possibility of prevention, into the "Covenanter's hole" beneath; and, to increase the disaster, these two hitherto almost inseparable friends, from the violence of the descent, were seen to float distinct and apart upon the surface of the flood. Angus, with that discretional foresight for which every one in the family, except his Mistress, gave him credit, stationed himself at the head or commencement of the gullet beneath, and thus intercepted first the hat, which came on blithely, bobbing and tilting upon the curl,—and latterly the wig, which, more in the manner of a saturated hedge-hog, made a leisurely and less ostentatious approach. The Hat was easily picked up, and, having pitched on the crown, was little, if at all injured; but the wig had drank pretty largely of the flood, and had to undergo first a wringing, and then a flapping process, ere it could with safety resume its former position. "This is no my Wig," muttered the somewhat confused and disconcerted Owner, having made due investigation, by means of his finger ends, into the altered nature of his well-known head-gear; "this canna be my wig, Angus!"—"An wha's wig may it be, than, think ye?" retorted Angus, hastily, and somewhat snappishly; "*I wat weel there's nae wale o' wigs in the linns o' Bellybought.*"

The farm-stedding of "Caple-yetts" is situated, like many others of the same description, in what is considered a wild,—yet in a most lovely and sheltered spot. To those, into whose notions of interesting landscaping, trees and cultivated fields, and frequent cottages, and smoking villages, invariably enter, this sweet retirement would appear irksome, lonely, and forbidding; but, to the admirer of the freshness and the sublimity of unstained, unsubdued nature, the twin converging streams, at the confluence of which the farm-steading is placed—the green apron, of gentle declivity, which, after affording a croft for potatoes, and a yard for "curlies," still margins out on each side to the water's edge in native ver-

dure—the bold, and extended, and elevated outline of mountain-land, which encircles, and as it were embosoms the whole, presenting no other variety than what, cloud, and mist, and wandering shepherds, and grazing flocks imply,—all these, taken together, form, to the unadulterated eye, an insulated, it is true, and a lonely paradise, yet one over which a moral, as well as a natural charm is extended;—for, it is amidst these retreats, that ancient probity and honesty, and simplicity of heart and conduct, still find an asylum against the inroads of fashion, and the overpowering influence of modern corruption.

As our worthy visitors advanced upon Caple-yetts, the Gudeman, who had received on Sabbath a public intimation of the visit,—had already silenced, or at least moderated the vociferation of many a yelping whelp and growling *cur*,—had convened the herd Lads, with the exception of a certain ne'er-do-weel, who had taken to the writing of poetry,—from the heights;—had ordained the "*weans*" into their best clothes, and cleanest faces,—had taken special care that two of the house-maids, who would gladly have shammed indisposition, should not be absent,—and had made such arrangements, in respect of an immense package of wool, as to leave "the ben the house" clear and unoccupied for the religious exercises of the occasion. After such kind and minute inquiries, as are gratifying to those chiefly at whom they are made, had passed,—after the minister had learnt that another Lad-wean had been, since last visitation, superadded to a list of "seven *dainty* callants, and three bits of lassocks,"—that the puir unhappy creature, wha had met wi' *the misfortune*, an' was laithfu' now to appear, had prevailed upon her rhyming Betrayer to promise her marriage,—to "*mak' her an honest woman*" afore Beltan,—and that "old Saunders Proodfoot" was ay haddin' on, tho' unco frail, and sair dung wi' the host, this last winter;—after having minutely and leisurly inquired into these, and many similar circumstances, the Minister proceeded to intimate to the Gudeman, his desire that the household should now be assembled in his presence.

A kind of bustling, and whispering, and commotion, had for some time prevailed along the "trance," and the sneck of the ben-room door had been twice or thrice lifted, and as often let fall again—when at last the door actually opened, and a contest betwixt dogs and men immediately ensued—the dogs insisting upon those privileges, which it was judged indecorous, or felt to be inconvenient at present to concede to them. At last, old "Saunders Proodfoot" led the way, with his bonnet fixed upon the head of his staff, and leaning over it, under the pressure of fourscore and four years.—The Minister rose to receive Saunders, and taking him most kindly by the hand, inquired after his health, placing him, at the same time, close at his elbow, that he might enjoy the benefit of hearing. "Indeed, sir," said Saunders, contriving to steady himself slowly into the arm-chair assigned to him, "indeed I have muckle need o' a 'word,' for I weary muckle and sair o' Sabbaths now—but my legs winna bear me—and my hearing is sair failed too—and sae I'm obliged to put up wi' a lesson o' 'Boston,' or guid auld 'Rutherfurd,' instead o' listening to you, sir, whilk I hae often doon, baith wi' pleasure an' edification, I wad fain hope."—"I hope sae, too," replied the man of God; "but whan it's no gi'en, ye ken, Saunders, it's no required; an' ye're very weel employed on a Christian Sabbath wi' sic good company as the Bible and worthy Rutherfurd."—By this time the room was filled with men, women, and children, partly seated, and partly standing, under an expression of extreme embarrassment in the minister's presence. A solemn and a most impressive Prayer began the work, which was conducted with great regularity and order, by a judicious and systematic arrangement, into three distinct classes, or "floor fulls,"—the first comprehending the "Heads" of families, for some of the menials were married;—the second, what are commonly denominated the "Lads and Lasses;"—and the third, the "Cow-herd Callant," with a rag-tag of half-grown children. It was on such occasions as this, as was admitted by all who knew him, that the worthy Parson shone out in all the brightness and beauty of the true Christian; that coming as it were into contact with the characters, he brought himself into more full and heart-searching, and heart-warming, and heart-assuring acquaintance with the souls of his parishioners. Nothing could be more en-

couraging than the kindly and judicious manner in which the questions were put—a manifest reference being invariably had to the opportunities and habits of the persons examined. Nobody felt, was permitted to feel themselves "*put out*;" for even when the Questioner was under the necessity of responding in fact, to himself, this was accomplished in such a manner, that the Individual to whom the inquiry was addressed should *appear*, at least, to make the reply; and there was such an admixture of observation, reflection, inference, and application, commingled with the whole process, that the questioning seemed only to serve as nails or rivets to fix the subject under discussion, upon the hearts and memory of the Hearers;—add to this, that plain and even colloquial language, and that *pastoral* imagery "of *flocks*, and *folds*, and *shepherds*, and *green pastures*, and *quiet waters*," which, whilst it arrested and fixed the attention, presented the most important, and even abstract truths in an everyday garb.

Yet, amidst all this serious, and solemn, and most useful disquisition, responses sometimes occurred, which, even in the more austere, though most benevolent features of old Ambrose himself, would excite a smile. "Come here, my wee man," said the Minister to a little urchin, who, because his dress did not exactly suit the occasion, had kept all along in the back ground, "come here and let me see if ye can repeat the fifth commandment." The boy, who chanced to be one of the Cottar children, hung down his head grievously, but contrived to repeat the question asked at him. "Now, what is the meaning of *honouring* your father and mother, my boy," said the Reverend Examinator, "can you tell me that?" The boy, of course, was silent, and his Instructor proceeded to observe, that it implied *obedience* in children to their parents. "Now, do ye always do what your Parents bid you?" There was silence again! "Do you always do what your Father bids you, my little fellow?" wishing to become more particular, and consequently more intelligible. "Ay!" responded the urchin, briskly!—"And do you always do what your Mither bids you too?"—"Na!" was the answer. "What for that, man?"—"*Go!*" retorted the little Rebel, casting a rather significant regard of independence to the corner of the room where his mother was stationed, "if I was to do a' that *she* bids me, she would keep me carrying water a' day!"

To those who, like Lord Byron, insist rigorously upon the unities, it may be necessary to add, that after a long and an impressive address on the duties of a country life, and the faith of a true Christian—after a homely but a plentiful meal, of which Angus Bratton had his full share, in the kitchen,—our Travellers descended about gloaming the pass of Bellybought without accident, and "with consciences void of offence towards God and towards man."

JUVENALIS JUNIOR.

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN A CHURCH-YARD.

A SWEET and soothing influence breathes around
The dwellings of the dead. Here, on this spot,
Where countless generations sleep forgot;
Up from the marble tomb and grassy mound,
There cometh on my ear a peaceful sound,
That bids me be contented with my lot,
And suffer calmly. O, when passions hot,
When rage or envy doth my bosom wound;
Or wild desires—a fair deceiving train—
Wreath'd in their flowery fetters, me enslave;
Or keen misfortune's arrowy tempests roll
Full on my naked head,—O, then, again
May these still peaceful accents of the grave
Arise like slumbering music on my soul.

X. Y.

[WE have to apologize to X. Y. for having so long delayed the above, and some other pieces, which will appear soon.—C. N.]

RECOLLECTIONS IN RETIREMENT, OF A LIFE OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

Turpe est manere diu absentem, vacuumque reverti.

CHAPTER I.

North America, and "The War of Independence."

A SUBALTERN of marines, who had the gift of a good person, and the advantage of wearing well, on being asked his age, represented himself as much younger than he apparently was. When closely pressed, however, on this head, he confessed that he had deducted the years he had spent at sea, considering them as a mere blank, and void in his existence. I am so much of his opinion, that, in recording the more striking passages of an eventful life, I should have passed over in silence those of my early navigation in the seas of North America, during a portion of what the United-States-men call "The War of Independence;" but for the reflection that this struggle, so important in its results, presented to an eye-witness, in its earlier stages, certain anomalies, which bestow on it a character essentially different from that of a warfare between independent states. The recollections with which, as the events passed in succession, my mind was strongly impressed, may, unlike the dry details of history, the precise minuteness of which often renders them tiresome, interest the reader in proportion as that impression has been lasting. A few scattered dates, referring to these remote scenes, and those I have since witnessed, are the only notes I possess, to assist a memory which—with due modesty be it spoken—has seldom betrayed its owner.

Having at an early age embraced a sea-life, it has, by a strange fatality, been my lot to have passed much more of my time, when actively engaged, on the land than on the ocean. This has been to me a source of inward satisfaction, inasmuch as the ever-varying scenes it has afforded, have tended retrospectively to enliven many a solitary hour. I have beside, whether publicly employed, or at my own disposal, never neglected any fair occasion that presented itself to visit foreign places; and I do flatter myself, that this almost invincible passion of mine to see strange sights, will give a zest to these my chequered reminiscences.

I was born and partly bred in the smallest city in his Majesty's dominions, but not the least interesting to a young and ardent mind. Situated on a bank of the pleasant Medway, the charms of its picturesque environs were, in my perspective, heightened by the occasional arrival of ships of war from foreign stations. The return of an old school-fellow was gladly hailed, and the marvels he had to relate inscribed on the tablets of memory, in addition to those which the family library, well stored with books of voyages and travels, had supplied. How could a youth, who had so often dwelt enthusiastically on the fascinating pages of Robinson Crusoe, resist these allurements, when combined with the almost daily spectacle of the foreigners, whose various costume, as they prosecuted their route from Dover to the capital, announced that they had been brought, in a manner, into one common focus, from the different kingdoms of continental Europe, and whose looks of eager curiosity told the deep interest they felt in the novelties that surrounded them? "You have seen," I whispered to myself, as they passed in succession, "a part of old England, and you seem gratified. Would that I could survey, in my turn, a portion of what you have seen abroad!"

With a mind thus tinctured, I could not do otherwise than feel a disposition to ramble. I was glad, therefore, when of a riper age, on the breaking out of the colonial war, that I had chosen as a profession the healing art, which would procure me a ready introduction into the navy or army. My studies felt the new impetus; and, having acquired what the competent judges of Surgeons'-Hall, who then held their sittings in the Old Bailey, deemed the requisite accomplishments, I entered the sea-service in the summer of 1776.

My appointment was to a guardship stationed in the river Medway. Having had it duly registered at the office of the clerk of the checque of Chatham dock-yard, I repaired to the *jettée*, op-

posite to which the ship lay, and inquired of the warder how I was to get on board. As I had to make my first appearance in a new character, I had so far assumed the naval costume, as to have provided for the occasion a blue coat with a lining of white silk. He could not therefore suppose me to be altogether green, and, pointing to several flags, contented himself with desiring me to make the signal. Instead of the one destined for the officers of my class, I unfurled and displayed the captain's flag, which being descried on board, the ten-oared barge was promptly manned, and directed toward the shore. I was startled at the unexpected compliment—so many as ten oars, thought I, for so small a personage!—but not so the warder, who had probably mistaken me for the captain's son, or some other near relative. The cockswain, on his landing, was not a little nettled when I told him who I was. He invited me, however, to step into the barge; and, in so doing, I was proceeding toward the bow, when, with much apparent good-humour, he called me back. Whether this inadvertency was owing to the confusion occasioned by the unlucky blunder of the flag, which I had now discovered, or to the circumstance of my having *rusticated*, for a considerable time, in an inland town, I cannot say, but on our getting on board, the officers, who were all assembled on the quarter-deck to receive their captain, were highly diverted when the cockswain remarked to them, that, as I did not know the stem of a boat from the stern, it was not surprising that I had made a wrong signal. I had seen them, as we approached the ship, stare at each other, while, ever and anon, the long-sighted telescope was levelled at the barge.

I was conducted to the mess-room by a midshipman, who had been my school-fellow, and there introduced to the members, as they severally presented themselves. They were extremely civil, more particularly the caterer, who, in making me acquainted with the regulations of the mess, gave me to understand that the admission-fee required of a new member, at his entrance, was half a gallon of rum, as much brandy, a loaf of sugar, and as many lemons as might be required to make palatable punch. These ingredients were accordingly procured in the afternoon, and in the evening all was jollity at the gun-room mess. When we were seated, I pleaded a weak head, and want of habit, my beverage having been hitherto confined to table-beer, with an occasional goblet of elder-wine on a sharp frosty night, and a glass of ripe port at Christmas. As a particular favour, I was therefore indulged with a glass much smaller than those of my companions, and which bore on its polished surface, in fair characters, the inscription of "Hulke's glass for the ladies." It was stipulated, however, that at each bumper-toast it should be carefully filled; or, in case of failure, a rummer of salt-water administered in its stead. I need not say that I preferred the ladies' glass to the rummer, as the smallest of the two evils. In the mean time the bumper-toasts went gaily round, and in such rapid succession, that, at the precise moment when my mess-mates were wound up to the true pitch, and in the very climax of their mirth, I suddenly turned pale, and was overtaken by so deadly a sickness, that, having with some difficulty obtained permission to retire, my descent to the cock-pit would not have been easily accomplished, if my kind friend and old school-fellow had not stepped forward to my relief. Nature made her best efforts to throw off from my stomach the unwonted burden with which it was oppressed, and about midnight I stepped into my hammock and fell asleep.

When I awoke in the morning, I was surprised to find myself, not suspended several feet above it, but lying on the deck itself. The Captain's clerk, whom I had occasion to admire on account of the particular concern he felt for my sickness, had paid me a visit of condolence on the party breaking up, and, finding me fast asleep, had engaged the quarter-master of the middle-watch to assist him in cutting the clews of my hammock, and lowering me gently down. This was not the only prank he played me,—for he was prone to every description of waggery, in concert with some others of my mess-mates, during my stay in the guard-ship; but I consoled myself with the reflection that, as my present state was merely probationary, I should soon be enabled to see the world, and to

become, if not as wily as they were, at least sufficiently wary to guard against all the devices of mischievous mirth.

I cut but a sorry figure at the breakfast table, which was well spread. My mess-mates ate heartily, while I nauseated, even to the biscuit, whatever was offered to me. This being observed by one of the master's-mates, the father of the mess, and old enough to be an admiral, he thought the best consolation he could offer me was to draw a comparison between my present sufferings and those he had had to encounter when he was a younker, and first went to sea. The gunner, under whose care he was placed, and who chanced to be of the methodistical persuasion, took him on shore one pleasant afternoon, and regaled him with milk-punch. Each time the bowl was handed to him, he was exhorted to "take large draughts, and praise the Lord;" and this pious exhortation was repeated so often, and with so earnest a solicitude, that at length, to employ his own phrase, he was carried on board like a bag of sand, and confined to his hammock for more than a week.

The guard-ship dropped down to Gillingham Reach, for the purpose, it was said, of being fully manned, and equipped for sea. My professional duties were of small account; and I passed the chief part of my leisure on the poop, where, with the help of a perspective-glass, I contemplated with delight the fine scenery on either bank of the river, while I pourtrayed, in the liveliest colours my imagination could suggest, that of the distant climes I should hereafter have to visit. I was eager for more active employment, and procured an appointment, by which I was advanced one step, to a frigate fitting at Portsmouth. I was not long in obtaining another step; for the chief surgeon's-mate, who was too much of a gentleman to do more than make his appearance on board, contrived, when we were on the eve of sailing, to elude the pursuit of a file of marines sent in quest of him, by seeking an asylum in the white-house, where he was securely locked up. He had associated with all that was fashionable and gay in Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight; and in less than three weeks had contracted debts to a considerable amount. I did not augur much good of him, when, on my expostulating with him at an inn on the hardship of my being kept on board as a constant drudge, in drawing from his purse his last half-guinea, he unwarily displayed several gilt-brass counterfeits; and I learned some years after, that this degenerated scion of an unblemished stock,—of a family of Belfast, which, in addition to the patronymic name, had acquired the surname of *dignum*, as a recompense for eminent services rendered by an ancestor at the siege of Londonderry, —had had to serve an extra-professional apprenticeship on board a hulk.

We sailed from Spithead on the 3d of December, with a convoy of sixteen sail of merchant-ships and victuallers, bound to New York. We had boisterous weather in crossing the Bay of Biscay, to warn us of what we were to expect on approaching the banks of Newfoundland. Now, whether our proceeding so far to the northward, at such a season of the year, arose from the circumstance of navigation not being then so well understood as it is at present, or was owing to the south-west gales, which impelled us thither against our will, or to both these causes combined, it is certain that it afforded us a striking specimen of the miseries of a sea-life. With regard to its pleasures, to celebrate which a poem has been written, I must confess that I never had a true relish for them; however, as Milton hath observed, that poets

——— "so the fates decreed,
In fiction better than in truth succeed."

I am persuaded that the poem entitled "The pleasures of *the* sea-life" is vastly fine; but I never took the trouble to read it.

Having been buffeted for several days by adverse gales, without a near prospect of clearing the banks, a storm arose, which obliged the convoy to shorten sail, and the frigate more especially, as she had to wait for the dull-sailing ships. Her velocity not being equal to that of the stupendous billows which followed her, her stern was driven in with an awful crash! The carpenters were instantly set to work to nail up boards for our security; but before this could be accomplished, a tremendous sea broke in, and, from the gun-deck, which it deluged, poured in torrents down the after-hatchway. The sheep and pigs were drowned, and the live-stock of

geese, ducks and fowls, belonging to the captain and gun-room officers, were seen floating on the obtrusive waters. In the interim, the convoy being dispersed, our only perspective was that of a troubled sea, with a clouded horizon. During eight days that the storm lasted, with short intermissions, the galley-fire was not kindled; such of the seamen, therefore, as were not satisfied with the allowance of biscuit, cheese, and butter apportioned to them, had to eat their salted provisions in a raw state. My lot in the cock-pit was peculiarly hard; my best solace, my books, which I had disposed on shelves, shared the fate of the poultry; or, if they were not drowned, they were spoiled, which was to me the same thing. The sea-chest containing my linen and clothes felt the influx of the salt water; here, however, I was but a common sufferer, and might have followed the example which was afforded me, by hanging its contents to dry whenever there was a glimpse of fair weather, had it not been for an accident which held them in captivity until they ceased to be worth redeeming. One hundred and seventy thousand pounds sterling in specie, chiefly silver, had been taken on board for the payment of the British army in North America; and as the recent calamity which had befallen us was partly ascribed to the frigate being too much by the stern, the chests of specie were brought from the fish-room into the cockpit, there to remain until they could be conveniently stowed in a more central part of the ship. To my sorrow, their stay was long protracted, and my sea-chest overwhelmed with riches, not one dollar of which would go to replace its perished contents, on our arrival at New York, where I should have to inquire after the newest fashions.

As a "burnt child dreads the fire," so the adventurous seaman, ever hardy in the fight, becomes more timid at each succeeding peril of the ocean. Amid the deep howlings of the storm, while all was anxiety around me, my spirits were still buoyant, and I was utterly insensible of dangers, which, on a closer acquaintance, would have filled me with terror. When a temporary lull would permit, I sought the shelter of the half-deck, where, in the company of a young midshipman, to whom I was particularly attached, renouncing the sea and and all its pleasures, we planned schemes—never, alas! to be realized—of future happiness on shore. He, having quitted the service toward the close of the war, was slain in the command of a privateer; and I.....

The northern latitudes we were in promising little but disaster, we steered a southern course, and in a few days, by the help of favouring gales, were in the meridian of the Bermudas, a few degrees without the Tropic of Cancer, and in the stream of the Gulf of Florida, usually called the Gulf-Stream. If it should be objected by those who are conversant in nautical affairs, that we were too far to the southward of our port, they should recollect that we required some leisure to repair our damages, which could best be done where we should have a promise of calms. These were not wanted; and for several weeks we were recreated by the soft music of the creaking of the hull and masts, in a strong swell of the sea, and the responsive flapping of the sails. The ocean still bounded our view; but the weeds with which the Gulf-stream abounds floating on its surface, reminded us of our proximity to the land from which they had been swept by rapid currents. We examined them with pleasure; and, for our further improvement in natural history, the sailors drew in buckets, and displayed on the deck the *vermes mollusca*, named by them "Portuguese men of war," whose beautiful colours by day, and their phosphoreous effulgence when it was dark, drew our admiration.

I could wish that some one of an adequate capacity would write an additional chapter on "the philosophy of dreams." As far as my experience has gone, it seems to me, that where the mind and body are both healthfully exercised, and the fancy engaged by a quick succession of diversified objects, those which are calculated to make a strong impression on the sentient faculty, are secreted and lodged in the appropriate cells of the brain destined for their reception. As our immortal part, the soul, never sleeps, those which suffer from a superincumbent pressure in the crowded cells, are by her mandate driven out during our repose; and so evanescent is the qua-

lity of their incoherent and confused aggregate, that, on our awaking, few of the hovering forms of such as were latest reflected on the sensorium, can with any distinctness be traced. But in the example, among others, of long calms at sea, fancy has either to weave her web from materials before collected, or to supply others which may be stored in the worst-provided of the cells. The mind not having been otherwise than intellectually employed during the day, in the absence of all the external objects she would cheerfully have embraced, seeks a compensation at night, and, culling from her magazine the choicest of its treasures, forms images, which, although ideal, rival in congruity and perspicuousness those that are real. It was thus, that, during our wearisome detention in the Gulf-stream, I was favoured by dreams, the interesting particulars of which I could have accurately written down at breakfast-time, and several of which, if I had been born a Frenchman, in the true spirit of that nation, I might have introduced into a "*Recueil choisi de pièces galantes.*"

The calms were succeeded by gentle breezes, which having freshened by degrees into a brisk and steady gale, we were at length wafted to the anxiously desired port. We made the high land of Neversink; passed Sandy Hook, at the entrance of the river of New York; anchored in the evening of the 10th of March, 1777, off Gravesend, in Long Island; and arrived at New York early the following morning, after a passage of precisely fourteen weeks, during which we had not seen any intermediate land. Several of our convoy had, as the safest expedient, wind and weather considered, been to the West Indies, and there refitted: these we found lying in the harbour, as if to verify the old proverb, that "the farthest way about is the nearest way home."

It is said that certain dogs, with the particular breed of which I am unacquainted, but which must have been found useful at sea, in cases where a bad reckoning has been kept, and chronometers not provided, scent the land at a great, nay, almost inconceivable distance. My companions and myself snuffed its balmy fragrance; and, longing to taste its sweets, obtained permission to visit the shore shortly after the ship had anchored. But before I touch briefly on our ramble in Long Island, and on the entertainment we met with there, it will be right to say something of our "bill of fare" on board, during the latter part of our voyage. Our stock of tea and sugar being expended, our breakfast-substitute was gruel, with a slice of butter, the primitive rancidity of which was any thing but corrected by a change of climate, thrown into it to relieve its mawkish taste. Hosts of the insects called *weevils* had taken possession of the biscuit, and required some effort to dislodge. The cheese was not of the kind called Suffolk-bang, which keeps well, and is best cut with a hatchet, it having been sometime disused in the navy; but of a skim-milk quality too feeble to resist putrefaction. The ship-beef may be passed over as too common to deserve a place in these annals; but the pork, unlike the heteroclite substance of Hostess Quickly, who was taxed by the fat knight with being "neither fish nor flesh," having been cured on the Irish coast, where the pigs are said to establish their fond domain, and to feed on whatever the waters, in their impetuous course, may chance to throw up, was as fishy to the taste as the flesh of a sea-gull. My guardship-debauch having given me a fixed aversion to spirits and water, vulgarly called grog, when the ship-beer was no longer abroach, I surrendered to my messmates my daily allowance of rum, and confined myself at my meals to the pure element, if pure that can be called, which gave out a squalid fetor that would have nauseated a chambermaid if she had had to empty it into her slop-pail, and was of as deep a tinge as if it had served to rince a hatter's cauldron. It was pleasant, however, when we were on a scanty allowance of this delectable fluid, to observe the seamen, oppressed with thirst, while the frigate was in the trolly-lollies, as they term it, that is, rolling to and fro in the Gulf-stream, form an evening party to beguile the marine-centinel planted over the water-butt at the fore part of the quarter-deck; taking advantage of the *nonchalance* of the officers on watch, during this interval of comparative repose, while some, collected on the gangway, drew his attention to a bewitching tale,

others on the main-deck below, provided with a gimlet and a spill, tapped the butt, and filled their cans.

Instead of uncivilized Indians dwelling in their wigwams, and the wild scenery fancy had pictured, we found, on landing, buildings and cultivated grounds much resembling those of our own "blest isle." As we penetrated into the interior, the similitude was still more striking; for, with the exception of an occasional plantation of maize, and a few black faces that bespoke a slavish condition, all was characteristically British. The population was not purely so, as we found on inquiry; but the descendants of the early Dutch settlers, having sunk their national character into the aggregated mass, were only distinguishable from their neighbours by speaking among themselves the language of their progenitors. We bounded like kids over pleasantly diversified tracts of hill and dale; and after a ramble of two hours, returning toward the shore, demanded refreshments at a farm-house. The mistress, whom we were to consider as our landlady, it being then the custom, in the absence of taverns, to entertain strangers at the farm-houses, was not long in providing a breakfast of tea, coffee, buttered toast, bacon, and eggs. Our demands on her were so unceasing, and of such a magnitude, that she must have supposed our provisions on board to have been expended, and that we were laying in a store for a long cruize. While the good-natured soul expressed her pleasure at being enabled to gratify our almost insatiable cravings, we threw a glance, from time to time, not without emotion, on her pretty, bashful daughters. Contrasting our present cheer, which the exercise we had taken in a salubrious air made still more inviting, with that on board, to which, after having passed the night in a foul and damp atmosphere, we listlessly seated ourselves—not to appease hunger—for to that we were strangers—but to support nature—I would ask whether those who suffer these privations, setting aside the perils to which they are exposed, and the toils they have to endure, do not earn more than the bread they eat?

The success of the British cruizers then on the station, which was announced to us by the daily arrival of their prizes in port, held out very flattering prospects, which were speedily realized. We sailed for Delaware Bay; and, during an absence of less than seven weeks, were present at the capture of nearly twenty American and French vessels. Such a state of maritime warfare was never before witnessed, and will never perhaps be seen again, nearly all the force and means of annoyance being on one side. The Congress had not as yet equipped any ships of war; and from the privateers we had so little to dread, that the captain of our frigate had, in the command of one of the smallest class, beaten off an entire flotilla of them some months before. We were, therefore, not under any apprehension of falling in with, and having to encounter, a superior force, or what is jocularly called "a Scotch prize;" but had much to hope, and nothing to fear.

On the day following that of our departure, we captured a French brig from Martinique bound to Philadelphia: finding that there was but little chance of her reaching her destined port, she did not give us much trouble to chace, but very politely met us half-way. The circuitous route she had taken to shun our cruizers, joined to adverse winds, had reduced her crew, and several merchant-passengers, to straits forcibly illustrative of the miseries attendant on a navigation in troubled seas. For some time past their daily allowance of food had been confined to half a biscuit each, their other provisions having been utterly expended: it is true that molasses, which might have afforded some nutriment, constituted a part of her cargo; but how were they to allay the thirst it would have provoked, when the water on board was as scarce as the bread? It was an affecting spectacle to observe them, when they found that the cooks were preparing the dinner they were to share with the ship's company, while the countenance of each beamed with gladness, hastily devour the portion which, but for our rencounter, must have served them for the day.

Our next capture presented us with an agreeable case of somnambulism. At three in the morning, a blazing light, apparently close to us, was discerned through a dense fog: the helm was instantly put up, and in two minutes we were along-side of an American sloop from St Eustatia bound to

Philadelphia. No sooner had the crew been brought on board the frigate, than they assailed the cabin-boy, and would have handled him very roughly, if we had not interfered. Having, it may be conjectured, his mind strongly impressed with his customary morning-task, he had risen in his sleep, had struck a light, and kindled the wood-shavings he had laid overnight in the grate for cooking. But for this sudden illumination, our Yankee guests might have taken their breakfast in their own way on board the sloop, instead of being indebted to the *tarnation* tories, as they styled us, for one they could little relish.

The instruction given to the cruizers was either to burn, or scuttle and sink the smaller craft, after taking out, as prudence dictated, the most valuable parts of their cargoes. A sufficient number of *hands* could not be spared to send into port what would yield but little profit; at the same time, that, by this measure, the Americans, who were straining every nerve to procure West India and other produce, together with warlike implements and stores, would be cramped in their means of transport, it being well known that they had agents at New York for the purchase of prize-vessels. Having delivered ours of a few puncheons of rum, as we had caught her in a blaze, she was sentenced to be burnt.

Scarcely a morning passed but we were roused at day-break by the shrill pipes of the boatswain and his mates, to announce a sail a-head, on the weather-bow, on the lee-bow, &c.; and never did sportsman rejoice more than ourselves at having his game in view. The *idlers*, as they are called on shipboard, because they do not partake of the active duties of seamanship, however some among them may be occasionally occupied by more serious tasks, sprang forward to the forecastle, each provided with his telescope, to watch for the object which, now faintly discerned from the mast-head, would soon, if our superiority in sailing should permit, afford us a profitable solution of the problem of the convexity of the earth. It being our decided intention to recreate ourselves on our return to New York, we hailed each new success as contributing to the means; and it was well for us that these successes were multiplied. At that time the market was so glutted with prizes and their cargoes, that, on our afterward coming to a reckoning with the agent, our expectations were baulked of more than the one-half. To proceed now to a survey of the expenses that were likely to be incurred in these projected scenes of mirthful intercourse:—In Great Britain each mercantile commodity has its graduated value, from a farthing to a pound: at New York the estimate was made by the dollar and its greater divisions. Our boatswain had been on shore to purchase what he called the *vigitables*, meaning the necessaries of life. On his returning on board, he was chided for having stayed beyond his leave; and his excuse was somewhat whimsical. He had not dared, he said, to ask the hour, for —— and here he drew from his pocket a pair of scissars, and a clasp-knife, both of the coarsest Birmingham manufacture —— on his stepping into a *store*, it had cost him a quarter of a dollar to open his mouth, and half a dollar to shut it. At the tavern, a beef-steak, and a flock-bed laid on chairs, in an apartment where at least a dozen inmates snored in concert, were priced at a dollar each, or eight shillings New York currency;* a bottle of port-wine, free of duty, was rated ten shillings; and every other requisite or luxury we could ask for was proportionately dear. A basin of pea-soup, purely farinaceous, cost a quarter of a dollar, and on one occasion might have cost the life of a meritorious land-officer, whose private affairs had brought him from his regiment to New York. It is well known that this culinary preparation, when not properly qualified, is apt to generate flatulencies; it may, therefore, be conjectured by some, that our hero, having come off his journey hungry and fatigued, and with his stomach inflated by wind, was, by the effect of this sudden additament, in danger of bursting explosively like an overcharged musket; but such was not the fact. A sea-officer, or, if the reader will needs have it so, a sea-brute, with-

* On the subject of colonial currencies, a curious story was related to me by a midshipman, a young sprig of fashion. He had been at Newport, in Rhode Island, where several of the trades-people still kept their accounts in *old-tenor*, the dollar being reckoned at ten pounds. To reconcile his noble relatives in England to the heavy draughts he had made on them, he sent home his tailor's bill of two hundred and eighty pounds for a suit of uniforms!

out feeling or discretion, suspecting his poverty, which would not allow him to keep pace with the current expenses, taxed him in the coffee-room, most perseveringly and provokingly, with making a paltry dinner; the debate at length ran so high, that it threatened to terminate in a duel, as was the case some years ago in Paris, on a similar occasion. A French officer, arriving on a *congé* from a distant province, entered the *café militaire*, and called for a *bavaroise au lait*,* of the value of six sous, at an hour when the *badauds*, or Paris cocknies, were mostly occupied in making a solid repast. Another officer, observing this, placed himself at his side, and, in terms too gross to bear translation, reproached him with the sorry dinner he was taking. His bitter taunts were no longer to be endured; the parties sallied forth, and the one who had received the provocation fell, booted and spurred, with the *bavaroise* on his stomach.

What shall I say of you, harmless natives of the island of Nantucket, whose mild and beneficent creed had instructed you to shun individual strife, and to shudder at the calamities of a warfare in which you were never actively engaged? Would that I could have softened efficaciously those which befel you, at a time when the only offering I could make you, was to console you, and to share your griefs! We were sailing up Delaware Bay, when a vessel was descried a-head, making towards us as if we had been "friends." When within reach of gun-shot, she obeyed the signal, and lowered her sails. She was boarded; but scarcely had the officer, with his boat's crew, taken possession, when the frigate struck on the Brandy-wine shoal. The utmost consternation prevailed on board; the water was *started* from the butts of the upper tier; other means were resorted to, to lighten her and lessen her draught, to the end that, by backing the sails, she might free the shoal; it was even proposed to throw over-board the guns. In this extremity, the boat's crew had been sent back to the frigate, where their presence was required, the officer remaining on board the prize, the Raven schooner of Nantucket. It should here be observed, that the inhabitants of that island belonged exclusively to the society of Friends more commonly called Quakers. Jenkins, the master, raised the officer in his arms, and held him up as if he had been an infant:—"Friend," said he, "I have only to throw thee overboard, and return to Philadelphia; but I will not take advantage of thy distress. I will go on board the frigate, and act the part of a friend, by using my best endeavours to free her of her peril." His offer was cheerfully accepted; and, by his help and intelligence, that was done which might not otherwise have been accomplished; the frigate once more floated in deep water.

Friend Jenkins was a man of an uncommonly large stature, and athletic make; but mild and gentle in his deportment. The feats of strength he displayed on board the frigate, entitled him to a place in the foremost rank of those whose surprising muscular powers have acquired them celebrity. Coffin, the mate, possessed a vigorous mind, and, of the two, was the most interesting. Without money in his pocket, he had landed at Boston, in his early youth, and, penetrating into the interior, had spent several years among the Indian tribes of both Americas, studying their manners, and conforming himself to their usages. He had visited the greater portion of these tribes; and his details respecting them, and what he had seen besides, were a constant fund of entertainment to us, while he was pining inwardly with grief. It is related of the original Harlequin of the French scene, that, having become hypochondriacal, he consulted a physician, not of his acquaintance, who recommended to him to repair to the theatre, and see Carolan. "I am," said he, "the Carolan by whom all Paris is amused, and who am myself consuming with melancholy." Thus it was with friend Coffin, who still wore an air of tranquil content, while he stifled his sorrows in the efforts he made to contribute to our amusement. Estranged from the comforts and conveniences of a civilized state, by the erratic life he had led among savage hordes, custom had made him as hardy as a Bedouin-Arab; his bed was a sack filled with straw, in which, laid on the planks, he buried himself to the chin.

* *Bave*, slaver—hence, *bavaroise*—how delicate! It is an infusion of the herb called "tea," sweetened with the syrup of capillaire, and is prepared either with or without milk.

The small island of Nantucket, lying in the vicinity of Rhode Island, is too barren to grow corn; its peaceful and industrious inhabitants are therefore obliged to procure elsewhere the prime necessary of life, by bartering against it the produce of their coasts. The schooner had taken to Philadelphia a cargo of dried fish, and was returning with a lading of flour. So little did friend Jenkins, in his simplicity, suspect that we should detain him, on learning his errand, and the necessities of his fellow-islanders, by which it had been prompted, that he had persuaded himself he had merely to relate the artless tale, to be allowed to proceed. He did not dilate on the particular service he had rendered us, however he might be sensible that, but for him, our best accommodation might have been sought within the narrow limits of our boats. "The flour," he said, "can be conveniently stowed in the frigate; let it be taken out, and permit me and my crew to return to Nantucket, with a paper addressed to the vessels of your nation we may chance to fall in with on our way. The schooner is old and crazy; she will not tempt them, and will fetch but little at New York; while the advantage, for which we shall be ever thankful, will to us be great." A humane feeling, not to speak of gratitude for a benefit received, might have yielded to this suggestion; a portion, at least, of the cargo might have been generously added to the boon; and the schooner might have been reckoned among the worthless craft directed to be scuttled or burnt; but the barbarous usage of war ordered it otherwise. She had sailed from an island, the inhabitants of which professed, it is true, to be in amity with all mankind, but whose position brought them into a more strict relation with those who were hostile to us; she had carried a supply to an enemy's port, and was to be delivered over to the court of Vice-Admiralty on our arrival at New York. Our stay there was short; but, on our return from the next cruize, we anxiously hastened on shore, to inquire after our "friends," and the captive crew. Men of Nantucket! honest Quakers! it was in vain that you assembled daily on the beach, to watch the approach of your companions, with the promised succour. And you, wives, children, and relatives of the long expected "friends!" it was in vain that you mingled with the throng, while as yet a gleam of illusive hope burst on you, and you did not forebode the extent of the calamity that was to befal you. Never were you to witness the return of the well beloved, and to press them to your bosoms!—all—yes, all!—were swept off by the contagious fever which then raged in the jail of New York.

Among our prizes was a brig-of-war, the Raleigh, which had been just fitted for sea, and, as her officers informed us, bore the first commission issued by Congress. She was to make a trial of her strength in a cruize off the island of Martinique; and we captured her within the Bay of Chesapeak, precisely five hours after she had sailed from Baltimore, in Maryland, on which account our sailors christened her, "the five hours' frolic." This was not the only fatality that hung over her, as the sequel will show. The captain and the two lieutenants, having very obsequiously surrendered their swords on the quarter-deck; the former, a fine young man, was conducted at midnight to the great cabin, to become the inmate of our commander. Several of his brother officers, provided they became acquainted with this, must have taken high umbrage, and have condemned it as an act of over civility to a rebel, who, according to them, was entitled to no other than the harshest treatment, and whose partizans would, in their rooted opinion, never have an opportunity to retaliate. They were tender towards the traders, but relentless to those of any note in the armed vessels that fell into their hands. "Who are *you*, sir?" said, much about the same time, in a stern tone of voice, an *officer* of this persuasion who commanded a consort ship. "The captain."—"Put a broom in his hand; he will make an excellent sweeper."—"And *you*, sir?" to a spruce gentleman, who, fearful of being plundered, had clad himself in his best suit.—"A merchant passenger."—"Hand him over to the cook, to scour the coppers." And this was still the usage; and thus the interrogatories were addressed to the selected few.

"How do you do, Mr ——? I'm glad to see you," was the salutation of old Stephen Turmidge, one of our quarter-masters, to an inferior officer of the brig. "It is now some years

since we met at Weymouth, where your poor mother, who kept the day-school, always said that your wild frolics would bring you to harm. You remember that you borrowed of a neighbour of ours a horse, which you afterwards sold for a good price at Knightsbridge; and this was what gave you a free passage to America, although you could not have been without money." The identity was too clear to be mistaken; for, besides the strong marks which nature had imprinted on our renegade, an accident had distorted one of his limbs. He bore, however, an excellent character among his ship-mates; and such was the opinion entertained of his probity, that he was to have been entrusted with the first rich prize which might have been captured on the intended cruizing-ground.

Our excellent poet, Prior, in his Alma, speaking of the Swiss Cantons, which are partly Catholic, and partly Protestant, tell us that there

> "One may be
> A heretic or true believer,
> On this or th' other side a river."

And the above example may be cited among a thousand, to shew that a rogue on one side of the Atlantic, or, indeed, any other great ocean, may on the opposite side become an honest man. Politicians can best explain why this should be; but, in taking what may not be altogether an unphilosophical view of the subject, it may be remarked, that men are not always like plants, which flourish best in their native soil, and dwindle when they assume an exotic character. The French, who excel in dyeing, consult the waters of the particular rivers which best suit their colours. Thus, the blacks are dyed at St Hippolyte; the glaring colours at Nîmes; the dingy ones, such as the *boue de Paris*, at Alais; and so forth. Now, in the same way as they deal with the waters of their streams, to make them conducive to the perfection of each varying tint, might we not consult the soils of our numerous colonies and foreign possessions, to ascertain which of them, according to the colour of the crime to be expiated, might, by a contrary effect, contribute most efficaciously to discharge it, denying further growth to the rank weeds by the agency of which it acquired, in a moral sense, its particular hue. Those on whom the experiment might, I think, be successfully made, should not be branded with a red hot iron, nor have the chin punctured and stained, as is the case with the Christian slaves in the empire of Morocco, for that would be worse than hanging them outright, as, with any such ignominious badge, their reformation could not be expected. Neither should they be treated altogether as convicts;* but, having been started with the requisite means to forward their industry in their new estate, should be subjected to a mild *surveillance*, until they might, by their good conduct, acquire the right of denizenship. Such a measure would throw some discouragement on the manufacture of hempen cords; but I think too highly of the sensibility of my countrymen in general, not to be persuaded that the master-manufacturers, and their head-workmen, would join with the great majority, in rejoicing to hear, in the process of time, that John Doe, who had basely uttered bank notes, which he knew to be forged, had, in his remote asylum, committed no greater fault than that of forging excuses for having abruptly quitted his family, friends, and fire-side; and that Richard Roe, who had the wicked audacity to fleece both the farmer and his sheep, had become as innocently meek as a lamb. And so with regard to other capital offenders and their offences.

The Raleigh brig was useful to us as a tender, in making several captures; and drove others of the enemy's vessels on shore, by a vigorous pursuit in the shoal waters we could not venture to approach. We were without the bay of Chesapeak, returning to New York, with the most valuable of our prizes, when a large brig, which we presumed had mistaken our flotilla for a convoy of American merchant vessels, sailing from the ports of Virginia under our protection, bore down on us in the evening. Besides our own prisoners, our consorts had delivered

* Several of those who have been *aggregated* and coerced, for a limited time, whether in the settlements abroad, or in the convict-ships at home, have, on their enlargement, evinced but little improvement. They had breathed an air of moral pestilence, and were lost in their own esteem.

theirs into our charge, inasmuch that they were with difficulty guarded by a ship's company which our successes had considerably weakened. As we could neither receive her crew with safety, nor spare hands to man this our new capture, the tender was ordered to escort her to the senior officer's ship, the Phœnix, anchored a few leagues distance off Cape Henry. The two brigs were no sooner out of our sight, than a fearful scene ensued between them. The prize, *le Gentil*, carried eighteen hands, with six nine-pounders on deck, and ten others stowed in the hold; while the Raleigh had a crew of ten men only, with as many four-pounders. The Frenchmen were not long in hoisting up the spare pieces of artillery, and mounting them on their carriages. On either side the preparations for action were made, and the matches lighted, when a thick fog suddenly interposed, and in all probability saved our little tender from being blown out of the water. *Le Gentil*, which we knew to be very richly laden, reached in safety, under favour of the mist, the port of Baltimore; but we had to despair of the Raleigh, conjecturing her to have fallen into the hands of the enemy, as we did not hear of her for some days after our arrival at New York. She was reserved, however, for another fate; she followed us with new captures; and was finally converted into a letter of Marque. On her passage to the West Indies, in exercising the great guns, the strain was so vehement, and the resistance of the decayed timbers so feeble, that her side fell out. On this new description of float, the crew were picked up by the boats of the Experiment of fifty guns, which chanced to be near; but the ill-fated Raleigh, what remained of her *standing*, at least, and her valuable cargo, were ingulfed.

We were becalmed; and the fog * became so dense, that the bowsprit-end bounded our view, when we were stepping forward on the quarter-deck. The ship-bell, which, from the condensed vapours, gave out an unusually deep and solemn sound, was tolled minutely to keep together our *fold*; but our great anxiety was within board. While our people were exhausted by fatigue, each circumstance favoured the rising of the prisoners. They were, for greater security, stowed in the hold, on planks laid over the casks, like so many Africans, newly embarked on the coast of Guinea, with centinels, who had orders to pour in their bullets on the slightest disturbance, planted over them. The masters and mates of the American merchant-vessels, whom it became necessary to keep apart, as the most mutinous and daring, were confined in the steward-room abaft, with the range of the bread-room in their rear. They awaited the signal from their crews; and, peeping alternately through the scuttle, threatened us with a severe retaliation, when we should become their captives. I say *us*, for the idlers, who were at watch and watch, had to visit them; and in that number I carried, for the first, but not the only time, a ship-cutlass at my side, and a brace of pistols in my belt. Our peril soon drew toward a close; a favourable breeze sprang up which brought us safely into port.

These Recollections will be continued under several heads, such as "Paris before the French Revolution"—"France, during a part of the Directorial and Consular Governments"—"Albania," &c. &c.; but they will be occasionally blended, as in the present Chapter, in order to give them a greater interest by their variety. My friends—those belonging to the Navy more particularly, who form a numerous class—are desirous that this production should appear; and as, in this early part, I describe with impartiality, and without fear of offending either party, a portion of the long-past events of the American War of Independence, as they came under my notice, it may be attractive to the United-States-men.

London, 1st February, 1822. J. S.

* As "there be land-rats, and there be water-rats," so their are land-fogs, and water-fogs, which prevail in the same latitudes. We were not so far to the southward as the Carolinas, where the planter, on his rising in the morning, used to estimate the fog by the number of drams which, to expel it from the stomach, it would be requisite for him to drink in the course of the day. A six-dram fog was a very moderate fog; but when it came to sixteen!

NOTICES OF OLD ENGLISH COMEDIES.

No. II.

The City Match, by Jasper Mayne.

Though this Play ought not, in strictness of chronological order, to be noticed till we arrive at the writers of the reign of Charles the First, yet we trust we shall stand excused with our readers if we venture to anticipate a little in bringing before their attention one of the most excellent of our early comedies. Its subject being City Manners, it will perhaps with more propriety follow the play noticed in our first Number, than be introduced in any subsequent period of our remarks.

Jasper Mayne, the author, was a beneficed clergyman, and the translator of Lucian's Dialogues; the former of which circumstances may perhaps account for the absence, in his plays, of the indelicacy and obscenity which overspread the dramatic productions of the time, and the latter for the pure and attic wit which is plentifully strewn in his dialogues. He was, say his biographers, much admired in his time for his wit and humour, and no one who reads his plays, will doubt that the admiration was well bestowed. He has been compared to Dean Swift, and probably, were more of his books extant, the comparison might be sustained with some degree of justice. One anecdote of him still preserved, will shew, that, like the Dean, he was a humourist, and sometimes carried his jokes to an unseemly and unseasonable pitch: One of his servants waiting upon him with attention, in his last illness, was told by his master, that if he would look in one of his chests, after his death, he would find something that would make him drink. Expecting, of course, from this, some handsome remuneration for his trouble, the man redoubled his attentions till they were no longer necessary. On the death of his master, he searched the chest for the promised reward of his pains, when, to his surprise and dismay, his legacy proved to be a red herring!

Amongst the divines of the 17th century, wits appear to have been rather scarce. If we except the names of Hall, Donne, Fuller, Eachard, and South, we do not remember any who have left behind them a distinguished reputation for wit. The productions of Hall as a satirist, have deservedly gained him a high name in this character. The pretensions of Donne are more questionable: his poetry abounds in conceits rather than in wit, and his sermons have still less of the latter quality. Fuller possessed very strong powers of humour; upon the whole, however, he was rather a punster and player upon words than a true wit. Eachard's "Grounds and Reasons" are impregnated with much of the spirit of Swift, and are still highly entertaining. South's reputation was doubtless deserved; many proofs of his powers may be met with in his sermons, and more in his controversial tracts. To these names we think we shall be justified in adding that of Jasper Mayne.

We will now proceed to the play—Warehouse and Seathrift, two rich merchants, determine to make a trial of their two young heirs expectant, Frank Plotwell and Timothy Seathrift, by pretending to go on a voyage, and giving out a report of their deaths. They take leave of their family, and Warehouse thus, in parting, enjoins his nephew:

"— You must be constant, nephew.
Plot. Else I were blind
To my good fortune, sir.
Ware. Think, man, how it may
In time make thee o' the city senate, and raise thee
To the sword and cap of maintenance.
Plot. Yes, and make me
Sentence light bread, and pounds of butter on horseback. (*Aside.*
Ware. Have gates and conducts dated from thy year:
Ride to the spittle on thy free beast.
Plot. Yes,
Free of your company. (*Aside.*
Ware. Have the people vail
As low to his trappings, as if he thrice had fined
For that good time's employment.
Plot. Or as if
He had his rider's wisdom. (*Aside.*
Ware. Then the works
And good deeds of the city to go before thee,
Besides a troop of varlets.

Plot. Yes, and I
To sleep the sermon in my chain and scarlet.
(*Aside.*
Ware. How say you? Let's hear that?
Plot. I say, sir, I
To sit at sermon in my chain and scarlet.
Ware. 'Tis right, and be remember'd at the Cross.
Plot. And then at sessions, sir, and all times else;
Master Recorder to save me the trouble,
And understand things for me.
Ware. All this is possible,
And in the stars and winds; therefore, dear nephew,
You shall pursue this course; and, to enable you,
In this half year that I shall be away,
Cypher shall teach you French, Italian, Spanish,
And other tongues of traffic.
Plot. Shall I not learn
Arithmetic too, sir, and short-hand?
Ware. 'Tis well remember'd; yes, and navigation."

Frank Plotwell's two gay companions, Bright and Newcut, call upon him, and the following sprightly dialogue ensues:

"*Bright.* Is thy uncle
Gone the wish'd voyage?
Plot. Yes, he's gone; and, if
He die by the way, hath bequeath'd me but some
Twelve hundred pound a-year in Kent; some three-
Score thousand pound in money, besides jewels, bonds,
And desperate debts.
New. And dost not thou fall down
And pray to the winds to sacrifice him to
Poor John and Mackarel?
Bright. Or invoke some rock
To do thee justice?
New. Or some compendious cannon
To take him off i' the middle?
Plot. And why, my tender,
Soft-hearted friends?
Bright. What, to take thee from the Temple,
To make thee an old juryman, a Whittington?
New. To transform thy plush to pennystone; and scarlet
Into a velvet jacket, which hath seen
Aleppo twice, is known to the great Turk,
Hath 'scapt three shipwrecks to be left off to thee,
And knows the way to Mexico as well as the map.
Bright. This jacket surely was employ'd in finding
The north-east passage out, or the same jacket
That Coryat died in.
Plot. Very good.
New. In Ovid
There is not such a metamorphosis
As thou art now. To be turned into a tree,
Or some handsome beast, is courtly to this.
But for thee, Frank, O transmutation!
Of satin changed to kersey hose I sing.
'Slid, his shoes shine too.
Bright. They have the Gresham dye.
Dost thou not dress thyself by 'em? I can see
My face in them hither.
Plot. Very pleasant, gentlemen.
Bright. And, faith, for how many years art thou bound?
Plot. Do you take me for a 'prentice?
New. Why, then, what office
Dost thou bear in the parish this year? Let's feel:
No batteries in thy head, to signify
Th'art constable?
Bright. No furious jug broke on it,
In the king's name?
Plot. Did you contrive this scene
By the way, gentlemen?
New. No, but the news
Thou shouldst turn tradesman, and this Pagan dress,
In which, if thou shouldst die, thou wouldst be damn'd
For a usurer, is comical at the Temple.
We were about to bring in such a fellow
For an apostate, in our antimasque,
Set one to keep the door, provide half-crown rooms,
For I'll set bills up of thee. What shall I
Give thee for the first day?
Bright. Ay, or second,
For thou'lt endure twice or thrice coming in."

Aurelia, the sister of Frank, runs away from the sempstress to whom she was apprenticed, and being assisted by her brother, imposes herself upon the town as a lady of fortune, in hopes of meeting with a rich husband. At the same time, Dorcas, the daughter of old Seathrift, and sister of Timothy, tired of the puritanical manners and conversation of Mr and Mrs Scruple, with whom she had been placed to learn godliness, gives them the slip, and becomes servant to Aurelia, without knowledge of her real character. Dorcas still retains enough of her puritanical education to make her mistress heartily tired of her. The following scene, which takes place between Aurelia and her woman, reminds us strongly of Ben Jonson.

"*Aur.* — Ere I'll be tortured
With your preciseness thus, I'll get dry palms
With starching, and put on my smocks myself.

Dor. Surely, you may, and air 'em too; there have been
Very devout and holy women, that were
No shift at all.
Aur. Such saints, you mean, as were
Their congregations, and swarm'd with Christian vermin,
You'll hold clean linen heresy?
Dor. Surely, yes,
Clean linen in a surplice; that and powders
Do bring dry summers, make the sickness rage,
And the enemy prevail. It was reveal'd
To Mrs Scruple, and her husband, who
Do verily ascribe the German war,
And the late persecutions, to curling,
False teeth and oil of talc.
Aur. Now she is in,
A lecturer will sooner hold his peace
Than she.
Dor. And surely, as Mr Scruple says—
Aur. That was her schoolmaster. One that cools a feast
With his long grace, and sooner eats a capon
Than blesses it.
Dor. And proves it very well,
Out of a book that suffer'd martyrdom
By fire in Cheapside. Since amulets and bracelets,
And love-locks, were in use, the price of sprats,
Jerusalem artichokes, and Holland cheese
Is very much increased; so that the brethren,
Botchers I mean, and such poor zealous saints
As earn five groats a-week under a stall,
By singing psalms, and drawing up of holes,
Can't live in their vocation, but are fain
To turn——
Aur. Old breeches.
Dor. Surely, teachers and prophets."

Aurelia wittily complains of her servant to Baneswright, the person who introduced her.

Aur. Oh, Mr Baneswright, are you come! my woman
Was in her preaching fit; she only wanted
A table's end.
Bane. Why, what's the matter?
Aur. Never
Poor lady had such unbred holiness
About her person; I am never drest
Without a sermon; but am forced to prove
The lawfulness of curling irons, before
She'll crisp me in a morning. I must shew
Text for the fashions of my gowns. She'll ask
Where jewels are commended? or what lady
I' the primitive times wore robes of pearl or rubies?
She will urge councils for her little ruff,
Called in Northamptonshire; and her whole service
Is a mere confutation of my clothes.
Bane. Why, madam, I assure you, thus hath been,
However she be otherwise, when she had
A good quick wit, and would have made to a lady
A serviceable sinner.
Aur. She can't preserve
The gift for which I took her; but, as though
She were inspired from Ipswich, she will make
The acts and monuments in sweet-meats; quinces,
Arraign'd and burnt at a stake; all my banquets
Are persecutions; Dioclesian's days
Are brought for entertainment; and we eat martyrs.
Bane. Madam, she is far gone.
Aur. Nay, sir, she is a Puritan at her needle too.
Bane. Indeed!
Aur. She works religious petticoats; for flowers
She'll make church-histories. Her needle doth
So sanctify my cushionets! Besides,
My smock-sleeves have such holy embroideries,
And are so learned, that I fear, in time,
All my apparel will be quoted by
Some pure instructor. Yesterday I went
To see a lady that has a parrot; my woman,
While I was in discourse, converted the the fowl;
And now it can speak nought but Knox's Works;
So there's a parrot lost."

Aurelia's character as a wit being established, Bright and Newcut, along with Timothy, the sapient son of old Seathrift, and Frank Plotwell, as if a stranger, come to see her. She thus plays off Bright and Newcut.

"*Aur.* 'Tis right, you are
Two inns of court-men.
Bright. Yes. What then?
Aur. Known Cladders
Through all the town.
Bright. Cladders?
Aur. Yes; Catholic lovers,
From country madams to your glover's wife,
Or laundress; will not let poor gentlewomen
Take physic quietly, but disturb their pills
From operation with your untaught visits;
Or, if they be employed, contrive small plots
Below stairs with the chambermaid; commend
Her fragrant breath, which five yards off salutes;
At four, deflowers a rose; at three, kills spiders.

New. What dangerous truths these are!
Aur. Ravish a lock
From the yellow waiting-woman, use stratagems
To get her silver whistle, and waylay
Her pewder knots or bodkin.
New. Pretty, pretty!
Bright. You think you have abused us now!
Aur. I'll tell you:
Had I in all the world but forty mark,
And that got by my needle, and making socks;
And were that forty mark mill-sixpences,
Spur-royals, Harry-groats, or such odd coin
Of husbandry, as in the king's reign now
Would never pass, I would despise you.
New. Lady,
Your wit will make you die a withered virgin."

The unfortunate Timothy having spoken, she makes him the subject of her wit.

"*Aur.* O prodigy, to hear an image speak!
Why, sir, I took you for a mute i' the hangings.
I'll tell the faces.
Tim. Gentlemen, do I
Look like one of them Trojans?
Aur. 'Tis so; your face
Is missing here, sir; pray, step back again
And fill the number. You, I hope, have more
Truth in you than to filch yourself away,
And leave my room unfurnish'd.
Plot. By this light,
She'll send for a constable straight, and apprehend him
For thievery.
Tim. Why, lady, do you think me
Wrought in a loom? some Dutch piece weav'd at Mortlake?
Aur. Surely you stood so simply, like a man
Penning of recantations, that I suspected
Y' had been a part of the monopoly.
But now I know you have a tongue, and are
A very man, I'll think you only dull,
And pray for better utterance."

Captain Quartfield, who is subsequently introduced, bears, perhaps, too much resemblance to Bobadil, and Timothy is rather too like Master Stephen, in "Every Man in his Humour," by which play some of the scenes in the "City Match" appear to have been suggested. Frank Plotwell too, seems to be much of kin to Edward Knowell. Quartfield and Salewit, who is a poet, quarrel with Roseclap, the keeper of their ordinary.

"*Quart.* Why you mungrel,
You John of all trades, have we been your guests,
Since you first kept a tavern; when you had
The face and impudence to hang a bush
Out to three pints of claret, two of sack,
In all the world?
Sale. After that, when you broke,
Did we here find you out, custom'd your house,
And help'd away your victuals, which had else
Lain mouldy on your hands.
Rose. You did indeed,
And never paid for't. I do not deny,
But you have been my customers these two years;
My jack went not, nor chimney smoked without you.
I will go farther; you two mouths have been
Two as good eating mouths as need to come
Within my doors; as curious to be pleased
As if you still had eaten with ready money;
Had still the meats in season, still drank more
Than your ordinary came to.
Sale. And your conscience now
Would have this paid for?
Rose. Surely; so I take it.
Sale. Was ever the like heard?
Quart. 'Tis most unreasonable;
He has a harden'd conscience."

All restraints being now removed, by the absence of the two old men, Frank Plotwell and Timothy, along with their companions, Bright, Newcut, Quartfield, and Salewit, adjourn to a tavern, where Timothy, becoming intoxicated, is converted into a butt, for the amusement of the rest. By the help of fins and scales, they metamorphose him into a fish, and having hung up a sign, they open the doors for spectators to behold the show. The mother of this natural curiosity, and her gossip Mrs Holland, are attracted by the sign, and enter into the show-room: where are also led by chance, Warehouse and old Seabright.

"*Quart.* Gentlemen,
And gentlewomen, you now shall see a sight,
Europe never shew'd the like; behold this fish!
(*Draws a curtain; behind it,* TIMOTHY *asleep, like a strange fish.*
Hol. O strange, look how it sleeps?
Bright. Just like a salmon upon a stall in Fish-street.
Mrs Sea. How it snorts too! just like my husband.

Ware. 'Tis very like a man.
Sea. 'T has such nose and eyes.
Sale. Why, 'tis a man-fish;
An ocean centaur, begot between a siren
And a he stock-fish.
Sea. Pray, where took ye him?
Quart. We took him strangely in the Indies, near
The mouth of Rio de la Plata, asleep
Upon the shore just as you see him now.
Hol. How say ye? asleep!
Ware. How! would he come to land?
Sea. 'Tis strange a fish should leave his element!
Quart. Ask him what things the country told us?
Sale. You
Will scarce believe it now. This fish would walk
Two or three mile o' the shore sometimes; break houses,
Ravish a naked wench or two, (for there
Women go naked,) then run to sea again.
Quart. The country has been laid, and warrants granted to apprehend him.
Ware. I do suspect these fellows;
They lie as if they had a patent for it.
Sea. The company,
Should every one believe his part, would scarce
Have faith enough among us.
Ware. Mark again.
Sale. The states of Holland would have bought him of us out of a great design.
Sea. Indeed!
Sale. They offer'd a thousand dollars.
Quart. You cannot enter yet.
(*Some knock.*
Ware. Indeed! so much? pray, what to do?
Sale. Why, sir,
They were in hope, in time, to make this fish
Of faction 'gainst the Spaniards, and do service
Unto the state.
Sea. As how?
Sale. Why, sir, next plate fleet
To dive, bore holes i' the bottom of their ships,
And sink them: you must think a fish like this
May be taught Machiavel, and made a state-fish.
Plot. As dogs are taught to fetch.
New. Or elephants to dance on ropes.
Bright. And, pray, what honour would
The states have given him for the service?
Quart. That, sir, is uncertain.
Sale. Ha' made him some sea-count;
Or't may be admiral.
Plot. Then, sir, in time,
Dutch authors that writ *Mare Liberum*,
Might dedicate their books to him?
Sale. Yes, being
A fish advanced and of great place."

In the meantime, while the two old men are present to observe the effect produced upon their hopeful youth, news are brought of the death of Warehouse and Seabright on their voyage. Plotwell, upon this, manifests much unseemly joy, and declares his intention of spending his uncle's fortune in a manner suitable to the largeness of his own ideas. Master Timothy is equally satisfied with the dispensation of providence.

"*Plot.* You'd not do
Like your penurious father, who was wont
To walk his dinner out in Paul's, whilst you
Kept Lent at home, and had, like folk in sieges,
Your meals weigh'd to you.
New. Indeed they say he was
A monument of Paul's.
Tim. Yes, he was there
As constant as Duke Humphrey. I can show
The prints where he sate, holes i' the logs.
Plot. He wore
More pavement out with walking, than would make
A row of new stone saints, and yet refused
To give to the reparation.
Bright. I've heard
He'd make his jack go empty, to cozen neighbours.
Plot. Yes, when there was not fire enough to warm
A mastich-patch to apply to his wife's temples
In great extremity of toothach. This is
True, Mr Timothy, is't not?
Tim. Yes, thin linen
To us was stranger than to capuchins.
My flesh is of an order with wearing shirts
Made of the sacks that brought o'er cochineal,
Copperas, and indigo. My sister wears
Smocks made of currant bags.
Sea. I'll not endure it;
Let's shew ourselves.
Ware. Stay, hear all first.
New. Thy uncle was such another.
Bright. I have heard
He still has left the Exchange; and would commend
The wholesomeness o' the air in Moorfields, when
The clock struck three sometimes.
Plot. Surely myself,
Cypher, his factor, and an ancient cat,
Did keep strict diet, had our Spanish fare,
Four olives among three. My uncle would
Look fat with fasting; I ha' known him
Surfeit upon a bunch of raisins; swoon at sight
Of a whole joint, and rise an Epicure
From half an orange."

This incenses the uncle and father to such a pitch, that they instantly disclose themselves much to the consternation of the young men. After many reproaches, Warehouse declares his determination to marry instantly, and cut off his nephew from all participation of his fortune, and Seabright expresses a similar resolution with respect to his wise son Timothy.

The plotting abilities of his nephew are now called into action. Through the means of Baneswright, whom Warehouse had deputed to look out for a wife for him, he manages to get Aurelia proposed as a fit match. Baneswright is by no means sparing in his account of her good qualities.

"*Ware.* Is she so virtuous then?
Bane. 'Tis all the fault she has; she will out-pray
A preacher at St Ant'lin's; and divides
The day in exercise. I did commend
A great precisian to her for her woman,
Who tells me that her lady makes her quilt
Her smocks before for kneeling.
Ware. Excellent creature!
Bane. Then, sir, she is so modest.
Ware. Too?
Bane. The least
Obscene word shames her: a lascivious figure
Makes her do penance; and she maintains the law
Which forbids fornication,—doth extend
To kissing too.
Ware. I think the time an age
Till the solemnity be past."

There is an amusing scene, in which Bright and Newcut, who have heard that Aurelia is about to marry Warehouse, and are ignorant of the plot, seek to persuade her from the marriage, by detailing his infirmities.

"*Bright.* We hear you are to marry an old citizen.
Aur. Then surely you were not deaf.
New. And do you mean his age
Which hath seen all the kingdom married thrice,
To whom the heat of August is December;
(*Exit* DORCAS.
Who, were he but in Italy, would save
The charge of marble vaults, and cool the air
Better than ventiducts, shall freeze between
Your melting arms! do but consider, he
But marries you as he would do his furs,
To keep him warm.
Aur. But he is rich, sir.
Bright. Then,
In wedding him, you wed more infirmities
Than ever Galen wrote of; he has pains
That put the doctors to new experiments.
Half his diseases in the city bill
Kill hundreds weekly. A lone hospital
Were but enough for him.
New. Besides,
He has a cough that nightly drowns the bellman;
Calls up his family—all his neighbours rise,
And go by it, as by the chimes and clock.
Not four loam-walls, nor saw-dust put between,
Can dead it.
Aur. Yet he is still rich.

Aurelia, however, turns over the management of this part of the plot to Dorcas, who having put off her Puritanism, readily enters into the scheme. Warehouse is perfectly satisfied with the change of persons, and is married to Dorcas by Saltwit, who officiates as priest. On reaching home after the ceremony, the new-made husband finds that the marriage has wrought a most wonderful alteration in his wife. The meek, modest, and retiring manners are changed into those of the most errant shrew and vixen, and she ridicules and abuses him with a volubility truly entertaining. We shall extract part of this very humorous scene:

"*Ware.* Assist me, patience!
Why, hear you, mistress: you that have a fever,
And dog-days in your blood; if you knew this,
Why did you marry me?
Dor. Ha, ha, ha!
Ware. She laughs.
Dor. That your experience ach, that hath felt springs
And falls this forty years, should be so dull,
To think I have not them that shall supply
Your cold defects!
Ware. You have your servants then,
And I am forked, hum!
Dor. Do you think
A woman young,—high in her blood—
Ware. And hot
As goats or marmosites,—
Dor. Apt to take flame at
Every temptation,—
Ware. And to kindle at
The picture of a man,—
Dor. Would wed dust, ashes,
A monument, unless she were——
Ware. Crack'd, tried, and broken up?
Dor. Right, sir, or lack'd a cloak?
Ware. Mischief, and hell! and was there none to make
Your cloak but I?
Dor. Not so well lin'd."—

"*Dor.* Then, sir, I'll look;
Your coffers shall maintain me at my rate.
Ware. How's that?
Dor. Why, like a lady. For I do mean
To have you knighted.
Ware. I shall rise to honour.
Dor. D' you think I'll have your factor move before me,
Like a device stirr'd by a wire, or like
Some grave clock wound up to a regular pace?
Ware. No, you shall have your usher, dame, to slaik
Before you, like a buskin'd prologue, in
A stately, high majestic motion, bare.
Dor. I do expect it: yes, sir, and my coach,
Six horses, and postillion: four are fit
For them that have a charge of children: you
And I shall never have any.
Ware. If we have
All, Middlesex is father."

The hasty Cit begins now to find that marrying is one thing, and getting quit of his wife another. To increase his repentance and vexation, Roseclap, who is in the scheme, waits upon him to inform him of her character.

"*Rose.* I see
You have heard of her, sir. Indeed she has
Done penance thrice.
Ware. How say you, penance?
Rose. Yes, sir; and should have suffered——
Ware. Carting; should she not?
Rose. The marshal had her, sir.
Ware. I sweat, I sweat!
Rose. She's of known practice, sir; the clothes she wears
Are but her quarter's sins: she has no linen,
But what she first offends for.
Ware. O blessed Heaven!
Look down upon me.
Plot. Nay, sir, which is more,
She has three children living;—has had four.
Ware. How! Children! Children, say you?
Plot. Ask him, sir;
One by a Frenchman;
Rose. Another by a Dutch,
Plot. A third, by a Moor, sir, born of two colours,
Just like a serjeant's man."

To raise the anger of Warehouse to the highest pitch, Bright and Newcut are conveyed as gallants secretly into the house, till the mind of the repentant Cit is wrought nearly to distraction. At this juncture, Plotwell offers to extricate his uncle from his calamity, on receiving a handsome sum as the price of his assistance. Warehouse consents with ecstasy, and the play concludes by the marriage of Plotwell to Dorcas; and Timothy, who is better disposed of than he merits, to Aurelia; and the reconciliation of all the characters.

As we have been rather profuse in our extracts, our readers will be fully enabled to judge of the merits of the play. The plot is not original; and as we have before observed, some of the scenes and characters seem too obviously the imitations of Ben Jonson. There is also an improbability in the chief incidents, which detracts from the effect of the piece. Notwithstanding, however, these faults, it deserves to rank amongst the best of our early comedies, and the rich vein of humour which runs throughout, will ever cause it to be perused with pleasure.*

* An attempt was once made to revive it under the title of the Schemers, or the City-Match, but we believe with little success.

THE KIT-CAT CLUB.*

It has been observed, that in England every thing is done by a dinner. But this observation, instead of a satire on the *gourmandise* of this well-fed nation, is actually a panegyric on their good sense. The presence of a well-furnished table is of itself a persuasive to sociability, and the politics of ordinary men in the repletion to which they are seduced by sirloins and "*London Particular*," cannot but be of a more genial temperament, than the hungry discussions of a conclave of philosophers. Among the immediate

* Memoirs of the celebrated persons composing the Kit-Cat Club, with a prefatory account of the origin of the Association. Illustrated with forty-eight portraits from the original paintings, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Folio, pp. 272. London—Hurst, Robinson, and Co.

causes of jacobin atrocity, we are satisfied that future investigators will not omit the dinnerless and supperless nature of their meetings. From a crowd of agitators sitting till their faces grow haggard before empty tables, what in the shape of good humour could be expected? The result of their famine was the overthrow of France. Even a weekly feast might have averted the progress of the Revolution; but daily *rations* would have restored the monarchy. We have the worst imaginable hopes of "The Fontana de Oro," from knowing the severity of its abstinence, and recommend to the Spanish ministry a regular delivery of *bonbons* and chocolate, on pain of losing their heads. The present volume is a collection of the biographies of the most remarkable club of the native land of clubs,—the association which sustained the principles of the noblest, because the most bloodless and the most necessary revolution in the world, that by which the Stuarts were expelled. These memoirs are of different lengths according to the importance of the individuals; and, unfortunately, sometimes according to the scantiness of the materials furnished by the careless collectors of a century ago. The exchange of our present generation of restless gatherers of anecdote, against some of the accomplished and powerful minds of the time of *William* and *Anne*, would be the most desirable among the barters of life and literature.

The *Kit-Cat Club* comprehended almost every name of eminence in the busy transactions of its day. Marlborough, Godolphin, Wharton, Newcastle, Kingston, Dorset, Montague, Grafton, Burlington, Wilmington, Halifax, Orford, Bath, Cobham, &c. with the not less memorable names of Steele, Garth, Addison, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Kneller, &c. amounting in all to 48 names, among whom were ten dukes, and twenty other peers.

This catalogue shames our modern mediocrity. The origin of the club was professedly literary. Halifax, "the poet's friend," was probably the founder; and his spirit shewed itself in the liberality and literary elegance of the association. It is ascertained, that one of their first proposals was a subscription-prize of 400 guineas, for the best comedy. In modern money this sum would probably be little less than L.1000; a most munificent liberality.

The name has given rise to much trifling, humorous and grave. The best *jeu d'esprit* among the million is—

1.

"Whence deathless *Kit-Cat* took its name,
Few critics can unriddle;
Some say from pastry-cook it came,
And some from *Cat and Fiddle*.

2.

From no trim beaux its name it boasts,
Gray statesmen or green wits;
But from its pellmell pack of *toasts*,
Of old *cats* and young *kits*.

The custom of toasting had been adopted in the club, and the names of the reigning belles were written with complimentary verses on the drinking glasses. *Martinus Scriblerus*, however, as the preface observes, starts a serious question, whether any "ancient ladies" became the objects of those attentions?

Tonson the bookseller, a name high in the literary list of the day, was the ostensible founder, and through its life, the diligent instrument of the Club. He established its place of entertainment at the house of *Christopher Cat*, a cook in *Shire Lane, Temple Bar!* How are the mighty fallen! This *Nidus* of the Augustan age is now permeable only by the pickpockets and profligates who fly the constables, and by the constables who follow them. *Kit Cat*, who had already erected a name illustrious for pies, was patronised by the growing opulence and obesity of the bookseller, and upon his strong recommendation the Club was fixed under the pieman's roof. Such company soon increased his resources, as well as made a larger establishment necessary, and he removed from *Shire Lane* to the *Fountain tavern*, in the *Strand*. The Club now distended with its superior accommodation; and from thirty-nine increased to forty-eight. *Tonson* had at length risen to the summit of city enjoyment, and had possessed himself of a villa at Barne Elms in Surrey, where he subsequently built a room for the Club. But occasionally in the summer their dinners were held at the *Flask Tavern*, on *Hampstead Heath*, a house which afterwards became the property of George Stevens. In this graceful, humanizing, and manly intercourse, the Club passed twenty years, from its institution in

1700. Why was there no *Boswell* among them? What delightful volumes have been lost to the world by the want of some slavish and minute compiler of the vast variety of anecdote, lively observation, and foreign and domestic knowledge of men accomplished by travel, education, courtly intercourse, and habits of public life, and giving free way to all their powers and graceful propensities in the pleasantness of safe conversation, and the natural exhilaration of minds escaped from midnight debates and murky offices to open air and summer!

The "Lives" are collected from the memoirs of the time, now scattered through a vast extent of obscure volumes. This work has the merit of placing them before the public in a very clear and interesting order. Publications of this kind have the advantage of saving boundless trouble to the accurate inquirer, and of supplying the general reader with a knowledge which would otherwise have been altogether beyond his competency. The style of the volume is generally neat, simple, and popular. Occasional illustrative remarks are introduced with valuable effect; but the chief attention has been paid to dates, the succession of remarkable incidents, and accuracy of personal character. We understand that the public acceptance of the work has been unusually favourable; but we can feel no surprise at the success of a performance, which, from its historical nature, is entitled to interest so large a portion of the great families of the empire, and from its ingenious and accurate execution, so much deserves the praise of literature.

In speaking of the subjects of this volume, we have not forgotten that the *Kit-Cat Club* was, as Swift says, *Whiggissimus*. But the Whig of the Revolution was less like the turbulent and mob-wooing Whig of our day, than Charles James Fox was like Henry Hunt, the *detenu* of Ilchester jail. The politics of the Whigs of Queen Anne's reign, and those of the Tories of the present, are the same.

We give some fragments as specimens of the spirit and style.

BOOKSELLERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

In the days of Jacob Tonson, Little Britain was the grand emporium of books, and the resort of learned men, and, as Dr Johnson will have it, their patrons. The Ballards, famed for more than a century for their dealings in printed paper, and remarkable for their sound adherence to church and state, had successively their shops in Little Britain. The Ballards, T. Green, C. Davis, and John Whiston, were the first booksellers who sold books by a marked catalogue at fixed prices for ready money. This plan is now pursued universally, and thus people obtain a knowledge of the value of the works they wish to purchase; and the trader, where the disposition to cheat exists, is precluded from the practice of any gross imposition upon his customer. Baker was the first who brought selling books by auction into vogue. This practice is much abused at the present day, but is found extremely serviceable in disposing of works to the trade; at each of whose sales an auctioneer, chosen by general consent, presides, whose province it is to offer the various works in sheets, sometimes to be knocked down at what they will fetch, but oftener with a reserve not to be sold at a price lower than the proprietor may have previously fixed. On these occasions splendid dinners are given, and invitations to all trust-worthy persons of the trade, in and out of Paternoster Row, are issued; a catalogue being the card of admission. After the feast, and when each has imbibed his *quantum sufficit* of tolerably good port, the auctioneer makes his appearance in his rostrum, and the business of the day begins. Notwithstanding the great expence attendant upon these banquets, the ends of the donor of the dinner are usually more than answered; for his guests, in the hilarity of the moment, often bid liberally, and without consideration, for works which they are fain to dispose of with loss, when they return to the more sober and less exhilarating atmosphere of their own shops. If the advance of authors in the public estimation was in former times slower than at present, they were certainly subject to less galling reverses. We recollect hearing of 500 copies of a once popular volume, the selling price of which was originally twelve shillings, being knocked down at the very moderate sum of two pence per copy, at one of the trade sales. The initiated will immediately recognise the work to which we refer; of course we mention no names. Some members of the trade are as remarkable for the extravagant prices they set out with charging for their books, as they are for the very reduced cost at which they are in the event ready to get rid of them; but we are perhaps discussing with too much minuteness the secrets of the craft. To return to Little Britain, the New View of London, in 1708, describing the place, says: "This street is well built, and principally inhabited by booksellers, especially from the pump in Duck Lane, which is also taken up by dealers in old books." Mackay, in his tour through England in

1724, thus notices the situation of trade at that period. "The booksellers of ancient books in all languages are in Little Britain and Paternoster Row;—those for divinity and classics on the north side of St Paul's cathedral;—law, history, and plays, about Temple Bar;—and the French booksellers in the Strand." It was about the commencement of George the First's reign, that booksellers first shewed a disposition to desert Little Britain and Duck Lane, and hive in swarms in Paternoster Row. The last of the trade who inhabited Little Britain was Edward Ballard, who died in 1796, at the age of eighty years, in the house in which he was born. We learn from Stowe that the company of Stationers, or Text-writers, who wrote and sold all sorts of books then in use, namely, A, B, C, with the Pater-Noster, Ave, Crede, Grace, dwelt in and about Paternoster Row. It appears that this neighbourhood was also the resort of certain turners of beads, who were called *Paternoster* makers. Hence, it may be presumed, originated the names of Paternoster Row, Creed Lane, Amen Corner, Ave Maria Lane, &c.

"That there were booksellers several hundred years ago as arrant cheats as the most notorious quack of our own day," we learn from the report of honest Anthony Wood, who tells us, that "it was a usual thing in those times (the reign of Elizabeth) to set a great name to a book or books, by the sharking booksellers." Michael Drayton also expresses his indignation in a letter to Drummond, written during the interval between the publication of the first and second parts of his Polyolbion.—"I thank you, my dear sweet Drummond, for your good opinion of Polyolbion. I have done twelve books more, but it lieth by me, for the booksellers and I are not on terms. They are a company of base knaves, whom I scorn and kick at." And Dryden afterwards, in his life of Lucian, reports of booksellers, that "they are persons more devoted to their own gains than the public honour. They are very parsimonious in rewarding the wretched scribblers they employ, and care not how the business is done, so that it be but done. They live by selling *titles*, not books; and if that carry off one impression, they have their ends, and value not the curses they and their authors meet with from their bubbled chapmen." Our great poet has not very much overcharged his picture; but, as we have already remarked, there are few persons now to whom this severe sarcasm could be made with justice to apply. It was, doubtless, illustrative of the general character of the trade when it was written.

Publishers are now for the most part gentlemen and well educated men, possessed of sufficient taste and judgment to decide, themselves, upon the works offered to their inspection; and as for liberality, authors of talent have little to complain of on this score.

A very intelligent and able writer, in a work abounding in discussions on a great variety of subjects, conducted in the most acute and amusing manner, opens his preface with the following sentence, which, however warranted it might have been a hundred, or even fifty years ago, deserves commendation in these days more for its point than either its truth or its applicability:—"There are three difficulties in authorship:—to write anything worth the publishing—to find honest men to publish it—and to get sensible men to read it. Literature has now become a game, in which the booksellers are the kings; the critics the knaves; the public the pack; and the poor author the mere table, or thing played upon."*

This pleasant assertion cannot be admitted without being subjected to very material qualifications. That it is difficult to write a good book, is a truism of which there needs "no ghost come from the grave" to inform us; but we deny the assumption that it is not easy to find intelligent people who will read, and honest and liberal booksellers who will purchase and publish them. Authors had never in any age, or in any country, so great encouragement as they have now, both from booksellers and the public; and those who neglect to profit by the advantages thus open to them, will do well to abide silently, and without querulousness, the results of their own supineness or inactivity.

ANECDOTES OF THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.

Some remarkable anecdotes, illustrative of the intolerable pride of the Duke of Somerset, are related on various authorities. His second duchess once familiarly tapped him on the shoulder with her fan; when he turned round, and with a look of marked displeasure, observed, "My first duchess was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty." His children were taught to obey his injunctions with the most profound respect. The two youngest of his daughters were accustomed to stand and watch him alternately whilst he slept in an afternoon. On one occasion Lady Charlotte feeling herself fatigued, sat down. The Duke waked unexpectedly, and, expressing his surprise at her disobedience, declared he would remember her want of decorum in his will. He left this daughter 20,000l. less than her sister. Noble, in his continuation of Granger, relates that the Duke once sent for the celebrated painter, James

* Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words, by the Rev. C. Cotton.

Seymour, to Petworth, to take the portraits of his race-horses, and one day at dinner drank to him with, "Cousin Seymour, your health." The painter replied, "My Lord, I really do believe I have the honour of being of your Grace's family." The Duke offended, rose from table, and desired his steward to pay Seymour and dismiss him. Another artist was sent for, but finding himself incapable of finishing the pictures in the style in which they were begun, he had the honesty to acknowledge so to the Duke, and humbly recommended him to recall Seymour. The haughty peer did condescend to summon his cousin once more, who answered the mandate in these words:—"My Lord, I will now prove myself of your Grace's family, for I won't come!" The witty Sir James Delaval, upon a particular occasion, laid a wager of 1000l. that he would make the Duke give him precedence; but this was judged next to impossible, for his Grace was all eye and ear in every thing in which his dignity was concerned. Delaval, however, having on a certain day obtained information of the precise time at which the Duke was to enter a narrow part of the road, in his way to town, stationed himself there in a coach emblazoned with the arms, and surrounded by many servants in the livery of the house of Howard, who called out when Somerset appeared, "the Duke of Norfolk!" Fearful of committing a breach of etiquette, his Grace hurried his postillion under a hedge, where he had no sooner drawn up, than Delaval drove by, and, leaning out of the carriage-window, bowed with a familiar air, and wished his Grace a good morning, who indignantly exclaimed, "Is it you, Sir James?—I thought it had been the Duke of Norfolk." This stratagem was much talked of, and created a good deal of amusement at the time.

The Duke of Somerset was the first of the members of the Kit-Cat Club who sat to Kneller for his portrait, and when it was finished he presented it to Jacob Tonson. The mezzotinto engravings from the original pictures by Faber, published in 1735, were dedicated to him in the following words:—

"May it please your Grace,

"As this collection of prints owes its being to your liberality in setting the example to the other members of the KIT-CAT CLUB, of honouring Mr Tonson with their pictures; and as your Grace has ever been eminently distinguished by that noble principle, for the support of which that *association* was known to have been formed, the love of your country and the constitutional liberty thereof; but more especially as the arts and sciences have always found in your Grace a most illustrious and indulgent Patron—this Work is humbly inscribed to your Grace," &c. To the dedication are prefixed the armorial bearings of the Seymour family, and an enumeration of the various titles and situations of the Duke.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

A laughable story was circulated during the Duke of Newcastle's administration, and which, with whatever scepticism the reader may be disposed to regard it, is too amusing to be passed over in silence.

At the election of a borough in Cornwall, where the ministerial and opposition interests were so equally poised that a single vote was of the utmost importance, a person not expected to give his suffrage in favour of the aristocratical side of the question, suddenly altered his mind, and by his apostacy turned the tide of affairs completely to the satisfaction of the Duke, whose friend and dependant was elected, and the contest put an end to by the possessor of the casting-vote. In the warmth of gratitude for aid so gratuitous and unexpected, the Duke poured forth many acknowledgments and professions of friendship in the ear of the vacillating constituent, and frequently begged to be informed in what manner he could serve him, and how he could repay an obligation he was pleased to acknowledge so important. The happy voter, who was a farmer and petty landholder in the neighbourhood, thanked the Duke cordially for his kindness, and told him that "the supervisor of excise was old and infirm, and if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in-law to the commissioners in case of the old man's death, he should think himself and his family bound to render government every assistance in their power on any future occasion."

"My dear friend, why do you ask for such a trifling employment?" exclaimed his Grace; "your relation shall have it at a word speaking, the moment it is vacant." "But how shall I get admitted to you, my Lord; for in London I understand it is a very difficult business to get a sight of you great folk, though you are so kind and complaisant to us in the country?" "The instant the man dies," replied the premier, used to, and prepared for the freedoms of a contested election, "the moment he dies, set out post haste for London; drive directly to my house, by day or night, sleeping or waking, ill or well; thunder at the door; I will leave word with my porter to shew you up stairs directly, and the employment shall be disposed of according to your wishes without fail."

The parties separated, and it is probable that the Duke of Newcastle in a very few hours forgot there was such a worthy as the Cornish voter in existence. Not so with the place-anticipating elector; his memory, cumbered with a less perplexing variety of

objects than the Duke's, turned out to be the most retentive of the two. The supervisor yielded in a few months afterwards to that most insatiable and scrutinizing of all gaugers, Death; and the ministerial partizan, relying on the word of the peer, was conveyed to London by the mail, and having ascended the steps of a large house (now divided into three) at the corner of Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, "thundered at the door!"—

It should in this place be premised, that precisely at the moment when the expectation of a considerable party of a borough in Cornwall were excited by the death of a supervisor, no less a person than the king of Spain was expected hourly to depart; an event in which all Europe, but more especially Great Britain, was materially interested.

The Duke of Newcastle, on the very night that the proprietor of the decisive vote was at his door, had sat up, anxiously expecting dispatches from Madrid; wearied, however, by official business, he retired to rest, having previously given instructions to his porter not to go to bed, as he expected every minute a messenger with advices of the greatest importance, and desired that he might be shewn up stairs the moment of his arrival. His Grace had just fallen asleep, when the loud rap of his friend from Cornwall saluted his ear, and effectually dispelled his slumbers.

To the first question of "Is the Duke at home?" (it was two o'clock in the morning) the porter answered, "Yes, and in bed; but has left particular orders that come when you will you are to go up to him directly."—"God for ever bless him, a worthy and honest gentleman!" exclaimed the mediator for the vacant supervisorship, smiling and nodding with approbation at a prime minister's so accurately keeping his promise. "How punctual his Grace is! I knew he would not deceive me: let me hear no more of lords and dukes not keeping their words—I verily believe they are honest as well as other folk." Repeating these words as he strided up the stairs, the burgess of Cornwall was ushered into the Duke's bed-chamber.

"Is he dead?" enquired his Grace, rubbing his eyes, and scarcely awaked from dreaming of the King of Spain, "Is he dead?" "Yes, my Lord," replied the eager expectant, delighted to find that the election promise was so fresh in the minister's recollection. "When did he die?" "The day before yesterday, exactly at half past one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking a *power of doctor's stuff*; and I hope your Grace will be as good as your word, and let my son-in-law succeed him!"

The Duke, by this time perfectly awake, was staggered at the impossibility of receiving intelligence from Madrid in so short a space of time, and perplexed at the absurdity of a king's messenger applying for his son-in-law to succeed the King of Spain. "Is the man drunk or mad? where are your dispatches?" vociferated his Grace, hastily drawing aside the curtains of the bed; when, instead of a royal courier, he recognized the fat, good-humoured countenance of his friend from Cornwall, making low bows, with hat in hand, and "hoping my Lord would not forget the gracious promise he was so good as to make in favour of my son-in-law at the late election."

Vexed at so untimely an interruption, and disappointed of his important dispatches from Spain, the Duke frowned for a few seconds, but chagrin soon gave way to mirth at so singular and ridiculous a combination of apposite circumstances, and he sunk on the bed in a violent fit of laughter, to the entire discomfiture and confusion of the pliant and obsequious farmer, who very probably began to conjecture that lords and dukes were not in the habit of testifying that profound respect at the sight of their friends which he thought consistent with their nobility of deportment. However, though his Grace could not manage to place the son of his old acquaintance on the throne of his Catholic Majesty the King of Spain, he advanced him to a post which some persons might consider not *less* honourable—he made him an exciseman.

ANECDOTES OF LORD ORFORD.

When Walpole quarrelled with Lord Sunderland, he went over to the opposition, and on the debate upon the capital clause in the mutiny bill, he made use of this strong expression, "Whoever gives the power of blood, gives blood." The question being carried in favour of the ministry by a small majority, Sir Robert said after the division, "Faith, I was afraid that we had got the question;" his good sense (observes Mr Seward, from whom this anecdote is quoted) perfectly enabling him to see that armies could not be kept in order without strict discipline, and the power of life and death.

Walpole had always very exact intelligence of all that was passing at the court of the Pretender. When Alderman Barber visited the minister after his return from Rome, he asked him how his old friend, the Pretender, did. The alderman was much surprised; Sir R. then related some minute particulars of a conversation which had taken place between them. "Well then, Jack," said Sir Robert, "go, and sin no more, lest a worse thing befall thee."

Walpole was accustomed to say, when speaking of corruption, "We ministers are generally called, and are sometimes, tempters, but we are oftener tempted."

LETTERS FROM THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.

No. I.

BARRETTIANA.

Contained in a Letter from Hades.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ. *Dublin, 6th January, 1822.*

DEAR SIR,

Agreeably to your request, I send you a few Notes, elucidative of the letter you have received from the Reverend the Ghost of Dr Barrett. I return its letter therewith.

Yours, &c. &c.

T. C.

Hades,

MISTHER NORTH,

THE raisin I don't putt the day o' the month, is because there's no sitch thing here; but, as wan Southey says, in wan o' his prose works, "*time is not here, nor days, nor months, nor years,—an everlasting now.*" And the raisin I write to ye at all is, because it's a great shame that you putt sitch a piddlin' notice o' my death in your obituary. "*At Dublin, at an advanced period of life, Dr John Barrett, Vice-Provost of Trinity College in that city.*" Why, the Freeman says as much for a namesake o' mine that wasn't the Vice-Provost. "*On the 27th ult. John Barrett, Esq. of Carrigboy, county Cork.*" Me, that was your correspondent, an' wrote you the Haibrew poem on the death of Sir Donnelly, (1) that Hincks thranslated, and putt your Magazine into the Fellowship coorse; as you yourself acknowledge, in the 27th line of the 1st column of the 193d page of your Number for November, 1820. Now I send by opportunity the followin' aphorisms and anecdotes o' myself. The Weird Sisthers often came here, out o' kindness, to see William Shakespeare, because he tuck an' putt (2) them into his play o' Macbeth, which no other author ever done. They're goin' back to Scotland, an' promised to take an' dhrop my paper into your letther-box in Prence's Sthreet. An' as I'm not given to writin' English for magazines, but only the Haibrew, maybe ye won't, all o' ye, undherstand what I say; but has wan T. C., a correspondent o' yours, an' discreet graduate, that wrote them purty Spanish ballads, [be the by, he's too fond o' luggin in his localities.] (3) He got seven best marks at scholarships; but I only gave him a third (4) best, because he said, that απτησι came from απτης; and wance, at Haibrew examination, he gave כָּלָה as a root, instead o' כָּלַל; but they called him rabbi in College for all that, because he used to get the head præmium in Haibrew. He'll putt glosses to it if ye will. An' as to people sayin' that I didn't know how to spake English right, it's all folly; for I didn't spake bad English because I knew no betther, [for how could that be when I was the Vice-Provost,] but because it was only to Catty, an' Benson, an' the other porthers, that I had a right to spake English, an' they undher-

(1) *Sir*, is a College designation for an A. B. The Christian name is always omitted. The ghostly Doctor was not aware of the impropriety of such an omission out of College. Sir Daniel Donnelly never graduated in Trinity College.

(2) "Took and put." A favourite phrase of the Doctor's; originating, no doubt, from his long habit of *taking* the money, and *putting* it into the funds. "Put," in the Doctor's mouth, always rhymed to "cut."

(3) The Doctor is really very complimentary. After calling my Spanish Ballads (published in your Number for January, 1820) *purty*, [pretty,] he censures my localities, as he calls them. I have, to be sure, mentioned, in a breath, the village of Blankanese, situate on the Elbe, in Germany, where I abode for a day or two, in July, 1819; and the village of Stillorgan, near Dublin. Being habituated to vegetate within the College walls, the idea of such interminable distances were, I suppose, revolting to him.

(4) By a privilege conceded of old to the natives of Ireland, the different degrees of answering at examination for Scholarship are marked, not by *good*, *middle*, and *bad* marks, but by *best*, *middle*, and *bad* marks. There are three gradations of *middle* and *bad*, and, therefore, of *best* also;—1st BEST, 2d BEST, and 3d BEST.

stud the bad betther nor the good. An' I always spell as its pronounced; (5) and that's the way all languages should be wrote. An' if the fellows didn't like me English, why did'nt they spake Latn, seein' that, by the statutes, they are bound so to do. An' as for the chap that tuck an' putt me notice into Carrick's paper, (6) you may just tell him, that it would be fitther for him to mind his own business, an' not to be bitin' a cherry about me want o' punctuation, an' sitch things as don't consarn him. An' now I'm done.

THE LATE JOHN BARRETT,
that was the Vice-Provost.

P. S.—It wasn't fair o' you to putt upon me in this way, an' lave me to write my own obituary. It's thrue enough what Virgil says about the occupations o' the dead. Catty an' I's here as fresh as ever.

To MISTHER NORTH, *that keeps the Magazine in Prence's Sthreet.*
By favour o' the Weird Sisthers.

No. I.

There's a chap in Nassau Sthreet, that prents caricatures, an' he wance (7) had the impidence to make one o' me that was librarian an' Vice-Provost; and Docther ***** tould me of it at commons, an' I said to him, *Docther* ****, *I* wich *you was dead.*

No. II.

Another time I sent Catty for a hayperth [liars an' calumniathors say it was a farthinsworth] o' milk, an' poor Catty fell on the way, an' brok her mug an' leg; an' I tuck grate care o' poor Catty, an' became her collegee woman (8) myself, [but the mug was too far gone] and when she was brought home, I said, *Aye, Catty, but where's the haypenny.*

No. III.

I wish the fellows would mind the statutes, an' spake Latn, an' not be mindin' other people's English. Wan mornin' I said to the chapel porther, *Is the two rowl-keepers come?* an' I overheard wan o' the fellows behind me say to another, *Isn't it sthrange to hear a man of education spake English so?* an' the other fellow that was behind me, said to the fellow that spoke before [that was the former fellow behind me] *O, he's the Vice-Provost, an' he's come to hendher* (9) *English from bein' spoken.*

No. IV.

I hate that Doether ****. He was always humbuggin' me at commons.

No. V.

I was wan day crossin' the coorts, goin' to the boord, an' I hard somebody say *Sweep, sweep!* an' I found him out, an' brought him before the boord, an' the blagard (10) said, that he was only a few days in the butthery (11) books, and didn't mane me. *That's a lie,* says I; *you must have meant me, Sarrah, for there was no other sweep in the coorts but me.*

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(5) And, naturally enough, he pronounced foreign languages as he found them spelt. Thus, he would tell you, that claret came from Bour-de-aux on the Ga-ron-ne, sounding every letter. But half the merit of the anecdotes about the Doctor is lost, by our not being able to print his face and voice.

(6) The notice alluded to runs as follows, and was affixed to the College gate some time before the King's visit to Ireland:—

"The Library will close from the ** to the ** inst: for the purpose of cleaning
JOHN BARRETT."

The want of punctuation essentially altering the meaning, it was copied into a morning paper. "It's nonsense," said the Vice, now a ghost; "if I'm clane, I don't want to be claned; an' if I'm dirty, the library can't clane me."

(7) "Wance," *once.* From the root "wan," *one.* Do not *see*, but *hear* the late Vice-Provost PASSIM.

(8) The female servants in College are called *College-women.* Ugliness, age, and *honesty*, are the requisite qualifications.

(9) "Hendher," *hinder.*

(10) "Blagard," *blackguard.*

(11) "Butthery," *buttery.* The buttery-books are those in which the names of the students, &c. are enrolled, and the fines registered.

No. VI.

I'm like St Paul, I've gone through a gradle (12) o' perils,—I was wance gagged when I slep facein (13) College Green, by some young scapegraces, that got in through the window at night, an' stopt me mouth for fear I'd discover on them—I was wance plotted against to be murthered for my money—I was wance near beein pysoned by fairy mushrooms; an' now I'll tell you something worse. One day I had the tankard o' October (14) lifted to me mouth to take a drink, [because I was dhry] an' some young blagard plopped a potato from the end of the hall into the tankard undher my nose, an' wetted me, an' I called out to the fellow next me, *O Docther* ****** *I'm dhrownded.*

No. VII. (15)

They say I've a great memory, an' I'll tell ye the raisin why. At commons wan Sathurday [the porther had just brought in the October an the manshit] (16) They were talkin about the number o' men that was saved in the boat in Bligh's voyage, an' wan said wan thing, an tother said tother thing, an' they said to me, Docther Barrett, how many men was saved in the boat at Bligh's voyage, an I tould them the number, and tould them the names of all the men.

No. VIII.

There was a chap from Mullinahone (17) in Tipperary [he's gone to the Hottentots to be a missionary, an' T. C. calls him Bishop o' Caffraria.] They used to say he was mad, because he never learned anything in college but Irish, which was not taught there, an' didn't mind his scholarships [but now there's talk about learnin' it at the boord, an' wan of the fellows tuck lessons from Paddy Lynch (18) before he died, that he might be the professor]. An' he thrust his head into the (19) doore of the librarian's room where I was sitn an' burst out o' a laughin. *Who are you?* says I, *Beg your pardon, Sir,* says he, *I didn't know you was here—But that's no raisin,* says I, *that you should laugh at the vice-provost—I assure you, Sir,* says he, *I'm not laughin at you—O that may be very thrue,* says I, *but that's no raisin that you should laugh at the vice-provost—Upon my honour, Sir,* says he, *it's not you I'm laughin at—O, I dont doubt a word you say,* say I, *but that's no raisin that you should laugh at the vice-provost.*

No. IX.

They say I used to curse and swear, and I'll prove to you that I never did, but only putt little appales to heaven into my sayins, for every one of which I have Scripture. Read the followin, and then you'll see. Sir ***** (20) rapped at my doore in 1798.—*Who's there?* says I,—*It's I,* says he.—*And who are you?* says I. *****, says he,—*O! Sir* ******, says I, an' I opened the doore an came out;—and then, says I, *How are you, Sir* ****** ?

(12) "Gradle," *great deal.*

(13) "Slep facein," *slept opposite to.*

(14) October is a sort of malt drink used in college. The Doctor was, it appears, near realizing the words of the old song:—

"*And dies in October.*"

(15) If the vice-provost were in the humour, he might tell stories innumerable of his prodigious memory. He knew the local station of every book in the great library of Trinity College. He remembered in general the particular page on which any fact was to be found, and as to dates, names, numbers, &c. his memory was inexhaustible. Ask him about a book, and you would instantly be answered, It is in the compartment Aa—on the seventh shelf—and the eighteenth book, or the nineteenth book—I don't remember which—it is the eighteenth book surely—on that shelf.

(16) "Manshit," *manchet.* The senior of the hall has a right to an additional roll and a draught of October every Saturday. The Doctor never failed to exact these dues.

(17) A notorious village. The meaning of it in Irish is rather indelicate for your pages:—how shall I say it? the A—e, *the sitting part of the mill.* The inhabitants are a sort of Savoyards, always travelling *round the world for sport.* "Wherever," say the Mullinahonese, "you see three men together, you may be sure that one of them is a Mullinahone man."

(18) Now, the *ex*-paddy Lynch. A man of considerable learning, who held a situation in the Record-Tower, Dublin Castle, for many years before his death.

(19) "Doore," rhymes to "poor."

(20) Here, and elsewhere, the names were given in full. I have taken the liberty of removing them.

Now I know what you're come for, and by G— (21) *I wont do it. You're goin to the counthry, and you want to get your things out at the gate* (22). *By G—, I wont do it.—You must go to your tuther.* (23)—*You do'nt know at all what I want,* says he,—*an' its not that—It's not that,* says I,—*O, ho! an' what is it that you do want?—Why,* says he, *if you'd given me time, I'd have tould you what I wanted.—O, ho!* says I, *go on.—Why,* says he, *I've some friends to coffee this evening, and I wish to give the ladies a walk in the Fellows' Garden, and I'm come to request the loan of your kay.*—O! I can't do it—I can't do *it,* says I.—*O! well,* says he, *its no matther, I'll go elsewhere, I wish you'd let me spake at first,* and he was goin' off.—*D*******n to you,* says I, *what a hurry you're in, can't you sit down, an' I'll tell you the raisin why.—Do you see, when I became a fellow I tuck my oath that I'd never lend the kay of the Nassau Sthreet gate, and do you see me Sir *********, I'll shew you it. The kay of the Nassau Sthreet gate, and the kay of the gate laiden into the coorts is sawthred* (24) *together, and if I lend you the kay of the gate laiden into the coorts, I must lend you the kay of the Nassau Sthreet gate.* All the time I was spaiken he was thryin (25) to get away, till I said, *Sure, Sir ********* I'd do any thing to oblige you:—And now, wouldn't this do, if I'd send Catty over with you to unlock the gate, and couldn't you putt a stone against the gate, that the ladies and you need'nt be locked in all night in the Fellows' Garden, Sir *********.*

No. X.

Its a foolish thing and extravagant, that sellin' by auction by inch o'candle,—can't the buyers cut for it, as they do for præmiums in college, or thry the *Sortes Virgilianæ.* An' I'll tell you two anecdotes, to shew you the value of an inch o' candle—and this is the first:—Before that same Sir ********* became Sir *********, he was sent wan evening, about dusk, to me by his uncle, Docther *********, who lived at some distance in the city that time. At this time the blagards used to be puttin squibs and other misdemeanours into my letther box, an' I used to be very cautious about openin the doore. And when I hard the knock, I said, *Who's there?—It's I,* says he.—*Who are you?* says I.—*I've a note from* Docther *********, says he.—*O ho!* says I, an' I opened the doore, an walked out into the coort to identify him. *You've a note from* Docther *********? says I. So I brought him in. *Well—an' are you in College?* says I.—*Yes,* says he.—*An' is* Docther ********* *in his house in* ——— *Street now?* says I.—*Yes,* says he.—*Well, let us see this note from* Docther *********, says I. I tuck an' read the note. *Well, do you see me now?* says I; *do you sit down there,* an' I pointed to a chair be the doore; *an' don't stir from that; I have to go to the top o' the house to look for the book which* Docther ********* *wants.* I went to the top o' the house, an' brought down the book; an' then says I, *I'm not sure that this is the book that* Docther ********* *wants, for, d'ye see, it's a'most dark. But I'll tell you what you'll do—do you take it to* Docther *********, *an' if it's not the book he wants, bring it back to me, an' I'll light a candle, an' get you the right wan.*

No. XI.

Wan evenin ****** the fellow came to me in the dusk, an' says I to him, *Sit there near the window, for a candle's out o' the question.*

No. XII.

F***** the fellow made a gradle o' money, an' lived abroad for some years in the city, an' came home to die in the College. An' when he was dead I asked how much he left (26) to the

(21) However innocent the Doctor may have considered his "little appales," I have thought it better to mollify them by a letter or two, wherever they occur.

(22) Without an order signed by a Fellow, no student is allowed to pass his furniture through the College gate.

(23) "Tuther,"—*tutor.*

(24) "Sawthred,"—*soldered.*

(25) "Thryin,"—*trying.*

(26) This story comes with a peculiar bad grace from our ghost. The Doctor died worth nearly 100,000l. but, except a few legacies, left all to charity. As he specified no charitable institution, the will will be litigated. One legacy was bequeathed under this express condition—that the legatee should give up all connexion with *Peg the Nailer.*

College; an' they tould me, *Not a penny.—The d—d rascal,* says I, *the place where he was enabled to make so much money.*

No. XIII.

M**** the fellow, him who is now the bishop, came to me wan day about bisnis, and I opened me desk to get him some papers he wanted. An' it was at the time when guineas was guin', an' I had a hundred of 'em in the desk, tied up in a string. An' by some accident I pulled the string, as I was takin' out the papers, an' all the guineas went rowlin on the floor. (27) So I jumped upon M. an' says I, M—M— for God's sake don't stir—don't take any of 'em—stay where you are like an honest man, until I pick 'em up. So he was huffed; but wasn't I right? How did I know what the devil might put in his head? Shure enough I picked up only ninety-nine, and says I, oh! now M. give it to me. He was very high about it; and says I, maybe its under your foot. Well, he lifted up his right foot, an' it wasn't there; an' he lifted up his left foot, an' it wasn't there, an' I never saw it from that day to this. Maybe it went into a hole, and maybe it did not.

No. XIV.

They tell lies about me never stirrin' out of college. I was at the bank often and often; an' I was as far as Kerry on a college law shoot. I saw many wonderful things on my thravels, which I wrote down when I came back. At Rathcool I got out of the coach, and I saw a fine bird walkin outside the doore of the public house; an' I asked the oslur—him who was mindin' the horses—Pray, sir, what fine animal is that? an' says he, scratchin' his head, Plase your reverence *we* calls him a turkey cock. An' I afterwards looked at a picther (28) of wan in a book, an' I found the oslur was right.

No. XV.

When I was senior lekchurer (29) I gave the senior lekchurer's dinners as grand as they were ever given; and they cost me a power of money; an' the people never could dhrink all the wine I used to buy; so that many bottles of claret and port and other wines were left to me; an' I used to ask white-haired ***** him who is now chairman of the county of ***** to come to me often in the evenings, for he was a youth I liked. When I intended to give him wan of the bottles of claret, I'd say ***** come an' *sit* with me this evenin', an' he'd always come; for he was a good youth, an' I'd give him wan bottle, which is enough, an' I'd take wan myself. When I did'nt intend to give him any, I'd say, ***** come an' *talk* with me this evenin'; an' he'd always say he was engaged. It was quare (30) he was never engaged on the nights he was to get the wine.

No. XVI.

They used to print stories about me, and they'd make out that every second word I'd say would be, *do you see me now?* That's a lie. I used to say it sometimes, but not often; and what harm is it, if I did? An' they used to say that when I was wance examinin' for a fellowship, I began my examination bys ayin' Domine *****, *Videsne me nunc*—but that's the biggest lie of all.

An' there's the sorte of an obituary you ought to have made for me.

J. B.

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(27) "Floor" also rhymes with poor.
(28) "Picther," picture.
(29) "Lekchurer," lecturer. This officer gives official dinners; and the Doctor is not gasconading when he praises his. They were really splendid.
(30) "Quare," queer.

Lord Byron.*

To Christopher North, Esq.

Sir,

Although "a southron" by birth and residence, I have visited the northern division of this island, and have not failed to admire the romantic beauties of its landscape, and the steady, intelligent character of its people. I have indeed viewed the Land of Cakes with some sensation of that raptured glee with which its aspect fired Lord Marmion's gallant squire, Fitz-Eustace. Nor have those intellectual rays escaped me, which emanate from "the good town," its sublime and interesting capital. You cannot suppose, Mr North, that I allude to that *ignis fatuus*, whose coruscations issue forth four times in every year from the cloudiest atmosphere of "Auld Reekie," tempting unwary wanderers into the sloughs of sedition, and bewildering them in the quagmires of sceptical metaphysics. You anticipate that I mean the softly brilliant *aurora borealis*, which plays round the dark brow of the sage Buchanan. I should rather, perhaps, compare these beams to the bright, celestial luminary, which every month gives pleasure to our eyes, and light to our ways. It is the property of your lamp of knowledge to dissipate the clouds of error, without misleading us from the path of constitutional loyalty, and rational religion, or perverting the natural sensations of good taste. I rejoice to see that its beneficent influence is not confined to the north of the Tweed, but is diffused through every part of the British dominions. To you, then, Sir, I transmit some thoughts, which have struck me on perusing certain poems lately laid before the public, on which I think my sentiments will not differ very widely from yours.

The high reputation which Lord Byron has acquired from the splendid imagery, and forcible language scattered over his former productions, carrying away the fancy with irresistible force, has effectually concealed from the generality of his readers the glaring defects of this prolific writer. Such are not disposed to observe the hasty negligence which deforms the very best of his poetry. His genius strikes out at a single effort some shining conception. He appears to be captivated with the beauty of this his mental offspring; and blind to its defects, he never condescends to the labour of correcting or polishing the rough creation of his energetic mind. Hence it is that the darkest obscurity, or, what would be called in an inferior writer, unintelligible nonsense, prevails in many passages of his poems, particularly in the cantos of Childe Harold. Nay, it seems probable, that this darkness and incomprehensibility are the very causes of praise with some of his admirers, who, viewing the author's indistinct idea through the foggy medium with which he has surrounded it, mistake it for real magnitude, and believe it to be truly sublime.

I will not dwell on the demerits of Don Juan, which have been, perhaps, much exaggerated by the fastidious prudery of this age. Whether our times are better or not than those which have preceded, I will not take on me to determine. At present, there is at least an affectation of superior sanctity,—an attempt to preserve the appearance of greater delicacy and decorum. The cantos of Don Juan are of a light and playful description for the most part; and serious subjects may be therein treated with too great a degree of levity; but it cannot be denied that this work indicates prodigious powers of language, and mastership of rhyme. It might have escaped much of the censure which has fallen on its immoral tendency, which is certainly not beyond what might be extracted from the productions of poets by no means branded with the stamp of profligacy, had not the noble author shewn himself on all occasions the armed champion of libertinism, and, as it were, boasted of some of the worst propensities of human nature. The character of Don Juan has been drawn by Moliere, who copied from the Spanish writers; he is represented as so desperately abandoned, so loaded with crime as well as vice, that his very name must meet with reprobation, without nicely examining the detail of his deeds, as they have at present appeared on Lord Byron's record. By giving his hero this name, he is supposed to possess all the qua-

* Our readers will perceive that this article did not arrive until after our last Number, containing some few remarks on the same subject, had been printed. C. N.

lities originally imputed to him; and with this execrable debauchee the poetical peer is contented, or rather proud to indentify himself: for the attentive reader will remark, that although the state of the young adventurer's voyage is told by the author in the third person, he seems to forget himself for a moment when describing the violence of the storm. Here the poet unites himself with the hero of the poem, by relating in the first person what *we* did in that terrific situation. The strong bias to sensuality,—the inclination to ridicule serious subjects, joined to the misanthropy and bitter malevolence which break out in his light and ludicrous lays, as well as in his more pointed sarcastic effusions, have obtained for this powerful writer, not unaptly, the style and title of leader of the Satanic School of Poetry.*

The world has, however, lately been presented with some rather more innocent productions from his multifarious muse. The avidity with which the public have swallowed all the rapid compositions with which he has been pleased to indulge their insatiable appetite for something new, has led him to ascertain with how much ease the public taste can be gratified. He began the experiment with the Tragedy of Falieri. It was fortunate that the public judgment was aided in the examination of the merit of this poem, by the subject allowing a close comparison of our noble poet with the veteran Otway. The modern star now appeared to the eye of criticism shorn of its beams. His genius was weighed in the balance and found wanting. The dullest tact was enabled to feel, the least acute ear to be satisfied, that a poetical strain could be raised which the powers of the peer were unable to reach. Some shining passages, which, in spite of all his negligence, will naturally fall from his pen, enliven the heavy declamation of this prosy tragedy. It was, however, Lord Byron's, and the public at first received it with a kind of stupid wonder. It was greedily seized by one of the caterers of public amusement, and forced on the boards of a theatre, where the crowded audience were astonished to find themselves yawning during the performance.

Then followed from the press Sardanapalus, and the Foscari. The Assyrian king, and this second sample of Venetian worthies, carry still farther the demonstration of the degree of indulgence which awaits all which bears the badge and cognizance of an established favourite, though a little shaken by the feebleness of Falieri.

Allow me, Mr North, to observe a little more at large on these two poems, for dialogues with little interest, totally devoid of all intricacy of fable, can scarcely be called dramas, however the unities may be approached, or even preserved, according to the strictest rules of Aristotle. Lord Byron's Sardanapalus is the *Roi fainéant* which history has represented him, but he is endued with an acute philosophic spirit, and he defends with sufficient adroitness his own pacific and epicurean sentiments against the ambitious propensities of warlike conquerors, whose pleasures consist in spreading widely the miseries of mankind. The character is evidently drawn by the author *con amore*. Having given him the advantage in argument over the stoical Salamenes, he takes the opportunity of having conciliated the reader's good opinion to make his pleasure-loving sage lay down that doctrine so comfortable to some *great* minds—that insensibility is the lot of man, when he has "shuffled off this mortal coil." The strange vision which he relates, wherein he sees his assembled ancestors in the regions below, can scarcely be supposed a contradiction of his cool and waking thoughts. This phantasmagoria was probably esteemed by the author as a sublime exertion of creative fancy. By some it will not be rated very highly, but be considered as a natural enough exhibition of a feverish dream, and presenting only disgusting and loathsome objects. We must pause before we give the praise of adherence to nature, or to custom, which is second nature, in appreciating the fine feelings of the oriental queen and her brother, so exquisitely affected by the wrongs which she suffers from an infringement on her conjugal privileges. Can we suppose that the peace of mind of the one could be destroyed, and the anger of the other inflamed, because a fair slave is admitted into the royal harem, who happens to fascinate the affections of the voluptuous monarch? Has not

* Here we differ from our respected Correspondent. We think the nick-name a miserable piece of monkish conceit. C. N.

polygamy been, from the earliest ages, the practice of the East, and have not a bevy of submissive beauties been the regular and constant appendage to the seraglios of oriental princes? Some heart-burnings and jealousies may naturally be expected to exist in such an association, but when have they been found to excite disturbance without the walls of their prison, or to occupy the serious consideration of statesmen and warriors? Why, then, should the mild Zarina, the sound of whose name, by the way, transports us from the Euphrates to the Kremlin of Moscow, feel herself so excessively aggrieved?

The two Foscari are beings still farther removed from the common form and fashion of real life. Whatever the annals of Venice may say of the imperturbable calmness of the octogenarian Doge, his invincible reverence for the institutions of his country, it is impossible to hear of a father who presides over the counsels of the state, whilst he views with seeming apathy the horrible tortures inflicted on his beloved and innocent son; and afterwards see this sensitive stoic actually die with the shock of the tolling of a bell, which announces his own degradation, and the appointment of a rival successor. Can any one look on this as a picture of human nature? Or what shall we say to the indelible attachment of the younger Foscari to the mere soil of his native Venice, when the "seed of the soil" have treated him with the most barbarous injustice? Neither the phlegm of the father, nor the inconceivable patriotism of the son, can engage our affection, or excite our sympathy. We feel that they do not bear the stamp of nature, but are held up in order to astonish us, as with the exhibition of some monstrous beings, which have no prototype amongst heaven's creation. Our tragedian seems to have for his object to elevate and surprise, after the manner of Mr Bayes in the Rehearsal. The noble author, indeed, with some degree of self-gratulation, assumes the merit of having composed pieces which cannot possibly be acted. He has perfectly fulfilled his intention. The experiment was decisive. The taste of the town operated with even more force than the potent injunction of the Lord Chancellor. But what is the praise which belongs to a drama which cannot be represented? It has been said, and perhaps with truth, that a good tragedy gives greater pleasure in the closet than when it is performed on the stage. The imagination of the reader, if he possesses that faculty in a superior degree, exceeds all possible means of embodying the thought of the poet, and of presenting the events of the drama to the eye and the ear, even when aided by the talents of the best actors. In order, however, to impart this power of creation to the mind, we must not be contented with beautiful description, or even with correct delineation of character. The plot must be managed with consummate art; the situations must be striking; the feelings of those who act and suffer must be strongly and happily pourtrayed in their language and expression. Instead of toiling through fatiguing orations, the reader's senses must be rapt by the ideas of the poet; the cunning of the scene must set before him the personages of the drama in such lively colours, that he melts at their distress, and trembles for their danger. In short, whether the piece is ever intended to be acted or not, the reader must be sensible that it *could* be acted so as to have a powerful effect on the passions of an audience. If this is not its character, it must inevitably prove dull and tiresome; and of all the kinds of writing, we are well told by a witty French critic, the *genre ennuyant* is the most intolerable. Tragedies are made to be acted; if not, they are like the caps of Sancho Panza's Baratarian tailor, produced in numbers with unexpected facility, but not made to be worn;—they resemble the razors recorded by the facetious Peter Pindar,—not made to shave, but to sell.

Smooth poetry, and felicitous expression, the noble bard can bestow on his readers when he is so minded; but he is not always disposed to take the trouble of giving them this gratification.

We find occasionally, too, various phrases enriching his lines, of which it may be said, as of the opening speech of Puff's mysterious Beef-eater in the Critic,—"Two people happened to hit on the same thought—Shakespeare made use of it first, that's all."

These sparks, however, like the jailor's torch, or captive fire-fly in poor Jacopo's dungeon, only shew more plainly the darkness which surrounds them. Abundant, indeed, are the instances of lame and prosaic lines which

are given, for the most part accurately measured into the length of blank verse. If his better skill had not been proved in many parts of these metrical dialogues, we should be tempted to believe that the poet conceived the counting of ten syllables on his fingers, was all that was required to constitute this species of rhythm. We continually meet with lines terminating most unhappily in some miserable conjunction or preposition—with some feeble auxiliary of a verb, or by some presuming adjective, which usurps this post in the verse, and suffers its tardy substantive lamely to limp behind in the following line. For example, in Sardanapalus,—

"If at this moment, for we now are *on*
The brink, thou feel'st an inward shrinking *from*
This hap."

Again,

——"any thing with thee,
But the tomb last of all, for there we *shall*
Be ignorant of each other, yet I *will*
Share that:—

And in the Two Foscari,

"An appanage of twenty hundred golden
Ducats:—"

It is only pushing these convenient divisions one step farther, and the ingenious expedient might be adopted from the imitation of the German drama in the Antijacobin, where the words themselves are subjected to the dislocation of this metrical strapado. The stanzas can hardly be forgotten, which the imprisoned Rogero so pathetically sings, of which the following lines are a specimen:—

"Here doom'd to starve on water-gruel, never shall I see the University of Gottingen."

The following example of measured prosing, taken from the tragedy of the Foscari, cannot be easily exceeded. The termination of the lines is marked with a perpendicular stroke, without which convenient direction, it would be a difficult matter to re-arrange these "*disjecta membra poetæ.*"

"'Tis decreed, | that without farther repetition of | the question, or continuance of the trial, | which only tends to shew how stubborn guilt is, | (The Ten dispensing with the stricter law | which still prescribes the question till a full | confession, and the prisoner partly having | avowed his crime in not denying that | the letter to the Duke of Milan's his) | James Foscari return to banishment | and sail in the same galley which conveyed him."

This may be blank verse, but it is certainly not of that sort which we are used to read in Shakespeare or Milton.

Such are these two tragedies. To give a stimulus to the reader's appetite, after being a little alloyed with Assyrian sweets and Venetian acids, he is regaled with the mystery of Cain—as the satiated Gourmand, at the dubious feast, is presented with a well-peppered gizzard after the confectionary and *goure-mangé.* This, indeed, may very properly be called a literary *devil,* not only because Lucifer himself is a leading character of the drama, but that it is perhaps of all the effusions of the Satanic school, the best entitled to that distinction. Much art is evinced in the manner of conveying the deleterious particles to the mind of the reader, for it will be found that in this cookery, like that described by Mr Accum, red precipitate and arsenic is copiously mingled with the cayenne in the composition. The office of drugging the dainties is naturally given to the apostate arch-angel, who may be supposed to preach doctrines worthy himself. The poet imagines that he cannot be censured for making his dramatis personæ speak in their proper characters, and supposes that he shelters himself from all blame in disseminating unreproved blasphemy, by asserting that he cannot make Lucifer "talk like a clergyman." Our first parents, and their amiable son Abel, with their two daughters, are pleasingly drawn. The noble Lord has sufficient capabilities for this sort of painting, if it were more to his taste; but here it is introduced for the purpose, as it seems, of giving contrast and relief to the favourite figures of Lucifer and Cain. In the delineation of the first murtherer, he has, however, as on most other occasions, overstepped the modesty of nature. Cain is represented as innately, and inconceivably bad, though possessing a high degree of conjugal and parental affection. He violates the conclusions of probability and experience, which declare that bad men must gradually be drawn to the acme of wickedness. Adam is shewn to have inculcated good principles, and particularly a respectful veneration for the great Crea-

tor, into his offspring. His eldest son must therefore have been initiated, from his infancy, in offering this grateful adoration. Cain, however, boasts, that he never as yet bowed to his father's God. This seems to have the same assimilation to nature, as some of the other characters which the poet introduces for the sake of effect. This remark is of little consequence; but what could be the writer's object in that part of the diabolical colloquy between these kindred spirits, in which the innocent Adam is made to join, when the present and future relation betwixt brother and sister is alluded to? Again, when the evil spirit throws out arguments to prove that the Creator delights in evil rather than in good, Cain receives his doctrine with silent acquiescence. The amiable Adam is reduced to say,—

"I cannot answer this immortal thing
Which stands before me. I cannot abhor him;
I look upon him with a pleasing fear,
And yet I fly not from him."

No poetical flight was ever more weak and impotent than the long progress which this *par nobile*, the dæmon and his pupil, take through the immense regions of space. Previous to this aerial excursion, Lucifer tells Cain—

"If thou dost thirst for knowledge, I can satiate
That thirst."

All, however, that he imparts, is a view of the planetary orbs in motion, and a peep into the dark confines of Hades, where præ-adamite shadows are enveloped in fog, so that they seem to be sights scarcely worth the trouble of so long a journey. Let the reader judge from Cain's description of this novel exhibition.

"What are these mighty phantoms which I see
Floating around me? They wear not the form
Of the intelligences I have seen
Round our regretted and unenter'd Eden,
Nor wear the form of man as I have view'd it
In Adam's, and in Abel's, and in mine,
Nor in my sister-bride's, nor in my children's.
And yet they have an aspect, which though not
Of men or angels, looks like something, which,
If not the last, rose higher than the first,
Haughty, and high, and beautiful, and full
Of seeming strength, but of inexplicable
Shape; for I never saw such. They bear not
The wing of seraph, nor the face of man,
Nor form of mightiest tribe, nor aught that is
Now breathing; mighty yet, and beautiful
As the most beautiful and mighty which
Live, and yet so unlike them, that I scarce
Can call them living."

The only distinct object in this misty limbo is an immense snake, which seems espied from the sea serpent of good Bishop Pontoppidan. The crakan is, however, omitted, which might also have been as well employed to enliven his phantom of an ocean. If the travellers do nothing, and see little, they talk a good deal. The devil has an opportunity of making an irreverent allusion to the Saviour supporting St Peter when walking on the sea. He employs the time in plying his companion with sceptical notions on the nature of the Deity, of his government, and his works, and on the nature of man, reasons high on those subjects which Milton's pandæmonium is represented also to have discussed "in endless mazes lost." These questions might perhaps have been as well mooted on terra firma, and the young traveller seems to have had but little satisfaction in his jaunt, or to have at all slaked his thirst for knowledge, either by what he has heard or seen. He therefore very naturally expresses his disappointment.

"These dim realms!
I see them, but I know them not.
Lucifer apologizes. Because
Thy hour is yet afar, and matter cannot
Comprehend spirit wholly—but 'tis something
To know there are such realms.
Cain retorts. We know already
That there was death.
Lucifer rejoins. But not what is beyond it."

When Cain throws in his unanswerable rebutter, "Nor know I now."

On descending to the terrestrial sphere the poet is now within his compass; but whether he ranges through unknown space, or treads the firm set earth, he is equally ready to throw his dart at revealed religion. Even in a conversation between Cain and his gentle Adah, he contrives to introduce a scoff at the Christian doctrine of atonement. On all occasions through-

out this poem his end and aim appears to be to perplex his readers by starting doubts necessarily inexplicable to human understanding, and insinuating opinions derogatory to the veneration we owe to the Divine Being, and filling their minds with discontent at the nature which it has pleased Infinite Wisdom to bestow on mankind.

After thus animadverting on the scope of this publication, it may appear trifling to notice the imperfections of the style; but for the benefit of future poets, who may think the blemishes of Lord Byron worthy of imitation, it is useful to observe, that the same slovenly haste may be detected in the Mystery as in the preceding compositions. The final adverbs, conjunctions, and prepositions, abound here as before, and the same occasional undignified modes of expression. In the prayer of Abel we have

"But yet accept it *for*
The thanksgiving of him who spreads it *in*
The face of the high heaven."

In the very finish of the fratricidal catastrophe, Adah, when she is labouring with an idea not very natural to her gentle bosom, observes rather familiarly,

"If I thought that he would not, I would."

But enough of this. It is a pity, Mr North, that the genius which this nobleman indisputably possesses were not employed to better purposes. Could he submit to the patient pains of correction; would he weigh with more care his powers as adapted to his subject; but above all, for without this the other improvements would only increase his demerits, could his mind be imbued with better principles, what an ornament had he been to the literature of his country! what a benefit to the whole human race! The defects, however, of injudicious haste, and the heaviness of some of his productions, will perhaps gradually sink his fame to a more reasonable level, and thus will his errors do less mischief. We cannot cease to lament that the talents he has received are bad in the extreme as well as good. Like the ancient bard in the Odyssey, he has the gift of divine poesy if he chose to exert it; but as the Greek minstrel was visited with natural blindness, the English poet labours under mental darkness of the most palpable obscurity. If these remarks shall put one incautious reader on his guard, who might be seduced by the fascination of Lord Byron's better style of poetry, I shall not have written in vain. With what pride and satisfaction must your compatriots turn to contemplate the character of your great bard, to whom the author of Cain pays the ill compliment of dedicating his impious Mystery. The admirable Minstrel of the North may indeed, like his English rival, be called in some sort the *enfant gaté* of the muses. A little more care in revising and correcting would have made his excellent works more worthy of the immortality which awaits them; but how gratifying to himself and to his country must the reflection be, that in perusing his vivid pictures of life and manners, all the best feelings of our nature are excited, without once extorting a blush from modesty, or a frown from rational piety.

Wishing heartily success to your labours, I subscribe myself, good Mr North, very truly yours,

SILURIENSIS.

THE PARISIAN MIRROR; OR, LETTERS FROM PARIS.

LETTER I.*

Paris, December 31, 1821.

DEAR SIR,

THE end of the last, and the beginning of the present month, were signalised in this metropolis by the opening of the two Chambers of the Peers and Deputies, and by the unprecedented events which took place in both of them. The Chamber of Peers in France is not, like our House of Lords, a court of appeal, or *dernier ressort*, the duties of such a court being performed by the Court of Cassation. The Chamber of Peers, however, is a high court of judicature, but its jurisdiction is confined entirely to the trials of its own members, and to cases of high treason, or grievous offences against the royal family or the state. An individual having lately

* Want of room obliged us to omit this Letter in our last Number.—C. N.

been tried and found guilty for a plot against the government, the Peers were divided as to the nature of the punishment to be inflicted on him; and the minority signed a *protest* against the decision of the majority, which they laid upon the table of the Chamber. This is the first time that such a circumstance has occurred in the Chamber of Peers in France; and I mention it to you as an additional proof of the necessity which the Chamber finds itself under of copying more and more the forms of our House of Lords. The debates of the Chamber of Peers are always secret, no stranger ever being admitted to them; but when it is formed into a court of judicature, it is open to the public, like every other tribunal. An analysis, or sketch of the debates, however, generally appears in the newspapers, and a peer may publish his own speech if he likes.

The events which took place in the Chamber of Deputies were more remarkable. An address, in answer to the King's speech, was adopted *unanimously*, it is said, in a secret committee of the Chamber, in which was this passage: "We congratulate you, Sire, on your constantly amicable relations with foreign powers, in the just confidence that a peace so desirable has not been purchased by sacrifices incompatible with the honour of the nation, and the dignity of your crown." The King was so indignant at the insinuation contained in this passage, that he refused to receive the deputation of the members of the Chamber to present their address to him on the throne, according to custom. He would only admit the President and two secretaries into his closet, and even then would not allow the address to be read, but made them a speech, in which he said, "In exile and persecution, I maintained my rights, the honour of my race, and that of the French name. Upon the throne, surrounded by my people, I am filled with indignation at the very idea, that I could ever sacrifice the honour of the nation, and the dignity of my crown."

The unanimity which is said to have prevailed in the Chamber of Deputies, on the occasion of this address, is most remarkable, as the three parties of which it is composed, have hitherto been so violent, and have kept so widely distant from each other. These three parties are known by the names of the *Coté droit*, or the royalists, the *Coté gauche*, or the liberals, and the *Centre*, or the moderate men, and the constitutionalists. How could men of such opposite opinions come to be unanimous, or how could they agree in throwing out such a serious imputation against the King's government? I have heard it explained in the following manner. In the first place, the French in general are much hurt at the insignificance into which they say they have fallen in the balance of power in Europe; and secondly, they say this is become still more glaring by the late revolutionary movements in Naples and Piedmont, which were put down by the sole power of Austria, backed by Russia, without any consultation whatever with the French government. By this proceeding, they declare that not only the honour of the nation, as a great power, has been sacrificed, but the dignity of the crown also; because the royal family of Naples is a branch of the House of Bourbon, and the royal family of France is very nearly related to the King of Sardinia. This is the explanation I have heard of these proceedings, which now occupy the attention of every society in Paris; but as I know you are not very partial to politics, I shall here quit the subject, and merely inform you that the first act of the ministers, since the opening of the Chambers, has been to propose new and still more rigorous restrictions on the liberty of the press; and in particular, to continue the censorship on the newspapers, and on all periodical publications, for five years longer. The debates of this Session are expected to be very stormy.

On the first of this month, a new tragedy, in five acts, called the "Paria," by Mr Delavigne, author of the "Sicilian Vespers," was produced at the *Second Theatre Française*. In speaking of this tragedy, the first question every body asks is, what is a Paria? Bernardin de Saint Pierre has made a Paria the hero of a little philosophical tale, entitled the *Chaumière Indienne*; and, under the pen of that ingenious novelist, this Paria comes out the model of sages, of hermits, of lovers, and of spouses. Such is the Paria of romance; but history, in the words of the Abbé Raynal, gives us a different picture. "Besides the four first tribes," says that author, "of the

Bramins, the warriors, the farmers, and the artisans, there is a fifth, which is the refuse of all the others. Those who compose it are employed in the vilest occupations of society; they bury the dead, carry away filth, and eat the flesh of animals that have died a natural death. They are so much abhorred, that if one of them dared to touch a man of another class, the latter has a right to kill him on the spot. These unfortunate beings are called Parias." I will now give you an analyis of this new tragedy.

Idamore, son of the Paria Zares, had left for three years his aged father, of whom he was the only support, in the desert. Impelled by a vague sentiment of curiosity, and an irresistible instinct of ambition, he went into the neighbourhood of Benares; and, disguising his servile origin under the spoils of a tiger which he had killed, he enlisted among the troops then attacked by the Portuguese. His talents and courage raised him from rank to rank to the supreme command, which was conferred upon him in consequence of a victory he had just gained over the Christians, and in which he took prisoner with his own hands the young Alvar, whose life he saved, and who became his confidant and friend.

Certain of his attachment and prudence, Idamore reveals to Alvar the secret of his birth; and Alvar in his turn reveals to him, that, on account of some mistake which he does not explain, he himself had been excommunicated at Lisbon, and that it was to escape the horrors of the Inquisition, that he had fled to the banks of the Ganges. As this circumstance is of no use in the sequel of the piece, it would certainly be better to suppress it.

Satiated with glory, and disgusted with the parade of cities, Idamore had wished to return to his father Zares, but was irresistibly detained at Benares by a violent passion which he had conceived for the young and beautiful Neala, daughter of the High-priest Akebar, and who felt an equal affection for him. There seems, however, to be an invincible obstacle to their union. Neala is devoted by her father to the god of the Ganges, and this religious marriage consecrates her in a state of perpetual virginity. Moreover, Akebar is the enemy of Idamore, who would never bend his knee before his sacred power.

At length, Akebar, entirely subdued by his desire to make the proud Idamore bend before him, after many struggles, determines to give him his daughter. An oracle pronounces the sacred engagements of Neala to be dissolved, and Akebar proposes the marriage to Idamore as a means of putting an end to all their resentments. Idamore, transported with joy, falls at the feet of Akebar, and swears submission and respect to him. The designs of the High-priest are now accomplished, and he goes out to order the preparations for the nuptials.

Neala remains with the bridegroom, who, seized with a generous scruple of conscience, feels that he cannot let his bride be ignorant that she is to marry a Paria. He makes the terrible confession, and Neala, overpowered with horror, starts back, and takes refuge under the statue of Brama.

This is the finest and most affecting situation in the tragedy. Idamore, in a very eloquent and melodious strain of verse, makes the apology of the tribe of the Parias. He convinces his bride that the Parias are men like others, children of the same God, lighted by the same sun, borne on the same earth, and called to the same destiny. The author in this passage has evidently copied Shakespeare, who, in his Merchant of Venice, gives the same ideas to the Jew Shylock.

All of a sudden an old man is announced, who proves to be Zares, the father of Idamore, who could no longer bear the absence of his son. But as soon as he learns that Idamore is going to marry the daughter of a Bramin, he overwhelms him with reproaches, insists on his giving up Neala, reminds him of the scenes of his infancy, and of the tomb of his mother, and conjures him to accompany him back to his retreat. Idamore promises to obey his father after he has had an interview with Neala, and Zares disappears.

Idamore persuades Neala to accompany him to the house of his father, and the marriage ceremony now takes place on the scene. But Zares, who was watching, and now fancies himself betrayed by his son, rushes on the stage, repeatedly crying out that he is a Paria. The high-priest, indignant that a creature so impure should dare to profane the holy inclosure, orders Zares to be put to death. Idamore throws himself before his father, and

declares himself his son. Horror, consternation, and universal tumult succeed; Neala faints, and is carried off the stage. The army and the people abandon Idamore, who is immediately stoned to death with the faithful Alvar, who would not abandon him. Neala appears again, but her husband is no more. "What do you want here?" says Akebar; "My father!" she replies, and rushes into the arms of Zares; who, before he goes off with her into the desert, overwhelms Akebar with maledictions, and denounces the vengeance of heaven against him, with these words, "*Pontife, il est des Dieux,*" which concludes the piece.

The plan of this tragedy is not the most brilliant part of it, and still, notwithstanding some striking improbabilities, it is more judicious and regular than that of the Sicilian Vespers. The versification is brilliant; there are too many descriptions perhaps, but they sparkle with poetical beauties of the first order. The thoughts are often dressed in the colours of the imagination, and there is much to expect from the productions of a muse to whom no fault can be imputed but that of youth, and which would perhaps give less promise if it shewed more judgment and maturity.

The success of the tragedy was not in the least doubtful; the applauses were frequent, and sometimes unanimous. The young author's name was proclaimed, and he was even requested by the audience to come forth on the stage. He spared himself, however, this humiliating ceremony; but the noise and tumult in the pit rose to such a pitch, that it was a full hour before the actors could begin the entertainment.

Twenty minutes after the representation of the *Paria*, the bookseller, Barbou, was already possessor of the manuscript of the tragedy for the sum of 5000 francs, about 200 guineas.

A few days ago I went to hear a trial at the Court of Assizes, which had excited the greatest interest in this lively capital. It was an action brought by the Attorney-general against a Mr Beranger, for having published a volume of immoral, irreligious, and seditious songs. The audience of the court never presented such an extraordinary influx of amateurs in the memory of man. Some delay having taken place in the transmission of the necessary orders for obtaining a reinforcement of the gendarmes, it became very difficult to preserve the peace outside the doors. By eight o'clock in the morning, the most private passages, commonly reserved for the bearers of tickets, were already obstructed by the crowd. A small number of the privileged could hardly get into the court, which was soon filled by persons of the first distinction, among whom were many ladies. During this time, the crowd, always increasing, had forced away all the sentinels, and had arrived, in the midst of an inconceivable disorder, into the glazed gallery, which serves as a vestibule to the court. There was no passage left for the judges or the jury, or even the defendant, who was near an hour getting through the crowd, before he could seat himself by the side of his counsel.

It was impossible to begin the pleadings before the glazed gallery, and the stair-case which leads to it, were completely evacuated. Four or five persons, whose presence was absolutely necessary in the court, had already been drawn through the windows; but now the panes of glass began to fly in all directions; it was impossible to make such a multitude go back, and it was therefore thought better to open the doors of the court, when two or three hundred persons, breaking the windows, tearing their clothes, or rubbing them against the newly white-washed, or newly painted walls, rushed one upon another into the court, which already seemed too full. Never did I see such a scene of confusion.

The jury were obliged to make a long circuit to get into the council-chamber; but at length having been sworn, and the Attorney-general and the defendant having taken their respective places, the Judges entered. The President addressed the court, and said: "The cause cannot be opened till perfect order, such as is worthy of a court of justice, be established. I see a crowd of persons standing behind the jury, and some young lawyers seated in front of them. This state of things cannot be; the jury must be absolutely insulated. It is astonishing that I should be obliged to give such admonitions to members of the bar." At this time, the gendarmes and other soldiers, who were placed to keep order at the bottom of the court, had their bayonets fixed at the end of their muskets. The President perceived it, and with a loud voice, ordered them

to be taken off. This measure of prudence, and at the same time of respect for the freedom of the court, was loudly applauded.

The President then said: "It gives me pleasure to think that it is unnecessary for me to say that the law commands silence and respect. I am persuaded it will be religiously observed. I should consider it as a very painful duty to be obliged to take the measures which the law points out, that of having the court cleared, and hearing the cause with the doors closed."

Silence and order being now established, the cause began, and I think it will amuse you, as it did me, to hear some parts of the speech of the Attorney-general. He began as follows: "Gentlemen of the jury, songs have a sort of privilege in France; of all the species of poetry it is the one whose licenses are the most readily excused; the genius of the nation protects it, and its gaiety absolves it. The companions of mirth and pleasure like it; one would never suppose that these frivolous rhymes were calculated to nourish the sombre discontent of the malevolent; and, in fact, from the time of Julius Cæsar down to the Cardinal Mazarin, our statesmen were never afraid of those who sung songs. Such are our songs; or rather, gentlemen, such were the songs of our fathers; for after so many ages that we have now been laughing in France, this spoiled child of Parnassus has strangely thrown off all restraint. Taking advantage of the indulgence shown him, more than once, during our political revolutions, did he go to school, to the disturbers of public peace; they spirited him up with their violence, and made him the auxiliary of the most libellous and the most audacious invectives. It was then that impious sarcasms were substituted for natural effusions, and murderous hostility succeeded to playful raillery; insulting stanzas were thrown out with derision on every object of our homage: even all the excesses of anarchy were stimulated by them, and the muse of popular songs became one of the furies of evil discord.

"When songs thus depart from their true character, have they still any claim to the favour which they formerly inspired? Shall the title of songs be sufficient to allow them to diffuse scandal with impunity, and screen them from the pursuit of justice? If such was their dangerous prerogative, prose would soon be obliged to give up its office of corruption, and every body would sing what no one would dare to say."

The Attorney-general concluded a very remarkable and eloquent speech, in the following manner: "Ah! if the French character has lost its native gaiety, let it seek for the cause in the deceptions and systems of which this songwriter has made himself the interpreter; in the bitterness of political discussions, in the agitation of so many interests, without measure and without an object in that continued fever, that uneasiness of the heart, which, discontented with society, nature, and life, finds in them neither tranquillity nor happiness."

The counsel for the defendant made a long speech, in which he observed, that it was a common saying in France before the Revolution, that the government of that country was a *monarchie absolue tempéré des chansons*. His client, however, was found guilty by a majority of the jury, after a deliberation of two hours, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and a fine of 500 francs, besides the expences of the trial, in which is included the printing of his sentence, to the number of 1000 copies.

The discussions which took place in the Chamber of Deputies at the opening of the session, about six weeks ago, and which I noticed in the beginning of this letter, have at length induced the King to make a complete change in the ministry; and as the new men are individuals of character, of principle, and of moderate opinions, as well as talent, it is thought they are likely to retain their places, and to give general satisfaction. This is the first time since the restoration of the monarchy, that the ministry has been composed of any but revolutionary characters.*

With respect to literary matters, the most remarkable undertaking for a long time past, is that of the bookseller Ladvocat, entitled *Chefs d'œuvre des Theatres Etrangers*, of which the first volume has just appeared, containing four pieces of Lopez de Vega,

* I was informed yesterday, on the best authority, that the King said to a gentleman lately, "This is the first time that I have been able to follow a system of government according to the wishes of my heart."

translated from the Spanish. This bookseller has just completed his editions of Schiller and Shakespeare, in French, which have had great success, and have inspired him with the idea of the new work. It will consist of twenty volumes 8vo, and will contain a selection from the most celebrated dramatic authors of Germany, England, Denmark, Spain, Italy, Portugal, Holland, Poland, Sweden, and Russia; all translated by some of the first literary characters in Paris. The King is a subscriber to the work; as he also was to the translations of Schiller and Shakespeare.

You know that the King of France is famous for his speeches and replies. The Abbé Frayssinons, one of the most celebrated preachers now in Paris, having pronounced, by order of the King, the funeral oration of the late Archbishop of Paris, sent a copy of it to his Majesty, who, perceiving the Abbé the other day, after mass, addressed him and said: "I read your funeral oration an hour after I got it, and with great pleasure, because every thing that is well written pleases me; I read it with emotion, because you recalled to my mind all the affection and friendship which the Cardinal had for me; I read it with admiration, for one might might have thought Bossuet had lent you his pen."

The late Cardinal de Talleyrand Perigord, Archbishop of Paris, among other numerous legacies, left 6000 francs to the church of Rheims, of which he had formerly been archbishop, for an annual mass for ever; the same sum for the same object to the metropolitan church of Paris, and as much for the decoration of a chapelain of that church; also 5000 francs to the chapter of Saint Denis for an annual mass for ever; 2000 francs to the church of Rheims for another mass of reparation to the Blessed Sacrament, and the same for a mass of reparation to the Blessed Virgin.

Chance sometimes throws one into strange situations, and brings on accidents and rencontres with very queer circumstances. The other evening I was at the house of the Countess of —— who had a large party. It was two in the morning, and beginning to rain, and not a coach to be had. The porter's son, in the prospect of a *pourboire*, went off to find me one; after waiting nearly half an hour, he came back with a *cabriolet*, not being able to find a *fiacre*; though it was very cold, blew hard and rained, there was no remedy, I got in and set off.

As we were going along, the driver, who was drunk and half asleep, not perceiving a heap of stones, drove right into the middle of them: down comes the horse, one of the shafts broke, it was impossible to go on any farther. I got out of the cabriolet, and there I was in the middle of the street, in the middle of the night, the rain falling in torrents.

I began to run to keep myself warm, and get sooner home; but the sewers were soon swelled out as broad as rivers, impossible to pass in any direction, and I was forced to take refuge in an entrance for shelter. All of a sudden I heard loud cries of "Thief, thief." People came running down stairs with great rapidity, when a man who was pursued, finding me in his way, falls against me, knocks me down, and makes his escape. As I was getting up on my legs, I found myself seized by the collar by several persons, all exclaiming, "We have got the villain; we have got him!" It was in vain for me to swear that I was not the man, and that I only came in there for shelter: nobody would listen to me, and they carried me off to the *corps de garde*. Most fortunately for me, the officer on duty happened to know me, offered to be answerable for me, and I was dismissed, with many apologies from the gentlemen who had arrested me so roughly.

Just as I came out of the *corps de garde*, a *fiacre* drove by, and I took it. As I got in, I said to the coachman, "Rue Saint Pierre, No. 6." "Very well," said he, got on his box, flogged his horses, and drove off.

We had been rolling along about half an hour, and I had fallen asleep in a corner of the carriage when it stopt. I got out, and was going to knock at the door, when it seemed to me it was not my house. I looked about, it was not even the street. "Why, where the devil have you brought me?" said I to the coachman. "Why, to the Rue Saint Pierre, No. 6, at Chaillot." "The Lord have mercy on me," said I, "why, this is not the place; I live quite on the other side of Paris!" "*Diable*," said coachee, "you should have told me so, you should have said Rue Saint Pierre, au Marais. I live here, how could I know there were two Rues Saint Pierre at Paris?" "Well," said I, "it is only

a *petit malheur* after all, you can drive me back." "No, not I," he exclaimed, "it is past three o'clock; my master never allows his coaches to be out after that hour; it would be as much as my place is worth." I was beginning to argue; but he was already on his box, and off he went.

What was to be done? what could I decide on in such a solitary *quartier*, past three o'clock, three miles from my lodging, the night stormy and as dark as pitch? On looking again at the house where I had stopped, I recollected that a friend of mine, a bachelor, had lodged there about a year before, but I had not heard of him since. This recollection gave me the idea of knocking at least, to try at all events if I could not get in and pass the night there, supposing I could only get a chair to sit on. I did so, when a squeaking voice cried out, "*Qui est là? Est vous l'accoucheur?*" "*Oui*," said I, boldly, "open the door directly." The door opened, and I was conducted into a very handsome apartment, where there was a very pretty woman in bed, who did not seem to suffer much, and began to make me a thousand excuses for having sent for me at such an unseasonable hour; but as she had felt some sharp pains, she said, and was afraid she was going to lie in directly, she had sent for the first *accoucheur* that could be found.

She seemed rather surprised, however, not to see her husband return with me; but pretending not to hear her, I felt her pulse with all the gravity of a doctor, and after having appeared to think for a while, I assured her she would not lie in that night, but that, however, to keep her mind quiet, I would sit by the fireside till day-light.

As there happened to be a very good fire, I went near it to warm and dry myself, laughing in my sleeve at my strange *rôle d'accoucheur*, wondering at the singularity of the adventure, and quite at a loss to think how it would end, when, in about half an hour, in walks the husband with the doctor whom he had been to fetch. Having been informed by the porter that another *accoucheur* was already in the house, he came into the room with a furious look, supposing, I imagine, that it was a lover, or a thief in disguise, and was going to attack me, when, catching each other's eye, we both burst out a-laughing: It was my friend the bachelor, who had been married about nine months, without my knowing any thing of it, and who had come back with his young wife to his old apartment.

"How, in the name of wonder," said he, "is it you, and how the devil did you get here?" I told him all my adventures of the night, which set him and his wife a-laughing heartily. The real doctor had the kindness to forgive me for usurping his rights, and joined in the laugh; and as it was now so late, my friend requested me to stay and breakfast with them. The lady was so amused that all her pains went off; she got up, ordered breakfast for us, and we passed the morning together most agreeably.

The New Year is coming on fast with all the accompaniments that the last one did, and which will precede the next. Every one is hurrying in every direction. Nothing is to be heard of but *etrennes* and *vigiles*. You may have, if you like, the history of the world, and all the objects that are in it, in rouleaus, boxes, pastilles, transparencies, bonbons and fons. The most celebrated place in Paris for seeing *etrennes* of every kind, and all the *élite* of the *beau monde*, is the house of Giroux, in the Rue du Coy. His saloons have all been newly done up, and here, with all the delights of a complete *squeeze*, you may enjoy the sight of the most numerous and most varied assortment of trinkets and toys perhaps in the world.

Multitudes of nicknackeries in bronze, mother-of-pearl, or precious wood; trinkets of the finest steel, which M. Giroux asserts were all made in France; boxes, and work-baskets, of every shape and kind; screens, each newer than another; cylindrical, mechanical, *à surprises, à travestissement*; a profusion of French, German, and English toys; boxes of colours, painting brushes, and every utensil for amateur artists: all this in the very midst of a very pretty collection of pictures of the best French painters which adorn the walls of each saloon, with the living beauties incessantly moving through them—who can resist such a host of attractions? Who would not lounge through the rooms of M. Giroux? Who would not wish to be in Paris at the New Year?

Yours, &c.

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR, *January* 31, 1822.

TOWARDS the conclusion of my last Letter, I noticed some of the festivities and frivolities which prevail in Paris at the end and at the beginning of the year. In spite of all the detractors of their national glory, the French are certainly still the first people in the world for *bonbons;* struggling against the loss of their colonies during the Revolution, they found means to support with honour the reputation of their indigenous sugar; and notwithstanding two invasions of their capital by coalesced Europe, the confectioners of Paris have not suffered the least attack in their well-established renown. The French *praline* will always be uppermost in the thoughts of judicious amateurs; and the glory of their sugar-plums remains still unblemished.

A man must be very deeply incrusted in his passion for the *ancien regime*, or very insincere, if he refused to allow, at the time of the new year at least, that the Revolution has pushed on, by a full century, the perfection of *bonbons*, and the civilization of confectioners' shops. Let any body compare the numerous modern *magazines*, glittering with gold, crystal, and alabaster, with the smoky shops of the *Rue des Lombards*, and others of ancient date, and say whether the astonishing progress that has been made in the art of *sucreries* is not a sufficient compensation for thirty years of alarms and troubles? Let the enemies of France compare, if they dare, those ancient Gothic boxes of sugar-plums, the vulgar fashion of which could scarcely be disguised by knots of pink or blue favour, with the elegant modern *corbeilles*, set off by the most precious embroidery, or fanciful arabesques, in the most tasteful style. The superannuated reputation of the *diablotin* and the *papillote* is completely eclipsed by the resplendent triumph of hosts of new *bonbons*, whose names alone might furnish the record of a victory over the *ancien regime* for every day of the year. *Bonbons* are not now-a-days the mere futile pastimes of children and *gourmands;* they have advanced with the progress of society, and have placed themselves in the very first rank among the productions of liberal ideas. They exhibit the sweetest recollections of French victories and conquests, which seem to come still more triumphant out of the preserving pans of the confectioner. From the passage of the Mont-Saint-Bernard to the conflagration of the Kremlin, all the great actions of the French armies have been preserved in sugar, and their whole military history may be had in *bonbons*. M. Genesseaux, whose boundless imagination seems fledged every year with new vigour in representing the most famous French battles, has been surnamed *le Quinte-Curce de la pastille;* while his worthy rival, M. Tenier, has received the name of *Plutarque de la praline*. The magazine or ware-house of the former, Rue du Bac, No. 31, and that of the latter, Rue Saint-Honoré, No. 254, are real national museums, absolute pantheons in sugar, where all the sciences may be found in *devises*, and all the great men of France in *pastillage*. There may you learn the real worth of this ingenious people, and come out penetrated with admiration for their country. There you may find *la botanique mise à la portée des dame* in rebuses; *la géographie des demoiselles*, in songs; and *les mathetiques du beau sexe*, in *bouts-rimés*, and all in sugar. Every species of illustration has been celebrated, and even the famous *soldat-laboureur* himself has been honoured with a sugar-plum in a *papillote*. See how a great and generous nation can recompense its great men! Be not surprised, then, that the French look with satisfaction at the simmering pans of their patriotic confectioners; for, as I have said already, the sugared productions of their genius are undoubtedly the best answers that can be given to the detractors of French national glory. While they can contemplate, with a conscious sentiment of superiority, their *gelée* and *sucre de pomme* of Rouen; the *anise* and *dragées* of Verdun, the *pâtes de coings* of Clermont, the *sucre d'orge* of Monet; the *prun aux de Tours;* the *pistoles* of Brignoles, and the *nongat* of Marseilles, they may certainly be allowed to pity the rest of Europe for being so far behind, as well as the *ancien regime*, which never witnessed these days of sweetness.

But though the French have made such a striking progress during the last thirty years, in all the arts of confectionary, yet you must not imagine that the commercial and manufacturing prosperity, which they have certainly enjoyed for some years past, has been confined to sweetmeats alone; far from it: and though perhaps you may be surprised to hear it, yet I can inform you to a certainty, that their progress is nowhere more striking than in the bookselling business, what they call *la librairie*. It is certain, that formerly the *eclat* of French enterprize in this line was dimmed by the dazzling typographical luxury of our own island; and that London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, had also a decided advantage over the French classical presses. But the Parisian booksellers at present seem to be striving on a fair line of rivalship with those of foreign nations. They may be divided into two classes, that of *libraires-editeurs*, whom we call publishers, and *libraire-depositaires*, which might be translated stock-booksellers. The first are really indefatigable in their speculations. England perhaps can produce nothing superior to the *Voyages pittoresques de France*, and the *Description d'Egypte*. The Latin Poets of Lefevre, confided to the able care of Amar, are elegant and correct, and greatly surpass, both in the beauty of the types, and in the conciseness of the text, the almost illegible miniatures of Pickering. Next to this learned and industrious bookseller and publisher, may be mentioned M. Gosselin, who is now occupied with a new edition of the complete works of Sir Walter Scott.

The second class, the *libraires-depositaires*, whose principal business consists in the sale of well-known books, and who only occasionally publish any at their own expense, are not less distinguished by their splendid establishments. I shall only mention two who really deserve the attention of amateurs, and of strangers in particular, as their *magazines* embrace almost all the treasures that can flatter the taste of the scholar and the bibliopolist. I have taken them in opposite lines of the bookselling business, because they contain in themselves alone all the categories both of curious and splendid editions.

The first is the *dépot bibliographique* of M. Chasseriau, (Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, No. 5,) an immense and choice collection of excellent ancient editions, fine classics, rare books in Italian literature, and some manuscripts of great value; among which I remarked one, to which I know nothing comparable for the beauty of the execution, and the precious finish of the paintings. The seventh catalogue of this superb collection, which has just appeared, is worthy of all the attention of the curious.

The second of these establishments, which is exclusively consecrated to modern works, and especially to French literature, has just been opened under the handsome new gallery of the Palais Royal, called *la Galerie de Nemours*, of which it is one of the principal ornaments. The superb shop of the bookseller Dalibon, occupying Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7, forms an inappreciable storehouse of the best works which the French language has produced, executed with the most perfect types on the finest paper, and set off with all the pomp and richness which the art of the first bookbinders in the capital can give. Nothing can surpass the beauty of these editions, both inside and out. A lover of books might say, without an hyperbole, that this establishment reminded him of some of the marvellous fictions of the Arabian Nights, and certainly no literary enthusiast ever schemed a more brilliant bibliographical repository.

On New-Year's day, the municipal body of the city of Paris was presented to the king, when the prefect of the department of the Seine, who now performs the functions of the ancient *prévost des marchands*, or mayor of Paris, addressed the King in the following manner:

"Sire, when the magistrates of your good town of Paris come, at the renewal of the year, to bring you the tribute of their affection, and the expression of their wishes, they know that they cannot offer you a more valuable homage than the picture of the prosperity of your capital. This picture, which brings your subjects nearer your throne, and attaches them still more to your sacred person, as to the source of the public welfare, was never more calculated to gratify the heart of a father, and satisfy the grandeur of a king.

"While at the voice of your Majesty, the public administration displays

its powerful activity; while canals are dug, and vast edifices are begun or terminated; while by a propitious vow which descended from the throne of St Louis, the worship of the *patroness of Paris* is re-established in the magnificent edifice erected by the piety of your ancestors; the private citizens, on their side, happy under your laws, rival each other in their zeal and ardour to aggrandize, adorn, and embellish this noble city.

"Three hundred new houses are rising at once; nineteen hundred are receiving repairs and embellishments. Money, the instrument of prosperity, circulates with rapidity from the hand of the capitalist to that of the workman; industry continues its wonders; benevolence, after so many supernatural efforts in calamitous years, does not relax its pious ardour; and useful establishments are preparing, forming, or improving. Sisters of charity are established in all the *quartiers* of the town; schools are open for youth; and the number of children who receive religious and moral instruction has been tripled in a few years, and still increases.

"What is more, some friends of humanity have started from the bosom of the capital to brave all the dangers of the plague in a neighbouring country, in the hope of succouring their fellow-creatures, and of bringing back to their country some useful information, for the improvement of the art of healing.

"The fine arts are not without their triumphs,—remarkable monuments have been begun. The art of painting in *fresco*, again brought into vogue, is preparing to consecrate in indelible colours the prosperities of your reign, and the happy epoch of the foundation of our liberties.

"Enjoy, sire, this consoling spectacle;—all hearts spring towards you;—the hymn of gratitude ascends to the throne—the fruitful source of the public happiness—the sacred pledge of the welfare of France."

A new census of the population of France has just been published with the approbation of the king, which makes the number of inhabitants amount to near thirty millions and a half.

One of the events which has excited the most attention and conversation of the Parisians during this month, was the consecration of the new church of St Genevieve, the *patroness* of Paris, on the third of this month, which is her festival.

On the 26th of December was published the following letter from the King to the Archbishop of Paris:—

"My Lord Archbishop,

"I have ordered that the new church, founded in honour of St Genevieve, by King Louis XV., should be placed at your disposal, in order that you may consecrate it to the performance of divine worship, under the invocation of that Saint. Wishing, according to the example of my predecessors, to give a public testimony of my devotion towards the patroness of my good town of Paris, and to draw down, by the intercession of that powerful protectress of my capital, the favour of God on my family and on myself, I write you this letter for to tell you, that on the third of next January you will cause prayers and solemn supplication to be made for this purpose in the Church of St Genevieve, and that you are to invite there the *cour royale*, and the municipal body of my good city of Paris, as well as the civil tribunal, the tribunal of commerce, the justices of the peace of the twelve *arrondissemens* of Paris, the staff of the national guard, that of the first military division, and that of *la place*. On this, I pray God, my Lord Archbishop, to have you in his holy keeping.

(Signed) "Louis.
"Corbieres,
Minister of the Interior."

This church of Genevieve has undergone so many vicissitudes since its foundation, and its history is so much connected, in many respects, with the annals of Paris, that I am persuaded you will like to have some short details concerning it.

A simple shepherdess, born in the village of Narterre, near Paris, cotemporary with St Germain, from whom a large portion of this city derives its name, and with Clovis, the first Christian king, and the real founder of the French monarchy,—this shepherdess became the patroness of Paris; and after having been held in the greatest veneration in the capital of France, one of the greatest cities of the world, for near fourteen centuries, her name has now been proclaimed again with

fresh honours in the beginning of the 19th century!

It is related, that by her prayers and her moving eloquence, she saved this city from total destruction, when Attila, King of the Huns, came to ravage the province of Gaul. Clovis erected a church in honour of St Peter and Paul; but the body of St Genevieve having been buried in it, the Parisians, in gratitude to their benefactress, gave it her name. This ancient church subsisted till the beginning of the present century, but is now utterly demolished. The new church owes its foundation to a vow of Louis XV. about the middle of the last century, when he had a dangerous illness at Metz. Among the number of plans that were presented, that of Soufflot was preferred, as the most original and most noble: and Louis XV. laid the first stone of the church himself, on the 3d of September 1764, near 60 years ago. In 1770, the work was suspended, on account of some alarms respecting the solidity of the dome, which were so well founded, that the original plan of the interior, which was to consist entirely of insulated columns, was necessarily relinquished; and the spaces between them were filled up with massy masonry, which entirely spoiled the primitive design. By this misfortune, this church, which was intended to be a rival to St Peter's at Rome, St Paul's at London, and St Sophia's at Constantinople, is merely an *ouvrage marqué*, though, at the same time, it must be allowed that its general appearance is grand and noble. It has cost above 30 millions of francs, more than L.1,200,000 sterling, in building, in embellishments, and in reparations.

In 1791, the *Constituent* Assembly, of which an ingenious writer has said that the name will be a perpetual epigram, because, instead of *constituting* any thing, they led the way to the overthrow of every thing, this assembly changed the destination of the church of St Genevieve, and gave it the ridiculous name of the *Pantheon*. The church dedicated to the ancient patroness of Paris became a temple, on the frieze of which was placed this pompous inscription: *Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante*. But the inscription was premature, for no *grands hommes* made then appearance. The first to whom the honour of a sepulture in this new temple was decreed was the orator Mirabeau. To him were soon after associated Voltaire and Rousseau, and, in due time, regicides and jacobins, sullied with every crime.

During this time, the shrine of St Genevieve, the object of public veneration for so many centuries, the ornaments of which were valued at several millions of livres, had been publicly burnt in the *Place de Greve*, the Tyburn of Paris.

In 1806, Bonaparte took it into his head to decree that the church of St Genevieve should be restored to the Roman Catholic worship, under the invocation of the patroness of Paris; but nothing farther was done than to convert the subterraneous vaults into a place of burial for his senators.

In consequence of the King's letter to the Archbishop of Paris, every preparation was made, with the greatest haste, to open this church for public worship on the 3d of this month. Early in the morning of that day, an immense crowd assembled in the front of the church, and, about nine o'clock, arrived deputations from all the principal courts of justice, with the whole municipal body, preceded by the prefect of the department and the prefect of police, the rector of the Academy of Paris and his inspectors, the judges of the peace, a great number of peers and deputies, the royal polytechnic school, and a great number of distinguished persons.

The archbishop arrived, preceded by all his clergy; several bishops, and a great number of the members of the royal chapter of St Denis, had seats in the choir. The students of the seminaries in Paris were arranged in an amphitheatre, round an elegant altar, which had been erected almost suddenly at the bottom of the church. At eleven, was announced the arrival of *Monsieur*, *Madame*, and the Duke d'Angouleme. The archbishop, at the head of the chapter and clergy of the metropolis, went to the portal, where he received their Royal Highnesses, whose presence excited general satisfaction, and added something still more solemn and affecting to the religious pomp, which of itself was calculated to arouse such numerous and striking recollections.

While their royal highnesses were taking their seats, nearly 300 young women, all dressed in white, and collected together under a white banner,

on which shone the image of the Blessed Virgin, sung hymns and canticles, in which the most tender sentiments of piety and loyalty were happily mingled together. The drums beat to arms; and this confusion of female voices with such warlike sounds, together with the repetition of the choruses, in which the whole people joined, formed an admirable concert, which made the most lively impression on every heart.

The archbishop first performed the benediction of the church, and then went in solemn procession to the neighbouring church of St Etienne, followed by all the *curés* of Paris, and all the authorities; the members of the royal family, too, joined in this religious march, the object of which was to fetch some relics of St Genevieve, which, having been formerly preserved in various churches and convents, had escaped the revolutionary fury. They had been put into a shrine, which was now translated by the archbishop into the new church.

As soon as the procession had returned, the archbishop began the high mass, which he celebrated pontifically, and which had a very fine effect, being performed by all the musicians of the cathedral, assisted by the choristers of that church. The effect was doubled, perhaps, by the pleasure which all the assistants must have felt in hearing hymns consecrated to the divinity, reechoed by the vaults of a church which the spirit of impiety had so long condemned to desolation and gloomy silence. After the mass, the shrine was carried to an altar, elevated in the middle of the church, under the dome; here the prayer for the king was sung, after which their royal highnesses took their departure amidst the acclamations of an immense multitude.

It was destined, however, that the royal family should lose one of their members in this new church. On the 10th of this month, the Duchess of Bourbon, having gone to the church of St Genevieve to perform her devotions, was seized with a fainting fit and expired almost immediately. It is remarkable that she had sent for her man of business that very morning on purpose to sign her will. She was sister to the late Duke of Orleans, and was near 72 years of age. She was exceedingly charitable to the poor; and in memory of the tragical death of her only son, the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien, she had formed a sort of charitable institution within the precincts of her own hotel in Paris, under the name of *Hospice d'Enghien*. Her husband, the Duke of Bourbon, is son to the late Prince of Condé; and it is said that at his father's death he requested the King for permission to retain his own title, and not to assume the name of Condé; because, as his father was a distinguished warrior, like all his ancestors, which he himself was not, and he had no hope of posterity, he wished it might be said that the last Prince of Condé was a warrior like the others. Now, however, that the Duke of Bourbon has lost his wife, who was some years older than himself, there is great talk of his marrying again, and it is even said that the Duchess of Berri is to be his wife.

Another subject, which for some time past has been a topic of conversation in all the circles of Paris, is the petition of a Mr Loveday to the Chamber of Peers, complaining that his two daughters and his niece have been converted to the Roman Catholic faith, against his will. But as I hear that this business has excited almost as much interest in London as in Paris, and is, moreover, a delicate matter to handle, I shall say no more about it.

It seems that the censorship of the newspapers and other periodical publications will be taken off, in which case the French newspapers will no longer exhibit the strange appearance of a great blank, almost every day, in one or other of their columns, like this;

for as the manuscript of every newspaper must be submitted to the censors before it is printed, what they strike out must of course remain effaced.

However, the long and violent discussions to which the project of the ministers has given rise in the Chamber of Deputies, clearly shew that a satisfactory law on the liberty of the press is one of the most knotty problems in a constitutional government.

Captain Cooke has been brought upon the stage here in a pantomime of two acts, in dialogue, at the Olympic Circus of Franconi. It is said that a grand opera is preparing, which will exhibit some of the most remarkable episodes of his adventurous life, with all the pomp and interest which gave such a long run to the piece of *Fernand Cortez*. But as a new opera, if we may judge from the *Lampe Merveilleuse*, so long promised, is not soon got ready, Messieurs Franconi have in the meantime brought forth a pantomime which represents the tragical end of that illustrious navigator. The piece has met with the greatest success, and is really very interesting and entertaining. The lively costumes of the savages, and brilliancy of the scenery, have a very pleasing effect.

Yesterday a new society of men of letters and artists, called *Le Circle des Arts*, was opened under the presidency of the Count de Ségur, and in presence of a very numerous and brilliant society. Mr Huard, director of the *Circle*, began by pronouncing a discourse on the object of the institution. The Count de Ségur then read some considerations on the theory of the fine arts; a subject which, though so often treated, appeared entirely new, from the pleasing and lively manner in which the excellent reflections of the author were delivered. The discourse was interrupted by frequent bursts of applause. Mr Keretry read a very remarkable Essay on the origin of the arts, which was followed by the lyric scene of *Pygmalion* of J. J. Rousseau, recited by Lafon, and enriched with some new music, which had a delightful effect. The most elegant women in the capital, the most distinguished men for rank or learning, and the most celebrated artists, were assembled at this meeting, which seemed to excite an air of surprise and satisfaction on every countenance, no unfavourable omen for the future success of the establishment.

Next Monday a course of literature will be opened in it, which is intended as a continuation of that of Laharpe, by the learned professor, Mr Boncharlat; and it is said his discourse will be very remarkable. The celebrated Mr Lenoir, the founder of the Museum of French Monuments, and author of several esteemed works on antiquities and the arts, will deliver a discourse full of very curious and interesting details on the famous Zodiac of Denderah, which is soon expected in Paris, and also on an Indian Zodiac, of which he possesses an original drawing.

The Carnival, and the masked balls, which form the principal feature of that season of mirth and folly, are now begun, and as the new Opera-house is said to be much better calculated for them than the old one, it is probable they will be carried on this year with much spirit and gaiety. In the meantime, every body is looking forward to the appearance of the *Lampe Merveilleuse*, which it is reported will exceed every thing of the kind ever seen. We were told some months ago that it was to be brought forward for the entertainment of the King of England, who was expected in Paris during his continental tour. Whenever it does come out, it will have plenty of spectators, for all the places are taken for the first four nights.

The *Second Theatre Francais*, otherwise called the *Odeon*, which was established about two years ago, and from which so much was expected for the renovation of the fallen drama in France, both with respect to the actors and authors, will soon cease to exist, at least for a time. The profits are not sufficient to allow the company of managers and actors to go on. A rich capitalist offered to take the concern into his hands, but this proposal being rejected by government, the theatre will be closed on the first of this month. The melo-dramatic theatres of the *Boulevards* are, however, in full bloom. I shall give you an account of some of them, perhaps, in my next.

Yours, &c.

POLYANTHUS.

HUME, MARTIN, AND CANNING.*

THE Whiggery of England is bad, because it is cold, sulky, and hypocritical: the Whiggery of London is worse, because it is cockneyfied into the bargain: but the Whiggery of Scotland is contemptible, and nothing but contemptible. It has never yet sent into Parliament one man of more than fifth-rate talents. Dr Joseph Hume, Lord Archibald Hamilton, and Mr Thomas Kennedy, are at present its *tria lumina!!!* But the Whiggery of Edinburgh is a subject more especially fit to be spit upon, and that for three excellent reasons: Firstly, it is the quackery of mere fools; secondly, it is the quackery of poor fools; and thirdly, it is the quackery of false fools. We say *mere fools*, because in a few years there is *not one* of them whose name will be remembered, except as being borne, perhaps, by some *patre stulto filius stultior*. We say *poor fools*, because they are, for the most part, poor, miserable, powerless creatures, holding no visible connexion with, nor exerting any shadow of authority over any perceptible part of the British population: a set of slavish, sneaking attorneys, and pert, pragmatical barristers—who, if they were transplanted to-morrow in a body to Botany Bay, could scarcely, among them all, muster money enough to bring five fields into cultivation, or manners enough to overawe five felons—and, most assuredly, not manhood enough to fight five kangaroos. Thirdly, we say they are *false fools;* and this, each *man*, or rather each *thing* of them, in his secret chamber, *confesses* to himself: and this all the world acknowledges and avows, because all the world knows—that they abuse infidelity, and yet swear by a pack of Infidel Reviewers—that they abuse indecency, and yet subscribed for Hone—that they presume to call themselves gentlemen, and yet———but *least said is soonest mended*, and we leave them to gulp a *blank*.

We throw out these hints by way of relieving our readers from any fears of being much troubled by us with any farther allusions to the degraded dregs of the Whig faction here at our elbows. The truth is, that we intended to give them a slight dressing, when we took our pen into our hand; but a little good-natured pamphlet has lain on our table these two or three weeks, which may spare *us* the trouble of writing an article, and our readers the pain of reading a splenetic one.

We are surprised that this beautiful little quarto did not reach us several months ago; but being sure that the Whigs of Edinburgh have not seen it any more than ourselves, we willingly dedicate a page or two to a few extracts.

The poem, which is an exceedingly clever imitation of the New Bath Guide, gives a ludicrous account of the miseries of a modern M. P. Of these, of course, one of the chief is the occasional necessity of listening to Joseph Hume, Esq. that great Adam Smith of the radical interest. It is thus the Poet, who, having retired to take a cup of tea with our friend Lord Fife, and so hoped to escape this *bore*, describes his sensations—on finding the Montrose Doctor still prosing when he comes back to the House.

"THOUGH for more than one hour I've been taking French leave,
To give both mind and ears a much-wanted reprieve,
I find one, whom I left speaking, still on his legs;
(Yet I've thrice drain'd the tea-pot, with Fife, to the dregs—
Fife, whose heart has been fashion'd with nature's best ore—
Fife, who loves his King much, but his country still more.)

* The Debate and Division: An Epistle, in Verse. London, 1821. 4to. pp. 44.

Canning still leans his head on his finger and thumb,
Londonderry still smiles—still Brag Bathurst looks glum;
While the Speaker, except when he's whisp'ring to Knox,
Seems as woe-begone quite, as if jamm'd in the stocks.
Though you've no place secured, you may sit at your ease,
Where the long file of names represents absentees.
Then our hero sometimes, if you'll give him but due rope,
In the course of two hours takes you all over Europe!
And bewilders each auditor, saint, sage, or dunce,
By discussing at least twenty subjects at once.
The neglect of poor Ireland—the fall in her staples—
The nefarious designs of vile despots on Naples—
Paints the Manchester carnage—renews his attacks on Hay—
Strides from Parga to Mexico, Norway and Saxony;
And at length compares Castlereagh's Irish atrocities
With Napoleon's mild reign.—" O, how grievous a loss it is,
That the greatest of monarchs, who never unfurl'd
War's standard, except to give peace to the world;
(Whom for one *I* shall ever name Emp'ror of France),
Victor always by skill, vanquish'd only by chance,
Whom my learned friend taunted just now as ambitious,
But in whom e'en that fault almost ceased to be vicious—"
(*Here a murmur*)—" Yes, yes, I repeat it again!
One, who march'd into Germany, Russia, and Spain,
To diffuse the rich blessings of order and freedom,
By an act of injustice, whose grossness strikes *me* dumb,
Should be sent to that sterile bleak rock, St Helena.
(Just before a staunch patriot could serve a *subpœna*,)
Where no wretch would, by choice, were he ever so poor, go!
Recollect, too, the barbarous outrage on Gourgaud!
How the Noble Lord's satellites bullied and kick'd him!—
Him, that horrible Alien Act's ill-fated victim!
And, Sir, here I must say, that, unless to go on you meant
In the same mad career, you'd destroy that vile monument
Of the system so foul,"—(here the *coté-gauche* cheers)
" Which was blindly pursued during fifty dire years!
Sir, the Noble Lord smiles! he should blush, since his name,
For his share in these crimes, shall be branded with shame;
And I'd say, (were I gifted like Grattan or Flood,)
That in Ireland's sad page, 'tis recorded in blood!
I hear Gentlemen cough!—be assured, Mr Speaker,
If they murmur once more, I shall keep them a week here!
I had something to charge Sir Nathaniel Conant with,
And to dwell on the harshness our Viceroy treats Zant with,—
The blood shed by the crew of a custom-house cutter—
The immense falling off in our exports of butter—
The fell massacres sanction'd in Greece by the Porte,—
The insidious dispatch of Sir William A'Court,
Whom, I doubt not, instructions from home most disgraceful,
Sent to aid the old Monarch, that perjured and base fool:
Sir, to whom does John Bull, that vile print! owe its *great* run?
To the arts of its powerful apostle and patron!
Who arrays all his powers against Liberty's standard?
And by whom is our Queen still degraded and slander'd?
Sir, the crimes of the Noble Lord in the blue ribbon
Must be traced, not by me, but by some future Gibbon!
I could scarce recount all, had I twenty loud tongues!
And at present a grievous complaint on the lungs
Has attack'd both my nerves and my physical strength,
And disables me wholly from speaking at length"—
(Here Lord Binning and Holmes scarce suppress a loud laugh,
For his speech had just lasted an hour and a half)—

"Sir, I can't wish the Noble Lord joy on his levity;
I perhaps owe the House an excuse for my brevity;
Some allowance is due to the state of my chest;
I shall now only enter my solemn protest
'Gainst a system too base and destructive to last,
And the Noble Lord's acts, present, future, or past!"
Thus concludes his brief speech: and the choice friends who heard it,
More especially Wilson, Wood, Hobhouse and Burdett,
Most obligingly wedge a faint cry of "*hear, hear,*" in
Which the Chronicle next day reports as "*loud cheering!*"

Then follow, Peel, Tierney, and some other orators, equally well hit off. The *coup d'œil* of the House, between the conclusion of the speech of Tierney and the uprising of Jack Martin of Galway, is capital.

Now the morning's first beam feebly tinges the skies—
Just as Tierney sits down, you perceive the sun rise;
And, should Phœbus look on, O how motley a crew,
Which the House at that moment presents to his view!
Smiling—frowning—pale—flush'd—list'ning—whispering—sunk
Into sleep most profound: many sober: one drunk:
Some, half-roused, with their eyes staring out of their sockets;
Others stand at the door, with their hands in their pockets;
Some are coughing, some yawning, some loll at their ease:
L. L. D.'s, F. R. S.'s, B. A.'s, K. C. B.'s,
Placemen, Bankers, Beaux, Admirals, Lawyers, (too numerous);
Old and young; handsome, plain; rich and poor; dull and humorous;
Here a saint, there a rake—here a fop, there a sloven—
Overpower'd, as if kiln-dried, or baked in an oven;
For the heat's so intense, (though they're anxious to ventilate,)
That for one who comes early, there always are twenty late.
But the change which must cause the most wonder to Phœbus,
(Since I'm scribbling so freely *de omnibus rebus*,)
Is to see, that, instead of gay spruce evening suits,
All the Cabinet Ministers come down in boots:
Londonderry himself, during two busy Sessions,
Very often appear'd in knee-breeches and Hessians;
Nay, in proof of their dignified, stern independence,
Many scores wear their hats, during each night's attendance,
Whilst they loll in their seats; but, the most zealous lover
Of this right so refined, must, when rising, uncover.
Tierney ends, (having laid down, for two hours, the law,)
Amid shouts of "*Hear, hear! Question, question! Withdraw!*"
When, lo! Martin of Galway gets up to explain,
Clasps his hands, looks around him again and again;
Shrugs, where diffidence, grace, and decision combine,
Are as much thrown away, as pearls cast before swine;
So he stands erect, frowning, with both fists akimbo,
Till at last e'en the Whigs keep their tongues all in limbo;
He's no fav'rite with them; very few so expert as he
To upbraid them, when wanting in patience and courtesy.
"The Whig Chesterfields* yonder lose more time in coughing,
Than, if civilly heard, I'd myself let 'em off in;
They shall lead me at once, if they please, to the block,
If for more than two minutes I speak, by the clock;
All attempts will be useless, to silence or flurry;
But if gentlemen please, I'm in no kind of hurry;
If they wish to cough on, for the sake of delay,
I've no sort of objection to stand here all day;

* An ironical allusion to their proverbial unpoliteness.

But of this be assured, that I'll make good my right
To explain, if I keep them all barking till night.
The Right Hon'rable Gentleman, much to his credit,
(I for one, went along with him quite, when he said it,)
Has confessed, that the Whigs, though not pining for place,
Would, if sent for, come in, with a very good grace:—
Sir, this fact, (though some patriots have angrily scouted it)
Is so clear that the country has never once doubted it;
And the public becomes more convinced every day,
That they've all got the *will*, though they can't find the *way*.
But I own, that it quite struck me all of a heap,
When he said, the Whigs hold loaves and fishes so cheap;
And I think that one's infatuation would border"—
(*Order, order! Hear, hear!*)—" Sir, am I out of order?"
(*Question, question!*)—" I wonder what gentlemen mean!
I'm not going to say *one single word* on the Queen—
What I meant, sir, was this: I'm explaining, that they
Should to Coventry send my Lords Grenville and Grey;
Since the folly of these two great Statesmen and Co.
Kept them all out of office just nine years ago,
When they might have walk'd over the course with such ease;
But these Doctors so learn'd had a row about fees,
And took huff, when his Majesty dared to prohibit 'em
From discharging his other physicians *ad libitum*:*
So the King (then Prince Regent) was left to the quacks,
Whom now the Right Hon'rable Member attacks
Most unfairly: for surely the whole of the sin is theirs,
If the noble Lord here and his colleagues are Ministers:
If a patient can't get Dr Tierney,† indeed he
Can't be blamed, for, in self-defence, calling in Eady.
Sir, the administration undoubtedly owes
Very much to itself, but still more to its foes;
Who, by party invectives and mischievous votes,
May be said to have more than once cut their own throats."
The House laughs; but the Whigs don't quite relish the joke:
Mr Lambton—" *to order!*"—loud cries of " *Spoke, spoke!*"
M. " Sir, this rudeness"—L. " Sir, no human patience can bear;
These disorderly taunts"—" M. I appeal to the chair."—
Now the Speaker, who sees them exchange a dark frown,
Amid cries of " *Chair, chair!*" beckons both to sit down:
Bland and courteous, like Nestor, who sooth'd Agamemnon
And Achilles, without proper cause he d condemn none:
" The Hon'rable Member who claims my protection,
I am sure will allow, on a moment's reflection,
That he long since has greatly exceeded the latitude
Which the House"—" Sir, I bow; and with cordial gratitude
For the candid indulgence with which I've been heard—"
(*Question! spoke!*) " I beg pardon, and shan't add a word."

Jack, as usual, sits down, amidst an uproar, all but diabolic, which nothing could allay, but the magical sound of Mr Canning's name uttered by the Speaker. Whig and Tory bristle and bustle,

Whilst our modern Ulysses looks down on the floor,
Folds his arms, and then pauses two minutes or more.
" At this hour of the night, or I *may* say the morning,
I reluctantly rise; and need no other warning,
Than my own urgent want of repose and relief,
To convince and remind me I ought to be brief;

* i. e. dismissing the household.
† Sir Matthew Tierney, Bart.

But I'm prompted to speak, by an anxious desire
Not to rouse the Right Hon'rable Gentleman's ire,
By permitting the present discussion to end,
Without noticing *his* speech and that of his Friend,
And returning him thanks for thus deigning to wrestle
In debate, with opponents corrupt and imbecile.
Sir, I'm sure the Right Hon'rable Member will pardon us,
If we venture to say, he's a little too hard on us:
As he can't for one moment suppose *us* (of course) able
To *refute* his friend's speech, so persuasive and forcible,
The respectful forbearance of mute imbecility
Might be fairly ascribed, not to scorn, but humility;
And he seems not to know, or, at least, to forget,
That replies without end might be found—in Debrett: *
He may e'en take his choice; North, Burke, Windham, and Pitt,
Arm'd with argument, eloquence, satire, and wit,
Have been manfully combating, year after year,
Doctrines, such as we've just had the good luck to hear.
Sir, eight Parliaments now have been favour'd, each Session,
With the Hon'rable Gentleman's annual profession
Of his hatred to taxes, war, slav'ry, and placemen,
And a system, he thinks, must degrade and debase men;
But if no former statesmen have ever succeeded;
If *their* wit prov'd abortive—their reas'ning unheeded,
We shall never, undoubtedly, find any man, Sir, able
To resist one, for two generations unanswerable;
Whilst the Gentlemen opposite all will contend,
That a Hercules triumphs o'er *us* in their friend,
He perhaps may, by others, Antæus be term'd,
Since, the oft'ner confuted, the more he's confirm'd.
" The Right Hon'rable Gentleman could not to-day shun
(As might well be foreseen), this inviting occasion
To descant on some topics, with marvellous grace,
Which he, somehow, laid quite on the shelf, when in place.
Whilst the Whigs were in power, did they ever once mention
Any single expence you could save, or retrench on?
But now, when their fond hopes of office are crost,
To atone, I presume, for the time they have lost,
They get up every night in succession, to teach,
What they're never so anxious to practise, as preach.
If I knew not how much party-spirit can harden—
I beg the Right Hon'rable Gentleman's pardon—
As I listen'd to him with most patient attention,
I have surely some claim on his kind condescension"—
(*Nota Bene*—Here Tierney had whisper'd Sir Ronald,
Or perhaps turn'd his ear to Smith, Brougham, or M'Donald—
At this gentle rebuke, he soon breaks off his chat,
Shakes his head, bows politely, and touches his hat)—
" If *all* administrations were judg'd with such rigour,
At what time were our councils conducted with vigour,
No unbiass'd political critic would fix
On the year of our Lord 1806—
Was an arduous War *then* triumphantly finish'd?
Was the Property-tax taken off, or diminish'd?
Did the Subsidies, voted to foreign powers, cease?
Did the Royal Duke's income sustain no increase?
Can the Hon'rable Gentleman under the gallery
Mention any one single curtailment of salary,
Which took place while those Catos continued in power,
Who now call for economy hour after hour;
Who would wish many places they once fill'd, abolish'd,
And the Crown's whole legitimate influence demolish'd?

* Debrett's Parliamentary Debates.

Sir, I wish to be here, once for all, understood—
I don't say the Whig schemes of finance were not good—
I am far from pretending to blame what was done:
They most wisely adopted what Pitt had begun:
After striving to thwart that illustrious man,
They soon follow'd, in every respect, his sage plan,
By a strange inconsistency, glaring, but laudable"—
(Michael Angelo's sneer becomes now very audible,
Whilst he turns up his nose, murmurs, tosses his head,
And with taunting—"*Hear, hear!*" scouts all Canning has said—)
"But we surely may now, with some justice, complain,
If they thus shift their ground, and attack us again,
For not doing what they, when in pow'r, never tried;
And adopting their wholesome example as guide,
And resisting fell anarchy's schemes, to pull down
The whole state, and lay prostrate the power of the Crown.
"The Right Hon'rable Member described at great length,
Discontents, which he truly says daily gain strength:
But to whom are these plots and these murmurs all owing?
And through whose wicked arts are they constantly growing?
Through the mischievous zeal of a junto, which preaches
Disaffection and treason in libellous speeches;*
Whose sole object, and art, is the power to mislead,
And who care not if thousands are ruin'd or bleed:
Who foment and rejoice at their country's distresses,
And in secret mourn over its brightest successes,
With a mortification as base as deep-rooted,
When they see their own prophecies daily confuted.
But although this fell poison has tainted the nation,
We have *one* source of pride and of just consolation,
An o'erwhelming majority still may be found
In allegiance unshaken, in principle sound,
Who repel the loud ravings of factious malignity,
When addressed to their ears as a snare or indignity;
Scorning those who would hail e'en the public disgrace
As a ladder most welcome for climbing to place."

The conclusion of the Debate, and the Division, are given with equal liveliness; but we cannot find room for any more. We wonder who the author can be, and shall be obliged by his personally informing us of his name. We shall conclude with paying him a high compliment, which he will appreciate. We hereby invite the author of this poetical epistle to enroll himself in our corps of contributors. But indeed we are not without some suspicion that he has hoisted his pike in our service ere now.

We are glad he wrote his Epistle last session: for if he had waited till this, he would certainly have found nothing deserving of the name either of a debate or a division.

One word more at parting. Why, amidst so many charlatans, does he omit the greatest of all living quacks, the friend of the *late* Mr Gerald, and author of the *future* history of Great Britain?

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* At Fox Dinners, and other such raffish occasions.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Piccadilly, London, February 10, 1822.

To C. North, Esq. Edinburgh.

My Dear Sir—Are we to see you in town this spring? or is the gout inexorable? I know not, however, with what grace or chance of acceptance I can invite you, after the specimen you had last year of the intolerable simplicity, the primeval artlessness of our table in Piccadilly. My aunt, in spite of some thousands per annum, is, to be sure, a bitter old housekeeper, and nothing ever gave me so unequivocal a proof of the endurance of your ancient friendship for our family, as the forbearance, nay, the positive good temper, with which you swallowed those things which affected to be original dinners, but which you, and all of us knew, were nothing more than impudent *refacimentos* of certain joints, which had for the two former days been ruined in character, and dared not appear in their own likeness. It is quite admirable to think how you stood all this! you, who are used to such ingenious and abundant living; and should I last longer than the old lady, who, I suppose, is scraping in this ineffable way for me, I trust you will permit me to indemnify you for allowing your consideration of my feelings to hinder you from often rushing out, and balancing matters at the opposite coffee-house, which, to your large praise be it said, you never once shewed the least symptom of doing. There is, however, as old Shakespeare has it, "a soul of goodness in things evil." Your virtue was rewarded. You did not treat us with such delicate forbearance, or undergo so much abstinence for nothing; for I can declare, that "my young remembrance cannot parallel" such good looks in you, as you had on leaving London. The firmness and elasticity of your step was renewed—your eyes looked youthful, as well as critical—I could perceive something of that neat symmetry of ancle, which my late mother, when speaking of you, used occasionally to extol, but which I concluded was nothing more than an antique fiction, generated by that universal desire, which all old persons have of extolling every thing contemporary with their youth. I did not know that

The gout had mark'd your ancles for its own,

and had jealously concealed them with a thick veil. But though the austere discipline of our house in London had given you strength to shake off this tyrannical love, I feared for you when you should return to Edinburgh, and come again fairly within sight of the punch-bowls at Ambrose's; and I regret to see in the 58th Number of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, of which it seems you are the avowed Editor, (who would have thought at one time that our old friend, Mr North, would ever have resulted in an Editor?) that apprehensions are entertained by a person who signs himself "Morgan Odoherty," of the gout flying to your stomach. This shews what you have been at since we saw you in London, and gives likelihood to my distrust, of having your company here this year. All I hope is, that I shall not be informed some day that you have died of the disease which was fatal to Congreve, namely, "two bottles of port and an arm-chair." By the by, my dear Sir, you have puzzled me very much lately. I understand you not in your editorial capacity. You seem to be enveloped in conundrums, and inexplicable mysteries of whim. Who is this "Morgan Odoherty," who writes to you with such unrestrained familiarity? I never heard my aunt, nor either of my two deceased parents, speak of him; and considering the close conextion between you and my family, one would suppose, that so old and intimate a companion as "Morgan" assumes to be, could not have been unknown or uninteresting to them. But, if I may speak out, I am not without my suspicions that there is no such person; and there are not wanting other incredulous individuals, who carry their scepticism a little farther, and even doubt *your own existence;* for were this not the case, I am convinced they never could bring their minds to address a respectable, *real,* elderly gentleman like yourself, in such terms as, "Dear Kit,"—"Cock of the North,"—"Jolly Old Buck,"—"Prime One," and others equally liberty-taking and low. You have no one to thank for these freedoms but yourself.

Should the malady I dread keep you

a prisoner in Edinburgh, the disappointment will be no less to you than to myself; for I know you take a lively interest in whatever is going on here. You yearn to be occasionally among us; to make one in the numerous stir and ferment in the metropolis; to partake of our public amusements, (more especially when there is a fresh importation of Mademoiselles for the ballet at the opera-house,) and to look a little into some of our new books before the freshness of their spirit shall have evaporated in a journey to Edinburgh. I shall, therefore, out of the desire I have for your recreation, write down, from time to time, all I know of London interest, and talk to you with my pen, if I am denied the pleasure of an oral communion with you.

You must be careful how you wreak your disdain on the principles of Lord Byron's later poetry, as he will soon have it in his power to make fierce reprisals on you and the other *dissenters*. You have perhaps heard of the Journal which is to be written by him at Pisa, and sent over here for publication, in order that the balance of critical power may be restored, which has preponderated lately too much on the Tory side. In this great undertaking he has called to himself two allies, namely, Mr Bysshe Shelly and Mr Leigh Hunt, the latter of whom has abandoned his suburban villa, (No. 13, Lisson Grove North,) to brave, with his wife and "Little Johnnys," a perilous voyage on the un-cockney ocean. The sphere of this poet's experience will now be nobly enlarged. No one must twist him any more about "poplar rows" and "back gardens." He and his companions will now, like his own Nereids,

"turn
And toss upon the ocean's lifting billows,
Making them *banks and pillows*,
Upon whose *springiness* they lean and ride;
Some with an *inward back*; some *upward-eyed*,
Feeling the sky; and some with *sidelong hips*,
O'er which the surface of the water slips."
Foliage, p. xix.

His lordship of Newstead has sent Leigh a subsidy, and has likewise prepared, in a costly way, the lower part of his Pisan residence for the reception of his London ally. This is certainly very noble on the part of Byron; and if the story be true about the deception he had recourse to the other day, in order to serve a celebrated brother poet, who was invincibly punctilious, it is impossible to extol too highly his munificence and delicacy. I am glad to behold him arming himself, and I hope we shall see a "good fight." Southey does not go the right way to work with him. I have better confidence in your judgment and mettle.

Did it ever fall in your way to see a poem with this title, "Epipsychidion: Verses addressed to the noble and unfortunate Lady Emilia V——, now imprisoned in the convent of ——?" This little pamphlet is a threefold curiosity, on account of the impenetrable mysticism of its greater portion, the delicious beauty of the rest, and the object of the whole, which I take to be an endeavour to set aside the divine prohibition, that a man may not marry his own sister.* The poem was published anonymously, but as people began to apply it to a certain individual, and make their own inferences, it was, I believe, suddenly withdrawn from circulation. There

* Our readers will probably suspect, that our correspondent's intention is to attribute the poem in question to Lord Byron; but we venture to say, that there is nobody capable of wasting such poetry on such a theme, except only the unfortunate Mr Shelly. To this gentleman's genius we have always done justice; and hitherto we have really avoided—what the *Quarterly* (that contained in one Number, a string of filthy stories about him, boy and man) has more recently had the audacity *to say* it has avoided—the smallest allusion to his private character. But Percy Bysshe Shelly has now published a long series of poems, the only object of which seems to be the promotion of ATHEISM and INCEST; and we can no longer hesitate to avow our belief, that he is as worthy of co-operating with the King of Cockaigne, as he is unworthy of co-operating with Lord Byron. Shelly is a man of genius, but he has no sort of sense or judgment. He is merely "an inspired idiot!" Leigh Hunt is a man of talents, but vanity and vulgarity neutralize all his efforts to pollute the public mind. Lord Byron we regard as not only a man of lofty genius, but of great shrewdness and knowledge of the world. What can HE seriously hope from associating his name with such people as these? CAIN is in some parts a reprehensible performance, but what a gulf profound between it and Queen Mab, or the Cenci, or this Epipsychidion!

Since we have mentioned Cain, we must say that the conduct of the Lord Chancellor, in regard to that poem, has filled us both with wonder and regret. The property

is no doubt but it comes from the Holy Pisan Alliance; and some of its insulated passages are worthy of the genius which dwells among the members of that body. I read this poem last night at the hushed and sleeping hour of twelve, and never was I so enchanted as in wandering among its strange, etherial, dreamy fancies, some of which contain, in my opinion, the very soul and essence of ideal poesy. The following is the description of the place whither the poet proposes to fly with his mysterious mistress:—

"It is an isle under Ionian skies,
Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise;
And, for the harbours are not safe and good,
This land would have remain'd a solitude,
But for some pastoral people native there,
Who from the Elysian, clear, and golden air,
Draw the last spirit of the age of gold,
Simple and spirited, innocent and bold.
The blue Ægean girds this chosen home,
With ever-changing sound, and light, and foam,
Kissing the sifted sands, and caverns hoar;
And all the winds wandering along the shore
Undulate with the undulating tide.
There are thick woods, where sylvan forms abide;
And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,
As clear as elemental diamond,
Or serene morning air; and, far beyond,
The mossy tracks made by the goats and deer,
(Which the rough shepherd treads but once a-year,)
Pierce into glades, caverns, bowers, and halls,
Built 'round with ivy, which the waterfalls
Illumining, with sound that never fails,
Accompany the noon-day nightingales;
And all the place is peopled with sweet airs;
The light clear element which the isle wears,
Is heavy with the scent of lemon flowers,
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * and from the sky
There fall clear exhalations, soft and bright,
Veil after veil, each hiding some delight,
Which sun or moon or zephyr draw aside,
Till the isle's beauty, like a naked bride,
Glowing at once with love and loveliness,
Blushes and trembles at its own excess."

The poet then describes a house built by some primeval being for the residence of his "*sister and his spouse,*" in which description the following exquisite lines occur:

"Parasite flowers illume with dewy gems
The lampless halls, and when they fade, the sky
Peeps through their winter-woof of tracery,
With moonlight patches, or star-atoms keen,
Or fragments of the day's intense serene;—
Working mosaic on their Parian floors.
* * * * * * * * *
This isle and house are mine, and I have vow'd
Thee to be lady of the solitude;
And I have fitted up some chambers there,
Looking towards the golden eastern air,
And level with the living winds."

---

of Cain, we humbly think, ought to have been protected. In Mr Murray's hands, it was a book for gentlemen; but the Benbows will send it on tea-paper into the pot-houses, where nothing of it will be properly understood, and much of it absurdly misunderstood. There will now be an opportunity, however, for seeing on what principles the Constitutional Society really acts. C. North.

There is no elderly gentleman in the kingdom, afflicted with good living and the gout, to whom I would confide such poetry as this, except yourself. On you it will not be wasted, even should it arrive while you are considering some bare problem in political economy. The knowledge of men and things, and of the serious business of life, which you have accumulated, together with your conviction, arising from experience, as to the merits of Punch and Arm-chairs, have not weaned your mind from the youthful delight in romantic poetry; and this alone makes you, if I may say so to your face, a "remarkable personage."

I was at the King's theatre the other night, to hear the new opera "Il Barone di Dolsheim," by Pacini, a meagre composer, whose work is a mere "pale reflex" of Rossini. None but great genuises should meddle with common-places; and as inferior ones can do nothing else, I suppose it would be better were they never to write at all. Pacini is nothing more than a maker of centos, and has no individuality of mind to give a tinge to what he borrows. Common-place is not necessarily a bad thing, nay, it may occasionally have its merits. The enjoyment resulting from it is of a luxurious and indolent kind: it does not task your thoughts; and you are pleased to be put into renewed intercourse with a pleasant acquaintance. But this must be done by the agency of a master, who has thoughts of his own, as well as perception of what is good in others. Nothing, for instance, can be more remarkable than the way in which Winter, the great musician, elevates and makes you love a common-place, rendering it tributary to a fresh sentiment, and illuminating it by the surrounding glory of his own original ideas. Milton did the same thing in poetry.

The ballet promises to be excellent this season. You recollect Mercandotti, the beautiful Spanish girl, who was over here about five years ago, bewitching us all with the native grace and picturesqueness of her dancing? You and I were together at the opera-house the first night she "came out," as the phrase is; and we agreed in thinking her the most fascinating dancer we had ever seen. You, I remember, were quite absorbed and wrapt in the contemplation of one of her performances; and I don't wonder at it, for she was indeed a seducing creature, and the dance was the finest which has ever arisen from the romance and courtly amorousness of Spain. Nothing could be more exquisite than the way in which the young thing abandoned herself to the sentiment of this dance; her large black eyes swimming in correspondence to the beautiful movement of her figure (one of subduing luxury); and, as she wreathed the scarf about her waist, the "marmoreal depth" of her young bosom was alternately revealed and hidden. I have often repeated the memorable toast which sprung from your delight after supper, on the evening we saw the Spanish girl Mercandotti.——You will regret to hear that, in the interval between that time and this, she has been studying in some "*Academy*" of Paris; and has returned a cold, unfeeling, unsentimental, scholastic, laborious, French performer. My sister Jemima, however, says she is much improved, and that she was *vulgar* before.

How do you like Mrs Morgan's articles in the New Monthly Magazine? Let me hear from you soon.

Ever yours, my dear Sir,

JOHN JOHNES.

P. S.—I am charged to send Jemima's best regards to you, together with my Aunt's friendly remembrances. I wonder at the former, as the little puss seemed so utterly shocked, about a month ago, at the "real Irish melodies" in the Magazine.

TRANSLATION OF THE WINE-BIBBER'S GLORY.—(No. 60. p. 89.)

By Philip Potts, Esq. Holyhead.

****, but your Latin is not quite classical—somewhat raffish, my very good friend?

Transeat—it is good enough for an ungrateful world.

Then what a word "Portum" is! and "Claretum," still more abominable. Why, sir, it is worse and worse, as Lord Norbury said, when a witness confessed his name to be Shaughnessy O'Shaughnessy.

And how the devil was I to get better words? Was I to put in *Vinum Lusitanicum*, or *Burdigalense*, to the utter confusion of my line? As Ainsworth bids me, I have clapped in *Vinum Hispanicum* for Sack, against my better judgment; but my complaisance was not to extend any farther. Hear, most asinine critic—hear, I say, what Horatius Flaccus himself sings, as interpreted to us by the melodious Phil. Francis, D.D.

Shall I
Be envied, if my little fund supply
Its frugal wealth of words—since bards, who sung
In ancient days, enrich'd their native tongue
With large increase, &c.

Or, as I may say, paraphrasing what he writes a little before—

If jolly Virgil coin'd a word, why not
Extend the self-same privilege to Pot.

And here you may remark, that Pot is put for Potts, to assist the rhyme.

Hum! But your verses totter a little every now and then—so much the more in character for a drinking song; and you alter the tune—that of the original is the Jolly Miller. I have put one as harmonious—a most excellent tune—a most bass tune—and as thou singest basely, basely shalt thou sing it after dinner. Are all your objections answered?

I may as well say that they are; but——

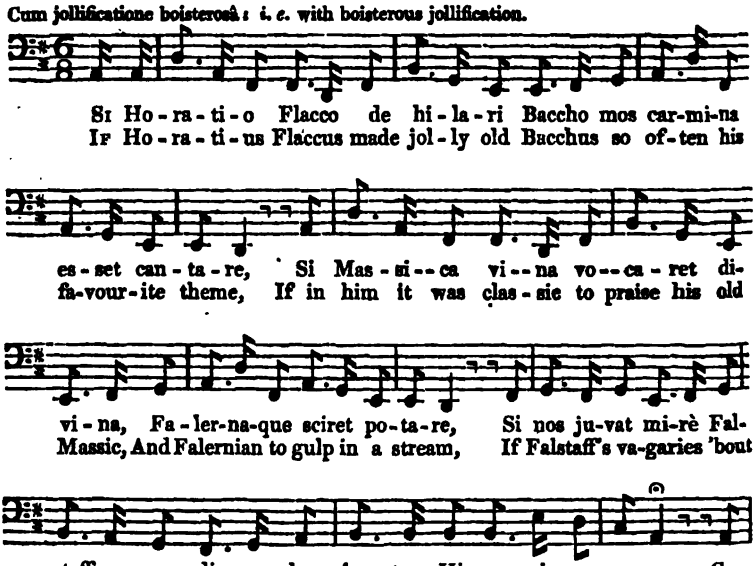
But me no buts!—Shut thine ugly countenance, and listen to my song.

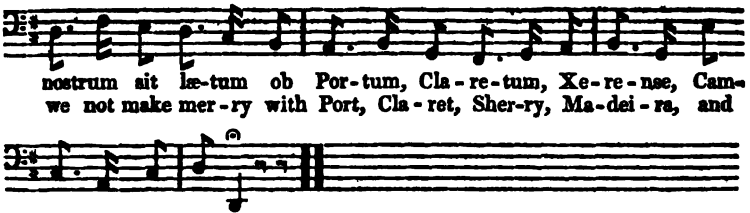
Potoris Gloria.

A LATIN MELODY,

To a Tune for itself, lately discovered in Herculaneum; being an Ancient Roman Air,—or, if not, quite as good.

Cum jollificatione boisterosâ: *i. e.* with boisterous jollification.





Si Horatio Flacco de hilari Baccho
  Mos carmina esset cantare,
Si Massica vina vocaret divina,
  Falernaque sciret potare;
Si nos juvat mirè Falstaffium audire
  Laudantem Hispanicum merum,
Cor nostrum sit lætum ob Portum, Claretum
  Xerense, Campanum, Maderum.

II.

Est Portum potatio quam Anglica natio
  * Vinis Galliæ prætulit lautis;—
Sacerdote amatur—a laicis potatur,
  Consultis, militibus, nautis.
Si meum conclave hoc forte et suave
  Vitaverit, essem iniquus,
Post caseum—in jure—placebit sedure—
  Præsertim cum adsit amicus.

III.

Huic quamvis cognatum, Xerense damnatum
  Gelata culinâ tingebat,
Vinum exul ibique diu coquo cuique
  Generosum liquorem præbebat.
Sed a rege putatum est valdè pergratum,
  Cùm (ut ipse) sit sexagenarium—
Largè ergo implendum, regique bibendum,
  Opinor est nunc necessarium.

IV.

Claretum oh! quamvis haud forte (†deest nam vis)
  Divino sapore notatur;
Hinc dulcia dicuntur—faceta nascuntur—
  Leniterque philosophizatur.
Socialis potatio! te haud fugit ratio
  Purpureo decoram colore!
Tui maximum mare liceret potare,
  Sine mentis frontisve dolore.

V.

Etsi verò in præsenti Claretum bibenti
  Videatur imprimis jucundum,
Citò tamen frigescat—quod ut statim decrescat,
  Vetus vinum Maderum adeundum.
Indos si navigârit, vento corpus levârit,
  Colicamque fugârit hoc merum.
Podăgrâ cruciato "Vinum optimum dato
  Clamant medici docti "Maderum."

* Vinis—lautis, Ang. *neat* Wines.
† Deest, one syllable. Vide Carey, p. 171.

VI.

Campanum! campanum! quo gaudio lagenam
Ocelli perdricis sorberem!
Ad dominæ oculum exhauriam poculum
Tali philtro si unquam egerem—
Propinarem divinam—sed peream si sinam
Nomen carum ut sic profanetur,
Et si cum Bacchus urget, ad labia surgit—
Campano ad cor revolvetur.

Explicit P. P. Id Feb. Mdccccxxj.

*** Our Gosport friend's Greek translation of the same song, beginning—

Ει Ορατιου Φλακκου περι θειου ιακχου
πολλαι αγαθαι ωδαι μενωσιν.

is not good. We perceive, that like Platonist Taylor, he puts no accents to his Greek—we fear for the same reason. Would our correspondent, Mr Barker, favour us with a translation? We just drop the hint. C. N.

DOMESTIC POLITICS.

The last Session of Parliament began with the loud anticipations of party triumph. The populace had been the dupe of Opposition during the six months before; and in the fonder dreams of faction, the dupe was now to be the instrument. The processions which had covered the road to Brandenburgh-House with insolent Radical festivity, were to be marshalled for the sterner purpose of besieging the doors of the Senate; and the Antonies and Lepiduses of the mob had already divided the Empire. But all this degradation was but so much thrown away. It was in vain that *Lord Grey* had laid his mantle under the feet of the rabble; and Lord Holland bowed the unlaurelled baldness of his brow before the congregated purity of Westminster and St Giles's. The *Saturnalia* were at an end. The rabble that would ride to Hammersmith to exhilarate their patriotism with the compliments and countenance of fallen Majesty, would not step across their thresholds to hear the most sapient syllable that ever dropped from the lips of the noble Lords, nor to save them from the common purification of blood and the Thames, prescribed by the parliamentary *elevè* of Thistlewood. Opposition, no longer backed by the mob, fell at once, like *Macheath* without his gang, into the hands of justice; and in the midst of a miserable show of highway gaiety, both the sneers of Burdett, and the jokes of Hobhouse, perished, according to all the laws of common sense and common honesty. The squabbles of the nameless individuals who have obtruded themselves into the deserted seats of Fox, Sheridan, and Windham, are below all record. It can be of no interest to any human being to remember the venomous follies of an angry libel-hunter, or the obtuse blunderings of a village arithmetician—the military babblings of a cashiered soldier, or the trite pedantry of an overgrown school-boy.

But the cause of faction was not left altogether uncheered. The surge which had so unaccountably receded in England, had swelled abroad, and the thwarted Revolution, which was to have thrown down the ancient glories of the Empire, rose again to crush the thrones of the Continent. If the Devil was to be banished from the first spot of his temptations, he was to be rewarded by having the corruption of the world in his gift. Jacobinism is the same in all times and seasons. When France, in the hour of licentiousness, flung off her ancient covering of decency, and marched, "like another Thais," with bacchanal songs and frantic orgies, to fire the palaces and temples of the land; the brandishing of her torch was a summons to all the slumbering and remote villainy of the earth to join her in the work. Even in her first steps through the darkness, Jacobin France felt that she was secure; she knew that she had a great affiliated strength, bound in a bond stronger than birth

or law—the strength of Iniquity all over the world, made faithful by poverty, desperate passions, and irreligion. The first sounding of her trumpet proclaimed universal revolution; and Jacobinism has taken this portentous declaration for its law and its gospel to this hour. The tidings of civil war in Italy were received by the broken power of rebellion in England as an interposition of that evil spirit which it serves—"*Joy brightened its crest*"—A sign that the pestilence was not extinguished by that which it had fed on—and that the Angel of Darkness was not yet cloven down, and sealed in his dungeon for ever. It was altogether in vain to press upon this furious faction that the Neapolitan revolt offered no rational hope of freedom; that its acts and deliberations were more like the pranks and boastings of mischievous school-boys, than the grave and principled process of men resolved on Constitutional Liberty—that the notorious tools of a foreign tyrant were but unpromising securities for the Italian *Magna Charta*; and that where folly and fraud were the characters of the new order of things, "it could not, nor it would not, come to good." It was enough for the English Jacobin, that this ill-compacted and monstrous shape was called "*Revolution*." The name was a spell that could not be pronounced without drawing over him a dream of his old glorious estate—there was to be blood—the overthrow of a throne—perhaps of many—there was to be conflagration, and misery and massacre. He might feel himself beyond the hope of sharing in the prey; for he had been smitten and cast down by an unrelenting and paramount ill-fortune. But, like the felon in his jail, the first blaze that reddened the horizon made him forget his chains, join in soul in the plunder, and be again the hero of his happier days.

To see the obscure pretenders to popularity, who have harangued the nation into an equal contempt for their talents and their principles, inlist themselves under the tinsel banners of the Neapolitan insurrection, could excite the wonder of no man who had seen them marshalling the prostitution of Mary-le-bone, and the patriotism of Westminster, to pay their homage to the *virtue* of the late Queen. Men like these must live as they can—tumult is their daily bread, and without tumult they must "go to the grave of all the Capulets." Insult to authority, offence to religion, or slanders upon character, are the corks on which our adventurers float down the current of the popular Fleet-ditch. Minds conscious of their claims to honourable distinction may be content to take the common chance of notice, and walk at their ease through society. The dwarf feels that he is nothing, if he is not lifted up on the shoulders of the crowd. But that *Lords Grey and Holland*, men who have lived and hoped in the French Revolution, could feel even the most trivial interest in the cramped and fallen attempts of the miserable disturbers of late years at home or abroad, is not to be accounted for on any principle of human curiosity. As well might the spectator of the battle of the Titans, after he had seen the furious energies of Earth let loose against Heaven and answered by the thunderbolt, come back to the field and console himself for the safety of the skies, by looking at the serpents and scorpions that sprung from the Titan gore.

The secret of all the Whig impulses, and that which unveils the cause of their hopeless ruin, is their abject rapacity for place. It may be natural and laudable in men of a certain rank in society, and conscious of attainments, to desire public distinction; half of the great actions of the earth, those bold and vigorous steps which have suddenly lifted nations, as if their "drowned honour had been plucked up from the deep," by a supernatural hand, have been urged by the mere anxiety of superior minds to make themselves memorable. The world is not rich enough in the means of greatness to prohibit with a stern exclusion the voluntary daring of its champions, even though a personal cause may have urged them to take on the weight of the spear and shield. But there cannot be too strong a disqualification branded on the forehead, that comes degraded by ungenerous artifices. We must not trust the national honour to the protection of those who have exhibited no honour of their own. When the Whig aristocracy with one hand grasps at the ensigns of office, and with the other beckons to the rabble, it earns from the country the double contempt due to knaves and fools. The party lost

both their objects; the populace scorn them for courtly feebleness, and the nation abjure them for rabble ferocity. They stand between both, the living personification of the old picture of *Death and the Lady*, turning the face of smiles, and the old flounces and furbelows of their antiquated harlotry, to the scoffs of the mob, and the grim and pallid mortality to the disgust and alarm of the uninfected national mind.

The exclusion of the Whigs is sealed with their own image and superscription. No power of the ministers could have overthrown the influence of a body of able and honourable men keeping watch for the public interests. Nothing but their own hands could have stricken Opposition from its pedestal, and flung it at the feet of ministers. "*Dagon* is now on groundsel edge," broken and worshipless. The country can feel for misfortune, and has often forgiven folly, but for deliberate baseness, and systematic insincerity, it has neither forgiveness nor compassion. Who can believe that the Whig Lords did not loath, from their inmost souls, the contact of the *Hones*, and *Hunts*, and *Cobbetts*, and the whole putrid mire of public disturbance? That the senatorial nostril was not instinctively convulsed at the stench of revolutionary familiarity; that even to be saluted by the same voices, the "most sweet voices" that shouted after the car of rebellious ruffianism, since gone to its expiation in banishment and chains, was disgust ineffable to the grim and sallow erectness of those pillars of aristocracy. The nation knew this, and felt tenfold the more contempt for the party that could so stoop; they were thoroughly convinced, that the men who would do this for place, would do any thing; that no baseness, sacrifice, or stipulation, could be too base, too complete, or too prodigal, for those bidders at the *Mock-auction* of place, and upon this ground determined on their exclusion for ever. Yet I would not say that Whiggism has, even in its highest representatives, no latent propensity to Jacobinism. Some of the elements of both are the same. They have the same hatred of all power but their own; the same ready recourse to underhand means; the same reckless disregard of professions and principles. I do not know that their first aspects greatly differ; there is a family resemblance, "*qualem decet esse sororum.*" Jacobinism is only the more vigorous of the two, when the question comes to blood. Between them they divide the fates of nations doomed to be undone. If Whiggism spins the line of destiny, the bolder sheers of Jacobinism finish the work, and cut the thread in sunder. I cannot see into the hearts of men, and I will not charge upon the leaders of Whiggism the premeditated ruin of the constitution. But we must speak from the experience that has been laid before our eyes. The moral of the old English Civil War, and of the French Revolution, is open to all men; and with our hand on the great statute-book of history, we must be insensible or faithless, not to feel and acknowledge that the calamities of those tremendous days were alike ushered in by extravagant and hollow theories of government, by boundless adulation of the rabble, and by the open evidence of that gross cupidity which in the lower rioters sought power for its plunder, and in the higher grasped at plunder for its power. They are linked by a common alliance, and "no man can put them asunder." Whiggism may have the more compunctious visitings when the "deed must be done." Like *Macbeth*, it may shrink at the chamber-door where regicide is to be committed, and in the terrors of night and conscience see air-drawn daggers; but it will go in at last, while its bolder companion waits without to scoff at its compunctions, and consummate the slaughter.

The Neapolitan Insurrection was from the first lauded and magnified by the Whigs; no language of promise was too lofty for the prophetic spirit of English liberalism. The feeble and tottering steps of the infant Rebellion were hailed as the progress of the future dispenser of light and freedom. But a new revolt has attracted the eyes of Europe. Greece, after ages of a slavery more calamitous than the sword, has made a wild effort to break the links that bent her neck to the ground. Here was something to lift the hands and homage of the lovers of liberty;—here was real suffering, struggled against by the real desperate instinct of bruised minds, and bodies

marked with the lash and the chain, the first true combat between aggrieved human nature and sullen, remorseless, trampling tyranny. What was the feeling of the English Whigs upon this revolt? They actually turned their backs upon it. It was not to their taste. It did not march before them in the true revolutionary costume. It had no parade of tricoloured banners, and emblems of mountebank rebellion,—no fantastic codes of Rights of Man,—no promises of religious overthrow,—no mad rapture of ribald Equality. It was a bold, desolate, desperate contest of slaves against their masters, of men in the naked strength of misery against a sanguinary and barbarous domination. Success would have made the Greek free to enjoy the dignity of a human being, to have been susceptible of the glorious civilization that his ancestors had transmitted to the world, to have sat under his own vine and his own fig-tree, and to have renewed, under his auspicious skies, the old decaying stock of human genius. God forbid that those hopes should be darkened,—God forbid that man, rising in any part of the earth against bitter and unjust domination, should not triumph. But if the cause of Greece is to prevail, no corner of its trophy will be filled up by the names of the English *liberals*. They were not untried. On the first breaking out of the revolt, Greek agents were sent to solicit the influence of the Whigs with the people of England. They were repulsed from their lordly doors like wandering beggars. They applied to half-a-dozen of the noble persons—whose names they had seen for the last few years at all subscriptions for riot and atheism—to preside at a public meeting, at which the wants and sufferings of Greece might be laid before the national benevolence. A sudden scrupulousness seized them all; every man had his excuse, and some took shelter even under the pretended fear, that the patronage of Grecian freedom might seem a slur on Sir Thomas Maitland, the brother of Lord Lauderdale! The Neapolitan emissary was *feted* and feasted round the whole circle; there was something in the art and mystery of the *Carbonari* which pleased the curious research of those men of plot and stratagem; aristocrats and courtiers in their souls, they found the quadrille of the painted and plumed Neapolitan school of revolutionary mummery, infinitely more congenial to their habits than the unsandal'd and bleeding march of the Greek over the desert that lay between him and freedom. We are not to suppose that the ferocious scenes which the war has exhibited on both sides were the repellants of Whig humanity. Barbarous and sweeping as the sword has been in the hands of Greek and Turk, and will always be in a war when national degradation has been embittered by individual insult, no love for violated humanity has closed the hand of Whiggism. When the revolutionary blaze went up within sight of our own shore, and England could not sleep on her pillow for the cries of massacre in France, the Whigs alone felt no horror—their heroism never blenched at the sight of the countless scaffolds that were then floating with the blood of priests and princes, of nobles eminent for services to their country, and of high-born women, whose only offence was the virtue that rebuked a reprobate age. Without and within the walls of Parliament, the admiration of all that France had done and was doing, echoed without an interval. When the Corresponding Society paused to breathe, Fox took up the pæan, and harangued till the chorus could be resumed. While crimes, that were enough to have eclipsed noon-day, were perpetrated in the blackness of darkness in France—while every city, and every field, was a place of the scaffold, or the funeral-pile—and in *Paris* the great Revolutionary Moloch "reared his horrid front," smeared with the blood of the first-born—the voice of Whiggism was heard through all the misery, and all the drunken riot before the Idol. Even after the first frenzy had been curbed, and a space had occurred, enough for the judgment of an honourable mind, Fox, in treading on the spot still covered with the ashes of the sacrifice, could give his deliberate panegyric to the rite, and declare, that revolutionary France was entitled to the admiration of the world.

On the subject of the Greek insurrection, the opinion of the rational public is decided. There is but one wish, for the overthrow of the Turkish supremacy over a people whom they

have shewn themselves unfit to rule. The Turk is a military tyrant, of all tyrants the worst. He is beyond the hope of improvement, and he will not suffer it to approach others. Turkey is a rock in the ocean of civilization, on which no seed will grow, and to which no keel dares draw near. The barbarism of the Caucasus lives at this hour fresh and grim within the walls of the Seraglio. As well might we desire to see the fairest district of the earth stript of men, and colonized by wolves, as desire to see the robbers of the Euxine the perpetual lords of Greece. But the English Government is bound by ancient treaties: It must not commit the national crime of a breach of faith for the most flattering views—it has not learned the revolutionary maxim, that the end can justify the means—and it must wait, and be content to wait, the wisdom by which Providence opens a guiltless way to the success of the righteous cause. Greece will be free: The barbarities which have sullied its cause will disappear with the few years that carry down this generation to the grave of their fathers. The slave has till now only felt that he has a sword. He fights in desperation, for he fights for life and revenge. The time may not be far off, when he will feel that revenge is unworthy of the successful soldier, and that the most glorious prize of man is Constitutional freedom. He will turn from revenge to rights—wild revolt will be matured and purified into generous resistance—the savage soil will teem with a noble moral fertility—and, as the desolation of war, worse than that old Ogygian flood, subsides, what was flung out stones, shall warm and soften into men.

But all these prospects, that seemed enough to have roused a passion in the hearts of unsophisticated human beings, passed like the shows of a phantasmagoria before the lordly sitters on the party bench. No matter who might weep or rejoice, they had no relationship to the business.—"What's Hecuba to them, or they to Hecuba." If *Hone* had sounded his trumpet outside the doors, they would have felt it the last of derelictions to leave the mountebank to exhibit his ribaldry alone; the reluctant purses of Whiggism would have been opened to him, and *Punch* have been overwhelmed in a shower of their benevolence and their applause.

But the Greek Manifesto contained nothing of the massacre of the priesthood, or the divine right of the mob to drag kings and nobles to the guillotine; it had unwittingly left out the necessary pledge to the abolition of all religious belief, and, with an unwise ignorance of men, had confined itself to a demand of national freedom. In the face of the subscription for Hone, for Carlisle, for Cobbet, for Wilson—for every real and presumed hater of the Constitution, the Greeks had the imprudence to present their claims to the Board. Their advocate was treated with contempt, and their petition flung under a table covered with compliments and contributions to afflicted riot, decrepit treason, and atheism, preparing for its transit to New South Wales. From the extent of this charge I exempt the higher leaders. What they have done, I believe they have done reluctantly, in bitter compliance with the subordinate mischief-making activity—that under-current of low and subtle atrocity, which is, after all, the master of the stream. Their unfortunate determination to be at the head of a party, let that party be what it might, has compelled them to the heavy necessity of suffering their honour to be involved in the common disgrace of Jacobinism. They are objects, perhaps, as much of compassion as of blame. But they cannot now separate themselves from the ignominy of the cause. Having once resolved that it is "better to reign in hell than serve in heaven," the portion and destiny of their diadem is henceforth, that it must be tarnished by the smoke of their dungeon for ever.

The present Session has opened with prospects of considerable difficulty. But the difficulty is more parliamentary than national—more advantageous to the clamourers against administration than disastrous to the empire. I would not undervalue agriculture, nor doubt that a healthy and thriving farming population must make a mighty constituent of the strength of every enduring empire. But the great active wealth of nations, and eminently of England, must be raised from her arts and commerce.

No country ever attained to a commanding opulence by the tillage of the ground. The earth is not an ungenerous mother, but she will not pamper her children. Farming is a trade, but it has been pronounced, upon the best authorities, to be a poor man's trade, in the ordinary circumstances of the world. The splendid superfluity that in old times made such fragments of territory as Tyre and Carthage equal to the vast uncommercial fields of the Asiatic and the Roman, and, in our day, has poured a strength to fight the world's battle into an island, was the overflowing of the golden horn of arts and commerce. The trade of the country has revived, and thus there is no actual danger of the national supremacy. But agricultural distress might be turned into a formidable weapon by an Opposition that had not altogether degraded its name. No ministry can despise the sincere demand of the County Members; and we may be perfectly assured that the scrupulousness of the present Opposition will not be deterred from using this ponderous instrument, through any delicacy as to the mischiefs which their awkwardness and violence may inflict on the general interests of the empire.

The origin and nature of the agricultural distresses have been wrapped up in the common envelopes that ignorance, passion, and above all, party have ready for every thing. Like a consultation of quacks round the bed of a patient sick of nothing but their *nostrums*, every partizan presses forward his own panacea. The Whig finds the cure in the overthrow of Administration, and avows his faith in national bankruptcy. The Radical swears by Parliamentary Reform; and *Mr Hume*, in solitary grandeur, finds it through a chaos of financial blundering. But in this conflict one small voice has been heard, and it is, for honesty and truth, superior to them all—the voice of the farmer crying out for a reduction of his *Rent*. True suffering makes fools wise. The farmer feels where "his withers are wrung;" and willing as he may be to shake off all other burdens, however necessary to the state, he knows that the one resistless burden is the rent contracted for when corn was twice its present value, and which must still be paid up to the uttermost farthing.

The causes of this pressure have been so perplexed by obscure or factious views, that I must be allowed to give their brief explanation. And first, to strike away the fictitious causes. It has not been produced by Mr Peel's bill, for it existed four years before the bill. It has not been produced by the depreciation of paper; because that depreciation, if it existed at all during the war, was next to nothing, and cannot have existed since cash payments. It has not originated in the taxes; for, during the war, agriculture flourished under taxes heavier by twenty millions. Nor has it arisen, (and here I speak with great deference to opposite opinions,) from the superabundant cultivation of the soil, aided by what we must then strangely and presumptuously call the cruel prodigality of the seasons. There is no such superabundance of food for the individual. The great leading cause is pronounced in one word, War. The different operations of this mighty minister of good and evil all run into one central channel—the increase of the national circulation. The closing of cash payments at the Bank allowed an issue of the country-notes, boundless as the wants of the country, the eagerness of mercantile and agricultural speculation, and almost as the desperate and capricious gambling of men running all hazards for sudden opulence. The cargoes of the world flowed into the English ports, and every cargo discharged into the great reservoir, raised a cloud of its paper representatives, that flew to the extreme ends of the land. But there they stopped. England was surrounded by a wall of iron too high for their flights. The bank-note was worthless on the continent. The sullen Avernian stream between us and the French empire was not to be fluttered over on paper-wings. Thus, among ourselves, all was flow and no ebb; we had perpetual creation, but no mortality. The prices of all agricultural commodities, (the only field in which machinery cannot run the race against an accumulated currency, and vanquish it at last in cheapness,) rose, were doubled, tripled, quadrupled. If the circulation had been gold,

equally prohibited from passing the *flammantia mœnia* of the continent, its accumulation would have produced the same result. The War (and if ever the arm of man was raised in a cause worthy the expenditure of his blood, and the hazard of all things but his honour, it was in that fearful invasion of the liberties of the earth,) was the origin of that increase, the diminution of which leaves agriculture to lean upon the broken staff of party. A hundred millions of circulation created in any country completely *isolated*, even though that circulation were sea-shells, or beads, or bits of leather, must increase the farming prices in a close proportion to its increase of the general currency. Corn must be bought, and when men have more coin, or its substitute, to give, they must give more. The landlord waits with a longing eye for the expiration of his lease, to pounce upon the profits of the farmer. The farmer himself often becomes a landlord, and is succeeded by the less lucky race who keep up the verity of the proverb, "that the poor will never be wanting in the land." The cessation of war breaks up the whole succession.

No resumption of cash payments had time to mingle its shadow with the clouds that suddenly gathered over the head of the empire, even while it was in a blaze with the glories of triumph new risen. The return of commerce to the different harbours of Europe, the resumption of their own fabrics, the revival of credit among the closed and desolated *Firms* of the Continent, were the sources of our decayed trade. The fury of the inundation had subsided; and the group of Industry, Opulence, and National Spirit, which had been huddled together in that mountain of safety which England offered to the world, might now go down and take their several ways in hope to their own shattered homes.

In this universal change, the evil shock fell upon two nations, the only two that had profited by the war. America, the carrier of Europe, saw her ships naturally abandoned for native bottoms; and unpressed as she is by the burdens which furnish the exhaustless topics of English Radical declamation,—with her soil unsullied by an established religion, or a hereditary throne,—scarcely touched by taxes,—and poorly parsimonious in her allowances for the decency and comfort of her government,—was reduced to unheard-of distress. Had America been a fully settled territory, she must have been undone, for her habitual livelihood was extinguished. She had no manufactures to summon back the spirit of departed trade; and desperate and perpetual bankruptcy must have followed. But she has a world for the dispersion of her discontents. The ruined merchant abandons his counting-house, and colonizes the wilderness.

In England, the first shock fell on the manufacturing and mercantile population. The purse of Europe dropped from their hands with its commerce. What they did not receive they could not give; and this vast population of *seven millions!* after listening to the rebellious whispers which told them that Revolution alone would give them bread, forced down the prices of the farmer, by his own necessity of taking what he could get. The return of peace had made the manufacturer poor; and when the buyer is poor, the seller cannot long keep up his old extortion. All prices were thus lowered. To this was added the cessation of the government contracts, acting equally on the manufacturer and the farmer. Thirty millions were thus deducted from the means of both. Lastly, came the return to cash payments, which extinguished another great sum of the circulation; and left, of the entire, not more than half. The issue of the country banks, at one period of the war, was thirty-three millions;—a sum exceeding the rental of the two Houses of the Legislature. Of this, a vast quantity has gone into dust and air. In this diminution of the national apparent wealth, which, for all its temporary purposes, was as real as if it had been gold or diamonds, all incomes have been diminished but those of the landlord. His rent stands in the old characters of high prices and war. He must have the pound of flesh. It is so written in the bond. The grand remedy then must be, the reduction of the general rental.

A wise government will, in the meantime, apply itself to all the reductions which can lighten taxation; and the

abolition of the lazy encumbrances of useless Boards and idle pensioners, left hanging on them by the economy of the Fox administration. There are but two alternatives to the reduction of rents,—the instant resumption of paper payments, and the abolition of the national debt. Whiggism, mad and monstrous as its theories have been, dares no more than glance at either. The first would overset commerce like the blast of a whirlwind,—the other, beginning by infinite misery among ourselves, would scatter the wealth of England abroad, and destroy her moral reputation and physical means beyond hope of return. The newspapers are already overflowing with the Opposition energies on those topics. But a part of the secret history of those debates is, that Mr Hume, notwithstanding his private bureau of half a dozen clerks, has talked himself out of all credit with both sides. His ambition in taking the lead on the Address, has grievously offended the Elders of the Party; and he has been formally left to struggle his own puzzled way. *Mr Brougham*, another instance of luckless aspiration, has been, with similar disdain, left to exhibit his solitary figure in "dance uncouth," and go, without a partner, through the eternal *minuet* of his harangues on finance, those melancholy and antiquated paradings, which always leave the *Artiste* where they found him. *Sir James Mackintosh*, (for among such a set even HE is something) overwhelmed with disgust, indolence, and obvious contempt of his assistants, prefers the feeble dalliance of a Holland-house *conversazione*, to the dull garrulity of his friends in the Commons; and it is more than probable, that *Mr Tierney*, more tired of obscurity than even of Grey Bennet, or late sittings, will resume the abdicated throne.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Travels along the Mediterranean, and parts adjacent, extending as far as the second Cataract of the Nile, Jerusalem, Damascus, Balbec, Constantinople, Athens, Joannina, the Ionian Isles, Malta, Sicily, Naples, &c. performed in the years 1816, 1817, 1818, in company with the Earl of Belmore. By Robert Richardson, M. D. Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians in London, 1822.

Speedily will be published, in one vol. 8vo, Chinzica, a Poem, in Ten Cantos, founded on that part of the History of the Pisan Republic, in which is said to have originated the celebrated Triennial Festival, called the Battle of the Bridge.

A System of Analytic Geometry, by the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, A. M. of the University of Dublin, and Member of the Royal Irish Academy. This work will contain, Part 1st, a complete system of Conic Sections, proved by the application of the principles of Algebra, according to the method of Des Cartes. Also the Theory of Curves, of the higher order, with the application of the Differential and Integral Calculus to them. The Second Part will contain the principles by which the properties of the Curved Surfaces may be investigated by the same method, and the investigation of the figures and properties of Curved Surfaces of the second order.

Hellas; a Dramatic Poem, on the Greek model, in reference to the present state of affairs in Greece. By Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Mr Barry Cornwall has in the press a volume of Poems, containing the Flood of Thessaly; the Girl of Provence; and the Letter of Boccaccio.

The Temple of Romance, and other Poems. By Stannard Melmoth.

The Principles of Practical Perspective, or Scenographic Projection. By Mr Robert Brown, in a royal 8vo volume, with 51 Engravings.

Cotman's Antiquities, Part IV. and last.

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The Beauties of Jeremy Taylor, with a Memoir of his life. By Mr Melmoth.

Mr Children has in the press a Translation of Professor Bergelius's Work on the use of the Blow-pipe in Chemical Analysis, and Mineralogical Investigation. In octavo, with Engravings.

Elements of Self-Knowledge; or a Familiar Introduction to Moral Philosophy. By Rev. Thomas Finch.

The Orlando Inamorato of Berni, translated by William Stewart Rose. It will be followed by the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto.

The first number of a Literary Magazine, in the French Language, will be published on the 1st of March. To contain the useful and elegant Arts, Poetry, and Literature, Science, Criticism, &c. &c.

Mr Overton has in the press, an Inquiry into the Truth and Use of the Book of Enoch, as it respects his Prophecies, Visions, and account of fallen Angels, such Book being at length found in the Ethiopic canon, and put into English by Dr Laurence.

Mr Cochrane's Treatise on Chess will shortly appear.

A Comparative View of the Mineral and Mosaical Geologies. By Granville Penn.

Mr Crabb, author of English Synonymes, explained, has in the press a Technological Dictionary, containing Definitions of all Terms of Art or Science. To be published in monthly parts, and completed in 2 volumes, 4to.

Observations on the Influence of Manners upon the Health of the Human Race —more particularly as it regards Females in the higher and middle classes of Society. 1 vol. demy, 8vo. By R. Palin, M. D. of Newport, Salop.

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Lieutenant Marshall is preparing for the Press a Naval Biography, to consist of Genealogical, Biographical, and Historical Memoirs of all the Flag-Officers, Captains, and Commanders of his Majesty's Fleet, living at the commencement of the Year 1822.

In the Press, a Third Edition of Headlong-Hall.

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Mr Bridgens's Work, containing coloured representations of the Customs and Manners of France and Italy, with a descriptive Account of the Plates, by the late Dr Polidori, is now complete. It forms an interesting volume of 50 coloured Plates, and is particularly illustrative of Italian Customs.

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Shortly will be published, Mr Peter Nicholson's Elements of Mathematics, in a large octavo volume of 900 pages, with a separate Key for the use of Tutors.

Mr James Bird, author of the Vale of Slaughden; Machin; or the Discovery of Madeira, &c.—has in the press, Cosomo, Duke of Tuscany, a Tragedy, in Five Acts.

EDINBURGH.

On the first of May will be published, elegantly printed in post 8vo. Light and Shadows of Scottish Life, a selection from the papers of the late William Austin, Student of Divinity.

A Flora of the Environs of Edinburgh is preparing for the press, by Robert Kaye Greville, Esq. F. R. S. E., M. W. S., &c. It will be arranged according to the natural orders, and published in 2 vols. The first vol. comprising all the Acotyledonous plants or *Cryptogamia*, will appear about the end of the year; the second, the year following. The whole will be written in English, and the first volume accompanied with a botanical map of the country around Edinburgh, (in which the habitats of the rarer plants will be laid down) and an index of the technical terms employed in describing the Acotyledonous orders, with explanations.

When the long-known botanical riches of the vicinity of Edinburgh are considered, it is surprising that no work has been exclusively devoted to their illustration; in the present period, such an undertaking will, it is presumed, be regarded with considerable interest, particularly on account of the great progress which has been made of late years in the difficult, but truly curious, Acotyledonous class. With a view to render this department more popular, Mr Greville will spare no trouble to render it as perspicuous as possible. In regard to the materials, it will be sufficient to mention that Mr Greville has collected, amid the *Fungi* alone, near 100 species since the *Flora Scotica* of Dr Hooker was published.

Early in April will be published, in 4 vols. 8vo. a History of the British Empire, from the Accession of Charles I. to the Restoration; with an Introduction, tracing the Progress of Society, and of the Constitution, from the feudal times, to the opening of the History; and including a particular Examination of Mr Hume's Statements relative to the Character of the English Government. By George Brodie, Esq.

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Mr Allan begs leave to acquaint his Friends, that his Picture of the Death of Archbishop Sharpe will speedily be put into the hands of Mr Stewart the Engraver.

Speedily will be published, the Third Edition of Bell's Dictionary of the Law of Scotland. With considerable Alterations and Improvements, and an Appendix, containing *Skene de verborum significatione.*

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Ditto, old . .	63	to 68	Ditto, old . .	22	to 27
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Barley . . .	16	to 19	Fine ditto . .	16	to 18
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Lard, rd. p. c.	46	0 to	48	0
Tongue, p. fir.	—	0 to	—	0

Course of Exchange, Feb. 8.—Amsterdam, 12 : 9. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 12 : 6. Rotterdam, 12 : 10. Antwerp, 12 : 6. Hamburgh, 37: 5. Altona, 37 : 6. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 40. Ditto 25 : 70. Bourdeaux, 25 : 70. Frankfort on the Maine, 155. Petersburgh, per rble. 8¾ 3. *Us.* Vienna, 10 : 14 *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10 : 14 *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 36. Bilboa, 36½. Barcelona, 35¾. Seville, 35¾. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47. Genoa, 43¾. Venice, 27 : 60. Malta, 45. Naples, 40. Palermo, 118. Lisbon, 51. Oporto, 51. Rio Janeiro, 44. Bahia, 50. Dublin, 9¼ per cent. Cork, 9¼ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½d. New Doubloons, £3 : 13 : 6d. New Dollars, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11½d.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d January, 1822.

	2d.	9th.	16th.	23d.
Bank stock,	—	—	237½	237½ ¾
3 per cent. reduced,	76 5½ ¾	77½ ½ ⅝	76½ 7	76¾ ½
3 per cent. consols,	—	76¾ ⅝	76¾ 6	75⅞ 6
3½ per cent. consols,	—	88½ ¼	88	87¾ ⅝
4 per cent. consols,	95 ⅜	96⅜ ¼	96⅜ ¼	96¾ ¼
5 per cent. navy ann.	—	108⅞ ⅜	108½	108⅞ ⅜
India stock,	—	—	235½	—
—— bonds,	68 pr.	76 77 pr.	—	80 81 pr.
Exchequer bills, 2d.	1 pr.	4 5 pr.	4 6 pr.	4 5 pr.
Consols for acc.	76¾ ⅛	78½ ¾	77⅞ ½	76⅜ ¼
Long Annuities	19⅛	19⅛	19⅛	19
French 5 per cents.	85fr. 50c.	85fr.	85fr. 15c.	85fr. 50c.
Amer. 5 per cent.	100	100	—	—

PRICES CURRENT, *February* 5.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
SUGAR, Muse.				
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	57 to 60	54 58	52 54	53 59
Mid. good, and fine mid.	70 82	59 68	55 75	60 74
Fine and very fine, . .	80 82	80 82	76 79	76 82
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	130 145	— —	— —	— —
Powder ditto, . .	100 110	— —	— —	— —
Single ditto, . .	88 102	98 110	— —	— —
Small Lumps, . . .	88 92	88 92	— —	— —
Large ditto, ...	82 86	80 85	— —	— —
Crushed Lumps, . .	44 56	82 86	— —	— —
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	26 —	24 24 6	26 6 27	23 21 6
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.				
Ord. good, and fine ord.	105 110	105 113	100 114	106 118
Mid. good, and fine mid.	110 120	114 122	116 132	119 128
Dutch Triage and very ord.	— —	— —	90 100	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	120 135	— —	102 113	— —
Mid. good, and fine mid.	135 140	— —	116 130	— —
St Domingo, ...	122 126	— —	100 105	— —
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	8 9	— —	8½ 9	— —
SPIRITS,				
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 2d 2s 4d	1s 8d 1s 10d	1s 9d 1s 11d	1s 7d 1s 8d
Brandy, ...	4 3 4 6	— —	— —	3 6 3 7
Geneva, ...	2 0 2 3	— —	— —	1 3 1 7
Grain Whisky, . .	6 3 6 4	— —	— —	— —
WINES,				
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	45 55	— —	— —	£20 £60
Portugal Red, pipe.	30 42	— —	— —	30 34
Spanish White, butt.	34 55	— —	— —	— —
Teneriffe, pipe.	30 32	— —	— —	— —
Madeira, ...	55 65	— —	— —	— —
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£7 7 7	— —	9 10 10 0	£10 10 11 0
Honduras, ...	— —	— —	10 0 10 10	10 10 11 0
Campeachy, ...	8 —	— —	10 10 11 0	11 10 12 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	7 8	— —	9 0 9 10	6 10 7 10
Cuba, ...	9 11	— —	12 0 12 10	8 10 0
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d	— —	— —	9 11 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 8 2 2	— —	— —	— —
Ditto Oak, ...	2 9 3 3	— —	— —	— —
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	1 10 2 0	— —	— —	— —
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 0 1 6	1 2 1 8	0 11 1 0	0 10 1 0
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 6 2 8	1 6 3 0	1 5 2 0	1 6 1 10
TAR, American, brl.	20 21	— —	13 0 16 0	17 20
Archangel, ...	16 17	— —	— —	22 —
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10 11	— —	— —	10 12
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	49 50	49 50	49 50	51 52
Home melted, ...	50 —	— —	— —	— —
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	— —	— —	— —	£53 —
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	52 54	— —	51 52	49 10 50
FLAX,				
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	55 56	— —	— —	£57 58
Dutch, ...	50 90	— —	— —	50 52
Irish, ...	42 48	— —	— —	— —
MATS, Archangel, 100.	85 90	— —	— —	90 100
BRISTLES,				
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	13 10 14	— —	— —	14 —
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	45 46	— —	— —	— —
Montreal, ditto, . . .	44 —	41 42	42 —	— —
Pot, . . .	34 35	34 35	34 35	— —
OIL, Whale, . tun.	L.21	21 10 22	— —	20 10 —
Cod.	— —	18 19	— —	19 0 19 10
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7½ 8	7½ 8	0 6 0 8	0 7d 7½
Middling, ...	6 6½	5½ 6½	0 4½ 0 5½	— —
Inferior, ...	5 5½	3½ 4	0 2½ 0 3	0 3 0 4
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	0 9½ 11	0 7½ 0 10½	0 8½ 0 10⅝
Sea Island, fine, . .	— —	1 8 1 10	1 6 2 0	— —
Good, . .	— —	1 4 1 6	1 1 1 2	— —
Middling, . .	— —	1 2 1 4	1 1 1 2	— —
Demerara and Berbice,	— —	1 0 1 1	0 9½ 1 0½	0 9½ 1 —
West India, ...	— —	0 9 0 11	0 8 0 9½	0 8½ 0 9½
Pernambuco, . . .	— —	1 0½ 1 1½	0 11½ 1 0½	1 0 1 1½
Maranham, . . .	— —	1 0 1 1	0 10½ 0 11½	— —

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Win	
Jan. 1	M.28	29.295	M.37	SE.	Fair foren.	Jan. 17	M.29	29.778	M.37	NW.	Frost morn.
	A. 35	.275	A. 36		h. rain after.		A. 36	.829	A. 37		fresh day.
2	M.29	.313	M.35	S.	Frost morn.	18	M.33	.747	M.42	NW	Fresh, with
	A. 33	.407	A. 36		dull day.		A. 44	.806	A. 43		sunshine.
3	M.29	.484	M.33	E.	Frost.	19	M.39	.797	M.45	W.	Ditto.
	A. 30	.237	A. 35				A. 45	.746	A. 44		
4	M.30	.419	M.34	NE.	Keen frost,	20	M.36	.620	M.43	W.	Day fair,
	A. 33	.637	A. 34		sn. on hills.		A. 41	.677	A. 44		rain night.
5	M.29½	.876	M.35	N.	Ditto.	21	M.37	.811	M.45	NW.	Dull, with
	A. 34	.876	A. 35				A. 45	.982	A. 45		showers.
6	M.29½	.807	M.35	NW.	Frosty day.	22	M.38	.982	M.45	W.	Fresh, rather
	A. 34	.851	A. 35		sh. hail at n.		A. 43	.982	A. 44		dull.
7	M.29	.902	M.35	NW.	Frosty day.	23	M.34	.760	M.44	W.	Mild and
	A. 34	.901	A. 35				A. 44	.589	A. 45		fair.
8	M.29½	.820	M.35	NW.	Frost morn.	24	M.38	.523	M.45	W.	Ditto.
	A. 35	.860	A. 37		fresh day.		A. 45	.532	A. 46		
9	M.29½	.875	M.37	NW	Ditto.	25	M.35	.455	M.45	NW.	Fair, but
	A. 37	.727	A. 41				A. 44	.788	A. 47		cold.
10	M.36	.657	M.45	W.	Fair and	26	M.33	.865	M.45	Cble.	Frost morn.
	A. 44	.709	A. 45		fresh		A. 37	.865	A. 43		fair day.
11	M.37	.778	M.45	NW.	Fair and	27	M.33	.894	M.40	Cble.	Rain for the
	A. 46	.794	A. 44		mild.		A. 38	.878	A. 44		day.
12	M.39½	.902	M.45	NW.	Fair, but	28	M.40	.772	M.46	Cb	Fair, with
	A. 44	.778	A. 45		cold.		A. 45	.791	A. 46		sunshine.
13	M.39	.775	M.48	NW.	Day fair,	29	M.35	.852	M.43	W.	Ditto.
	A. 47	.754	A. 46		sh. hail night		A. 39	.909	A. 41		
14	M.31	.592	M.41	NW.	Sh. rain day,	30	M.33	.906	M.40	W.	Fair day,
	A. 40	.666	A. 40		h. rain night.		A. 38	.810	A. 41		but cold.
15	M.30½	.898	M.38	NW.	Frost, with	31	M.36	.614	M.44	W.	Dull, but
	A. 35	.898	A. 36		sunshine.		A. 43	.611	A. 43		fair.
16	M.28½	.920	M.35	NW.	Frosty day,						
	A. 33	.852	A. 35		sn. night.						

Average of Rain, 1.168 inches.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES announced between the 20th of Nov. and the 20th of Dec. 1821, extracted from the London Gazette.

Abbey, T. Pocklington, ironmonger.
Abbey, R. Alne, York, miller.
Adcock, H. W. Birmingham, dealer.
Ambrose, T. Waterloo Place, woollen-draper.
Andrew, S. and H. Micklehurst, Cheshire, woollen-manufacturers.
Annen, J. Blackheath, merchant.
Beaufoy, I. Meriden, Warwick, draper.
Birch, R. Y. Hammersmith, medicine-vender.
Blackburn, W. Bedford, Lancaster, dealer.
Bond, J. Munsley, Hereford, coppice-dealer.
Brittain, B. Warren's Farm, Herts, dealer.
Broadbent, I. and A. Saddleworth, York, merchants.
Bush, H. Loddon, Norfolk, grocer.
Butcher, O. Burnham Westgate, Norfolk, farmer.
Cantor, J. J. Devonshire-street, Bishopgate-street, pen-manufacturer.
Cartwright, T. Oakhamton, inn-keeper.
Chafer, W. Hull, grocer.
Christie, C. Clement's-lane, insurance-broker.
Churchill, S. Hadlow-street, Brunswick-square, wine-merchant.
Clark, T. Hammersmith, money-scrivener.
Clemence, I. jun. Northumberland-street, carpenter.
Cole, T. Cartoft, York, dealer.
Colville, E. Charlotte-street, Portland-place.
Croaker, C. Crayford, Kent, farmer.
Deleval, A. York-street, Govent Garden, wine-merchant.
Etherington, I. Knottingley, York, coal-dealer.
Forbes, G. M. Liverpool, merchant.
Frost, J. Temple Normanton, Derby, maltster.
Fulstone, H. Cottenham, Cambridge, auctioneer.
Gear, I. Nottingham, fishmonger.
Gange, I. Park-street, Hanover-square, auctioneer.
Gidden, T. the younger, Prince's-square, St George's in the East, curriers.
Gill, W. Searborough, linen-draper.
Graves, T. jun. Cottenham, Cambridge, butcher.
Grayson, R. Wigan, cotton-spinner.
Griffis, V. Knightsbridge, plumber.
Haigh, T. Poland-street, bookbinder.
Hall, J. Watton at Stone, Herts, corn-dealer.
Harrison, R. Coleshill, tanner.
Heath, J. Rosemary-lane, cheesemonger.
Hext, S. Harlington Mandeville, Somerset, sail-cloth maker.
Hole, B. Broad-street, Bloomsbury, tailor.
Hunter, I. Hawkhurst, Kent, corn-dealer.
Jenkins, Edward, Picketstone, miller.
Jenkins, R. I. R. Axbridge, dealer.
King, Jacob, Great Yeldham, Essex, linen-draper, &c.
Mackintyre, J. Liverpool, merchant.
Mather, I. Jewin-street, wine-merchant.
Metcalfe, R. Brunswick-place, City-road, merchant.
Mickle, I. Piercy-street, Tottenham-court-road, tailor.
Midwood, T. H. London, merchant.
Milne, J. Liverpool, painter.
Munro, G. Mincing-lane, wine-merchant.
Nattris, I. jun. Thornton, York, linen-draper.
Neale, G. Grantham, brick-maker.
Nunneley, S. Cransley, Northampton, cattle-jobber.
Oliver, T. High-street, Mary-le-bone, victualler.
Park, John, Fenchurch-street, merchant.
Parker, I. Edgeware-road, earthenwareman.
Pearson, E. & Co. Liverpool, merchants.
Penley, I. jun. Uley, Gloucester, dyer.
Pinneger, J. Leachlade, Gloucester, wool-merchant.
Potbury, G. Sidmouth, cabinet-maker.
Pownall, T. Handforth, Chester, flour-factor, &c.
Rawlinson, S. Bowtell, near Hayes, Middlesex, brickmaker.
Richard, J. Exeter, cabinet-maker.
Robinson, E. Langbourn Chambers, merchant.
Robinson, M. A. Red Lion-street, Holborn, grocer.
Rogers, T. and Co. Savoy-street, Strand, harness makers.

Routledge, T. Liverpool, broker.
Scott, O. Manchester Buildings, Westminster, army and navy-agent.
Shaw, I. Oldham, Lancaster, machine-maker.
Simpson, W. T. Manchester, hoster.
Smeeton, G. St Martin's-lane, printer.
Staff, E. Norwich, brickmaker.
Stoker, I. Doncaster, tinman.
Tennant, I. Liverpool, merchant.
Thomas, W. Blewit's Buildings, Fetter-lane, workhouse manufacturer.
Thompson, W. Tottenhill, near Lynn, cattle-dealer.
Todd, I. Tottenham, Cambridge, butcher.
Toussaint, C. Castle Street, Leicester-sq. plumber.
Wardle, I. Worksop, butcher.
Washburn, J. Great Marlow, Bucks, wire-manufacturer.
Waugh, R. Hull, cabinet-maker.
Whitbourn, J. Brook-street, Holborn, oilman.
White, J. Bletchingley, farmer.
Wigfall, H. Sheffield, file-maker.
Wilson, E. Strand, merchant.
Winter, George, Norfolk-street, Strand, merchant.
Woodwood, T. Bridgewater, Somerset, druggist.
Wotton, I. Windsor, timber-merchant.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st January, 1821, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Donaldson and M'Feat, music-sellers in Glasgow.
Graham, Robert, and Co. manufacturers in Glasgow.
Harkness, James, farmer and cattle-dealer at Glenlean, Argyleshire.
Love, William, cattle-dealer, Muirdykes.
Mackay, Donald, merchant in Dornoch.
M'Culloch, Robert, merchant in Glasgow.
Moffat, John, merchant in Lerwick.
Murdoch, James, woollen-draper in Falkirk.
Reddie, James, formerly builder, joiner, and cabinet-maker in Dunfermline, afterwards partner of Sutherland and Reddie, commission agents in Glasgow, now starcher and merchant there.
Sutherland, Charles, merchant in Golspie.

DIVIDENDS.

Barclay, Arthur and Co., merchants in Glasgow, who carried on business in the Island of St Vincent, under the firm of Daniel Brown and Co.; a dividend 26th February.
Cowbrough, William, late of Ellrig, one of the partners of the Falkirk Union Bank. Funds to be divided after 25th February. No dividend to creditors of the Bank at this time.
Craig, Robert, grocer and vintner at Maryshill, remainder of funds allowed to those creditors who did not lodge in time for first dividend.
Crow, William, merchant in Leith; a second and final dividend after 4th March.
Duncan, James, merchant in Dundee; the first dividend will be paid to such creditors as have not already received it, after 4th March.
Fleming, Robert, joiner and builder in Glasgow; a first and final dividend, 25th February.
Gordon, James, in Overlaw, and Gordon, Matthew, in Kirkland, drovers and cattle-dealers in Stewartry of Kirkcudbright; a dividend 18th February.
Guild, James, late maltster and feuar in Alloa; a dividend 10th January.
Hamilton, John, and Co. merchants in Glasgow; a dividend 18th February.
Landles and Calder, fish-curers and merchants, Helmsdale; a dividend 15th February.
Macfarlane, Duncan, cattle-dealer, Inveresraggan, Argyleshire; a dividend 21st January.
Menzies, James, fish-curer and merchant, Glasgow; a dividend after 1st March.
Primerose, George, Esq. formerly of Rosmoir; a final dividend 28th February.
Rattrays, James and David, manufacturers at Bannockburn; a dividend of 1s. 1½d. after 27th February.
Smith, Robert, late wool-spinner, Stirling; a dividend 9th February.
Walker, Robert, and Son, tanners in Port-Glasgow; a dividend 9th February.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet Capt. Horton, 81 F. to be Major in the Army, Aug. 17, 1821.
——— Davison, h. p. 2 F. do. Oct. 20.
1 Life Gd. Lieut. Bullock, Capt. by purch. vice Gough ret. Dec. 26.
Cornet and Sub.-Lieut. Bayard, Lieut. by purch. do.
Hon. H. M. Upton, Cornet and Sub.-Lieut. do. do.
R. Hor.G. Lt. Wellesley, from Coldst. Gds. Cornet by purch. vice Picart, ret.-rec. value of Cornetcy only, 20. do.
1 Dr. Gd. J. M'Douall, Cornet by purch. vice Alcock prom. Jan. 17, 1822.
4 Cornet Hunter, Lt. do. vice Ruffo, ret. Oct. 24, 1821.
5 ——— Hampton, from 4 Dr. Cornet by purch. vice Harcourt, Coldst. Gd. Dec. 20.
——— Westenra, Lieut. by purch. vice Hodson prom. Oct. 24.
1 Dr. Lt. Hanbury, from h. p. 25 Dr. Paym. vice Kerr, dead, Dec. 26.
2 Cornet Blane, Lt. by purch. vice Innes, prom. Oct. 24.
D. Hollingworth, Cornet by purch. Jan. 10, 1822.
4 G. Weston, do. do. vice Hampton, 5 Dr. Gds. Dec. 28, 1821.
7 Capt. Williams, Major do. vice Robins, 18 F. Oct. 24.
Lieut. *Lord* J. Bentinck, from 10 Dr. Capt. by purch. Oct. 24.
10 Cornet Daubus, from 12 Dr. Lieut. by purch. vice *Lord* J. Bentinck, 7 Dr. Oct. 24.
12 ——— Sidley, Adj. vice Micklethwaite, res. Adj. only, Jan. 5, 1822.
Coldst. G. ——— Harcourt, from 5 Dr. Gds. Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Wellesley, R. Horse Gds. Dec. 20, 1821.
G. Bentinck, Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Jenkinson, ret. Jan. 17, 1822.
2 F. Lt. Frankland, Capt. do. vice Carney, ret. 3, do.
Ens. Carney, Lt. do. do.
Gent. Cadet. J. L. King, from L. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. do.
3 Lt. Barlow, Capt. by purch. vice Park, ret. Dec. 20, 1821.
Ens. Kingsbury, Lt. do. do.
J. Grant, Ens. do. do.
5 Lt. *Lord* Schomberg Kerr, from 33 F. Capt. by purch. vice Armstrong, cancelled, Oct. 24.
6 — *Hon.* H. R. Molyneux, from h. p. 39 F. Lt. (paying diff.) vice Pigot, 86 F. Jan. 17, 1822.
10 Ens. Galloway, Adj. vice Shinkwin, res. Adj. only, Dec. 20, 1821.
11 Lt. Marcon, Capt. by purch. vice Dunlop, ret. Jan. 3, 1822.
Ens. Haldenby, Lt. do. do.
Capt. Fitz-Clarence, Major by purch. vice Hely, ret. Jan. 10.
Lt. Chambre, Capt. do. do.
Ens. Farmar, Lt. do. do.
——— Derinzy, from 89 F. Ens. do.
11 F. Gent. Cadet. J. P. Westropp, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. Jan. 11.
13 Lt. Reed, Capt. by purch. vice Campbell, ret. Jan. 10.
Ens. Jordan, Lt. do. 17, do.
W. Flood, Ens. do. do.
15 Gent. Cadet. W. Denny, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Hope, 92 F. Jan. 10.

18 Major Robins, from 7 Dr. Lt. Col. by purch. vice M. Gen. Graves ret. Oct. 24, 1821.
20 Lieut. Sutherland, from h. p. 68 F. Lt. vice Goldfrap, prom. Jan. 16, 1822.
25 Serj. Maj. J. Potts, Qua. Mas. vice Campbell, dead, Jan. 16.
30 Hosp. Assist. J. R. Gillespie, Assist. Surg. vice Evans, dead, Dec. 20, 1821.
38 Assist. Surg. Shanks, from h. p. 56 F. Assist. Surg. vice Jobson, cancelled, Nov. 25.
40 —— Hotham, Ens. by purch. vice Dalrymple, 2 W. I. Reg. Dec. 20.
41 Lt. Crawford, Capt. do. vice Saunders, ret. Jan. 10, 1822.
Ens. Warren, Lt. do. do.
G. R. Read, Ens. do. do.
42 Lieut. Stevenson, Capt. do. vice Macintosh, ret. Oct. 24, 1821.
Ens. Weatherall, from 69 F. Lieut. by purch. do.
49 Lieut. Reardon, from 66 F. Lieut. vice King, h. p. 35 F. Jan. 3, 1822.
52 —— Monins, Adj. vice Sutherland, res. Adj. only, do. 16.
54 Assist. Surg. Leich, from h. p. 6. Vet. Bn. Assist. Surg. vice Shanks, canc. Dec. 20, 1821.
55 G. Lawrence, Ens. by purch. vice Jackson, ret. Oct. 24.
56 Lt. Brough, Capt. do. vice O'Hara, ret. Jan. 10, 1822.
59 Ens. Coot, late of 5 F. Ens. vice Howe, dead, do. 17.
61 —— Cotter, from 90 F. Lt. by purch. vice Wolfe, prom. Dec. 20. 1821.
63 Gent. Cadet, W. S. S. Doyle, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice *Lord* Falkland, 71 F. do.
68 Lt. Stopford, from h. p. 35 F. (paying diff.) Lt. vice Reardon, 49 F. Jan. 3, 1822.
67 Capt. Wyndham, from 2 Life Gds. Maj. by purch. vice Cassidy, ret. Dec. 20, 1821.
71 Ens. L'Estrange, Lieut. by purch. vice Peel, 2 W. I. Regt. do.
—— L. C. *Visc.* Falkland, from 63 F. Ens. do.
75 J. D'Arley, Ens. by purch. vice Hawkins, 89 F. do.
86 Lieut. Pigot, from 6 F. Lt. vice Gould, h. p. 39 F. (rec. diff.) Jan. 17, 1822.
89 Ens. Hawkins, from 75 F. Lt. by purch. vice Lockwood, 22 F. Dec. 20, 1821.
Hosp. Assist. Orr, Assist. Surg. vice Gray, dead, Jan. 17, 1822.
90 J. H. Baldwin, Ens. by purch. vice Cotter, 61 F. Dec. 20, 1821.
92 Lieut. G. Macdonald, Adj. vice Grant, dead, Oct. 28.
Ens. Hope, from 15 F. Lt. by purch. vice Wilson, prom. Oct. 24.
93 Capt. Martin, from 1 Life Gds. Major, by purch. vice Lt. Col. A. Gordon, ret. Jan. 10, 1822.
2. W. I. R. Ens. Dalrymple, from 40 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Findley, prom. Dec. 20, 1821.

Commissariat Department.

Acting Dep. Comm. Gen. Webb, (in Ireland) Dep. Comm. Gen. Jan. 15, 1822.
Commiss. Clerk, J. Campbell, (in Ireland) Dep. Assist. Comm. Gen. do.
Hosp. Assist. Farmer, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Coleman, 49 F. Dec. 20, 1821.
—— P. Stewart, from h. p. do. vice Gillespie, 30 F. do.
—— Donaldson, from h. p. do. June 27.
—— Walsh, from h. p. do. vice Orr, 89 F. Jan. 17.

Exchanges.

Lt. Col. Hall, from 38 F. with Lt. Col. Torrens, 65 F.
Bt. Lt. Col. Gabriel, from 2 Dr. G. rec. diff. between Full Pay Troop and Full Pay Comp. with Bt. Maj. Middleton, h. p. 22 Dr.
Lieut. Col. Beyer, from 10 F. with Major Payler, h. p. 37 F.
—— Hardy, from 16 F. with Maj. Thorne, h. p. 60 F.
Major Norcliff, from 4 Dr. with Maj. Sale, 17 Dr.
Bt. Major Carpenter, from 15 F. with Capt. Fox, Cape Corps.
Capt. Kenney, from 52 F. with Bt. Major Macleod, h. p. 45 F.
—— Enderby, from 5 Dr. Gds. with Captain Crichton, 16 Dr.
—— Owen, from 11 F. with Capt. Browne, h. p. 12 F.
—— Shearman, from 13 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Squire, h. p. 7 F.
—— Gregory, from 29 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Bridgeman, h. p. 23. F.
—— Ball, from 40 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Maclean, h. p. 72 F.
—— Seymour, from 41 F. with Capt. Carr, h. p. 15 Dr.
—— Manners, from Rifle Brig. rec. diff. with Capt. Skeill, h. p. Port Serv.
Lieut. Pilcher, from 1 Life Gds. rec. diff. between Full Pay Life Gds. and Full Pay Cav. with Lieut. *Lord* F. Conningham, h. p. 9 Dr.
—— Slocock, from 4 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lt. Makepeace, h. p.
—— Gunning, from 1 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Knachbull, h. p. 1 Dr. Gds.
—— Chambre, from 11 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Maxwell, h. p. 64 F.
—— Logan, from 12 Dr. with Lt. Rose, 20 F.
—— Davison, from 11 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Prideaux, h. p.
—— Connor, from 16 F. with Lieut. Brand, 73 F.
—— Dowling, from 19 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Rose, h. p.
—— Logan, from 20 F. with Lieut. *Lord* E. Hay, h. p. 55 F.
—— Wright, from 29 F. with Lt. Steele, h. p. 43 F.
—— Macpherson, from 31 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Hamilton, h. p. 7 F.
—— *Hon.* W. Brome, from 52 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Blois, h. p.
—— Cundall, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Brown, h. p.
—— Bolton, from 63 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Foster, h. p.
—— Bailey, from 69 F. rec. diff. with Lt. *Hon.* R. King. h. p. 60 F.
—— Howels, from 77 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Douglas, h. p.
Ens. & Lt. St John, from Gren. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Johnstone, h. p. 19 Dr.
Ensign Newman, from 40 F. with Ensign Floyer, h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

Maj. Gen. Graves, 18 F.
Lieut. Col. Hely, 11 F.
—— Alex. Gordon, 93 F.
Maj. Parke, 3 F.
—— O'Hara, 56 F.
—— Cassidy, 67 F.
Captain Gough, 1 Life Gds.
—— Carney, 2 F.
—— Dunlop, 11 F.
—— Campbell, 15 F.
—— Saunders, 41 F.
—— Mackintosh, 42 F.
Lieut. Picard, R. Horse Gds.
—— Ruffo, 4 Dr. Gds.
—— Jenkinson, Coldst. Gds.
Ensign Jackson, 53 F.
Surgeon M'Culloch, Berwick Mill.

Appointments Cancelled.

Captain Armstrong, 5 F.
Lieut. Beamish (from h. p.) 4 Dr. Gds.
Assist. Surg. Jobson, 38 F.
—— Shanks, 54 F.

Superseded.

Paymaster Fisher, 55 F.

Deaths.

Lieut. Gen. *Sir* H. Cosby, E. I. C. Serv. Bath, Jan. 17, 1822.
Col. Lambrecht, R. Mar. Argenton, Dec. 26, 1821.
Lieut. Col. Piper, 4 F. Barbadoes, Dec. 12, 1821.

Lieut. Col. Quist, Riding Master to the R. Art. Woolwich, do. 26.
Major Bishop, 5 F. Dominica, Oct. 17, 1821.
——— Williamson, ret. 8 Vet. Bat. Portsmouth, Nov. 30.
——— Hinckleday, h. p. 60 F. Guadaloupe, Dec. 28.
——— Jacob, h. p. 95 F. Ireland, Oct. 6.
Captain Armstrong, 5 F. Dominica, Oct. 20.
——— Hogan, h. p. 27 F.
——— Macquarie, h. p. 86 F. Ardchresinish, July 6.
——— Ellert, h. p. Cape Reg. Cape of Good Hope, June 7.
Lieut. Sneyd, 8 Dr. Widerapore, Bengal, May 26.
——— Equino, 5 F. Dominica, Oct. 31.
——— Madden, 65 F. Colabath, Bombay, June 12.
——— M'Donald, ret. Invalids, Invercoe, N. B. Feb. 12.
——— Robeson, ret. 2 Vet. Bn. Trattan, near Portsmouth, Jan. 1, 1822.
——— Holmes, h. p. 55 F. Montreal, Lower Canada, May 23, 1821.
——— Stewart, h. p. 52 F. Gordonsburgh, N. B. Nov. 14.
——— Macdonald, h. p. 84 F. Sept. 22.
——— Pilkington, h. p. 4 W. I. R. Antigua, July 10.
——— Geagan, h. p. 8 W. I. R. Dominica, Oct. 30.
——— Holland, h. p. Watteville's Regt. previously of 49 F. Chatham, Jan. 19, 1821.
Ensign Shipton, 4 F. Barbadoes, Dec. 6, 1822.
——— Howe, 59 F. Portsmouth. Jan. 3, 1822.
——— Gordon, 85 F. Malta, Nov. 10, 1821.
——— Pickering, 1 W. I. R. St Lucia, Oct. 10.
——— Porter, h. p. 32 F. Douglas, Isle of Man, Dec. 25.
——— M'Coy, h. p. 100 F. Oct. 25.
——— Farquharson, h. p. Independent Comp. N. B. Nov. 15.
——— Wood, h. p. 7 W. I. R. Jamaica, Sept. 25.
Quar.-Mast. Doran, 4 F. Barbadoes, Dec. 5.
——— Campbell, 25 F.
——— Franklin, 59 F. Monghier, Bengal, June 9.
——— Macdougall (Lt.) 80 F. Malta, Nov. 19.
——— Tipson, h. p. 23 Dr. Preston, Lancashire, Aug. 15.
Commis. As. Com. Gen. Bassett, Barbadoes, Dec. 5.
——— Dep. As. Com. Gen. Pulsford, Berbice, Sept. 25.
Med. Surg. Maxton, 17 F. Berhampore, Bengal, July 12.
——— Miller, 79 F.
——— Cocke, late of Cornwall and Devon Miners Nov. 19.
Purveyor Cathcart, Antigua, do. 1.
Hosp. Assist. Arthur, Tobago, Sept. 22.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Aug. 4, 1821. At Bombay, the Honourable Mrs Buchanan, of a son.

Dec. 28. The Lady of Major Martin, Broughton Place, of a daughter.

— At Dunfermline, Mrs Charles Macara, of two sons.

Jan. 1, 1822. At Cheltenham, the lady of Captain Donald M'Leod, of the Honourable East India Company's service, of a son.

2. The lady of John Scott, Esq. of Gala, of a daughter.

3. At Pittenween, Mrs Horsburgh of Firth, of Roxburghshire, of a daughter.

5. At Melville Street, Mrs John Murray, of a daughter.

6. Mrs David Dewar, Arthur Street, of a son.

8. At Ettrick Manse, Mrs Bennet. of a son.

9. At Moncrieffe House, the lady of Sir David Moncrieffe of Moncrieffe, Bart. of a son.

— Mrs Mackintosh, Great King Street, of a son.

11. At No. 1, Charlotte Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Wylie, of a daughter.

12. Mrs Arbuthnot, Charlotte Square, of a daughter.

— At Kirkcudbright, Mrs Dr Shand, of a son.

13. Mrs Irving, Prince's Street, of a daughter.

14. At Carfin, Mrs Gordon of Harperfield, of a daughter.

15. At Paris, the Duchess of Orleans, of a prince, who is to bear the title of Duke of Aumale.

— Mrs C. Kennedy, Greenside Place, of a son.

17. Mrs Hope, Roxburgh Place, of a daughter.

18. At Grangebank, near Edinburgh, Mrs Hair, of a son.

— Mrs Moncreiff, Northumberland Street, of a son.

20. At Comely Bank, Mrs Ford, of a son.

21. At Clifton, the lady of the Reverend Edward Litchford, rector of Boothby Pagnell, of a son.

22. At Viscountess Duncan's George's Square, the Hon. Mrs Dundas of Dundas, of a son.

— At 50, Albany Street, the lady of the Rev. Abraham Home, of a daughter.

— At Spring Bank, Mrs King, of a son.

23. At Terregles House, Mrs A. Gordon, of twin sons.

24. At Rathkeale, in the county of Limerick, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Dick, 42d Royal Highland Regiment, of a son.

— At Renishaw, the seat of Sir George Sitwell, Bart. Lady Sitwell, of a daughter.

24. At No. 10, Hart Street, Mrs Orr, of a son.

25. At Tranent Manse, Mrs Henderson, of a son.

— At 16, Young Street, Mrs Charles Campbell, of a daughter.

— Mrs Macdonald, 22, Heriot Row, of a daughter.

26. At Ruchlaw, the lady of John Buchan Sydserff, Esq. of Ruchlaw, of a son.

— At Carron Vale, Mrs Robertson, of a son.

28. At Ladyland, Mrs Cochrane, of a daughter.

29. At Chelsea, the lady of Captain Begbie, 83d Regiment, of a son.

30. At Langie Park, the Right Honourable Lady Anne Letitia Cruikshanks, of a daughter.

31. At Whitfield House, Leith Walk, Mrs Pilliner, of a daughter.

Lately.—At Edinburgh, the lady of A. Macdonell, Esq. of Lochgarry, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 29, 1821. At Christ Church, Blackfriars Road, A. R. Irvine, Esq. to Miss Margaret Farquharson.

Jan. 1, 1822. At Kempsey, Mr William Chevasse, eldest son of the late Mr Nicholas Chevasse, surgeon, to Isabella, daughter of the late Captain John Grant of Rosefield, North Britain.

3. At Aberdeen, James Davidson, Esq. Caledonian Canal, to Eleanor, daughter of James Hollingworth, Esq. Chichester.

— At Nicolson Square, David Rymer, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh, to Helen, second daughter of William Calder, Esq.

— At Aix, in Provence, Lieutenant John Hallows, R. N. to Margaret, only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholas Ramsay.

4. In Portland Place, London, the Honourable John Cavendish Brown, eldest son of the Right Honourable Lord Kilmaine, to Eliza, eldest daughter of David Lyon, Esq. of Portland Place.

5. At Woodside, Mr James Latimer Duff, of Excise, to Christian, daughter of Mr Catanach of Woodside.

— At Fassfern, the seat of Sir Ewen Cameron, Bart. Archibald T. F. Fraser of Abertarff, to Janetta, daughter of the late Colonel Duncan Macpherson of Cluny.

8. At Farme, Hugh Mossman, Esq. younger of Auchterfardle, to Catherine, second daughter of James Farie, Esq. of Farme.

13. At Liverpool, Mr William Craig, R. N.

Commander of the ship Crown, to Miss E. Cruickshank, of Peterhead.

14. At Edinburgh, Samuel Richard Block, Esq. of Kentish Town, near London, to Agnes, eldest daughter of Adam Wilson, Esq. depute-clerk of Session, Forth Street.

16. At Northampton, the Reverend James Riddel, M. A. to Dorothy, younger daughter of the late John Foster, of Leicester-Grange, in the county of Leicester, Esq.

19. At St Helen's Church, John Capper, Esq. of Crosby Square, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Thomas Turnbull, Esq.

21. At Dundee, Mr John Home Scott, to Miss Mary Jobson, only daughter of Mr David Jobson.

— At Mrs Anstruther's house, Heriot Row, John Dalyell, Esq. of Lingò, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Brigadier-General Anstruther of Balcaskie.

24. At Leith, Mr. John Arthur, Glasgow, to Christina, daughter of Mr Thomas Henry, Leith.

25. At Edinburgh, Mr Donald Sinclair, bookbinder, Edinburgh, to Catherine, youngest daughter of the late Mr T. Gourlay, baker, London.

— At Edinburgh, Charles Dundas, Esq. of Barton Court, M. P. for Berkshire, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Honourable Charles Barclay Maitland, and widow of Major Erskine of Venlaw.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Charles Sidey, surgeon, Hanover Street, to Miss Elizabeth Neilans, Newington, Edinburgh.

26. At Fort George Cottage, Mr John Clark, of the Inverness Academy, to Eneasina, third daughter of the late A. Wilson, Esq. merchant, Inverness.

29. At Abden, Fifeshire, William Thomson of Prior-Letham, Esq. M. D. to Jessie, third daughter of the late James Campbell of Finmouth.

— At Nunraw, Charles Alexander Moir, Esq. of Leckie, to Miss Henrietta Hay, second daughter of the late Robert Hay, Esq. of Drummelzier.

— At Edinburgh, the Marquis de Riario Sforza, to Miss Lockhart, daughter of the Rear-Admiral Lockhart.

DEATHS.

July 19, 1821. At Surat, John Morrison, Esq. collector of the Honourable East India's Company's revenues at that place.

23. At Calcutta, Peter Davidson, Esq. son of Robert Davidson, Esq. merchant, Findhorn.

Aug. 4. At Broach, Charles Hay, infant son of Captain A. Campbell, Bombay Artillery.

Oct. At Tobago, Alexander Macgregor, Esq. of Ralheldies. His infant child died near the same time.

— At Williamsfield estate, Jamaica, of the yellow fever, John Boyd, Esq. second son of the late Spencer Boyd, Esq. of Penhill, Ayrshire.

5. At Virginia, in the 32d year of his age, James F. Wilson, Esq. of New Orleans, eldest son of the late Mr Alexander Wilson, merchant, Inverness.

Nov. 1. At Surinam, W. A. Carstairs, Esq. member of the Supreme Court there.

— At Antigua, William Cathcart, Esq. fourth son of the late James Cathcart of Carbiston, Esq.

9. At Marley, Grenada, Mr George Roberts, surgeon.

Dec. 12. At Barbadoes, after an illness of three days, Lieutenant-Colonel John Piper. C. B. of the 4th or King's own regiment.

26. At Limerick, Mr Alexander Oliphant, shipmaster, son of the late Mr Henry Oliphant, shipowner, Kirkaldy.

— At Sanquhar, Jean, infant daughter, and on 20th January, Marion, aged three years, both children of the deceased Mr George Ballantine, merchant.

28. At his house, at Tobago Street, Mr James Dewar, builder, aged 70.

— At Allanquoich, near Mar Lodge, James Harden, Esq. of Knock Inch.

— At Keiso, Margaret, wife of Mr Alexander Main, upholsterer.

29. At Cambeltown, Mrs Helen Maxwell, wife of Alexander Marshall, supervisor of Excise there.

31. At his house, Bonnington Brae, John Cheyne, Esq. surgeon in Leith.

— At Myothill, Mary, daughter of John Graham, Esq. of Myothill.

Jan. 1, 1822. At Cannon Bank, near Edinburgh, Miss Jane Traill, daughter of James Traill, Esq. of Ratter.

— At Linlithgow, Jessie, only daughter of John Loyd, Esq. of Woodside, provost of Linlithgow.

— Margaret, aged seven, youngest daughter of Mr James Allison, vinegar maker, Leith Walk.

2. At Fergusslie House, Lorrain Wilson, Esq.

4. At Heavitree, near Exeter, Janet, eldest daughter of the late James Allardice, Esq. collector of his Majesty's customs at Aberdeen.

— At Tranent, Mr Thomas Cunningham, son of Mr Cunningham, surgeon.

— At Edinburgh, Elizabeth Diana, the fourth daughter of John Gordon of Swiney, Esq.

5. In Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, Miss Martha Oliphant, daughter of the late James Oliphant, of Cockspur Street, London.

6. At Bow, near London, Alexander Richardson, Esq. late of Kingston, St Vincents.

— At Edinburgh, Elizabeth Anne, second daughter of William L. White, Esq. advocate.

— At Dalkeith, Alexander, second son of Mr William Robertson, writer there.

7. At No. 2, Gayfield Place, Mrs Grisel Hay, relict of William Bertram, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh, in the 90th year of her age.

— At Mertoun Manse, James Duncan, preacher of the gospel, eldest son of the Reverend James Duncan.

8. At Perth, in his 86th year, Denham Skeete, LL.D. formerly of Blaise Castle, in the county of Gloucester, and of Lailbrooke Lodge, in the county of Somerset.

— At her house, in Everton Crescent, Liverpool, Mrs Keay, widow of the late John Keay, Esq.

9. At Dunans, Argyllshire, after a few hours illness, John Fletcher, Esq. of Dunans.

— At Ayr, Mary Gillespie, aged 75, and on the 10th, Agnes Gillespie, aged 75; they were sisters and natives of Ayr, and lived together under the same roof for the greater part of their long lives. Mary, a little before her departure, took an affectionate farewell of Agnes, and on the 11th both were interred in the same grave.

10. The Duchess of Bourbon, in her 72d year. She was seized with a fit from the extreme cold of the new church of St Genevieve, where she had been to prayers. The Duchess of Bourbon was of the Orleans family, and the aunt of the present Duke; she was born in the year 1750, and was married to the Duke of Bourbon Conde in 1770. She has been for some years separated from her husband. The only issue of this marriage was the unfortunate Duke D'Enghien, who was assassinated at Vincennes in 1804.

— At Lochmaddy, James, eldest son of Allan Cameron, Esq. chamberlain of North Uist.

— At Aberdeen, Lieutenant James Bryce, R.N.

— At his house, No. 25, Potterrow, Alexander Ketchen, baker.

11. At Edinburgh, Mr William Ritchie, late of the High School.

— At Edinburgh, James Gordon, Esq. second son of Sir James Gordon of Gordonstoun and Letterfoury, Baronet.

— At 51, York Place, Marjory, eldest daughter of David Pearson, Esq. Northumberland Street.

— At Newport, Thomas Foley, Esq. M. P. for Droitwitch, and for several years one of the representatives in Parliament for the county of Hereford.

12. At Coldstream, Mr William Cupples, surgeon R. N. aged 43 years.

13. At Inverkeithing, Mrs Erskine Gray, spouse of the Reverend Ebenezer Brown.

— At 23, Duke Street, Mr James Tweedie, merchant.

— At Raeburn Place, Mrs Callender, widow of the late William Callender, Esq. writer in Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Alexander, elder son of David Tod, Esq. Woodend Cottage, late of Blebo, Fife.

14. At Edinburgh, Miss Marjoribanks, daughter of John Marjoribanks, Esq. of Hallyards, and sister of the late Edward Marjoribanks, Esq. of Lees.

— At Edinburgh, aged 34, Mr Robert Robertson, spirit-dealer, Howe Street.

— At Musselburgh, Margaret Allson, widow of the late Mr Thomas Thomson, town-clerk of Musselburgh, in the 76th year of her age.

14. At Maine, Linlithgow, in the 75th year of his age, Mr William Glen, distiller.

— At her house, Frederick Street, Glasgow, Mrs Janet Fleming, widow of George Lothian, Esq. of Kirklands, merchant in Glasgow.

15. At Berwick, Alice, wife of Mr William Cunningham, merchant.

— In Argyll Street, London, Miss Georgiana Harriet Colebrooke, younger daughter of the deceased George Colebrooke, Esq. of Crawford-Douglas.

16. At Wallingford, in the 65th year of his age, the Reverend Edward Barry, D.D. rector of St Mary's and St Leonard's, in that town.

— At Gorgie Mill, Mrs Cox, relict of Mr John Cox, Bell's Mills.

— At Edinburgh, George Cooper, Esq. St Croix.

— Miss Catherine Mercer, daughter of the late Col. Wm. Mercer of Aldie.

— At London, Captain Thomas Robertson, of 99, George Street, Edinburgh.

17. At his Grace's mansion, in St James's Square, London, her Grace the Duchess of St Albans.

— At Whitehall Place, Elizabeth Penelope, the eldest child of Lord and Lady James Stuart.

18. At Maryfield, John, youngest son of Mr Richard Alexander, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At his house in Prince's Street, Mr David Findlay, in the 80th year of his age.

19. At London, Charles Knyvett, Esq. aged 70. He was long and highly respected in the musical world.

— At Banff, Sarah, eldest daughter of the late David Young, Esq. of Craighead, merchant in Glasgow, and grand-daughter of the deceased Reverend John Carse, D.D. minister of St Mary's Church in that city.

20. At Edinburgh, Miss Agnes Lowis.

— At his house, No. 4, Greenside Street, Andrew Johnston, farrier, aged 35.

21. At Fountainbridge, Charles Durie of Craighsear, Esq. aged 84.

22. At Campbeltown, in the 73d year of his age, Duncan Campbell, Esq. sheriff-substitute of Kintyre, who held that situation for the last thirty-five years of his life.

23. Mrs Janet Brodie, wife of Mr James Tait, bookseller, No. 4, Nicolson's Street.

24. At Edinburgh, Agnes Donaldson, wife of Dr Colin Lauder.

25. At Edinburgh, K. W. Burnett, Esq. of Monboddo.

26. At Paris, William Leod M'Leod, the infant son of Alexander Norman M'Leod, Esq. of Harris.

— At her house, Young Street, Charlotte Square, Mrs Grace Waugh, relict of Lieutenant-Colonel Gilbert Waugh.

27. At Edinburgh, Mrs Pitcairn of Pitcairn.

— At Warriston Crescent, Mrs Hamilton Dundas, sen. of Duddingstone.

— At Edinburgh, Janet, eldest daughter of Mr Bogle, secretary of the Royal Bank of Scotland.

— Mr Alexander Gillies, writer in Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Wishart, daughter of the late Reverend Dr George Wishart, sometime minister of the Tron Church, Edinburgh, and one of the Deans of the Chapel Royal.

30. At Clermiston, Mr Andrew Hay Robinson, youngest son of George Robinson of Clermiston, Esq. writer to the signet.

Lately.—At Sir John Hay's House, Pitt Street, Miss Arthur Whethem Hay, third daughter of the late Colonel Hay, of the Engineers.

— At her house, 41, Hanover Street, Mrs Wren, in the 91st year of her age.

— At Beaufort, South Caroline, Mr Andrew Drysdale, late farmer in Middleton, Mid-Lothian.

— At Tewkesbury, in the 96th year of his age, Mr John Dick, formerly a respectable linendraper of that borough. Mr Dick was a native of Scotland, and perfectly recollected seeing the march of the rebel army to the fatal plains of Prestonpans, in 1745, while he was pursuing the more peaceful occupation of following the plough.

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXII. MARCH, 1822. Vol. XI.

MILMAN'S MARTYR OF ANTIOCH.*

The author of this poem has been from the commencement of his career the *enfant gaté* of the critics. It was by slow degrees that the professional dispensers of literary honour consented to do full justice to the merits of Scott and Byron; and up to this hour, Wordsworth, a poet of genius quite equal to either of these, has never been able to obtain any thing like justice at their hands. Coleridge and Southey have been infinitely more quizzed than applauded—and are likely to be so in future, notwithstanding the contempt which men of real knowledge and feeling have expressed for the manner in which they have been treated. But Mr Milman has been, from the beginning and all along, lauded to the skies in journals of the most opposite sentiments; and, in short, he is almost the only literary man now living, who has never had the slightest reason to complain of any one of his literary contemporaries.

We have many doubts whether this universal kindness has been favourable to the true interests of this gentleman, or will in the end be found to have promoted his true poetical fame. There was a great deal in his first efforts to please every body, and there was nothing to displease any one. His language spoke him a scholar, his tone of feeling was uniformly that of a gentleman, and nobody could read his verses without being persuaded that they were written by a man of virtuous principles. And withal, there was diffused over the whole surface of his composition a something of opulent and luxurious and stately, which was well calculated to inspire lofty hopes, and to lend even to visible defects the appearance of so many pledges of future excellence. The critics, propitiated by all this, were willing to trust that time and reflection would do for him the work of reprehension, and so they passed over all his faults with a leniency not very customary in these days. After a time, he himself became one of the Quarterly Reviewers; and since then he has enjoyed all the support which that journal's extensive acceptance and merited authority could give him. There may be some minds so constituted as to thrive better under this sort of general favour than under any other treatment; but we think the event has shewn that it is not so in the case of Mr Milman. His Oxford Prize poem and his Fazio—performances in all respects juvenile—are still the best things he has done: and, if we are to judge of the progress of his intellect from the last poem he

* The Martyr of Antioch: A Dramatic Poem. By the Rev. H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 8vo. London. Murray, 1822.

has published, we must be compelled to say, not only that he has acquired no additional strength of imagination, but that even in the minor arts of language and versification he has absolutely retrograded. And these are the things which convince us that he has really been a spoiled child; for, in spite of defects more serious than we choose at this moment to dwell upon, there is that about Mr Milman which leaves us no doubt that, had he given himself fair play, he might have been by this time a very different sort of person from what he now is.

We shall for the present say nothing about what we think Mr Milman might have been, nor about what we think he may perhaps yet be; but shall speak our mind very plainly, and that in a spirit of great kindness, as to what we think he has done and is doing. He has written four octavos, containing more verses than many poets of the greatest eminence have written in the whole course of their lives. In these volumes he has exhibited no ordinary command over the resources of the poetical language of England, —they contain many passages of rich description—many more of vigorous declamation, and some of much lyrical beauty; and taken altogether, they cannot fail to leave the impression that their author is a very elegant and accomplished man. But with the four volumes lying on our table before us, we cannot but ask ourselves, our readers, and Mr Milman himself, this simple question—*What have these four volumes added to the literature of England?* Would our literature have been a whit less complete than it is had Mr Milman never published one line of all he has written? We are afraid there is but one answer which any candid man can make to this trying question. Mr Milman has opened no new sources of poetical interest; he has delineated no new working of human passion; he has sounded no unexplored depth in the moral or intellectual nature of man; he has neither adorned nor embalmed any faded or forgotten portion of our national recollections; he has touched no unvibrating silent chord of sympathy; he has removed the dust from no noble monument; no youthful imagination has been kindled by his torch; no solitary unconscious poet has been roused by his appeal; there is not one passage in all his books which has passed from lip to lip, and from heart to heart; there is no one line of his that any man quotes; there is no phrase, no epithet of his that has become common property.

He is very probably surrounded, when he delivers his lectures on the poetical art at Oxford, by a troop of young gentlemen, who consider him as the very *Magnus Apollo* of the time, who re-echo his opinions, or rather the opinions which he himself echoes, and with whom the αυτος εφα of Mr Milman is enough. In like manner his books are beautifully printed by Mr Davison, and bountifully puffed by Mr Murray, and they find a place for several weeks on the table of every fashionable drawing-room in town. But here the matter stops. Take the nation at large, and who knows or remembers any thing now about Samor, Lord of the Bright City, or The Fall of Jerusalem? Take the nation at large this day six months, and by that time the Martyr of Antioch will, we are sorry to say, be quite as much forgotten as the Newspaper or Magazine in which it has been extolled on the morning of its publication. The fact is, that Mr Milman appears to have entirely neglected those habits of sincere self-examination, by means of which alone the power of intellect can be built up higher and higher. He has listened to flattery, and been enervated by it—not stimulated. He has gone on writing, but not studying,—describing, but not searching,—elaborating declamations, but not opening his heart to the inspirations of individual feeling. His works, therefore, appear one after another, without conveying any notion of their being poured out from the fulness of a strengthening mind. They are not progressive, but successive exertions.

When one reads a new poem, however imperfect and defective, from the pen of Lord Byron, one never fails to meet every now and then some noble thought, some beautiful expression, which takes its place immediately in the memory, and never passes away again: and if any one thinks of comparing the Lord Byron of this day with "George Gordon Lord Byron, a Minor," every single thought and expression of this sort is a new mark of the immense stride that intellect has taken. In the same way, when the author of Waverley sends out

a new novel, it is very likely that we all say to ourselves, this is very inferior to Waverley, this is inferior to Rob Roy, this is nothing like Ivanhoe; but who ever lays down the most careless and hasty of his volumes without being sensible that he has made a certain number of substantial acquisitions while reading it? Will any body ever forget the beautiful struggles between the half-estranged sisters in The Pirate, or the beautiful moral lesson their behaviour and its consequences teach? —or doubt the immense superiority of these things over any thing "The great Magician" could have done when he wrote the Lay of the Last Minstrel? Will any body ever forget those terrible words in Sardanapalus' description of his vision of Semiramis,

"——— grey-hair'd, wither'd, bloody-eyed
And bloody-handed?"

But we put it to the good faith of any intelligent reader who has followed us thus far, to say, where is the conception or the expression in all Mr Milman's volumes, which one is likely to remember in this fashion.—There is nothing like the "*cunctantem thalamo*" of Virgil, or the αλλα με σος δε ποθος, &c. of Homer.—But this is trying by severe standards; and without pushing the matter farther, we shall just conclude with asking, *Who has ever, in this borrowing and lending age, consciously or unconsciously, borrowed any thing from Mr Milman?*

The truth and substance of the whole matter is, that Mr Milman has never yet produced any thing stamped with the strong unquestionable impress of originality; and the best things he has done, elegant as they are, have been but so many exemplifications of the sagacity of the old adage, *facile est inventis addere*. Mr Milman has many defects; we wish he had more, but of another kind; for his sins are, almost without exception, sins of omission, not of commission: and these are, we think, the worst a young author can make himself remarkable for. We should have had, undoubtedly, much greater hopes as to Mr Milman's future career, had we found him running into fifty palpable errors of a bold and thoughtless nature, for every one fault of the negative order, which the most skilful eye can detect in him.

An "*infelix facilitas*" of language has kept Mr Milman stationary in one great department of his art, wherein his early efforts gave much room for hope of the greatest excellence. A facility of swallowing compliments still more unfortunate, has prevented him from perceiving the necessity of intellectual labour; and thus going round and round in the same circle of words and images, Mr Milman has suffered several of his finest years to pass over his head without producing any thing which he might not have produced with equal ease when he was writing Fazio—without adding one leaf to the wreath which he had won for his temples ere he ceased to be a stripling.

The Martyr of Antioch is in every respect an inferior performance to the Fall of Jerusalem; and we are of this opinion much more decidedly at the close of a second perusal, than we were at the close of a first. The best passages in it are lyrical; but there is no lyric in the whole of it in the least to be compared even with those of the second order in the former poem; and the most successful effort it contains is but an echo of the conclusion of the Fall of Jerusalem. The story also is much more meagre, and we think there is by no means the same indication of dramatic *tact* in the management of the dialogue. Nevertheless, this is a poem on which, even had it appeared anonymously, some share of attention must have been fixed, and we shall not hesitate to examine its structure and materials with some little accuracy, although, unless the author exerts himself more vigorously than he has been doing, we shall probably not bestow the same compliment on the next of his volumes.

The story is that of a young girl dedicated to the service of Apollo at Antioch, converted to the Christian faith, and sacrificed to the unrelenting spirit of offended heathenism, in the reign of the Emperor Probus. The author, in his preface, blames the old martyrologists for "describing, with almost anatomical precision, the various methods of torture," while they have, as he says, "rarely and briefly noticed the internal and mental agonies to which the same circumstances inevitably exposed the converts. In such a situation," he says, "it has been my object to represent the mind of a young and tender female; and I

have opposed to Christianity the most beautiful and the most natural of heathen superstitions,—the worship of the Sun."

From all this it must be sufficiently evident, that Mr Milman owes the general idea of his new poem to the romance of Valerius, and that in most of his leading conceptions, he follows the author of that on the whole splendid, although very unequal composition. The ideas of following the female martyr into the struggles of the domestic affections, wounded and disturbed by the influence of the new religion, and of contrasting the simple faith of the Bible with the gorgeous superstition of the God of Delos, are common to both performances. The ancient Christian priest Fabius of the poem, is the same being with the Aurelius Felix of the novel, and speaks in a great measure the same language; but indeed how could he speak any other? The *Margarita* of the poem is the shadow of the *Athanasia* of the romance; her conversion is discovered almost in the same manner, and her conversations with her friends while in confinement and expectation of death, are all conceived in precisely the same spirit. The Amphitheatre, with the laughing and cruel multitude of spectators, is a copy, but a faint one it is true, of the magnificent picture of the Coliseum in Valerius, a picture to which our prose literature possesses few things equal. The behaviour of the different martyrs is in like manner taken almost entirely from the same source. If Mr Milman's performance goes beyond Valerius, it must therefore be in the management of its plot, and in the more judicious use which the poet may have made of the materials furnished ready to his hand by the learning or the invention of the novelist; and in many particulars we are of opinion, that such is the case.

And, first of all, we think Mr Milman has exhibited great judgment in giving to the story of *his* heroine a termination altogether tragic. The Athanasia of Valerius ought to have died; and her preservation is a foolish compliment to the prevailing taste of the young ladies, and other habitual novel-readers.

Secondly, Mr Milman, in consequence of this his tragic catastrophe, gains another great advantage, which is, that his performance concludes with the highest interest of his story; whereas in Valerius, the interest is not sustained on the same key with the description of the bloody scenes in the Roman Amphitheatre, at the close of the first volume. Thrase and Athanasia should have died *together, and at the end of the book.*

Thirdly, Mr Milman's plan has the merit of concentrating the interest on the proper personages, much more than that of his predecessor. The father of his Christian maiden is, in regard to the conception at least, much better than Athanasia's numerous tribe of relatives. And, in like manner, it is far better that *Margarita* should be the priestess of Apollo herself, instead of occupying such an inferior place in his temple as *Athanasia* does.

Fourthly, The idea of representing the Christian heroine as being beloved by the Roman Prefect, whose business it is to judge and condemn the disciples of the persecuted religion, is a happy one, and of this Mr Milman might have made great use; but here we think he has failed very miserably, and done no sort of justice to the interesting dramatic *situations* his idea brought within his reach. This Olybius, who tempts Margarita to abandon her religion by shewing her his long suite of apartments and magnificent furniture, and promising her that she shall be seated close by his side on the throne of the Amphitheatre, &c. is a very vulgar personage, and quite unworthy of Mr Milman's imagination. There is nothing Roman in such a character; nor does his hasty abdication, on hearing of Margarita's death, at all elevate him in our eyes. The style in which he argues with Margarita can sanction no comparison with the scene between the senator Palma and Athanasia in *Valerius;* and this is the more astonishing, when one considers the superiority of the relative situation in which the poet's interlocutors are placed. Trajan and Palma in the novel are beings whom we understand; they speak like high-bred, enlightened, and compassionate men; but the Olybius of the poem is a person whom it is difficult to imagine either a man reverencing, or a woman loving. He is vain, presumptuous, boastful, the one moment; the next, nothing but weak and silly; and as for his *threatening* and *scolding* the wo-

man who has just confessed that she loves him, and telling her to recollect that if she will not marry him he has the power of torturing and slaying her—this is so perfectly unworthy either of a Roman or of a man, that we are quite ashamed in finding that such a poor conception could have entered into any cultivated mind. We venture to say, that there is not one reader who, were he to judge from that passage alone, would not say to himself, the man who writes this has never known what it is either to be in authority or to be in love. Rant, fustian, extravagance, are things which admit of easy forgiveness in the works of a young man; but such a fault as this speaks poverty of spirit, coldness of blood and heart, deadness of imagination, and betrays but too plainly how much Mr Milman has neglected the study of that great volume which, in the words of a very different sort of poet,

> "Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
> At once the source, and end, and test of art."

Mr Milman's *plan*, therefore, possesses several advantages over that of the original which suggested to him his subject, and is in many important particulars more dramatically conceived. This is principally owing to the more limited nature of his piece, and to the necessity of concentration imposed on him by the species of his composition. In so far we are of opinion that the Martyr of Antioch goes beyond Valerius; in every other particular we are compelled to acknowledge that it appears to us to be very inferior to that romance.

And, in the first place, Antioch is a very inferior scene to Rome. Conversions and martyrdoms occurred everywhere; but no one can doubt, that where the object was to represent the contrast between the mild opening light of the Gospel and the sullen dying glare of heathen superstition, a bold imagination would have decidedly preferred making the Eternal City itself, that great centre of all human power, and all human wickedness, and all human luxury, the scene in which to exhibit the most strange and picturesque struggle that ever shook the intellect and heart of man. In this respect Mr Milman's alteration is much for the worse; but we can easily understand the reasons which led him to adopt it notwithstanding.

And, secondly, it appears to us that Mr Milman is altogether inferior to the novelist in regard to his conceptions of what the state of feeling really was in the heathen world at the time when the light of Christianity first broke upon it. He probably imagined, that, by painting nothing but the conflict of two violent faiths, he should produce a more striking effect; but the truth of history, as well as the truth of poetry, is against him. The superstitions of heathendom were worn out, or almost entirely so, long before the time of Trajan, to say nothing of the time of Probus. The day had long gone by when men of rank and education trembled in their closets over stories of imperfect entrails, and squeamish chickens, and reluctant heifers, and attributed earthquakes to the wrath of Neptune. The author of Valerius has indeed contrasted the faith of the early Christians with the dark superstition of the vulgar heathen mind; but in regard to characters of a loftier order, he has wisely found his materials of contrast not in impenetrable dogged superstition, but in that temperament of listless scornful indifference which had been too effectually nourished by the whole strain of classical literature, and by the various sects of their philosophers; above all, those of the Garden and the Porch, —these two operating, it is true, in two different methods upon the minds of their disciples. The persecutions of the Christians in the time of the Roman emperors, chiefly arose, it is quite evident, from motives of political alarm and suspicion; for had they arisen from the genuine hatred of a sincere dominant superstition, it is impossible to imagine that they should have been interrupted by so many long intervals of quiet and toleration. Who will believe that Trajan or Probus sacrificed innocent virgins and venerable old men to their own personal reverence for Neptune, Apollo, and Diana? The Roman politicians were shrewd enough to perceive in Christianity the germe of a new set of feelings which must tend to overthrow the whole fabric of that dark tyranny; and they hated Christianity and persecuted it on that account. And Mr Milman, who is a scholar, should not have read the Roman authors from Tacitus downwards, without picking up knowledge enough

to enable him to distinguish the real motives of imperial violence from those superficial pretences and disguises, which deceived nobody but the mere vulgar, even in the days when they were really employed. Moreover, by the view which our poet has taken of the subject, he has cut himself off from representing one of the things which a poet, handling this theme, ought to have considered as among the finest within his reach—we mean *the natural want of religion* implanted in the human breast. There is nothing more beautifully touched in the novel, from which he has so largely borrowed, than the melancholy with which the gentle Athanasia listens to the elegant declamations of the Epicurean, her uncle; and one cannot read that scene without feeling how much of metaphysical truth is embodied in its conception. The open, ingenuous, ardent mind of youthful innocence, must have panted after something more substantial than the fine-spun sophistries which could satisfy spirits worn out with false thinking, and unstrung by the weary contemplation of the ways of the heathen world. But it is by no means so clear, that the beautiful dreams of the Pagan *poets*, sincerely believed, never questioned, habitualized from infancy, would all evaporate and lose their charm before one single spectacle of Christian resolution in a grey-haired martyr; and this, above all, in the case of a beautiful enthusiastic maiden, who had never breathed any air but that of the gardens of a Daphne. In this particular, therefore, we think the view Mr Milman has chosen to give, is neither so consonant with historical truth, nor so rich in moral instruction, as that of his original.

We shall now proceed to give a very few specimens of the performance on which we have been saying so much; and in selecting these, we shall follow our old rule of laying before our readers what we conceive to be the best things in the book before us, leaving it to the author himself to profit or not as he pleases, by the critical remarks we have thrown out; and trusting that we have already said enough to make him understand in what particulars we conceive both this and his preceding works to be defective.

The following is one of the most elaborate passages in the whole poem. The father of the heroine, for the first time, sees, in the presence of his daughter and the Prefect, the old Christian priest, by whose means he supposes the conversion of the young lady to have been brought about, and he addresses him thus:—

Callias. Wizard! Sorcerer!
What hast thou done to witch my child from me?
What potent herbs dug at the full of moon,
What foul Thessalian charms dost bear about thee?
Hast thou made league with Hecate, or wrung
From the unwilling dead the accursed secret
That gives thee power o'er human souls?
Fabius. Thou'st err'd
Into a truth: the dead hath risen, and walk'd
The unconscious earth; and what he taught, I teach.
Callias. Away with him!—he doth confess—away!
Olybius. Off with him to the torturers!
Fabius. Hear me, Prefect;
Hear me, I charge thee by the eternal God,
Him whom thou know'st not, yet whose name o'erawes thee;
Nor think ye that I speak to sue for mercy
Upon these children or myself: expend
Your subtlest tortures, nought can ye inflict
But what we are proud to suffer. For yourselves
I speak, in mercy to your forfeit souls.
God—at whose word the vast creation sprang,
Exulting in its light and harmony,
From the blank silence of the void abyss;
At whose command at once the unpeopled world
Brake out in life, and man, the lord of all,
Walk'd that pure Paradise, from which his sin
Expell'd him—God, that to the elder world
Spake with the avenging voice of rolling waters,
When the wide deluge swept from all the earth
The giant-born—He that in thunder-peals
Held dreadful converse with his chosen people;
And made the potent-teeming elements,
And the rapt souls of Prophets, to proclaim
His will almighty—in our latter days
That God hath spoken by his Son. He came,
From the dark ages of the infant world
Foretold,—the Prophets' everlasting Burthen.
The Virgin bare the Son, the angelic hosts
Burst out in song—the Father from his clouds
Declared him. To his miracles of might
Consenting, Nature own'd her Lord. His power,
His sorrows, all his glory, all his shame,

His cross, his death, his broken tomb bare witness,
And the bright clouds that wrapt him to the Sire
Ascending. And again he comes, again;
But not as then, not clad in mortal flesh,
To live the life, or die the death of man:
Girt with his own omnipotence, his throne
The wreck of worlds, the glory of his presence
Lighting infinity, he comes to assume
Th' eternal Judgment Seat. Then thou and I,
Olybius, and thy armed satellites,
And these thy meek and lowly followers;
Thou, that art there enthroned in purple robes,
The thrice-triumphant Lord of all our Asia,
And I, a nameless, weak, unknown old man,
That stand an helpless criminal before thee,
Shall meet once more. The earth shall cast us up,
The winds shall waft our thin and scatter'd ashes,
The ocean yield us up our drowned bones;
There shall we meet before the cloudy throne—
Before the face of him, whose awful brightness
Shall be the sun of that dread day, in which
The thousand thousands of the angelic hosts,
And all the souls of all mankind shall bask,
Waiting their doom eternal. Thou and I
Shall there give in the accompt of this day's process,
And Christ shall render each his due reward.
Now, sir, your sentence.
Margarita. Merciful Jesus! melt
His spirit in its hardness.
Macer. By our Gods!
The very soldiers lean their pallid cheeks
Upon their spears; and at his every pause
The panting of their long suppressed breath
Is audible.

This passage was, of course, suggested by one which our readers will remember in the romance; but we think there is no doubt that Mr Milman has here much improved upon his model.

Some of the finest scenes in the book are those which represent Margarita in prison on the night before her martyrdom takes place. Nothing can be more powerful than Valerius's description of the nocturnal preparations for the bloody shows of the Amphitheatre; but it will not escape our reader's observation, that Mr Milman has shewn great skill in rendering his Martyr Maiden herself the witness of all that fearful tumult.

Olybius. Sweet Margarita,
Give me thine hand for once—Oh! snowy treasure,
That shall be mine thus fondly clasp'd for ever.
Now, Margarita, cast thine eyes below—
What seest thou?
Margarita. Here Apollo's temple rests
Its weight upon its snow-white columns. There
The massy shades of Daphne, with its streams,
That with their babbling sounds allure the sight,
Where their long dim-seen tracts of silvery whiteness
Now gleam, and now are lost again. Beyond,
The star-lit city in its wide repose;
Each tall and silent tower in stately darkness
Distinct against the cloudless sky.
Olybius. Beneath thee
Now, to the left.
Margarita. A dim and narrow court
I see, where shadows as of hurrying men
Pass and repass; and now and then their lights
Wander on shapeless heaps, like funeral piles.
And there are things of strange distorted shape,
On which the torches cast a colder hue,
As though on iron instruments of torture.
A little farther, there are moving lamps
In the black amphitheatre, that glance,
And as they glance, each narrow aperture
Is feebly gilded with their slanted light.
It is the quick and busy preparation
For the dark sacrifice of to-morrow.
Olybius. There,
If thou canst add the scorn, and shame, and pain,
The infuriate joy of the fierce multtiude,
The flowing blood, and limbs that writhe in flame,
Thou 'seest what thou preparest for thyself.

We stop here, because we would willingly spare our readers the pain of witnessing how ignobly this scene, so admirably begun, is made to terminate; and pass on to page 117, where we have the Maiden alone. Her soliloquy is very beautiful.

The Prison.

Margarita. Oh Lord! thou oft hast sent thy plumed angels,
And with their silent presence they have awed
The Heathen's violence to a placid peace.

The ravening beasts have laid their fawning heads
In love upon the lap of him whom man
Had cast them for their prey: and fires have burn'd,
Unharming, like the glory of a star,
Round the pale brows of maidens; and the chains
Have dropt, like wither'd flax, from the gall'd limbs;
And whom the infuriate people led to death,
They have fallen down, and worshipp'd as a deity.
But thou hast sent a kindlier boon to me,
A soft prophetic peace, that soothes my soul,
Like music, to an heavenly harmony.
For in my slumber a bright being came,
And with faint steps my father follow'd him
Up through the argent fields, and there we met
And felt the joy of tears without the pain.
What's here? the bridal vestments, and the veil
Of saffron, and the garland flowers. Olybius,
Dost think to tempt me now, when all my thoughts,
Like the soft dews of evening, are drawn up
To heaven, but not to fall and taint themselves
With earth again? My inmost soul last night
Was wrung to think of our eternal parting;
But now my voice may tremble while I say,
"God's will be done!" yet I have strength to say it.
But thou, oh Morn! the last that e'er shall dawn
Through earthly mists on my sad eyes—Oh blue,
And beautiful even here, and fragrant Morn,
Mother of gentle airs and blushing hues!
That bearest, too, in thy fair hand, the key
To which the harmonious gates of Paradise
Unfold;—bright opening of immortal day!
That ne'er shall know a setting, but shalt shine
Round me for ever on the crystal floors
Where Blessed Spirits tread. My bridal morn,
In which my soul is wedded to its Lord,
I may not hail thee in a mourner's garb:
Mine earthly limbs shall wear their nuptial robes,
And my locks bloom once more with flowers that fade.—
But I must haste, I hear the trumpet's voice.
Acclaiming thousands answer—yet I fear not.
O Lord support me, and I shall not fear!
But hark! the maidens are abroad to hail
Their God; we answer through our prison grates.
Hark!

Then follows a lyrical piece, which our readers will probably agree with us in thinking too artificially got up and arranged. It is nevertheless a splendid passage.

Chorus of Heathen Maidens.

Now glory to the God, who breaks,
The monarch of the realms on high;
And with his trampling chariot shakes
The azure pavement of the sky.
The steeds, for human eyes too bright,
Before the yoke of chrysolite
Pant, while he springs upon his way,
The beardless youth divine, who bathes the world in day.

Chorus of Christians (from the Prison.)

Now glory to the God, whose throne,
Far from this world obscure and dim,
Holds its eternal state alone
Beyond the flight of Seraphim:
The God, whose one omnific word
Yon orb of flame obedient heard,
And from the abyss in fulness sprang,
While all the blazing heavens with shouts of triumphs rang.

Heathens. Now glory to the God that still
Through the pale Signs his car hath roll'd,
Nor aught but his imperious will
E'er those rebellious steeds controll'd.
Nor ever from the birth of time
Ceased he from forth the Eastern clime,
Heaven's loftiest steep his way to make
To where his flaming wheels the Hesperian waters slake.

Christians. Now glory to the God that laid
His mandate on yon king of day;
The master-call the Sun obey'd,
And forced his headlong steeds to stay,
To pour a long unbroken noon
O'er the red vale of Ajalon:
By night uncheck'd fierce Joshua's sword
A double harvest reap'd of vengeance for the Lord.

Heathens. Now glory to the God, whose blaze
The scatter'd hosts of darkness fly;
The stars before his conquering rays
Yield the dominion of the sky;
Nor e'er doth ancient Night presume
Her gloomy state to re-assume,
While he the wide world rules alone,
And high o'er men and Gods drives on his fire-wheel'd throne.

Chris. Now glory to the Lord, whose Cross
Consenting Nature shrinking saw;
Mourning the dark world's heavier loss,
The conscious Sun in silent awe

Withdrew into the depths of gloom;
The horror of that awful doom
Quench'd for three hours the noontide light,
And wrapt the guilt-shak'n earth in deep untimely night.

Heath. Now glory to the God, that wakes
With vengeance in his fiery speed,
To wreak his wrath impatient breaks
On every guilty godless head;
Hasty he mounts his early road,
And pours his brightest beams abroad:
And looks down fierce with jocund light
To see his fane avenged, his vindicated rite.

Chris. Now glory to the Christ, whose love
Even now prepares our seats of rest,
And in his golden courts above
Enrolls us 'mid his chosen blest;
Even now our martyr robes of light
Are weaving of heaven's purest white;
And we, before thy course is done,
Shall shine more bright than thou, oh vainly-worshipp'd Sun!

We shall conclude with a very long extract, being the whole of the last twenty pages of Mr Milman's volume. The reader is to understand that Olybius, the prefect, has entrusted the superintendance of the execution to Vopiscus, under the notion that Margarita's resolution would certainly fail when she came into the actual contact of mortal agony, and had witnessed the sufferings of her companions.

Margarita, seized with a sudden transport of holy enthusiasm, strikes the strings of the sacred lyre of Apollo, and while all around are in hopes she has reverted to the religion of her temple, she sings as follows:—

Mar. What means yon blaze on high?
The empyrean sky
Like the rich veil of some proud fane is rending.
I see the star-paved land,
Where all the angels stand,
Even to the highest height in burning rows ascending.
Some with their wings dispread,
And bow'd the stately head,
As on some mission of God's love departing,
Like flames from midnight conflagration starting;
Behold! the appointed messengers are they,
And nearest earth they wait to waft our souls away.
Higher and higher still
More lofty statures fill
The jasper courts of the everlasting dwelling.
Cherub and Seraph pace
The illimitable space,
While sleep the folded plumes from their white shoulders swelling.
From all the harping throng
Bursts the tumultuous song,
Like the unceasing sounds of cataracts pouring,
Hosanna o'er Hosanna louder soaring;
That faintly echoing down to earthly ears,
Hath seem'd the concert sweet of the harmonious spheres.
Still my rapt spirit mounts,
And lo! beside the founts
Of flowing light Christ's chosen Saints reclining;
Distinct amid the blaze
Their palm-crown'd heads they raise,
Their white robes even through that o'erpowering lustre shining.
Each in his place of state,
Long the bright Twelve have sate,
O'er the celestial Sion high uplifted;
While those with deep prophetic raptures gifted,
Where Life's glad river rolls its tideless streams,
Enjoy the full completion of their heavenly dreams.
Again—I see again
The great victorious train,
The Martyr Army from their toils reposing:
The blood-red robes they wear
Empurpling all the air,
Even their immortal limbs, the signs of wounds disclosing.
Oh, holy Stephen! thou
Art there, and on thy brow
Hast still the placid smile it wore in dying,
When under the heap'd stones in anguish lying
Thy clasping hands were fondly spread to heaven,
And thy last accents pray'd thy foes might be forgiven.
Beyond! ah, who is there
With the white snowy hair!
'Tis he—'tis he, the Son of Man appearing!
At the right hand of One,
The darkness of whose throne
That sun-eyed seraph Host behold with awe and fearing.
O'er him the rainbow springs,
And spreads its emerald wings,
Down to the glassy sea his loftiest seat o'erarching.
Hark—thunders from his throne, like steel-clad armies marching—
The Christ! the Christ commands us to his home!
Jesus, Redeemer, Lord, we come, we come, we come!

The Multitude.

Blasphemy! blasphemy! She doth profane
Great Phœbus' raptures—tear her off!
Olybius. Ha! slaves,
Would ye usurp our judgment throne?
Macer. Be calm.
Callias. Alas! what mean ye, friends? can such a voice
Offend you? Oh, my child! thou'rt forced to leave me,
But not to leave me with averted eye,
As though thy father's face were hateful to thee.
But yet I dare not chide thee, and I will not.
I do remember, when thy mother pass'd
I hid my face in my cold shuddering hands,
But still I gaze on thee, and gaze as though
There were a joy in seeing thee even thus.
Olyb. Macer, thou know'st their separate doom. Lead off
The victims, each to his appointed place.
Chris. Glory! Glory! Glory! the Lord Almighty liveth,
The Lord Almighty doth but take the mortal life he giveth.
Glory! Glory! Glory! the Lord Almighty reigneth,
He who forfeits earthly life, a life celestial gaineth.
Cal. Why do ye hold me back?—My child! they bind me
With the hard fetters of their arms—thou hear'st not.
Speak! have ye children? have ye ever heard
An infant voice that murmur'd to you 'Father!'
Ye Gods, how have ye peopled this fierce Antioch,
That the fond natural love of child and parent
Is made a crime!
Howl, howl; ay, bloody men,
Howl in your Amphitheatre with joy;
Glut your insatiate hearts with human blood.
—Nay, ruthless Prefect, thou'st not sent her there
To perish: not to have her tender limbs
Rent—torn——

The above. Officer.

Officer. Great Prefect, he is dead——
Call. He—he—
'Twas he, thou saidst?
Officer. Diodotus, great Prefect.
In the arena, as became a soldier,
He stood with undiscolour'd cheek, while lay
The crouching lion stiffening all his mane,
With his white-gleaming teeth, and lashing tail,
Scourging to life the slumbering wrath within him.
But the calm victim look'd upon the people,
Piled o'er each other in the thronging seats,
And utter'd these strange words—'Alas! lost souls,
There's one that fiercer than yon brinded lion,
Is prowling round, insatiate to devour——'
Nought more we heard, but one long savage howl
Of the huge monster as he sprung, and then
The grinding of his ravening jaws.

The above. Second Officer.

Call. Another—
And what hast thou to say?
Sec. Off. Calanthias died
Beneath the scourge; his look toward the sky,
As though he thought the golden clouds conceal'd
Some slow avenger of his cause.
Olyb. What now?
Vopiscus. The voice of triumph clamours up the skies,
And Phœbus' name is mingled with the shouts
Of transport.
Call. Can it be?

The above. Third Officer.

Th. Off. Apollo triumphs!
Call. Thou sayst not so, she will not sacrifice—
My child! I look'd not yet for this.
What's here?

The above. Charinus.

Call. Back, thou foul wretch! I rush'd not forth to thee.
Char. Foul wretch, indeed! I have forsworn my God.
The blinding flames scorch'd up into mine eyes;
And the false devils murmur'd all around me
Soft sounds of water.
Olyb. Hurry him away!
On to the altar!

The Multitude.

Io! Io Pæan!
Io Triumphe!
Char. Hah! they point at me,
The angels from the clouds, my blissful brethren,
That mount in radiance: ere they're lost in light,
With sad, and solemn, and reproachful voices
They call me Judas—Judas, that betray'd,
That murder'd his blest master—and himself—
Accurst of men—and outcast from thy fold,
Oh Christ! and for my pride? why then I'll wrap

My soul in stern obdiracy, and live
As jocund as the careless Heathen here.
No Peter's tears fill my dry eyes; no beam
Of mercy on my darkening soul—On, on—
And I will laugh, and in my laughter sing
Io Triumphe! Io Pæan!

Olyb. Now
Give him the knife of sacrifice.

Char. Down! Down!
'Tis wet, and reeks with my Redeemer's blood.

Officer. He's fled.

Olyb. Go after—drag him back.

Officer. 'Tis vain.
He cried aloud—"The devil hath wrestled with me,
And vanquish'd!"—and he plunged the sacred knife
To his unhallow'd heart.

Olyb. Ignoble wretch!
Who dared not die—yet fear'd to live.
But pause—
What means this deathlike stillness? not a sound
Or murmur from yon countless multitudes.
A pale contagious horror seems to creep
Even to our presence. Men gaze mutely round,
As in their neighbour's face to read the secret
They dare not speak themselves.
Old man! whence comest thou?
What is't?

Call. I know not! I approach'd the place
Of sacrifice, and my spirit shrank within me;
And I came back, I know not how.

Olyb. Still mute!
Even thus along his vast domain of silence
Dark Pluto gazes, where the sullen spirits
Speak only with fix'd looks, and voiceless motions—
And ye are like them.—Speak to me, I charge you,
Nor let mine own voice, like an evil omen,
Load the hot air, unanswer'd.

Call. Hark!

Vop. Didst hear it!
That shriek, as though some barbarous foe had scaled
The city walls.

Olyb. Is't horror or compassion?
Or both?

The above. Fourth Officer.

Olyb. What means thy hurried look? Speak—speak!
Though thy words blast like lightning.

Officer. Mighty Prefect,
The apostate Priestess Margarita——

Olyb. How?
Where's Macer?

Officer. By the dead.

Olyb. What dead?

Officer. Remove
Thy sword, which thou dost brandish at my throat,
And I shall answer.

Olyb. Speak, and instantly,
Or I will dash thee down, and trample from thee
Thy hideous secret.

Officer. It is nothing hideous—
'Tis but the enemy of our faith—She died
Nobly, in truth—but——

Call. Dead! she is not dead!
Thou liest! I have his oath, the Prefect's oath;
I had forgot it in my fears, but now
I well remember, that she should not die.
Faugh! who will trust in Gods and men like these?

Olyb. Slave! Slave! dost mock me? Better 'twere for thee
That this be false, than if thou'dst found a treasure
To purchase kingdoms.

Officer. Hear me but a while.
She had beheld each sad and cruel death,
And if she shudder'd, 'twas as one that strives
With nature's soft infirmity of pity,
One look to heaven restoring all her calmness;
Save when that dastard did renounce his faith,
And she shed tears for him. Then led they forth
Old Fabius. When a quick and sudden cry
Of Callias, and a parting in the throng,
Proclaim'd her father's coming. Forth she sprang,
And clasp'd the frowning headsman's knees, and said—
"Thou know'st me; when thou laid'st on thy sick bed,
Christ sent me there to wipe thy burning brow.
There was an infant play'd about thy chamber,
And thy pale cheek would smile and weep at once,
Gazing upon that almost orphan'd child—
Oh! by its dear and precious memory,
I do beseech thee, slay me first and quickly:
'Tis that my father may not see my death."

Call. Oh cruel kindness! and I would have closed
Thine eyes with such a fond and gentle pressure;
I would have smooth'd thy beauteous limbs, and laid
My head upon thy breast, and died with thee.

Olyb. Good father! once I thought to call thee so,
How do I envy thee this her last fondness!
She had no dying thought of me.—Go on.

Officer. With that the headsman wiped from his swarth cheeks
A moisture like to tears. But she, meanwhile,
On the cold block composed her head, and cross'd
Her hands upon her bosom, that scarce heaved,

She was so tranquil; cautious, lest her garments
Should play the traitors to her modest care.
And as the cold wind touch'd her naked neck,
And fann'd away the few unbraided hairs,
Blushes o'erspread her face, and she look'd up
As softly to reproach his tardiness:
And some fell down upon their knees, some clasp'd
Their hands, enamour'd even to adoration
Of that half-smiling face and bending form.

Call. But he—but he—the savage executioner——

Officer. He trembled.

Call. Ha! God's blessing on his head!
And the axe slid from out his palsied hand?

Officer. He gave it to another.

Call. And——

Officer. It fell.

Call. I see it,
I see it like the lightning flash—I see it,
And the blood bursts—my blood!—my daughter's blood!
Off—let me loose.

Officer. Where goest thou?

Call. To the Christian,
To learn the faith in which my daughter died,
And follow her as quickly as I may.

Olybius, Macer, and the rest.

Olyb. Macer! is this thy faithful service?

Macer. Ah,
So rapid——

Olyb. Not a word! Thou think'st I'll stoop
To dash thee to the earth—But I'm so sick
Of this accursed pomp, I will not use
Its privilege of vengeance.
Fatal trappings
Of proud authority, that like the robe
Of Nessus shine and burn into the entrails!—
Supremacy! whose great prerogative
Is to be blasted by superior misery!
No more will I possess the fatal power
Of murdering those I love. All-ruling sceptre!
That wert mine instrument of bloodshed, down!
Mine hand shall never grasp thee more. Vopiscus,
Assume the vacant Prefect's seat, and be
Curst like myself—with sway—I cannot wish thee
A doom more hateful—
Who comes here?

Officer. Great Prefect!
The enchantress Margarita by her death
Hath wrought upon the changeful populace,
That they cry loudly on the Christian's God.
Emboldenʼd multitudes from every quarter
Throng forth, and in the face of day proclaim
Their lawless faith. They have ta'en up the body,
And hither, as in proud ovation, bear it
With clamour and with song. All Antioch crowds
Applauding round them—they are here, behold them.

Christian Hymn.

Sing to the Lord! let harp, and lute, and voice
Up to the expanding gates of Heaven rejoice,
While the bright Martyrs to their rest are borne;
Sing to the Lord! their blood-stain'd course is run,
And every head its diadem hath won,
Rich as the purple of the summer morn;
Sing the triumphant champions of their God,
While burn their mounting feet along their sky-ward road.

Sing to the Lord! for her in Beauty's prime
Snatch'd from this wintery earth's ungenial clime,
In the eternal spring of Paradise to bloom;
For her the world display'd its brightest treasure,
And the airs panted with the songs of pleasure.
Before earth's throne she chose the lowly tomb,
The vale of tears with willing footsteps trod,
Bearing her Cross with thee, incarnate Son of God!

Sing to the Lord! it is not shed in vain,
The blood of martyrs! from its freshening rain
High springs the Church like some fount-shadowing palm;
The nations crowd beneath its branching shade,
Of its green leaves are kingly diadems made,
And wrapt within its deep embosoming calm
Earth sinks to slumber like the breezeless deep,
And war's tempestuous vultures fold their wings and sleep.

Sing to the Lord! no more the Angels fly
Far in the bosom of the stainless sky
The sound of fierce licentious sacrifice.
From shrined alcove, and stately pedestal,
The marble Gods in cumbrous ruin fall,
Headless in dust the awe of nations lies;
Jove's thunder crumbles in his mouldering hand,
And mute as sepulchres the hymnless temples stand.

Sing to the Lord! from damp prophetic cave
No more the loose-hair'd Sybils burst and rave;
Nor watch the augurs pale the wandering bird:
No more on hill or in the murky wood,
Mid frantic shout and dissonant music rude,
In human tones are wailing victims heard;
Nor fathers by the reeking altar stone
Cowl their dark heads t'escape their children's dying groan.

Sing to the Lord! no more the dead are laid
In cold despair beneath the cypress shade,
To sleep the eternal sleep, that knows no morn:
There, eager still to burst death's brazen bands,
The Angel of the Resurrection stands;
While, on its own immortal pinions borne,
Following the Breaker of the emprisoning tomb,
Forth springs the exulting soul, and shakes away its gloom.

Sing to the Lord! the desert rocks break out,
And the throng'd cities, in one gladdening shout;
The farthest shores by pilgrim step explored;
Spread all your wings, ye winds, and waft around,
Even to the starry cope's pale waning bound,
Earth's universal homage to the Lord;
Lift up thine head, imperial Capitol,
Proud on thy height to see the banner'd cross unroll.

Sing to the Lord! when Time itself shall cease,
And final Ruin's desolating peace
Enwrap this wide and restless world of man;
When the Judge rides upon the enthroning wind,
And o'er all generations of mankind
Eternal Vengeance waves its winnowing fan;
To vast Infinity's remotest space,
While ages run their everlasting race,
Shall all the Beatific Hosts prolong,
Wide as the glory of the Lamb, the Lamb's triumphant song!

The author of these verses has unquestionably a fine eye for external splendour of art and nature, and a heart which is capable of being roused by the trumpet-note of passion. He has also an ear delicately susceptible to the charms of harmony; and, in a word, he possesses many of the finest elements which can enter into the composition of a poet. But he must not stop here, as he seems but too likely to do: He must not listen to the harpings of partiality and praise, until his spirit is quite asleep under their fascinating influences. He must look more abroad over the world, and still more needful, he must look deeper within himself. He must consider calmly and leisurely what literature is—what has been done—what remains to be done—what can be done—and having opened some new field for himself, he must give himself like a man to its cultivation.

If he proceeds, as he has hitherto been doing, he will never be any thing more than the Oxford Professor of Poetry. If he does himself justice, he may very probably, but not very easily, win to himself a lasting place among the true poets of England.

It is no doubt a very honourable thing to be respected and admired in one of the first universities in the world; but Mr Milman ought to recollect, that Mr Hayley was just as much the idol of Commoners' and Fellow-commoners' worship, thirty years ago, as he himself is now. Even Lady Hervey, the clever, sensible Lady Hervey, talks, in one of her admirable letters,* of meeting with a young gentleman destined to be "the Pope, or perhaps something better, of the age;" and this sort of cant rung from one side of England to the other, until Mr Hayley died, and his works followed him. Mr Milman lives in another sort of age from that in which Hayley appeared; but although we have no doubt he is a man of higher natural powers than Mr Hayley, we are quite certain, that thirty years hence he will just be as little thought of, even at Oxford, as Mr Hayley is now, unless he do really take in kindness what is meant both kindly and earnestly, and avoid coming before the public of England again, until he has something to bring with him, which

* What does our correspondent mean by "admirable letters?" If he had bestowed the epithet "admirable" on the notes of Lady Hervey's editor, we should have agreed with him.—C. N.

may confer upon that public some new and substantial wealth of thought, of imagination, and of language.

The present work is little more than an elegant versification of a small part of an elegant prose-romance, published but a few months ago. Even if he had improved upon his original much more than he has done, we should still have been inclined to say, that he might have been employing his talents in a manner more worthy of the hopes his first appearances excited.

One word at parting. Has Mr Milman, who is a clergyman, ever thought seriously of the state in which the eloquence of the pulpit is at this time all over the island? We know no department in which there is so much room for a man of learning, feeling, and eloquence, to distinguish himself; and, perhaps, it might be worth Mr Milman's while to consider very gravely whether, in spite of the early temptations and distinctions which have brought and kept him before the public as a writer of verses, the real strength of his talent might not, after all, find ampler scope and more congenial occupation elsewhere.

Italy,—a Poem.*

This is a very beautiful little duodecimo, and contains some very beautiful writing. After reading it, we sat musing for some minutes in our chair, considering with ourselves who could possibly have written it. Who that writes verses has lately been in Italy? Wordsworth has, but this is no more Wordsworth than it is Mahomet. Southey has been in Italy,—and the verses of this volume are very like Southey in some things,—but they cannot be his notwithstanding. Here and there they are as elegant as any of his, but they do not convey, in the upshot, any idea either of such a scholar, or of such a poet, as the Laureate. And, besides, Southey would never have made so many allusions to matters, which have been treated of by Lord Byron. He would have disdained but to mention the names of Dandolo, or the Foscari, or Falieri. Neither would he have paid such an absurd compliment to Ugo Fudgiolo, as occurs in the Notes. Neither would he have set his "little book" afloat upon the waters, without giving it the protection of his name. He is too proud to publish verses anonymously, and he is right to be so. This is certainly not Dr Southey.

Neither do we suspect it to be the work of any of the Cockney poets who have hitherto fallen under our notice, but we earnestly hope it may in the end turn out to be so nevertheless. If any of the Cockneys has written this, we consider him to have profited very much by our animadversions on the school he belongs to, and would hope he has utterly forsworn it. There are no rhymes here, for these would have betrayed a Cockney, even a half-converted Cockney, in a moment, and then we could have had no doubt about the matter. Cockneyism of *thought* there certainly is—now and then a little bit—but not enough either to excite our serious displeasure, or to make us quite sure that the stain may not be an unconscious one. Should it turn out that this is, after all, some old acquaintance, whom we have belaboured and mauled a dozen times, we can, in our future numbers, adopt one or other of two courses, either of which will equally serve our turn. We can, if we think fit, return to abusing him, making this little book an exception, and continuing to laud it; or we can get some clever correspondent to attack us lustily, for having bestowed on it any commendation, and drive us out of the field by an elaborate proof of its utter worthlessness.

In the meantime, let us praise "Italy, a poem," and let our readers buy it on our authority, for it costs but seven shillings.

The author writes a sort of sentimental journey in verse, each chapter or section containing the description of some particular scene, incident, character, personage, or story, which happened to interest him on his way over the Alps, and through the northern parts of Italy. Of these chapters or sections, many are extremely insipid—some full of affectation and conceit—but several are throughout lively, spirited, beautiful, and poetical, in no or-

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* London—Longman & Co. 12mo. 1822.

dinary degree. These (and it is such as these only we shall quote), shew that the writer, whoever he may be, has eyes to look upon nature, and a heart to feel something of what is fine and noble in man and in the world.

Our first extract shall be from the part of the volume treating of the author's passage over the Alps.

JORASSE.

Jorasse was in his three-and-twentieth year;
Graceful and active as a stag just roused;
Gentle withal, and pleasant in his speech,
Yet seldom seen to smile. He had grown up
Among the Hunters of the Higher Alps;
Had caught their starts and fits of thoughtfulness,
Their hagard looks, and strange soliloquies,
Said to arise, by those who dwell below,
From frequent dealings with the Mountain-Spirits.
But other ways had taught him better things;
And now he number'd, marching by my side,
The Savans, Princes, who with him had cross'd
The icy tract, with him familiarly
Through the rough day and rougher night conversed
In many a chalêt round the Peak of Terror,
Round Tacul, Tour, Well-horn and Rosenlau;
Save when an Avalanche, at distance rolling
Its long, long thunders, held them mute with fear.
—But with what transport he recall'd the hour
When to deserve, to win his blooming bride,
Madelaine of Annecy, to his feet he bound
The iron crampons, and, ascending, trod
The Upper Realms of Frost; then, by a cord
Let half-way down, entered a Grot star-bright,
And gather'd from above, below, around,
The pointed crystals!

Once, nor long before,
(Thus did his tongue run on, fast as his feet,
And with an eloquence that Nature gives
To all her children—breaking off by starts
Into the harsh and rude, oft as the Mule
Drew his displeasure,) once, nor long before,
Alone at day-break on the Mettenberg,
He slipp'd, he fell; and, through a fearful cleft
Gliding from ledge to ledge, from deep to deeper,
Went to the Under-world! Long-while he lay
Upon his rugged bed—then waked like one
Wishing to sleep again and sleep for ever!
For looking round, he saw, or thought he saw
Innumerable branches of a Cavern,
Winding beneath that solid Crust of Ice;
With here and there a rent that shew'd the stars!
What, then, alas, was left him but to die?
What else in those immeasurable chambers,
Strewn with the bones of miserable men
Lost like himself? Yet must he wander on,
Till cold and hunger set his spirit free!
And, rising, he began his dreary round;
When hark, the noise as of some mighty River
Working its way to light! Back he withdrew,
But soon return'd, and fearless from despair,
Dash'd down the dismal Channel; and all day,
If day could be where utter darkness was,
Travell'd incessantly, the craggy roof
Just over-head, and the impetuous waves,
Nor broad nor deep, yet with a giant's strength
Lashing him on. At last the water slept
In a dead lake—at the third step he took
Unfathomable—and the roof, that long
Had threatened, suddenly descending, lay
Flat on the surface. Statue-like he stood,
His journey ended; when a ray divine
Shot thro' his soul. Breathing a prayer to Her
Whose ears are never shut, the Blessed Virgin,
He plunged, he swam—and in an instant rose,
The barrier past, in light, in sunshine! Through
A smiling valley, full of cottages,
Glittering the river ran; and on the bank
The Young were dancing ('twas a festival-day)
All in their best attire. There first he saw
His Madelaine. In the crowd she stood to hear,
When all drew round, inquiring; and her face,
Seen behind all, and varying as he spoke,
With hope, and fear, and generous sympathy,
Subdued him. From that very hour he loved.

The tale was long, but coming to a close,
When his dark eyes flash'd fire, and, stopping short,
He listen'd and look'd up. I look'd up too;
And twice there came a hiss that through me thrill'd!

'Twas heard no more. A Chamois on the cliff
Had roused his fellows with that cry of fear,
And all were gone.

But now the thread was broken;
Love and its joys had vanish'd from his mind;
And he recounted his hair-breadth escapes,
When with his friend, Hubert of Bionnay,
(His ancient carbine from his shoulder slung,
His axe to hew a stair-case in the ice)
He tracked their footsteps. By a cloud surprised,
Upon a crag among the precipices,
Where the next step had hurled them fifty fathoms,
Oft had they stood, lock'd in each other's arms,
All the long night under a freezing sky,
Each guarding each the while from sleeping, falling.
Oh, 'twas a sport he loved dearer than life,
And only would with life itself relinquish!
'My sire, my grandsire died among these wilds,
My brother too! As for myself,' he cried,
And he held out his wallet in his hand,
'This do I call my winding-sheet, so sure
Am I to have no other!'

And his words
Were soon fulfill'd. Within a little month
Jorasse slept soundly half-way up the Jung-frau.
Long did his wife, suckling her babe, look out
The way he went at parting, but he came not!
Long fear to close her eyes, lest in her sleep
(Such their belief) he should appear before her,
Frozen and ghastly pale, or crush'd and bleeding,
To tell her where he lay, and supplicate
For the last rite! At length the dismal news
Came to her ears, and to her eyes his corse.

Venice has been written about so much of late, that we did not expect to meet with any thing which we could venture to quote from this volume about that "Ocean-Rome." And, in truth, the author lags fearfully behind when he tells his Venetian *stories*—all of which have become familiar to us as household words. But his general reflections, on the first view of the city, are such as no living poet need be ashamed of. They are not only like Southey, but like *the best* of Southey. [Thalaba always excepted.]

VENICE.

No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Led to her gates. The path lay o'er the sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went
As to a floating City—steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently—by many a dome
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile in more than Eastern splendour,
Of old the residence of merchant-kings;
The fronts of some, though Time had shatter'd them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

Thither I came, in the great passage-boat,
From Padua, where the stars are, night by night,
Watch'd from the top of an old dungeon-tower,
Whence blood ran once, the tower of Ezzelino—
Not as he watch'd them, when he read his fate
And shudder'd. But of him I thought not then,
Him or his horoscope; far, far from me
The forms of Guilt and Fear; though some were there,
Sitting among us round the cabin-board,
Some who, like him, had cried, "Spill blood enough!"
And could shake long at shadows. They had play'd
Their parts at Padua, and were now returning;
A vagrant crew, and careless of to-morrow,
Careless, and full of mirth. Who, in that quaver,
Sings 'Caro, Caro?'—'Tis the Prima Donna!
And to her monkey, smiling in his face.
Who, as transported, cries, 'Bravo! Ancora?'
'Tis a grave personage, an old macaw,
Perch'd on her shoulder. But mark him who leaps
Ashore, and with a shout urges along
The lagging mules; then runs and climbs a tree
That with its branches overhangs the stream,
And, like an acorn, drops on deck again.
'Tis he who speaks not, stirs not, but we laugh;
That child of fun and frolic, Arlecchino.

At length we leave the river for the sea,
At length a voice aloft proclaims 'Venezia!'
And, as call'd forth, it comes. A few in fear,

Flying away from him whose boast it was,
That the grass grew not where his horse had trod,
Gave birth to Venice. Like the water-fowl,
They built their nests among the ocean-waves;
And, where the sands were shifting, as the wind
Blew from the north, the south; where they that came,
Had to make sure the ground they stood upon,
Rose, like an exhalation, from the deep,
A vast metropolis, with glittering spires,
With theatres, basilicas adorn'd;
A scene of light and glory, a dominion,
That has endured the longest among men.

And whence the talisman, by which she rose,
Towering? 'Twas found there in the barren sea.
Want led to Enterprize; and, far or near,
Who met not the Venetian?—now in Cairo;
Ere yet the Caffla came, listening to hear
Its bells, approaching from the Red-Sea coast;
Now on the Euxine, on the Sea of Azoph,
In converse with the Persian, with the Russ,
The Tartar; on his lowly deck receiving
Pearls from the gulf of Ormus, gems from Bagdad;
Eyes brighter yet, that shed the light of love,
From Georgia, from Circassia. Wandering round,
When in the rich bazar he saw, displayed,
Treasures from unknown climes, away he went,
And, travelling slowly upward, drew ere-long
From the well-head, supplying all below;
Making the Imperial City of the East,
Herself, his tributary.

If we turn
To the black forest of the Rhine, the Danube,
Whereo'er the narrow glen the castle hangs,
And, like the wolf that hunger'd at his gate,
The baron lived by rapine—there we meet,
In warlike guise, the Caravan from Venice;
Winning its way with all that can attract,
Cages, whence every wild cry of the desert,
Jugglers, stage-dancers. Well might Charlemain,
And his brave peers, each with his visor up,
On their long lances lean and gaze awhile,
When the Venetian to their eyes disclosed
The wonders of the East! Well might they then
Sigh for new Conquests!

Thus did Venice rise,
Thus flourish, till the unwelcome tidings came,
That in the Tagus had arrived a fleet
From India, from the region of the Sun,
Fragrant with spices—that a way was found
A channel opened, and the golden stream
Turn'd to enrich another. Then she felt
Her strength departing, and at last she fell,
Fell in an instant, blotted out and razed;
She who had stood yet longer than the longest
Of the Four Kingdoms—who, as in an Ark,
Had floated down, amid a thousand wrecks,
Uninjured, from the Old World to the New,
From the last trace of civilised life—to where
Light shone again, and with unclouded splendour.

Through many an age she in the mid-Sea dwelt,
From her retreat calmly contemplating
The changes of the Earth, herself unchanged.
Before her pass'd, as in an awful dream,
The mightiest of the mighty. What are these,
Clothed in their purple? O'er the globe they fling
Their monstrous shadows; and, while yet we speak,
Phantom-like, vanish with a dreadful scream!
What—but the last that styled themselves the Cæsars?
And who in long array (look where they come—
Their gesture menacing so far and wide)
Wear the green turban and the heron's plume?
Who—but the Caliphs? follow'd fast by shapes
As new and strange—some, men of steel, steel-clad;
Others, nor long, alas, the interval,
In light and gay attire, with brow serene,
Wielding Jove's thunder, scattering sulphurous fire
Mingled with darkness; and, among the rest,
Lo, one by one, passing continually,
Those who assume a sway beyond them all;
Men grey with age, each with a triple crown,
And in his tremulous hands grasping the keys
That can alone, as he would signify,
Unlock Heaven's gate.

This is very good, but we shall treat our readers with something that is better still; an exquisite gem indeed, and touched and polished with a hand most light and graceful.

GINEVRA.

If ever you should come to Modena,
(Where among other relics you may see

Tassoni's bucket—but 'tis not the true one)
Stop at a Palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Donati.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain you—but, before you go,
Enter the house—forget it not, I pray you—
And look a while upon a picture there.

'Tis of a Lady in her earliest youth,
The last of that illustrious family;
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
He, who observes it—ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up, when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said "Beware!" her vest of gold
Broider'd with flowers and clasp'd from head to foot,
An emerald-stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls.

But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With scripture-stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old Ancestor—
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and you will not,
When you have heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child—her name Ginevra,
The joy, the pride of an indulgent Father;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the Nuptial feast,
When all sate down, the Bride herself was wanting.
Nor was she to be found! Her Father cried,
"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
And fill'd his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas, she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could any thing be guess'd,
But that she was not!

Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and embarking,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Donati lived—and long might you have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,
When on an idle day, a day of search
Mid the old lumber in the Gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perish'd—save a wedding-ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"Ginevra."

There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fasten'd her down for ever!

We shall conclude with another little section, in which our author makes as much of a Statue, as *Ginevra* has shewn us he can make of a Picture. These two passages, come what will of the rest of the volume, *must* survive.

DON GARZIA.

Among the awful forms that stand assembled
In the great square of Florence, may be seen
That Cosmo, not the father of his country,
Not he so styled, but he who play'd the Tyrant,
Clad in rich armour like a Paladin,
But with his helmet off—in kingly state,
Aloft he sits upon his horse of brass;
And they, who read the legend underneath,
Go and pronounce him happy. Yet there is
A Chamber at Grosseto, that, if walls
Could speak and tell of what is done within,
Would turn your admiration into pity.
Half of what passed died with him; but the rest,
All he discovered when the fit was on,
All that, by those who listen'd, could be glean'd
From broken sentences and starts in sleep,
Is told, and by an honest chronicler.

Two of his sons, Giovanni and Garzia,
(The eldest had not seen his sixteenth summer)
Went to the chase; but one of them, Giovanni,
His best beloved, the glory of his House,
Return'd not; and at close of day was found
Bathed in his innocent blood. Too well, alas,
The trembling Cosmo guess'd the deed, the doer;
And, having caused the body to be borne
In secret to that Chamber—at an hour
When all slept sound, save the disconsolate Mother,
Who little thought of what was yet to come,
And lived but to be told—he bade Garzia
Arise and follow him. Holding in one hand
A winking lamp, and in the other a key
Massive and dungeon-like, thither he led;
And, having entered in and lock'd the door,
The father fixed his eyes upon the son,
And closely question'd him. No change betray'd
Or guilt or fear. Then Cosmo lifted up
The bloody sheet. 'Look there! Look there!' he cried,
'Blood calls for blood—and from a father's hand!
—Unless thyself wilt save him that sad office.
What!' he exclaimed, when, shuddering at the sight,
The boy breathed out, 'I stood but on my guard.'
'Dar'st thou then blacken one who never wrong'd thee,'
Who would not set his foot upon a worm?
Yes, thou must die, lest others fall by thee,
And thou shouldst be the slayer of us all.'
Then from Garzia's side he took the dagger,
That fatal one which spilt his brother's blood;
And, kneeling on the ground, 'Great God!' he cried,
'Grant me the strength to do an act of justice,
Thou knowest what it costs me; but alas,
How can I spare myself, sparing none else?
Grant me the strength, the will—and oh! forgive
The sinful soul of a most wretched son.
'Tis a most wretched father who implores it."
Long on Garzia's neck he hung, and wept
Tenderly, long press'd him to his bosom;
And then, but while he held him by the arm,
Thrusting him backward, turned away his face,
And stabb'd him to the heart.

Well might De Thou,
When in his youth he came to Cosmo's court,
Think on the past; and, as he wander'd through
The ancient palace—through those ample spaces
Silent, deserted—stop awhile to dwell
Upon two portraits there, drawn on the wall
Together, as of two in bonds of love,
One in a Cardinal's habit, one in black,
Those of the unhappy brothers, and infer
From the deep silence that his questions drew,
The terrible truth.

Well might he heave a sigh
For poor humanity, when he beheld
That very Cosmo shaking o'er his fire,
Drowsy and deaf and inarticulate,
Wrapt in his night-gown, o'er a sick man's mess,
In the last stage—death-struck and deadly pale;
His wife, another, not his Eleanora,
At once his nurse and his interpreter.

The author may perhaps think we have quoted too much from so small a volume; but the fact is, that except it be written by Lord Byron, the reading public will have very little to say, just at present, to any volume of verses,

be it large or small. Scotland, for example, is a country full of readers, and talkers too; yet we venture to say, three copies of this book will not have been sold in Scotland, up to the day this number of The Magazine issues forth to fill Auld Reekie with her monthly dream of delight. We trust several copies more may be disposed of the day after; indeed we should not wonder if we were to be the means of selling two or three dozens of them here, and perhaps half a dozen into the bargain throughout Glasgow and the Gorbals, and other rural districts of our ancient kingdom. The author, who has probably been in the habit of abusing Blackwood, will, the moment he sees himself commended by us, begin to talk very smoothly about that great national work, in his own little circle; and, as every body has some influence, his talk will certainly sell, if it were but among his aunts and cousins, an additional bundle of Number LXII. and, perhaps, among the kindred, they may order a set or two from the beginning. Thus shall there be great gain on both sides, in consequence of this little article; and, as to the booksellers, Lord! what a hugging there will be the next time Ebony sports his figure in the Row, or our worthy friend Mr Rees gladdens green Albyn, with the rumbling of his gig.

N.B. We wish such authors as this would not neglect sending us presentation copies of their works. But for the purely accidental circumstance of our observing a little extract from this volume, in Mr Samuel Hunter's Herald of last week, we should never have purchased it; and our readers (at least 999 to 1000 of them) would never have heard of it. And when the author is informed, which he now is, that (always excepting JOHN BULL) we never read newspapers at all, now-a-days, he will bless his stars to see how narrowly he has shaved the corner of oblivion.

"Never read any paper but *John Bull*?" we think we hear (to speak cockneyishly) some God-bless-my-soul-good-sort-of-body say to himself —"No, certainly, and why should we? would ye have us to read Joseph Hume's speeches, or anybody's speeches, when we can read John Bull's summaries, and sing John Bull's songs?"

There is but one newspaper in the world, and the name thereof is JOHN BULL. But "'Ware digression" is our motto; and most assuredly we do not suspect John Bull of having written "Italy, a Poem."

THE WIDOW'S TALE AND OTHER POEMS.*

IT is worth notice, that scarcely any one of the poets of our days who has received the guerdon of popularity, has neglected the study of rural nature. It seems now to be an established canon, that the poet shall have his eyes and ears open and alert wherever the beauties or the sublimities of the country are perceptible, taking the term in an ample signification, as embracing earth, and ocean, and sky. It is expected of him who puts his hand upon the strings of the lyre, that "his fine spirit be touched to fine issues," by the glory of the sun and moon—by the countless combinations, either of calm or storm, into which the winds, the clouds, and the waves are wrought—by the effects of dews, mists, rains, and frosts—by the savage grandeur of rocks and mountains, of forests and wilds, of heaths and shores, of inaccessible precipices and yawning caverns—by the amenity of greenwood bowers, of bee-haunted rocks, of bubbling springs and trilling streamlets, and smooth-sliding rivers, and glassy lakes—by the tints and odours of flowers,—by the voices of birds, and animals, and insects,—and by hundreds of other objects from without; all which were "doff'd aside" by the rhymers of good Queen Anne's and the first George's time; or if alluded to at all, the picture was not drawn from the originals, but from Virgil's pastorals, or some other time-hallowed exemplar for common-place books, and common-place memories. The imagination also was in those times allowed to be dormant, as far as respected its magical dealings with out-of-door materials. In the poetry of the

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* The Widow's Tale, and other poems; by the author of Ellen Fitzarthur.—Longman and Co. London. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

Wits we can expect none of those impalpable gossamer-links, which are too fine for the touch of reason, but which wave visibly before the eye of fancy, and form perceptible connections between remote ideas—we seek in them, for none of that iridescent colouring of truth, for which the eye must be properly stationed to bring out its beauty—they deal in none of those imaginative comparisons, resemblances, sympathies, antipathies, relations, dissonances, and indemonstrable attributives, with which the inner sense is to accord, and in which the mind is to have faith, as long as the world of fiction is the region we tread in, but which we are not found to carry into actual life and expose to the work-day world's coarse and churlish rubs—they knew nothing of that *glamour* which hallows things of every-day's growth, and of even-beaten pathway occurrences,—which makes us love the moonlight for better reasons than that of its allowing us to dispense with a lantern,—which shews us more in Stonehenge than a great many large stones and a great deal of greensward,—which sees something beyond much valuable timber, while we rove in mid-day darkness beneath the "extravagant arms" of the Norman Conqueror's forest, and which can exalt a daisy or a primrose into a potent talisman, having command over the treasures in the cells of memory or of affection, while to the true prosaic man,

—— "a primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

Undoubtedly Pope is the greatest of all those of our writers of verse, who owe scarce any part of their fame to their accurate pencilling after nature, or to the rich visions conjured up amid the halo-light of imagination. Nevertheless, he is never undeserving of attention, for, independently of his skill in versification, there is, as Southey says in his Preface to 'Specimens of the later English Poets,'—that hasty but clever *coup-d'œil* of this department of our literature,—"a bottom of sound sense in him." In the Anglo-Gallican school, (such it merits to be called, for our palates were then spoilt for the racy taste of our ancestors, by a foolish deference to France,) Pope must be allowed to be the very first in excellence,—"but to class him with great poets, to say that he is a writer of the *same kind* as Milton and Shakespeare, is absurd: verse is common to them, and verse is all which they have in common." He is the poet of the town and of the schools—exquisite in satire and ethics, in mock-heroics and *vers de société*, in a prologue or a reflective epistle, in an epitaph or an epigram—but these are not the moulds into which the highest order of poets naturally cast their ore. Baser materials than "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" will do to be so worked up; and in Pope's poetical temperament he had no such pulses as must have throbbed along every vein of him who clothed passion with all the magnificence of imagination in Lear, and wantoned with the many-twinkling wings of fancy in the Midsummer-Night's Dream and the Tempest.

"It is remarkable," says Wordsworth, "that excepting a passage or two in the Windsor Forest of Pope, and some delightful pictures in the poems of Lady Winchelsea, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the Paradise Lost and the Seasons, does not contain a single new image of external nature, and scarcely presents a familiar one, from which it can be inferred that the eye of the Poet had been steadily fixed upon his object, much less that his feelings had urged him to work upon it in the genuine spirit of imagination."

We cannot complain of any such omission now, in the general spirit of the poetry of the age. We have returned to drink at the old cisterns, and have found the springs as copious and as fresh as they were in the olden time. The author before us, putting forth no pretensions to be ranked among the greater lights of the poetic sky, is, notwithstanding, fully participant in what Southey calls the great *revival* of our days. Her talent of observation has not been idle, nor has that of imagination been suffered to rust. We speak of the writer of the book as a female; for however the delicacy, the purity, the enthusiasm for home and home-born happiness, so apparent in every page of "Ellen Fitzarthur," may have convinced us of it, yet here, in the "Conte à mon Chien," we have the explicit avowal. We were prepared to expect something good from the pen which produced the work we spoke of, and are not disappointed. The execu-

tion of "Ellen Fitzarthur" was beautiful; it was indeed far beyond the merits of the mere story itself. Like the doors of the Temple of the Sun in Ovid, the skill of the artificer was greater than the intrinsic worth of the metal on which the workman displayed it. The ground-work of the story was defective in novelty. This is by no means the case in many of the poems of the present little book; and the same tasteful eye for the picturesque, and the same command of the vivid language of poetry, are happily exerted on less pre-occupied subjects.

The longest composition in it is the first, and it gives the name to the book. It is a pathetic narrative, in which the Tale which the Widow tells is only a part. We select the following as a specimen of the sort of sketching which the hand of this tasteful artist so freely produces. The effect of the evening-light of summer in a rocky glen is described in the outset, and the scene of the story is thus laid:—

"Half down one rifted side was seen
A little shelf, a platform green,
A nook of smiling solitude,
Lodged there in Nature's frolic mood.
There, many an ash and aspen grey,
From rent and fissure forced its way,
And where the bare grey rock peeped through,
Lichens of every tint and hue
Marbled its sides; and mossy stains
Enseam'd their vegetable veins.
The streamlet gush'd from that rocky wall,
And close beside its sparkling fall
A little cot, like a martin's nest,
Clung to that lonely place of rest.
The living rock its walls supplied
North, east, and south; the western side,
With fragments of the pale grey stone,
Was rudely built, whose silv'ry tone
Contrasted with its chaste repose
The hollyhock and briar rose.
Beneath the thatch, where woodbines clung,
In wicker cage a blackbird hung;
And a ceaseless murmur met the ear,
From the busy hum of a beehive near.
In many a crevice of the rock,
The wall-flower and far-fragrant stock
Sprung up; and every here and there,
Collected with industrious care,
A little patch of shallow mould
Was gay with flowers; there, spiked with gold,
Tall rockets bloomed, and borage blue,
And pinks, and sweet valerian grew;
Here thyme, and pennyroyal green,
And balm and marjoram were seen;
And many a herb, of virtues known
To rustic pharmacy alone."—Pp. 2, 3.

We will not abridge the plot of the piece, but will introduce our readers to the characters. "A narrow path, like a pale grey thread" leads to the cottage, and half way down this little frequented walk,

—— "a traveller now
Is gazing on the scene below;
In coarse and tatter'd garb is he,
And he looks like one return'd from sea,
Whose sallow cheek, and wither'd form,
Have borne the brunt of sun and storm."
P. 4.

After a pause, the lonely man "descends the path, (half-path, half-stair,") and stands before the cot and its inmates.

"Close by the open door is placed
A high-back'd wicker chair,—'tis faced
To the bright sunset. There sits one
Whose eyes towards that setting sun
Are turn'd in vain—its lustre falls
Unheeded on those sightless balls;
But, on the silver hairs that stray
From her plaited coif, the evening ray
Reposes, and with mellow light
Edges the folds of her kerchief white.
That aged matron's chair beside,
A little damsel, azure-eyed
And golden-hair'd, sings merrily,
The while her restless fingers ply
The tedious woof of edging fine;
And, as across the lengthening line,
With lightning speed the bobbins fly,
The little maid sings merrily."—Pp. 6, 7.

To those who shall deliver themselves up to the pathos of the story, we announce that there is a turning point of consolation in it. Although there is much sowing in tears, yet the poor widow is allowed to reap some little harvest in joy. We leave the three interlocutors in this cheerful state.

"A blackbird in that sunny nook
Hangs in his wicker cage—but look!
What youthful form is her's; whose care
Has newly hung the favourite there?
'Tis Agnes!—Hark that peal of bells
The Sabbath invitation swells,
And forth they come, the happy three,
The re-united family.
The son leads on, with cautious pace,
His old blind parent, in whose face,
Age-worn and care-worn though it be,
The bright reflection you may see
Of new-born happiness. And she,
With restless joy who bounds along,
Beginning oft the oft-check'd song,
(Check'd by remembrance of the day)
A moment then less wildly gay,
She moves demurely on her way,
Clasping her new-found father's hand.—

But who can silence at command
The soaring sky-lark's rapturous strain?
The mountain roe-buck, who can rein?
Agnes' gay spirit bursts again
Discretion's bonds—a cobweb chain!
And off she starts in frolic glee,
Like fawn from short restraint set free."
P. 67.

"The April Day," even without the date of "20th, 1820," would, from its freshness and accuracy, have suggested the supposition that it was from actual observation. No heedless or unskilful eye could have caught the marks and tokens, which must have been noted down at the minute they occurred.

"All day the low-hung clouds have dropt
Their garner'd fullness down;
All day that soft grey mist hath wrapt
Hill, valley, grove, and town.
There has not been a sound to-day
To break the calm of nature;
Nor motion, I might almost say,
Of life or living creature:
Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
Or cattle faintly lowing;
I could have half believed I heard
The leaves and blossoms growing.
I stood to hear—I love it well,
The rain's continuous sound,
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
Down straight into the ground.
For leafy thickness is not yet
Earth's naked breast to skreen,
Though every dripping branch is set
With shoots of tender green.
Sure, since I look'd at early morn,
Those honeysuckle buds
Have swell'd to double growth; that thorn
Hath put forth larger studs;
That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
The milk-white flowers revealing;
Even now, upon my senses first
Methinks their sweets are stealing:
The very earth, the steamy air,
Is all with fragrance rife!
And grace and beauty every where
Are flushing into life.
Down, down they come—those fruitful stores!
Those earth-rejoicing drops!
A momentary deluge pours,
Then thins, decreases, stops.
And, ere the dimples on the stream
Have circled out of sight,
Lo! from the west, a parting gleam
Breaks forth, of amber light.

* * * *

But yet behold—abrupt and loud,
Comes down the glittering rain;
The farewell of a passing cloud
The fringes of its train."—Pp. 70—73.

Want of space forbids us from pursuing the details of the picture—the effects of the sudden sunshine on the birds—the passing of a train of cows from the pasture—and lastly, of a flock of sheep, which

—— "wind into the stream of light
That pours across the road,
And all the moving mass is bright
In one broad yellow flood.

* * * *

The shepherd saunters last—but why
Comes with him, pace for pace,
That ewe? and why, so piteously,
Looks up the creature's face?
Swung in his careless hand, she sees,
(Poor ewe!) a dead cold weight,
The little one, her soft warm fleece
So fondly cherish'd late.
But yesterday, no happier dam
Ranged o'er those pastures wide
Than she, fond creature! when the lamb
Was sporting by her side.
It was a new-born thing—the rain
Pour'd down all night—it's bed
Was drench'd and cold. Morn came again,
But the young lamb was dead.
Yet the poor mother's fond distress
It's every art had tried
To shield, with sleepless tenderness,
The weak one at her side.
Round it all night, she gather'd warm
Her woolly limbs—her head
Close curved across its feeble form;
Day dawn'd, and it was dead.
She saw it dead—she felt, she knew
It had no strength, no breath,—
Yet how should she conceive, poor ewe!
The mystery of death?
It lay before her stiff and cold—
Yet fondly she essay'd
To cherish it in love's warm fold,
Then restless trial made;
Moving, with still reverted face,
And low complaining bleat,
To entice from their damp resting-place,
Those little stiffening feet.
All would not do, when all was tried—
Love's last fond lure was vain;
So quietly by its dead side,
She laid her down again."—Pp. 75—78.

The rest of the volume is occupied by the Sea of Life—William and Jean, a most touching narrative—Conte à mon Chien, of which the half-sportive, half-serious introduction is admirable; it is addressed to her old spaniel, with whom she is in the habit of holding a colloquy:

"Ay, let them laugh who understand
No utterance, save of human speech—
We have a language at command
They cannot feel, we cannot teach.
Yes, thy dark eye informeth mine
With sense than words more eloquent,
Thy very ears, so long and fine,
Are flexibly intelligent."—P. 126.

At the end are two dramatic sketches, "Pride and Passion," and "Editha." The former approaches the verge of horror; but in the latter, although our tears are called for, they are such as cease to flow when we look upward, there is no bitterness in them. It is an exemplification of earthly instability, and of the fragility of all that is beautiful and graceful in this world; but beside the death-bed of the innocent, there is the angel of peace, and his presence, though not seen, is felt—the fall of dew is never visible to the eye during the night, but the dawn insensibly arrives, and the renovating drops are found hanging on every leaf. However dark be the night of grief, when the good are mourning for the good, there is sure to be such a morn of present refreshment and gladness of heart, and hope of enjoying the perfect day.

THE BEECHEN WOOD.—A SONG.

Air—Unknown.

How dark and dismal, my Jessy dear,
Were the road of life to me without thee!
Wherever I wander, far or near,
My heart is fill'd with thoughts about thee.—
When the western sky is crimson-hued,
And the twilight star shines o'er thee,
Come down, love, to the beechen wood,
And I'll be waiting for thee!

The lark he rises up with the sun,
And soars, and soars, till heaven is ringing;
But better I love the blackbird dun,
From the twilight coppice softly singing.
When the western sky, &c.

Long is the lonesome night to me;
Of the daylight I often weary;
But, oh! when the sun sinks o'er the sea,
My bosom burns till I meet my deary.
When the western sky, &c.

Oh, what were all the wealth of earth!
Oh, what were all its honours splendid!
The proudest lot, or the loftiest birth,
If not with love like mine attended!
When the western sky, &c.

Though far from me shine grandeur's ray,
Content, I envy none I see, love;
And though toil be mine the live-long day,
I've the evening hope of meeting thee, love!
When the western sky is crimson hued,
And the twilight star shines o'er thee,
Come down, love, to the beechen wood,
And I'll be waiting for thee!

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TOWNSEND'S TOUR THROUGH IRELAND AND GREAT BRITAIN.

One of the great and conspicuous excellencies of this Magazine is, its near approach to omnipresence. We penetrate into regions unknown, save to the plodding gazetteer; we illuminate obscure districts, which would burst on the ear of the incredulous public with a sound of perplexing novelty. Gentle reader, did you ever hear of such a place as the jaw-breaking town of Llanwrst, for instance? We bet six to four you never did—and yet we have three correspondents sleeping in one bed there, who write the most pathetic poetry possible. Did you suspect the existence of such a place as Aghabullague? Decidedly not! and yet there we have a contributor whose genius is particularly splendid on topics of political economy. You may have perhaps heard of there being a University at Aberdeen, in a distant and confused murmur, little suspecting, however, that from that Panglossian mint of doctors of canon and civil law, we derive articles of a peculiar salmon-tasted jocosity. In like manner, from Orkney to Wight, from the Giant's Causeway to Glangariffe, we have trusty subjects, who pour their tributary rivulets into our magnificent reservoir, whence we distribute them in kindly streams over the land. This subject we some time since have explained so much to our own satisfaction, and consequently that of the public, that there is no need of expatiating any longer on it here. But as it is a point of great general interest—of paramount political importance—of &c. &c. &c. as we may say, we shall most probably recur to it, and treat it with that due gravity and regularity which its weight calls for.

The advantages arising from this are various, but so obvious, that the meanest capacity in the country can at once appreciate them; so plain, that even Peter Moore, or Kit Hutchinson, would not, we think, be much puzzled to see the great value of our ubiquity. Among other things, we get intelligence of the state of literature in districts where others imagine that no literature whatever exists. Not a provincial press pours out its brochures, but slap! a copy comes in to us, very frequently with a review ready written, oiling over the author with the goodly chrism of flattery, or cutting him up with the most savage and unrelenting cruelty. We, of course, frequently fling the provincial book into the fire, and consign no less frequently the provincial critic to purposes more easily conjectured than decorously expressed. And on the contrary, we sometimes admit them into our pages, and sometimes disregarding the reviewer, *in partibus barbarorum*, do up an affair ourselves in the twinkling of a bed-post. Thus, for instance, who would ever have heard of Dr Morris's elegant letters, which issued from the press of Aberysthwith, had not a silly leek-eater transmitted us a copy, which we reviewed to the general satisfaction of the population of these kingdoms? A provincial press in Yorkshire exhibited Archdeacon Wrangham's elegant translation of the Odes of Horace—we held it up to the admiration of our good friend the public. The circumstance of his printing his pretty poetry at the private press of Sir Egerton Breeches, did not hinder us from expatiating on the great merits of that eminent Heavy Dragoon Minstrel, Lieutenant Edward Quillinan of the Fourth, or King's Own. Who ever heard of there being a press in the city of Cork? yet we actually, last year, demonstrated the fact, by our brief critique on the excellent and loyal little pamphlet of John Lord Carbery, which came to light in that most meritorious and cattle-slaughtering city. But we should be as tedious as Joe Hume himself, were we to enumerate all the similar instances. Truce then with prefaces, and let us come to the point, towards which we have been moving with ambling pace.

We are just going to add a fresh proof of our universal comprehension of the literary world around us. There is another pamphlet* issuing from

* A Tour through Ireland and the Northern parts of Great Britain, with Remarks on the Geological Structure of the Places visited, made for the purpose of forming some judgment respecting the Nature and Extent of the Coal Formation in Ireland. Cork. Edwards and Savage. 1821. pp. 30.

Cork, which is, of course, absolutely unknown—quite MS. in fact, to the people in general. And yet it is a tour in Scotland by a most intelligent and observant clergyman, the Rev. Hen. Townsend, a county of Cork rector, and author of an excellent statistical survey of his native country. We got it just as we get every thing else. Cork, as appears by the last census, contains 100,535 inhabitants, of whom, by a singular coincidence, exactly 35 are contributors of ours, leaving the other 100,500 to employ themselves in the exercise of other less dignified occupations; and from one of our good men and true, the pamphlet came right a-head to our lofty chambers in "mine own romantic town."

On looking at the book we were at first going to pitch it to Erebus profound. We thought—but, as it turned out, erroneously—that it was all about coal, and geology, and mineralogy, and other such barbarities. Now, we know nothing whatever about mineralogy, and of course despise the science most heartily. True it is that we are up to *trap*, and have made various experiments on *quarts*, but the science itself is a most base affair. Think of an individual, otherwise respectable, peeping at a paving-stone, and prating about it to some dozen gawffawish-looking young men, every one of whom is inwardly praying for an opportunity to fling it at his head! Is not it vastly absurd? We are informed that a Professor of our University here is the first mineralogist in Europe, but it is impossible. He is a man of too much talent; we respect him too much to be able to believe such a rumour, universal as it is. We rejoice, we own, in a flint when we see it set properly in the snapper of a fowling-piece, but care not a flash in the pan how it was originally concocted. The laughing spectacle of a fine blazing, glowing, coal-fire, we delight in—though not to such a degree as to clap our feet on the fender to enjoy it, like our friend, the King of all the Cockneys,—and, when in a philosophical mood, we consider its advantages in cookery, punch-making, and other fine arts, we do feel a certain enthusiastic respect for the inventor of fire-places. Yet we must say, that a discourse upon the structure, &c. of old coal, is in our ideas as tedious as a discourse by himself on the politics, &c. of Old Coke. However, *de gustibus nil disputandum*, every man to his taste, and we shall let Mr Townsend give his opinion on the advantages which the possession of collieries confers on a country.

"To the county of Chester nature has been peculiarly bountiful, in furnishing it with mines of salt, a species of fossil of immense value, but rare occurrence. Coal, however, is the main source of prosperity in the northern part of Britain; for if we deduct the advantages afforded by this article from its means of wealth, and incitements to exertion, though much no doubt will still remain, yet the remainder will make but a very disproportionate figure in the catalogue. The traveller might indeed be gratified with the view of a fair country, exhibiting handsome seats, and cultivated lands. Where nature had given a convenient port, or a navigable river, he might also find towns improved by commerce, and adorned by architecture; but without coal, he certainly would not see what is now presented to his view in the great and flourishing towns of Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, to say nothing of those of inferior note; and he would want those lively scenes which he now meets of steam-boats, steam-engines, rail-roads, canals, aqueducts, &c. as well as that abundant and happy population, to which coal affords in this climate so much domestic comfort, as well as so much profitable employment. Hence it is, that the thoughts of an Irishman, who has travelled through the coal districts of Great Britain, are so anxiously turned to the hope, that a future period may, by fortunate discovery of earth's concealed treasures, enable some part at least of his own country to exhibit similar appearances of wealth and prosperity. Nature has, in several respects, been very bountiful to the Emerald Isle. We have many good ports, some navigable rivers, a wholesome climate, and a fertile soil. For want, however, of that prime article of human comfort, fuel, many of our most fertile tracts, though not devoid of inhabitants, are devoid of one important means by which men are enabled to exercise useful arts, to enrich themselves and their country by manufactures, or, indeed, to enjoy the common conveniences of life. Happy though it be that we have such a neighbour as Britain, yet it is not pleasant to think, that every considerable port town in Ireland, besides many that are not seaports, draw their whole stock of fuel from the sister island."

This review has hitherto been rather irregular, but henceforward we shall get on more *secundum artem*. We confess we look on a regular review of a

book to be a bore; but we must occasionally fall in with the absurd fashions of our time. To begin then with the beginning, Mr T., in consequence of illness, was recommended, in 1820, a trip to Harrogate, and on his return took Scotland in his way. He bears high testimony to the celebrated, though villainously-tasted waters of Harrogate.

"Our entrance into Yorkshire was rather discouraging, for we had to travel on a rough and generally ill-paved road, and to cross that high and broad range of moorland which separates the counties of York and Lancaster. The hills too are long, steep, and frequent, yet loaded carts and coaches appear to travel easily, though not smoothly along. The public coaches, generally loaded to excess, never have more than four horses, right good ones indeed, always in high condition, and rarely exhibiting any injurious marks of the collar. In sandy districts, and all this is sandstone country, pavement is absolutely necessary where wheels are much used, and heavy burdens carried. Though not good for the horses' feet, or conducive to the traveller's ease, the paved road affords such facility to draught, that all one wonders at in such a country is, that the pavements are not more carefully executed, and kept in better order.—As we advanced, this great county improved upon the view, more with respect to the number and opulence of its manufacturing towns, than the beauty or fertility of the land. In other parts it is indeed rich and beautiful, but a large portion of the West Riding is coarse and high. Leeds is a great, and apparently a rich and flourishing town. We entered it on a market day, not without admiration of the prodigious quantity of articles exposed to sale, particularly vegetables, among which early potatoes, beautiful in appearance, but too watery and insipid for an Irishman's palate, bore a distinguished place. From Leeds we had a pleasant stage to Harrogate, passing close to the magnificent mansion of Lord Harewood, situated on the south bank of the river Wharfe.

"Of all the British watering-places resorted to for health, Harrogate perhaps owes least to fashion, and most to the real virtue and efficacy of its medicinal springs. Of these, which are all cold, the most remarkable is the sulphur-well at lower Harrogate, known from an early period, but at first only used externally for the cure of cutaneous and perhaps rheumatic complaints. Indeed, a stranger's first impression of wonder is, how any other use of a water, so extremely nauseous both to smell and taste, should ever have been ventured on. It is true that after a few draughts its offensive qualities disappear, and it becomes by no means disagreeable to the palate. But the first taster could not have known this, and if he drank it on speculation, a case which seems very probable, he was, at least, a bold experimentalist. Of simple nature's repugnance to the draught, we had an opportunity of seeing a very diverting instance on the morning after our arrival at Harrogate, (July 1st.) Having strolled to the well before the usual time of drinking, we saw there a couple of common men, one from the vicinity, well acquainted with the water, and drinking with much apparent satisfaction; the other, a simple peasant from a distant part of Yorkshire, to whom the former was warmly recommending a glass of the salubrious beverage. The latter, in whom the very smell of the fountain, disagreeable enough, it must be owned, had already excited a marked disgust to its waters, was beginning to make wry faces, and to shrink from so appalling a proposal. On our joining in the recommendation, and his perceiving that it went down so smoothly and innocuously with the other, much against his will he was at last prevailed upon to take a glass;—previously, however, he took care to let us know he was in no want of any antiscorbutic—'Oi have but one little pimple upon my whool body,' said he, with a seeming inclination to give us ocular proof of his veracity. This we rendered unnecessary by professing to entertain no doubt of his purity, but still recommending a draught so innocent and wholesome, and urging the impropriety of returning to his distant home without a taste of the celebrated spring. Prepared as he was to meet something disagreeable, it is impossible to describe the effect of the nauseous potion on the muscles of his face, or the ludicrous nature of his ejaculations and grimaces. Ill-natured as it seemed to be, it set us, and indeed all present, into a most violent fit of laughing, which was the more freely indulged, as we knew that his fears were unfounded, and that his disquietude would be soon over."

We do not much wonder at the poor man's disquietude. Rheumatic as we are, we would not swallow a pint of that stuff for a Marquisate. Indeed, we have always found water of any kind to be a pernicious beverage, and in consequence abstain from it most temperately. We have heard many water-drinkers declare, that pure spring water is a great luxury; but we are not inclined to be luxurious. Luxury, as our readers will remember, overthrew the Roman empire, and did many other bad things, and we shall therefore avoid any intemperate debauchery in the water way.

"Six weeks sojourn at Harrogate would supply a professed tourist with matter for

no inconsiderable volume, in describing the qualities and variety of its fountains, the rapid successions of its numerous visitants, and all the peculiarities of the place and neighbourhood. But as these are not my objects, I shall restrict myself for the most part to such things as fall within the scope of my principal purpose.

"Upper and Lower Harrogate, about a half a mile asunder, are situate on the eastern extremity of the old Forest of Knaresborough. The former is of earlier establishment, on account of its chalybeate springs, which were the first discovered, and for a long time the only waters held in esteem for their medicinal virtue. The sulphur-well, however, has nearly superseded the chalybeates, and, with the exception of a newly-discovered saline chalybeate in Lower Harrogate, hardly any other water is now drank. It is also copiously employed for warm bathing, and as it keeps well in bottle, great quantities are sent from Harrogate to different parts of the British empire. It is unquestionably one of the most valuable of all the medicinal springs which has been ever discovered, very rarely I believe injurious, and very seldom failing to rectify a disordered state of the stomach and bowels.—Fact, indeed, the surest of all arguments, speaks with incontrovertible decision in its favour; for it is impossible to conceive that so many thousands should persist in drinking (without, as well as with medical advice) a water so horridly disgusting as this at first is, unless they had full assurance of its salubrious efficacy. There are many excellent hotels, and many good private lodgings, the number of which is daily increasing, and where much company resorts, some amusement hunters will of course be found, but the great inducement is, undoubtedly, the virtue of the springs.

"I was amused by Dr Smollett's account of Harrogate, in his Humphry Clinker, written about fifty years since. In that entertaining work it is represented by the younger persons of the party as a pleasant place enough, containing a good deal of company very socially disposed; but the report made by old Matthew Bramble, who seems to be a counterpart of the Doctor, is unfounded, as well as unfavourable. Indeed I am inclined to think that Smollett never actually visited Harrogate, and that he speaks from the information of some acquaintance as cynical as himself. He represents it as a naked, disconsolate moor, high, cold, and not only destitute of trees, but incapable of producing them. The sulphur-well was the object of his abomination, and operated on him in the double capacity of a purge and an emetic,—it contained, he said, no sulphur, and was pronounced to be neither more nor less than 'salt water putrified in the bowels of the earth!!' Harrogate was certainly much more naked at that time than it is now, but at the 'Queen's Head,' one of the oldest hotels, there are very fine sycamores, some of which cannot be less than a hundred years old. There are also in the fields behind it (poor remains of the timber it once possessed) a few still living trunks of oaks, which must have been respectable trees some two or three centuries since. High the situation certainly is, and therefore cool; but the air is pure and salubrious, and the very reverse of unfavourable to the growth of trees: on the contrary, they grow well even upon much higher parts of the Moor than where Harrogate stands. Matthew Bramble's report of the sulphur-well betrays too much ignorance, and is too unworthy of a man of medical science to permit me to believe that Doctor Smollett had ever been at Harrogate. He was fond of caricature, but would not deliberately falsify.

"The neighbourhood of Harrogate is particularly celebrated for the growth of great and beautiful trees. The Cowthrope oak, an object of wonder for some centuries, and supposed to be a thousand years old, is still living, but in the last stage of decay. One can hardly conceive a more magnificent sylvan spectacle than this noble tree must have exhibited in the full pride of its growth, and when, as it is said, half an acre of ground was shaded by its branches. In the year 1720 a main branch was broken off, which, on measurement, was found to contain more than five ton of timber! The circumference of the trunk close to the ground was then sixty feet, being somewhat greater than at present, but it is obvious that it shrunk considerably,—the other dimensions are not recorded.—We measured it accurately, and found the circumference at the base fifty-four feet, and at the height of six feet from the ground, forty-seven feet; from this it does not vary much to the top, which is twenty-one feet high. The few remaining branches are supported by props, rendered necessary by the weakness of the trunk, which is hollow to the top, affording at bottom a chamber thirty-three feet in circumference. I have seen and measured many great trees in various parts of Great Britain, but never met one that would bear comparison with this venerable monarch of the forest. In truth, I did not think nature capable of so great an effort in this climate, and I am only surprised, that so little notice has been taken of it."

His observations on the contrast between England and Ireland are well written, and worthy attention.

"A sojourn of six weeks in the north of England afforded opportunity of more acquaintance with national habits and manners, than is to be obtained in the usual rapidity of travelling. I speak of the peasantry and lower orders; for the higher

classes have less peculiarities, and the company frequenting watering-places is collected from all quarters. About Harrogate, and I believe in most country parts of England, the people still maintain that steady, upright, and decorous character, which has made them so long distinguished and so justly admired. Their habits of domestic decency, their unremitting attention to cleanliness, and the comfort and happiness even of the humblest dwelling, though viewed by our Irish eyes with pleasure and admiration, yet excited painful recollection of the inferiority we had left at home. No clamour, no brawls, no drunken riot, no pilfering, no trespass, no imposition, no wrangle did we ever hear of during our stay; not, indeed, that such occurrences never take place, but that they are very uncommon. I have often visited some of the inferior dwellings, for the purpose of seeing what I never failed to find,—the unexpensive luxury of cleanliness and comfort. There is not, I believe, a house of any description at Harrogate that has not a clock and a warming-pan among its articles of furniture, all of which are as nice and bright, as if their only purpose was to please the eye.—One sometimes hears of the unsocial manners and surly demeanour of the English peasantry, and of their indifference to all concerns but their own. Blunt they are, it is true, in deportment, but kind in heart, and when civilly addressed by their superiors, most civil and obliging. But that civility is without obsequiousness, and they revolt immediately against any thing like superciliousness or overbearing. I am indeed inclined to believe, that those who charge them with rudeness have themselves alone to blame for what they deem an improper or impertinent return. To Englishmen, who have been long accustomed to feel and value the protection of equal laws, that disparity, so common in other countries, where the plebeian never thinks of resenting either the insult or injury of a superior, is altogether unknown. They are not without respect for those above them, but as that respect is unmixed with fear, they never lose sight of their own independence, or in conversing with their superiors, forget themselves to be men. Conscious that this equality, not of ranks but of rights, is derived from a strict administration of just laws, they are scrupulously honest in their dealings, and sedulous to bring offenders against the common interest to condign punishment. The difficulty of escaping justice where all are combined against knavery, renders crime infrequent, and adds greatly to the general measure of contentment, security, and happiness.—O that I could draw a similar picture of a country I love more, though I admire less! But our hopes of assimilation are not destitute of encouragement. Time was when England was in as disorderly a state as the worst parts of Ireland are now, and very inferior to its best. There are great difficulties to be removed, but removed they may gradually be, in a great measure at least, by diffusion of useful knowledge, regular and equal administration of justice, improvement of national industry, better examples on the part of the gentry, and more judicious liberality on the part of the great landholders. Of these last I could with pleasure enumerate some illustrious instances. Two occurred to us in the course of our journey, which it would be unpardonable to omit. The village and immediate vicinity of Rathcormuck in this county, which I remember to have been the abode of filth and misery, when it boasted the honour of returning two members to the Irish Parliament, has experienced so happy a change under the auspices of the Tonson family, that I was unable to recognise my old acquaintance. The houses both in the village and the neighbourhood are not only neat and clean, but got up in a style of elegance that altogether surprised me. Very many years had not elapsed since I last saw it, so that being quite unprepared for such a *coup d'œil*, the alteration of scene appeared the work of a benevolent enchanter. The second instance is to be found at Abbeyleix, (on the road from Cashel to Dublin,) where Lord De Vesci has employed many years and much expenditure in similar and even superior improvements, because on a larger scale. To say the truth, I saw nothing comparable to it in any part of our tour. This is something better than draining an Irish estate of wealth, to be spent in the enjoyment of every luxury except the luxury of doing good, and for the advantage of any people except those who have a hereditary claim to benefits, and attentions which they are not permitted to enjoy. It is unnecessary to observe, that the beneficence of such improvers has not confined itself to externals, but that the morals as well as the comforts of their tenantry have been similarly ameliorated; and it is surely unnecessary to remark, that the satisfaction has been reciprocal, and that to minds so disposed, the gratitude and happiness of the people is the noblest reward they can receive. Such examples, and I know there are many others, though few, perhaps, in so eminent a degree, sufficiently obviate the complaint frequently made by landlords averse to trouble, and deficient in perseverance, that the national habits are unconquerable. To root out those that are evil, and implant good, is unquestionably difficult, and not to be accomplished by a *coup de main*. In the course of proceeding, vexatious disappointments and provoking mortifications will be experienced; but what has been

done locally might be done generally, were the same qualities of patient perseverance applied to the undertaking. The worst of the case at present is, that if all who were able were also willing to be imitators of the bright example, the number is not sufficient for the exigencies of the case. Some are absentees from necessity, and some from motives less excusable. There are many tracts destitute of respectable gentry, and too many of those who write Esquire after their names, are as idle, as ignorant, and as much in want of reformation, as the peasants among whom they live."

We hope that such will not continue to be the character of Ireland; though her present condition inclines us to fear that a change for the better is not soon to be expected.

He passes into Scotland through Northumberland, giving the Duke by the way a rap on the knuckles, for the shabby appearance of the town of Alnwick, just before his gates. We shall extract what he says about Edinburgh.

"Edinburgh, standing very high in the ranks of beautiful cities, and still higher as a seat of arts and sciences, is too well known to render description, were it within my plan to enter into such details, necessary. It possesses, however, some peculiarities too remarkable to be altogether omitted. The general idea of a great city comprehends handsome squares, spacious streets, fine shops, magnificent buildings of various kinds, and all the animated accompaniments of a busy population. All these are certainly to be found in Edinburgh, but to these are to be added many singular and striking circumstances arising from the nature of the situation. What the romantic wildness of nature exhibits in regions of alpine character, is there immediately combined with the labours of social combination, with those splendid exertions of human art and ingenuity, which we only expect to find on the extensive area of a level, rich, and cultivated country.—The Castle of Edinburgh, once looking down on the city from the north side, but now almost a central situation, occupies a basaltic or greenstone rock, rising from the bottom of a deep ravine to the height of three hundred feet, nearly circular in form, and perpendicularly steep in every point but one, where it admits a narrow approach from the east. On the south side of the city, are Salisbury Crags, and Arthur's Seat, a mountain eminence, from which is one of the finest prospects imagination can conceive—a beautiful city at the spectator's feet; a little further on, the noble inlet of ocean called the Frith of Forth, on each side of which are some of the best cultivated lands in Great Britain, and a superb outline of pointed mountains, bounding the view in a very distant horizon. These, with the addition of the Calton Hill, another greenstone rock, on which a handsome monument erected to the memory of Lord Nelson stands, combine such a contrast of beautiful singularities as is no where to be paralleled. 'The castle,' says Mr Stark, author of an excellent account of Edinburgh, 'is at least as old as the city, and perhaps the security derived from the protection of the one, might have been the chief cause which gave rise to the other.' The observation is undoubtedly just, for though many singular beauties have been thus combined, it is obvious, that did no city now exist, and were a new metropolis to be built, considerations of social and commercial convenience would easily find a situation very preferable to the present. We had some letters of introduction, which were received with so much polite and friendly attention, that I regretted very much my inability to remain more than a few days. Most of what was particularly worthy of notice we had an opportunity of seeing, but we were aware that much gratification was lost, by wanting time to form a more intimate acquaintance with Edinburgh and its inhabitants."

We have a misty recollection of seeing Mr Townsend in the front shop; but we sincerely regret, for his sake, that the shortness of his stay has hindered him from entering minutely into the history, &c. of Maga, which must otherwise have drawn forth many observations from an intelligent traveller. His Irish feelings peep out at the sight of the prosperity of Glasgow, the metropolis of the West Country, though he says nothing whatever of its celebrated rum-punch, which is a strange omission.

"Although Edinburgh, in literary character, political importance, and the number and magnificence of public buildings, maintains a decided superiority, yet in population and commercial prosperity, Glasgow is at least her equal. The situation, considered merely with relation to internal convenience, has greatly the advantage, inasmuch as the ground occupied is more level, and there are no natural impediments to prevent Glasgow from spreading in any direction. Both cities enjoy the inestimable benefits of the sandstone formation, supplying at once a cheap and beautiful material for building, and an inexhaustible abundance of the finest fuel. These circumstances combined with facility of navigation, one on the east side by the bay of Forth, the other on the west by the Clyde, want nothing to insure prosperity but what Scotland happily supplies, intelligent, industrious, and enterprizing inhabitants.

Were Doctor Johnson now living, and to follow our route, he would find little ground for jest or sarcasm in the inferiority of Scotland. The Highland character probably, is not much altered, but a prodigious change has taken place in the Lowlands since the date of his entertaining tour. As the rapidity of motion in posting was one of his most favourite exercises, it is a pity he did not live to enjoy the velocity of a steam-boat, a pleasure unalloyed with the reflection that animals are suffering pain to procure it. It would also have afforded safe as well as speedy conveyance to the romantic lakes and islands which so profusely adorn the western shore of the Clyde. This noble river, or bay, is quite alive with steam-boats, moving in various directions, independent of wind and tide, and affording a most lively and animated scene, particularly to eyes unaccustomed to such an exhibition. As vessels of heavy burden cannot pass above Greenock and Port Glasgow, there is a constant intercourse between these places and Glasgow carried on by steam-boats, which are perpetually passing and repassing. Finding that there was a weekly communication between Glasgow and Belfast by steam-packets, we determined to avail ourselves of it, in preference to a long and not very interesting journey by land, and for that purpose, after a very short sojourn at Glasgow, we posted to Greenock, at which place the packet stops to pick up passengers. The distance is great, not less probably than one hundred and thirty miles, and we were given to hope, that the voyage would be accomplished in fifteen or sixteen hours. That it did not often take much more, seemed pretty evident from the state of the packet boat, which provided rooms for sitting, but not for sleeping. Disappointed, however, we were most grievously, being two entire nights and one day on board; for the wind unfortunately changed after we set out, and rising to a very smart gale, continued adverse during the whole passage. We gained by it, indeed, what we should have been better satisfied to learn at the expense of others, a convincing proof of the great safety as well as power of such vessels. Our boat, though of old and clumsy construction, went with perfect steadiness through a heavy sea, and in constant opposition to a high wind. I suppose a Holyhead steamer would have made the same voyage in almost half the time.

"This novel and unlooked-for contrivance, enabling man to brave the hitherto unconquerable force of wind and tide, and to move with more velocity in a calm, than a light-sailing cutter can with a fair wind, beheld by landsmen with astonishment, and by old sailors with equal envy and surprise, forms an era in the science of navigation. The ingenious application of a power long known indeed to exist, but to the extent of whose capabilities even philosophers, until lately, have been strangers, has already done much, and opens a prospect of doing much more. How it may succeed in long voyages, and vessels of heavy burden, remains yet to be proved; but there seems little doubt that as passage boats and packets, during a great part of the year at least, the steam-boat will shortly supersede all. Among other benefits, the increased facility of intercourse between Great Britain and Ireland, extremely advantageous to both, will be incalculably so to the latter. Even nautical phraseology will experience a change; and however odd it may sound to a sailor's ears to say, 'we set fire,' instead of 'we set sail,' the expression will be strictly just. Steam-packets for conveyance of his Majesty's mails are already established between Dublin and Holyhead—steam-boats already ply with passengers and light goods between Dublin and Liverpool, as well as between Belfast and Glasgow. Generally speaking, the passenger knows to an hour when he sets out, at what time he shall land; and he that breakfasts in Dublin, may be morally certain of eating his dinner in Wales. Surely there seems nothing to prevent the establishment of a similar conveyance between Waterford and Milford, and between Cork and Bristol. There is indeed nothing to prevent it but want of money, and want of enterprise at this side of the water; for as we would be most benefitted, the undertaking should begin here. Unfortunately we want capital, and are likely to want it until our trading people begin to be more economical, and until they have learned that the acquisition of a few thousands, affords no just pretext for throwing off the frugal merchant and putting on the extravagant gentleman. Vanity of this kind, the bane of Irish prosperity, were it merely occasional, would only excite ridicule or contempt, but when it is general, must be lamented as a national calamity. Extravagance, by which I mean, in a trader living up to, if not exceeding his gains, and in a country gentleman living up to, if not exceeding his income, as long as it continues to be a general practice, will keep Ireland poor, in spite of any alleviation of her tax burden, and in spite of her natural fertility and maritime advantages. A reformation of this kind is in truth the great Irish desideratum, and not the imaginary prosperity of political experiments. What was Glasgow fifty years since, and what has made it that which it now is? During her short progress from comparative poverty and insignificance to great affluence and splendour, the empire, of which she is a part, has been struggling with difficulties and danger, and sinking in an ocean of debt. It would, I apprehend, have made no difference in her prosperous career, whether she had returned ten members to Parliament, or whether she had returned none. Whence did her capital accrue? not certainly from

the discovery of hidden treasure, not from a change in the state of parliamentary representation, but from the frugality, the perseverance, the intelligence, and the enterprize of her inhabitants. One great natural superiority the south of Scotland certainly possesses, and that is her coal fields; but when it is considered that neither London nor Bristol are situated among coal fields, the advantage, great as it is, cannot be deemed so preponderating as to prevent Irish cities, admirably situated for foreign trade as some of ours are, from advancing to similar opulence and prosperity. One of the material impediments to that advancement, I have, I fear, but too truly related. Our countrymen are by no means deficient in talent, but they are under the seduction of bad habits. Let them adopt the above-mentioned qualities of the Scotch, and similar prosperity will be the necessary result of similar exertion. British merchants and traders sometimes suffer from injudicious speculation or excessive enterprize; rarely from excess of domestic expenditure. In Ireland the case seems to be precisely reversed. Private waste and prodigality, exemplified in the pursuit of unprofitable pleasures abroad, or luxurious living at home, are the great enemies to general prosperity and national advancement. The idleness, ignorance, and poverty of the lower orders, are just subjects of regret, but cannot be just subjects of complaint to those who contribute nothing to their instruction and amendment either by precept or example. Let the upper orders do their part, and the amelioration of the people will naturally follow. I do not mean to question the utility of national schools for the instruction of the people, when I say that they who seek to attain the desired object by such means only, will be disappointed—it is beginning at the wrong end. A reformation of the people will never be effectually accomplished without the reformation of those to whom they look up for employment, encouragement, and protection. If the upper classes are irregular, idle, and disorderly, it is rather absurd to expect good order and quiet industry from their inferiors. We may depend upon it, that in every country, to a very great degree at least, the character of those who follow will take its colour from the character of those who lead.

"It is, I am afraid, no injustice to my own country to say, that the ships of heavy burden belonging to Glasgow, are more in number than those of all Ireland put together. One does, it is true, see many large vessels in some of our own ports, but, unfortunately, when he resorts to the index at the stern, they are found to belong to some other part of the united empire. I believe all that we saw in the Clyde, making, of course, but a little portion of the whole, belonged to the city of Glasgow. One whaler arrived while we were at Greenock; she had a white bear on board, and had been tolerably successful in killing whales. When, thought I, shall we see a Cork whaler? But there is fair ground for hope,—the spirit of improvement is in many places appearing, and time will bring about the rest."

He gets across the Channel, and proceeds homeward, making many judicious remarks on the state of the country which he passes through, which we recommend to the attention of our Irish readers.

The concluding "Observations resulting from a View of Scotland," are written in a spirit which we cannot too much applaud.

"That Spain contributed somewhat to the population of the south-west coast of Ireland, we need not have recourse to ancient and uncertain chronicles to prove: the lank black hair, and olive complexion, the appellation of Spaniard still belonging to some families, and the names of a few places evidently of Spanish origin, afford abundant testimony;—but as the Spaniards did not establish any dialect there, it seems manifest that they were local colonists, rather than early and extensive possessors. To the west side of South Britain, though so much nearer than Spain, Ireland does not seem to have been much indebted for early inhabitants; for the Welch language, though evidently derived from the same root, and a dialect or descendant of the ancient Celtic, is quite unintelligible here. But the Irish and the Scotch are manifestly the same race; using the same mother tongue with little less variation between the Highlanders and northern Irish at this day, than between the latter and their southern countrymen. Nor will this appear at all surprising to philosophic consideration. As the tide of primæval population flowed from the East, it seems perfectly reasonable to suppose that ancient Gaul was peopled before Britain, and Britain before Ireland. The state of navigation being then too rude to admit of long voyages, the first migration from Gaul to Britain, and from Britain to Ireland, took place, it may be presumed, in the narrowest parts of the interjacent channels. There can be no doubt that subsequent supplies of inhabitants flowed in, some in quest of habitation, and others of conquest; but, that the British isles first began to be peopled in the manner here described, cannot I think admit of any question. The present state of their language seems sufficient to prove that Ireland either did people, or was peopled by Scotland; and the observations already made appear to preclude our countrymen from the honour of parentage. The truth is, that it is one of those points of precedence for which it is not worth while to contend."

Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan was of a different opinion, and there is many a heavy antiquary, on both sides of the Channel, who coincide in the sage sentiments of the worthy Baronet. What follows does high credit to Mr Townsend's head and heart.

"The Union of Scotland with her more rich and powerful neighbour, however offensive to her national pride, has, in its consequences, amply justified the wisdom of the measure, and surely analogy authorizes us to contemplate a similar result from the Union of 1800. That this was violently opposed by many, and continues to be obnoxious to some, is not surprising, for the feelings which dictated opposition were natural, and when uninfluenced by sinister motives, honourable. But, as far as national honour is concerned, it needs no great depth of reflection to tell us, that the independence for which so much anxiety was felt or affected, existed more in show than reality; and that a participation in one, great, imperial legislature, was more conducive to the dignity, as well as the commercial interests of Ireland, than the possession of a separate parliament, independent in name but subordinate in nature. In fact, nothing could render Ireland *ré verâ* independent, but a separate king as well as a separate parliament; and it asks no labour of argument to shew, that such an independence could not be maintained if we would, and would not be worth maintaining if we could. Many years elapsed before Scotland was able to lay aside the idle habits of her turbulent independence, and avail herself of the advantages afforded by an incorporation with her southern neighbour. This, however, she has at length accomplished, and with a degree of success surpassing the most sanguine expectation of its primary promoters. They, whose deficiency in manners, in civilization, and in opulence, rendered them subjects of continual ridicule and contempt, and whose valour alone gave a title to respect, while they support their old reputation in arms, have become the proud rivals of the English in arts, in literature, and in commerce. Scotland, as it appears to me, is the model which our countrymen should propose to themselves for imitation. The example of England, whose very early advancement throws us so far behind, is too discouraging. But the prosperity of Scotland is of recent growth, and its late similarity to Ireland affords us a favourable prospect of successful emulation. Nature, I fear, has denied, to the South of Ireland at least, an equal advantage in the article of coal, but in many other of her blessings we enjoy a considerable superiority.—Though much may be due to her possession of this valuable article, yet it is to the qualities which enabled Scotland to avail herself of it, that we should look, as our conductors to similar prosperity: these are diligence, perseverance, economy, industry and enterprize, cherished, incited, and confirmed by early discipline, and proper education. How to turn the current of Hibernian manners and habits, so as to give a right direction to the talents and faculties of the people, is the difficulty, and to surmount it will require the full and entire exertion of all among us who possess property, power, influence, and intelligence. Every Irishman acquainted with Great Britain must acknowledge, that the people of his own country are not what they ought to be, and what they might be, and though the causes of disparity are manifold, yet the most operative are sufficiently obvious. What Scotland *was* some sixty or seventy years since, every novel-reader must have learned from the ingenious and entertaining tales of the author of Waverley; what Scotland *is*, it is well worth an Irishman's trouble to ascertain from personal observation.'

"That talent is not wanting in Ireland admits most satisfactory evidence. All professions, and particularly the senate and the army, bear ample and honourable testimony to Irish as well as to Scotch abilities; but in their respective endeavours to improve and advance their native lands, Scotland has taken a lead which leaves this island in a scale of mortifying inferiority. Some will perhaps say that we labour under greater political depression, but the deficiencies to which I allude have no reference to politics; and the advantages I propose are attainable by the use of faculties, which all who possess them are free to exercise. Is it to any political superiority enjoyed by Scotland that she owes her rapid advancement in husbandry, in commerce, in arts, and in literature? Have we not like means of exercising industry, of pursuing commerce, and of obtaining knowledge? To bring forward one instance: the time has been, and that not long ago, when the London press was deemed almost the only competent vehicle for the publication of useful and valuable works. All others did little more than publish temporary pamphlets, or bad second-hand editions. With respect to Ireland, I am sorry to say, it is *nearly* so still. But Scotland has completely shaken off that dependence, and evinced her ability to be her own, and more than her own editor.—How far the religious state of that country may have contributed to form the present character of the people, I shall not pretend to determine, but there seems reason to think that its operation has been considerable. A free latitude of opinion, an emancipation from the trammels of spiritual control, though productive of occasional excesses, have generated a spirit of inquiry very favourable on the whole to

the acquisition and the diffusion of knowledge. The light which thereby flowed in was perhaps dearly bought, but it was worth buying. The general state of mind, however, in both islands at present is such, that though knowledge may be retarded, it cannot be shut out; the progress may be slow, but it will be sure. Of a great part of our countrymen, we are justified in saying, that their ignorance and their idleness proceed not so much from the want of means to obtain useful knowledge, as from those unfortunate habits which create an unwillingness to make use of those means; and as to religion, God forbid that I should charge any of its ministers with an intention to preclude their flocks from the advantages of wholesome instruction. Some are more active or more liberal than others, but I take it for granted that all mean well. In Scotland, religion appears to have taken a strong hold upon the minds of the people. It is particularly gratifying to a visitor, who, from the fame attached to some of her sceptical writers, might be led to suppose that infidelity had struck a deep root in that country, to see how little impression has been made by the boasted philosophy of Hume and his disciples. The attempt to undermine appears to have strengthened the building, by reanimating the zeal of its defenders, so that the weapons designed for annoyance, have been successfully turned against the presumptuous invader. Metaphysical arguments are indeed too refined for the level of common understandings, and the vulgar impudence of Paine and his followers, has done a thousand times more mischief among the people than Hume or Bolingbroke. But it is by such writers that the seed is planted, though coarser hands have been employed in nourishing the tree and producing the fruit. The most charitable construction their intentions will admit, and it is stretching charity very far to concede it, is, that they thought themselves writing for a few contemplative readers only, not for general effect; that they were compounding some chemical ingredients in the private laboratory, not mixing poison to be administered to the crowd. Certain it is, that the places of worship in Edinburgh and Glasgow, do infinite credit to both those great cities. They are amply supplied with diligent, zealous, and able ministers, and most numerously attended by devout auditors. We passed a Sunday in Edinburgh, and it was truly delightful to behold the numbers of well-dressed people collected to offer up prayer and praise in Christian assemblage, and the interest which all appeared to take in the due performance of religious duty. Gracious heaven! is it possible that any person possessing a head to think, and a heart to feel, can cherish even a momentary wish to blast so fair a harvest, though he may unfortunately disclaim the hope of profiting by its fruits? Could such a state as we witnessed, have been that of the Caledonian metropolis in the days of David Hume? Could a man endowed even with a small portion of those amiable dispositions which *he is said to have possessed*, deliberately apply himself to poison the fountain of living waters, to substitute the ever-during darkness of the grave for the animating prospect of a glorious resurrection to life eternal, to dash the cup of comfort from the lip of suffering mortality, and to rob man of those brilliant hopes which ennoble his nature, and exalt the human character to divine?

"Has he not thereby realized, in a second edition, what he affected to regard as fabulous in a first, the serpent stealing into paradise to blast the happiness he was incapable of enjoying himself? The religious zeal which seeks to make proselytes to what it deems a better creed, is natural, praiseworthy, and only reprehensible when carried to excess; but to annihilate all creeds—to aim at eradicating those universal feelings, which, when well directed, are the pride and happiness of man—to destroy a vast and splendid fabric, affording shelter and enjoyment to millions, and to replace it with the dreary dungeon of everlasting death, if it *be* philosophy, is not the philosophy of a man, but of a fiend. Had Hume's life been prolonged to the present day—had he lived to behold the precious effects of his own and his associates' labours in the cause of infidelity—had he lived to see his theory committed to the test of experiment—had he lived to see the disciples and countrymen of his friend Voltaire sacrificing religion at the altar of obscenity—and had he lived to witness all the horrors, miseries, cruelties, and abominations, resulting from the rejection of Christianity, he would have cursed the wretched vanity which so wantonly led him to lend the aid of an acute mind to the subversion of those principles on which our welfare both here and hereafter absolutely and inseparably depends. No system of discipline, however pure in itself, is exempt from error and mismanagement in the hands of so imperfect a creature as man. Human passions and infirmities will mix their alloy with the sterling ore. Seeing much of which it could not approve, the arrogance of *soi-disant* philosophy took the short way to conclusion by denying the whole. Were those celebrated patrons of infidelity now living, I think their greatest consolation would be in the futility of their labours, in the reflection that they have been, not indeed the innocent, but the actual instruments of shewing the necessity of religion, and of reinforcing the zeal, and increasing the piety of its professors. The remnant of infidelity that lurks behind, though still dangerous, is becoming daily more despicable. Society cannot subsist without religion. On the activity and diligence of its legitimate ministers every thing

depends. The due performance of their duty is of the first importance to the welfare of the state. Acting as they ought, they will never want attentive and obedient auditors,—acting as they ought, they may defy the malice of every enemy, secure under the wings of a heavenly Protector, who never will forsake his faithful servants. To add one word more. To reject revelation is to deny religion—they must stand or fall together, for if there has been no revelation, there is no religion. Religion implies laws; and laws, implying a power to enact, and a power to enforce, must emanate from *known* and *acknowledged* authority. But simple nature lays down no such laws, exhibits no such authority. If therefore *no* divine commission has been issued, no religious law has been given, and, consequently, no obligation to obey can exist. There may be those with whom this notion unfortunately weighs. I cannot conceive a state of more deplorable wretchedness than that of a rational mind sunk to so brutal a level. But I trust they are rare, and that the great majority will ever rejoice in the persuasion that they are accountable beings, and that God has not left his rational creatures without a law for their direction, without the salutary restraints, the cheering consolations, and the glorious prospects of religion."

To this we need not add a word. We part with Mr Townsend, regretting only the shortness of his pamphlet. We should be happy to see his pen employed more at length on the affairs of his country, with which, in all its relations, he is so intimately acquainted. He would bring to the task great knowledge, and a manly understanding, free from the vices of faction and the sins of bombast, in which it is the misfortune of Ireland to have almost every thing concerning her enveloped.

THOUGHTS ON LETTER-WRITING.

Epistolary as well as personal intercourse, is, according to the mode in which it is carried on, one of the pleasantest or most irksome things in the world. It is delightful to drop in on a friend without the solemn prelude of invitation and acceptance—to join a social circle, where we may suffer our minds and hearts to relax and expand in the happy consciousness of perfect security from invidious remark and carping criticism; where we may give the reins to the sportiveness of innocent fancy, or the enthusiasm of warm-hearted feeling; where we may talk sense or nonsense, (I pity people who *cannot* talk nonsense,) without fear of being looked into icicles by the coldness of unimaginative people, living pieces of clock-work, who dare not themselves utter a word, or lift up a little finger, without first weighing the important point, in the hair balance of propriety and good breeding. It is equally delightful to *let* the pen talk freely, and unpremeditatedly, and to one by whom we are sure of being understood; but a formal letter, like a ceremonious morning visit, is tedious alike to the writer and receiver—for the most part spun out with unmeaning phrases, trite observations, complimentary flourishes, and protestations of respect and attachment, so far not deceitful, as they never deceive any body. Oh the misery of having to compose a set, proper, well worded, correctly pointed, polite, elegant epistle!—one that must have a beginning, a middle, and an end, as methodically arranged and portioned out as the several parts of a sermon under three heads, or the three gradations of shade in a school-girl's first landscape! For my part, I would rather be set to beat hemp, or weed in a turnip field, than to write such a letter exactly every month, or every fortnight, at the precise point of time from the date of our correspondent's last letter, that he or she wrote after the reception of ours—as if one's thoughts bubbled up to the well-head, at regular periods, a pint at a time, to be bottled off for immediate use. Thought! what has thought to do in such a correspondence? It murders thought, quenches fancy, wastes time, spoils paper, wears out innocent goose-quills—"I'd rather be a kitten, and cry mew! than one of those same" prosing letter-mongers. Surely in this age of invention something may be struck out to obviate the necessity (if such necessity exists) of so tasking, degrading the human intellect. Why should not a sort of mute barrel-organ be constructed on the plan of those that play sets of tunes and country dances, to indite a catalogue of polite epistles calculated for all the ceremonious observances of good-breeding? Oh, the unspeakable relief (could such a machine be invented) of having only to *grind* an answer to one of one's "dear five hundred friends!" Or, suppose there

were to be an epistolary steam-engine —Ay, that's the thing—Steam does every thing now-a-days. Dear Mr Brunel, set about it, I beseech you, and achieve the most glorious of your undertakings. The block machine at Portsmouth would be nothing to it—*That* spares manual labour—*this* would relieve mental drudgery, and thousands yet unborn - - - - But hold! I am not so sure that the female sex in general may quite enter into my views of the subject. Those who pique themselves on excelling in "l'eloquence du billét," or those fair scribblerinas just emancipated from boarding-school restraints, or the dragonism of their governesses, just beginning to taste the refined enjoyments of sentimental, confidential, soul-breathing correspondence with some Angelina, Seraphina, or Laura Matilda; to indite beautiful little notes, with long-tailed letters, upon vellum paper with pink margins, sealed with sweet mottos, and dainty devices—"Je ne change qu'en mourant"—"Forget me not," or Cupid with a rose, "L'une seule me suffit"—the whole deliciously perfumed with musk and attar of roses—Young ladies who collect "copies of verses," and charades—keep albums —copy patterns—make bread seals—work little dogs upon footstools, and paint flowers without shadow—Oh! no—the epistolary steam-engine will never come into vogue with those dear creatures—*They* must enjoy the "feast of reason, and the flow of soul," and they must write—Ye Gods! how they *do* write!—But for another genus of female scribes—Unhappy innocents! who groan in spirit at the dire necessity of having to hammer out one of those aforesaid terrible epistles—who having in due form dated the gilt-edged sheet that lies outspread before them in appalling whiteness—having also felicitously achieved the graceful exordium, "My dear Mrs P." or "My dear Lady V." or "My dear—— any thing else," feel that they are *in for it*, and must say something—Oh, that something that must come of nothing! those bricks that must be made without straw! those pages that must be filled with words! Yea, with words that must be sewed into sentences! Yea, with sentences that must *seem* to mean something; the whole to be tacked together, all neatly fitted and dove-tailed, so as to form one smooth polished surface! What were the labours of Hercules to such a task! The very thought of it puts me into a mental perspiration; and, from my inmost soul, I compassionate the unfortunates now (at this very moment, perhaps,) screwed up perpendicular in the seat of torture, having in the right hand a fresh-nibbed patent pen, dipped ever and anon into the ink bottle, as if to hook up ideas, and under the outspread palm of the left hand a fair sheet of best Bath post, (ready to receive thoughts yet unhatched) on which their eyes are rivetted with a stare of disconsolate perplexity, infinitely touching to a feeling mind. To such unhappy persons, in whose miseries I deeply sympathise - - - Have I not groaned under similar horrors, from the hour when I was first shut up (under lock and key, I believe) to indite a dutiful epistle to an honoured aunt? I remember as if it were yesterday, the moment when she who had enjoined the task entered to inspect the performance, which, by her calculation, should have been fully completed—I remember how sheepishly I hung down my head, when she snatched from before me the paper, (on which I had made no further progress than "My dear *ant*,") angrily exclaiming, "What, child! have you been shut up here three hours to call your aunt a pismire?" From that hour of humiliation I have too often groaned under the endurance of similar penance, and I have learnt from my own sufferings to compassionate those of my dear sisters in affliction. To such unhappy persons, then, I would fain offer a few hints, (the fruit of long experience,) which, if they have not already been suggested by their own observation, may prove serviceable in the hour of emergency.

Let them - - - - or suppose I address myself to *one* particular sufferer—there is something more confidential in that manner of communicating one's ideas—As Moore says, "Heart speaks to heart"—I say, then, take always special care to write by candle-light, for not only is the apparently unimportant operation of snuffing the candle in itself a momentary relief to the depressing consciousness of mental vacuum, but not unfrequently that trifling act, or the brightening flame of the taper, elicits, as it were, from the dull embers of fancy, a sympathetic

spark of fortunate conception—When such a one occurs, seize it quickly and dexterously, but, at the same time, with such cautious prudence, as not to huddle up and contract in one short, paltry sentence, that which, if ingeniously handled, may be wire-drawn, so as to undulate gracefully and smoothly over a whole page.

For the more ready practice of this invaluable art of dilating, it will be expedient to stock your memory with a large assortment of those precious words of many syllables, that fill whole lines at once; "incomprehensibly, amazingly, decidedly, solicitously, inconceivably, incontrovertibly." An opportunity of using these, is, to a distressed spinner, as delightful as a copy all m's and n's to a child. "Command you may, your mind from play." They run on with such delicious smoothness!

I have known a judicious selection of such, cunningly arranged, and neatly linked together, with a few monosyllables, interjections, and well chosen epithets (which may be liberally inserted with good general effect) so worked up, as to form altogether a very respectable and even elegant composition, such as amongst the best judges of that peculiar style is pronounced to be "a charming letter!" Then the pause—the break—has altogether a picturesque effect. Long tailed letters are not only beautiful in themselves, but the use of them necessarily creates such a space between the lines, as helps one honourably and expeditiously over the ground to be filled up. The tails of your g's and y's in particular, may be boldly flourished with a "down-sweeping" curve, so as beautifully to obscure the line underneath, without rendering it wholly illegible. This last, however, is but a minor grace, a mere illumination of the manuscript, on which I have touched rather by accident than design. I pass on to remarks of greater moment. There is another expedient of infinite efficacy, but requiring to be employed with such nice *tact*, that none but an experienced spinner should venture on the practice of it. You may continue, by the help of a little alteration, amplification, and transposition of the precise terms, to amuse your correspondent with a recapitulation of the very matter that formed the groundwork of his, or her last epistle to yourself. Should he detect you in this retort (against which the chances are equal) he will be restrained by good breeding from making any observations to yourself on the subject, and in fact he will (if a candid and reasonable person) find no just cause of complaint against you, for refreshing his memory, and thus impressing more indelibly on his mind a subject he had conceived of sufficient importance to be imparted to you. Again—you need not fear that he shall turn your own arms against you—their loading is spent in your retort, so that it will still be his business to furnish fresh matter, every thing (you perceive) in this game depending on the first throw.

This species of manœuvre, as I before observed, should by no means be rashly ventured, but it is an art well worth the trouble of acquiring, at the expense of some pains and study, one (in which you are so fortunate as to become a proficient) that will relieve you from all further anxiety, furnishing you (at the expense of your correspondents) with ample materials for your own epistolary compositions. As to the strict honesty of this proceeding, no conscience need, I think, be so squeamish as to hesitate on the subject, for, in fact, what has conscience to do with the style of correspondence now under consideration? It were well if a fine lady's letter were oftener made up of such innocent ingredients, for (generally speaking) would not the abstract of such a one fairly translated run thus?

My dear Lady D——

With feelings of the most inexpressibly affectionate interest, I take up my pen to congratulate you on the marriage of your lovely and accomplished Alethea.

To you who know every thought of my heart, it is almost unnecessary to say, that, next to the maternal tender-

You tiresome old toad:

You've manœuvred off one of your gawky frights at last, and I must say something on the occasion.

How the deuce! did you contrive to hook in that noodle of a lord, when I've been spreading my nets ever since

ness, with which I watch over my own girls, I feel the most anxious solicitude in every thing that relates to your charming family.

That sweet love Alethea has always, you know, been my peculiar favourite, and tears of the sweetest exultation swell into my eyes, when I think of the brilliant establishment you have secured for her.

Our long friendship, my beloved friend, and my maternal affection for the dear creature, are pleas which I shall urge in claiming the delightful office of presenting her at the next drawing-room.

Soon, very soon, my dearest friend, may I have to congratulate you on some equally advantageous establishment for your sweet delicate Anna Maria.

I earnestly hope that foolish story (which *you* of course have heard) about Lord V.'s keeping a lady at Paris, and having lost L.20,000 at the Salon, at one sitting, will not reach the ear of our sweet sensitive girl.—But people are so malicious!

Where are your two lovely boys? Dear fellows! we have not seen them since they left Eton, and you know how I delight in their charming spirits.

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.
And remains ever,
With the most inviolable attachment,
My dearest Lady D.'s
Most sincerely affectionate
Friend, M. G.

he came of age, to catch him for my eldest girl?

That pert minx Alethea has always been my particular aversion, and I am ready to cry with spite, at the idea of her being a countess.

As you can't hobble to court on your crutches, I shall be expected to present her *ladyship*, and I *must* do it, though I know I shall expire with vexation at the sight of the V. diamonds in her odious red hair.

One comfort is—you'll never be able to get off that little humph-backed thing Anna Maria, and you know well enough there is no hope of it, so hate to be talked to about her.

You won't care much about it, even if it was true, but I can think of nothing else to plague the old cat. I'll take care the young one shall know it *somehow*.

I'd as lieve have a couple of wild cats turned loose into the drawing room, as let in those two riotous cubs; but I've nine girls to bring out yet, and the young D.'s will be tolerably good catches, though only honourables.

Fudge, fudge, fudge, fudge, fudge.

I think I've given you enough for one dose, though I'm afraid you're up to me. I hate you cordially; *that's certain*.

M. G.

FEBRUARY.

Oh! how delightful to the soul of man,
Through the drear winter-tide oppress'd with gloom!
How like a renovating spirit comes,
Fanning his cheek, the breath of infant Spring!
Morning awakens in the orient sky
With purpler light, beneath a canopy
Of lovely clouds, their edges tipp'd with gold;
And from his palace, like a Deity,
Darting his lustrous eye from pole to pole,
The glorious Sun comes forth, the vernal sky
To walk rejoicing. To the bitter north
Retire wild Winter's forces,—cruel winds,—
And griping frosts,—and magazines of snow,—
And deluging tempests. O'er the moisten'd fields
A tender green is spread; the bladed grass
Shoots forth exuberant; th' awakening trees,
Thaw'd by the delicate atmosphere, put forth
Expanding buds; while, with mellifluous throat,
The warm ebullience of internal joy,

The birds hymn forth a song of gratitude
To Him who shelter'd, when the storms were deep,
And fed them through the winter's cheerless gloom.
  Beside the garden-path, the crocus blue
Puts forth its head to woo the genial breeze,
And finds the snow-drop, hardier visitant,
Already basking in the solar ray.
Upon the brook the water-cresses float
More greenly, and the bordering reeds exalt
Higher their speary summits. Joyously,
From stone to stone, the ouzel flits along,
Startling the linnet from the hawthorn bough;
While on the elm-tree, overshadowing deep
The low-roof'd cottage white, the black-bird sits,
Cheerily hymning the awaken'd year.
  Turn to the ocean—how the scene is changed!
Behold the small waves melt upon the shore
With chasten'd murmur! Buoyantly on high
The sea-gulls ride, weaving a sportive dance,
And turning to the sun their snowy plumes.
With shrilly pipe, from headland or from cape,
Emerge the line of plovers, o'er the sands
Fast sweeping; while to inland marsh the hern,
With undulating wing scarce visible,
Far up the azure concave journeys on!
Upon the sapphire deep, its sails unfurl'd,
Tardily glides along the fisher's boat,
Its shadow moving o'er the moveless tide;
The bright wave flashes from the rower's oar,
Glittering in the sun, at measured intervals;
And, casually borne, the fisher's voice
Floats solemnly along the watery waste;
The shepherd boy, enveloped in his plaid,
On the green bank, with blooming furze o'ertopp'd,
Listens, and answers with responsive note.
  Delightful Zephyr! as, with gentle force,
The fawning of thy light ambrosial wings
Kisses my brow; and, as the early flowers
Bend with thy dalliance, to the days of youth,
Unheedful of the yawning gulph, the gloom
Of many a mazy year that intervenes,
Far stretching, the impatient mind reverts;
And, in a moment, lo! the rainbow span
Of boyhood, and its vanish'd thoughts, arise
As bright as lightning from a tempest-cloud!
  What marvel, when the world revives! when sweet
The flowers spring forth, and all the forests bud;
When warmer glory gilds the vault of day,
And genial sunshine to the play of health
Recalls the pulse of nature, to the years
Of innocence and beauty, that the heart
Fondly regretful turns, and lives in thought
The happy span of boyhood o'er again!
Beautiful!—beautiful the spring of life
Spread its blue skies, and open'd to the sun
Its tender buds and blossoms! To the ear
What now so full of music as the sound
Of its bright murmuring rivers! to the eye
What now so lovely as the greenery
Triumphant of its winter-scorning boughs!
Accordant to the bosom's stainless thoughts,
So glow'd the season then; aspiring hopes,

And visions of yet unimagined bliss
Awakening in the soul—too credulous!
Nor yet to life's most dull realities,
By dark-brow'd Disappointment overcome!
How, like a potent necromancer, Time
Touches us with his rod,—and withers us!—
For ever fled the glowing skies of youth!
For ever fled the bright romantic gleams
Of fairy thought, that charm'd the willing mind!—
How joyful throbb'd the bosom, when the snows,
Melting away, unveiled upon the mead
The early daisies; and the mountain stream,
High-swoln, rush'd brown, and roaring, to the sea!
When sooty rooks urged clamorously their flight
From the sprouting woods; and, with the setting sun,
Return'd to inland haunts from ocean's shore!—
But why with mournful, or unquiet thoughts,
Or, with low selfish griefs, disturb the scene,
Pregnant with beauty, and with placid hope?—
The joy that now should buoy the willing mind
Should be etherial, pure, and delicate;
Untainted with the grovelling stains of earth,
And tranquil as the lotus, whose white head
In meekness hangs 'mid the disturbing stream!
The thought that now should swell within the breast
Should be a dream of long-departed loves
And vanish'd friendships, soften'd down, and bathed
In shadowy tints, more exquisite than aught
That strikes the eye, amid the hues of joy.
And oh! when gazing on the holy scene
Of earth, in renovated beauty dress'd,
And bud and bloom, from out their wintry grave,
In glory bursting, let no sceptic doubts
Of man's eternal destiny disturb
The bosom's settled quiet, but meek faith
Look forward hopeful through eternity!
Although the rose of beauty to the cheek
No more returns; though sinewy strength forsakes
The limbs; and age, with vampire thirst, dries up
The warm and vigorous blood; though lying down,
No more to view the splendour of the sun,
Or the green fields, upon the bed of death;
Yet, let man droop not; higher hope is his
To baffle time, and overfly the bounds
Of his enchantment, than the mountain oak,
That firmly rooted on the stedfast soil,
Braves, through the lustra of a thousand years,
The desolating tempest!
When no more
In annual revolution smiles the spring,
Bidding, with genial breath, the world revive;
When on the coronal of night no more
The pleiades shine; and Hesper's dewy light
Is blotted out; when ocean's watchful tide,
Watchful in vain, waits stagnant for the moon;
Then, o'er the ruins of material things
Triumphant, to its fount the spirit ascends;
And, in the everlasting wells of Paradise,
Laving from every earth-caught taint its wing,
All undefiled unto the throne looks up,
And mingles with the choral seraphim!

Δ

MINNA TROIL—A BALLAD.

Two sisters bloom'd upon thy strand
In beauty, Northern Hialtland;
This like the violet, that the rose,
Which tow'ring high in its beauty glows.

Brenda was like the turtle dove,
With soul of softness, and heart of love;
Minna the eagle, whose stately form
Rises, 'mid tempest, from high Cairngorm.

Without a cloud to dim the sky,
Their days of youth pass'd brightly by;
And, like twin seraphs, hand in hand,
They walked in joy through their father's land.

In easy task, or in thoughtless play,
By their father's side, pass'd the joyous day;
And, far from the rude world's cares and harms,
They lay at night in each other's arms.

No world knew they, save the isles around,
By the green sea wash'd, by the blue sky bound;
And, from the peak of the Sumburghhead,
They saw the sun sink in ocean's bed.

No joys had they but such as arise
From the sparkle of joy in each other's eyes,
No fear had they but such as springs
From the truth so fatal, that Time hath wings.

The tempests rose, and the winds rush'd by,
And the clouds hung deep on the murky sky;
The vessel struck, and, in luckless hour,
A mariner sought their father's bower.

He told of vales rich with golden fruit,
Where the voice of song is never mute;
Where perfume loads the languid air,
And man is daring, and woman fair.

He told of tempests deep and loud.
When lightnings show'd the rifted cloud;
When the sea-dogs howl'd, and the billows high
Rose up to splash the bending sky!

He told of battles afar at sea,
Where sabres shone, and blood ran free,
Until, at length, o'er his seamen bold
Victorious ever his flag unroll'd!

The gentle Brenda's cheek waned pale,
At the awful close of each fitful tale;
But the heart of Minna fill'd her breast,
And the mariner stole her peaceful rest.

She liken'd him to the Sea-kings old,
Who swept the seas with their navies bold,
The Iarls of Norway proud and free,
The lions wild of the northern sea.

To the stranger youth she pledged her troth,
She fair,—he gallant,—they, loving both;
And he left her to plough the stormy main,
But vow'd to return to her bower again.

Like rose-bud bit by canker-worm,
Health fled her bright and fairy form;
Like a flower on dull September day,
She droop'd her head, and pined away.

And Brenda gazed with tearful eye
On her sister pining, she knew not why,
She strove in love to ease her pain,
But the wound was deep, and her care was vain.

It was not that her lover now
Did cleave the ocean, with onward prow,
It was no dread of wave or wind,
That thus did bend her stately mind.

The youth, whose tales had won her heart,
Among sea rovers bore a part;
And whoever cross'd their fatal path,
By them were plunder'd, or slain in wrath.

Farewell for Minna the pure delight
Of mind serene, and soft dreams by night;
No more did she now to her couch depart
In joy, and uprise with an easy heart.

Her lover return'd, and fondly sought
His Minna's bower,—but she own'd him not,
And sicken'd in thought, that her love so fast
With hopeless night should be thus o'ercast!

They parted; he the salt seas to roam,
And she, in her beauty, to pine at home;
Like a flower, in loneliness more fair,
That sheds its sweets on the desert air.

All weakness of heart, and change above,
Her heart would own no other love;
But pure as the cloudless summer sky,
Did perish in its lone majesty!

Δ

AN ESSAY ON THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE CATEGORIES,

BY WILLIAM HOWISON.

Enumeration of the Categories in their true order—and exemplifications of them.—Definition of the First.

The categories are the relations of particular existence to the ideal, or the possible modes of being; and, in one or more of them, every particular existence must be found. Beginning from likeness, or ὁμοιον, the other categories are necessarily derived in the following order, which is the true; πρός τι, against what; ποιον, how, or in what manner; που, where; ποτε, when; ποσον, how much; οὐσία, substance or individuality; ποιεῖν, to do; πάσχειν, to suffer; ποιὸν, of what substantive quality; κεῖσθαι, to be arranged or situated; ἔχειν, to have or contain.

To give examples, ὁμοιον, or likeness, is as the union of particular existence with the form which it occupies; πρός τι, against what, as from one to another, from fewer to more, from the colour of gold to purple; ποιον, how, as straight or crooked, rapid or slow, ascending or descending; που, where, as on the face of the earth; ποτε, when, as when stopped by a boundary; ποσὸν, how much, as an equal quantity, or as three quantities, amounting to as much as two other quantities; οὐσία, substantive existence, as an individual atom, or a stone; ποιεῖν, to do, as to strike; πάσχειν, to suffer, as to be drawn or emoved, or compressed or broken, or diminished, or increased; ποιὸν, of what substantive quality, as good or bad, poisonous or healing; κεῖσθαι, to be arranged or situated, as to be above or

beneath, or in the same or different order on each side, or to be in the position of standing or sitting; ἔχειν, to have or contain the particular within other limits besides its own, as money in a purse, or a thief in prison.

Twelve parts are capable of representing all the possible modes of particular existence: Therefore, twelve parts constitute a body; and it will afterwards be shewn, that those twelve deities, which the ancients reckoned as composing the council of the gods, were representations of the twelve categories.

Aristotle has not discriminated ποσ, how, as a separate category, but has placed it in the same chapter with ποιον, of what quality. Nevertheless, there is an essential and categorical difference between kind of form, and substantive quality. Before enumerating the categories, he treats of the application of common names to a class, and passes from that without perceiving that there must be the category of ὁμοιον, or the union of particular existence with idea; so he finds only ten categories, which are enumerated by him thus; οὐσία, substance; ποσὸν, how much; ποιὸν, of what quality; πρός τι, against what; που, where; ποτὲ, when; κεῖσθαι, to be situated; ἔχειν, to have; ποιεῖν, to do; πασχειν, to suffer. But two other categories are required to complete the enumeration of the possible modes of being; and Kant, the German, perceived the necessity of there being twelve, although he has not shewn their order as necessarily constituted from each presupposing those which go before it.

It may perhaps be thought that, as the categories are the relations of particular existence to the ideal, so the category of πρός τι, or relation, should be the first in order; but πρός τι is relation among particular existences, when separated and different; and the first category must be that which supposes nothing but the union of single particular existence with idea.

Chapter I.

The Category of Likeness, ὁμοιον,—Jupiter.

From position is the beginning of all particular existence; for particular existence is united with a place. To be in a form, is to be likened to some idea. To participate with others in likeness of form, is to be of the same kind. But internal likeness to idea, and essential sameness with it, is perfection. This may be called the category of Jove, or of the human likeness. Aristotle, in writing of οὐσία, or essence, places form in the same category with it; and calls the forms, in which particular existences are, δεύτεραι οὐσίαι, or second essences. His enumeration of the categories, therefore, wants that of likeness, or ὁμοιον, which should be the first; for the idea, in which any particular existences is contained, is part of the ideal, which is not comprehended in any of the categories.

Chapter II.

The Category of πρός τι, or Relation,—Juno.

Πρός τι, or opposite to what, is particular existence, in relation to some other particular existence,—from whence comes variety; and to this category belongs, in the first place, colour,—as the separation of the different hues from white. From the messenger Iris, this may be called the category of Juno. Number, also, arises from considering particular existences in relation to each other; as, one against two others, becomes the third. Aristotle places number in the category of quantity; but number, originally, is only relation. But when the single parts of number stand for quantities, then the amount is also quantity, which may be compared with other quantities. As number or difference does not suppose any fixed or certain arrangement, so this is also the category of the susceptibility of mingling, or freedom of composition, from whence the infinite variety of hues, which is like the transition of one kind of being into another. Ariadne, who, in ancient fable, was said to be the beloved of Bacchus, or inspiration, was reported to have been crowned in heaven with stars; which signified the feeling of separateness or variety. This, being the category of colour, is also that of shewing, and of magnificence; for particular existence cannot be shewn, unless to some other particular existence, as opposite to it. Day, unto day, uttereth speech, and night, unto night, sheweth knowledge. When the

mind contemplates, and is placed against, a single other particular existence, the mind is, itself, in the category of πρός τι, or opposed to what. But when it contemplates two or more particular existences, in relation to each other, it, then, is not only in the category of relation itself, but also is contemplating separateness and variety.

Aristotle, in writing of this category, places, in it, some things which belong to subsequent categories, such as proportion, and relative position.

Chapter III.

The Category of πως, how,—Apollo.

The category of πως, how, or manner, is continuous particular existence. For number is without character in itself; nor can there be character, unless in the extension of unity. Manner, therefore, is as unity extended into other circumstances, or as the radiation of a line from particular existence. Therefore, πως, how, or through what, may be called the category of Apollo, as shooting forth lines of light. The continuity of line is capable of being extended to infinitude, and turned in every possible course through the differences of mode; but still, so long as it remains continuously extended, it has not absolute freedom, like that of colour or number. But line, by being broken into parts, attains to a perfect and infinite freedom, and becomes capable of being dispersed in any manner, and of receiving variety in separate character.

To this category belongs also musical tone, as expressing continued duration. A ray is the first type of music, and refers to the fixed position from whence it set out, and measures the time which has been between. But tone is vibration in extended unity, and gives the feeling of mode or character; for vibration is change of form in that part which vibrates.

Modality, or through what, may be called the first pattern of inferential reasoning. Modality is the extension of single particular existence, and inferential reasoning is the carrying of the same thing into different circumstances. But, inferring is a voluntary exertion of the mind's active power, by which it takes some notion, and carries it into what circumstances it chooses, to apply it to them, and to shew its relation to them. And therefore, the act of reasoning by inference must be in other categories; for, modality is only the exemplar, according to which, the active exertion should be made.

Chapter IV.

The Category of που, where,—Diana.

The category of που, where, is where in relation to particular existence; as, where on the face of the earth; for where is not in an unreflected line till some other particular existence is applied to it. This category, therefore, is as the point, at which a continuous ray is reflected. The first form of surface is from line reflected into an angle, which gives the form of surface in the angle, and between the parts of the line. The extension of plane form must, always, begin within the curve or arc of a continuous line, and may be extended, from thence, to infinitude, as the parts of the line diverge: and, therefore, the crescent is the sign of surface and reflexion. Where is also the category of elasticity, or the turning back of the continuous extension of particular being, on meeting with other particular being. This may be called the category of Diana, the huntress, who moved on the face of the earth. Rebound is from surface not penetrated; and the Greek name, Artemis, signified whole, or unbroken into by any thing external. Diana was called Triformis, because surface is above, and beneath, and horizontally. To the same category belongs also sight, which is by rays reflected from the face of objects seen; and rays when coming unreflected, are reflected on meeting with that which sees. Therefore, sight and surface, and local position, in the particular, belong to this category. And, as reflection is always in the contrary order to that which is reflected, it is most likely that mimicry, or the repetition of opposite likeness, belongs also to the category of Diana; for it is certain that mimicry is closely connected with elasticity.

Chapter V.

The Category of ποτε, when,—Vulcan.

The category of ποτε, when, is as

the end of continuous extension; for, when is the end of the time which has gone before. The category of Diana, or rebound, does not imply terminated continuity, but is only change of course; and the extension of surface has not necessarily any limit, till stopped by a boundary, which incloses it altogether, and makes it finite. Therefore, ποτὲ, when, is the category of Vulcan, or of continuous extension stopped in its course. Vulcan was reputed to preside over the termination of figure, which is limitation between what is within, and what is beyond.

Chapter VI.

The Category of ποσὸν, *how much,—Neptune.*

The category of ποσὸν, how much, relates only to that which is within limits; for there can be no proportions of quantities, till there is limitation; and proportion, also, implies the separateness of the quantities which are compared. To this category belongs music, as the proportion of one tone to another; as, for example, the proportion of the fifth to the key note, which is three quantities against two. Musical tone was formerly spoken of in the category of Apollo, as the continuous motion, or vibration of particular existence. But the proportions of tone belong to the category of Neptune; since, in reference to proportion, the tones must be considered as divided into finite parts, susceptible of quantity. Harmony is two or more tones heard in the same time, and measuring each other.

Quantity, therefore, is the relation of that which is within limits to some other existence, which is also within limits, and capable of being called so much, as opposite. The beginning of the categories is from ὅμοιον, or the likeness of particular existence to idea. The category of Neptune, which comes from being within termination, is opposite; and, in it, is first found the nature of created being, or the original, dark, unstable, and uncertain waters of chaos; which (although existing within limits) were internally unlike idea. The characteristic of natural being is its indefiniteness. But this unstable nature, although so dissimilar to idea, is with it in place; and, when natural being applies itself internally to form, this is understanding, or the taking hold of the ideal; from whence comes also the expansion of natural being, and the love of the certainty of and permanence of form, as felt, in contrast to the unstable nature of created being. The original fluctuation and indefiniteness of natural being was well understood by many of the ancient philosophers. This was what Thales meant, when he asserted that the origin of all things was from water. And the following are also found among the apophthegms of Thales, which are recorded by Diogenes Laertius. Κάλλιστον κόσμος, ποίημα γὰρ θεοῦ. μέγιστον τόπος, ἅπαντα γὰρ χωρεῖ. σοφώτατον χρόνος ἀνευρίσκει γὰρ πάντα. In modern times, when Spinosa wrote on substantive existence, he endeavoured to confound the differences of internal feeling, by saying, that they were all attributes or affections of one subject, and that it is impossible that there can be any essential difference of being, for that all substance, as capable of being conceived by itself, must be infinite. But it cannot be conceived separate from the place in which it exists. Nevertheless, natural being, as existing within limits, has a sort of counterpart of infinitude in its internal indefiniteness, which is like the darkness in the unfathomed abysses of the sea. When this is felt, individuality of being is forgotten, and appears to be solved into the common nature of original substance. But intellect is the application of this fluctuating nature to form, whence comes also the sentiment of hope, which is founded on the permanence of the ideal.

To the category of Neptune, therefore, belongs, not only the proportion of separate quantities considered against each other, but also the origin of natural being, as contained within limits, but unlike form. Aristotle, in treating of this category, considers it only in relation to quantity and proportion.

Chapter VII.

The Category of οὐσία, *substance,—Vesta.*

Substance, or οὐσία, is the category

of natural being, formed into solid parts, and made stedfast, so as to remain individual. This category, which might be called ἄτομον, or individuality, has the same relation to that of Neptune, as the earth has to the flowing and changeable sea. Therefore, substance may be called the category of Vesta, who also presided over the hearth, as the most fixed and central part of a house. As substance is capable of remaining fixed and unaltered, it is susceptible of fidelity, and of memory, as letters marked upon a rock. From thence was the name of St Peter, who represented the faithfulness of the heart. For the same reason, the nine Muses, daughters of Memory, were said by Hesiod to have been begotten by Jupiter, when with Mnemosyne, in a rock, called that of Saturn. The strongest feeling of duration is in the heart, which remains fixed, while the Muses, or measures, dance round Apollo, and join with him in celebrating the progress and beauty of Time. But the fixed memory of past impressions is contrasted with intellect, which is a spreading like the waves of the sea, and an ever renewed and present application to the extended forms of the ideal.

Chapter VIII.

The Category of ποιεῖν, to do,—Mars.

Action is the repelling of other substances from the same place. The category of ποιεῖν, to do, is that of Mars, and is next in order, after that of Vesta, or solidity. Force and compulsion come from the gross nature of substances, which are incapable of being in the same place. The ancients called the reaction of bodies ἀνάγκη, or necessity, which merely signified their incapability of going into the same place. This is the kind of action, among fixed and unliving substances, which only receive motion from without. But the internal generation of motion seems to result also from the parts of continuous being refusing to go into the same place; and, therefore, impelling each other, like the vertebræ in the spine of an animal, as in the back of a crocodile or alligator. For the spine is the part which expresses the internal origin of power; but the upper part of the arm, in the human form, expresses the throwing out of active power, from the interior of individual being. The name of Mars signified also the male.

Chapter IX.

The Category of πάσχειν, to suffer,—Venus.

To suffer is to be changed, as to condition, by the power of something external; and this category is contrary to that of ποιεῖν, to do. Instead of being as the internal power of repelling other substances from a place, it is like being drawn towards the place where they are. This is the origin of passive emotion, and love, and may be called the category of Venus. Farther, that of Mars is as the coming forth of active power from within the limits of individual being; but this is as the yielding of limitation, and as quantity broken into. The putting together of equal and unbroken quantities produces proportion; but proportion is incapable of passing through the intermediate grades of increase and diminution. Therefore the origin of beauty is from the breaking of quantity, which is required to be freed from proportion, before there can be unequal increase and diminution. The birth of Venus is said to have been from among the foam of the sea, and her first appearance on the sea-shore, newly escaped from the dominion of Neptune, or proportion; and beauty is the kind of freedom which may exist in the lineaments of finite form, delivered from straightness and equality.

The relation of curves to the category of Venus must here be spoken of. A circle is not in the category of beauty; for the circumference bends always at the same rate, and returns into itself. A circle therefore is the curve of unity, or Jupiter. But when a curve bends at an increasing rate, it becomes a volute rolling inwards, which is the curve of Venus or passive affection. The curve, which rolls inwards, expresses compression, or the approach of number or separateness to unity, and therefore may be called the curve of Venus, or attraction. But the curve which, setting out from a certain point, bends at a diminishing rate, escapes from the circle, and rolls outwards, taking always more space. This is the curve of Ceres, or growing. Its crossing the curve of Venus gives the first

idea of mixture, or difference of quality.

Chapter X.

The Category of ποῖον, of what quality,—Ceres.

This comes after the category of πάσχειν, to suffer; since, until affected by external causes, no individual existence differs internally from itself, as to substance. From considering this in relation to the other categories, it would appear that, from internal difference of substance in individual being, begins the spreading out of difference of parts; but this is the most difficult of all things to be understood. The seed of a plant is like fixed substance, affected from without, and having its limits broken, so as to become capable of drawing nourishment from the elements beyond. But, whatever may be thought of this, it is certain that ποῖον, of what quality, must be the category of Ceres; for, all growing, in individual being, is from the reception of nourishment from without, and from feeling the quality of substance, so as to receive or exclude it, according to its quality. Each plant selects, and, from thence, forms an internal flavour peculiar to itself. For instance, some herbs are found to grow, as receptacles for poisons; while the rose takes what is fit for its perfume, and the healing plants of the earth seem to catch only from the elements, the sacred myrrh and incense that breathes through the universe, and preserves from corruption. Whatever is nourishing, is so from the quality of its substance; and therefore, this may justly be called the category of Ceres, who presided over the fruits of the earth. This is also the category of mingling, in so far as relates to the quality of mingling as the differences of colour, which are exemplified not only in flowers, but also in fruits.

Aristotle, in writing of ποῖον, or of what quality, divides the category into four different parts, which are not all mere differences of quality, in the sense attributed to Ceres. But in the discriminations he makes, are just and true in themselves. He mentions first, as qualities, permanent habits and dispositions, as understanding or virtue, and temporary situations or conditions, as health or sickness, heat or cold. In the second place, he mentions, as qualities, active powers and abilities, as strength for boxing and running, or that health which is ability for enduring fatigue. In the third place, he mentions qualities passively felt, as affecting that which feels them, as sweetness, or bitterness, or sourness, or hotness, or coldness, or whiteness, or blackness. The definition of qualities passively felt, comes nearest to that which is properly the category of Ceres; although the other kinds of quality, also participate in it. But, in the fourth place, he mentions, as another kind of quality, σχῆμά καὶ μορφή, scheme and form, as also straightness or curvature. These belong properly to the category of Apollo, or modality, and go to make the differences of external character and kind, which belong not to the category of ποῖον, or internal substantive quality.

Chapter XI.

The Category of κεῖσθαι, to be situated,—Minerva.

The category of κεῖσθαι, to be situated, is the arrangement of parts in relation to each other; as the arrangement of windows or pillars in a house, or the relative position of threads in a web. But, in this category, the parts, which constitute a whole, must be considered as originally moveable in relation to each other. The most perfect exemplification of it is change of attitude, in the human figure, and this may, therefore, be called the category of Minerva, the shield-bearer, capable of altering her position. She is said, by the ancient poets, to have sprung from the head of Jupiter, completely armed, which may signify having all the parts of the human figure in their order for action, motion, and feeling. As this category of relative position is the principal one in regard to inference, Minerva represented that which is in the head, namely, the power of reason and arrangement. Among the other deities, she was as St John among the apostles. To this category also belongs accusation, and question as to situation, and determining in what predicament any particular being is. But accusation may be true or false. Among the ancient inhabitants of Athens, the city of Minerva, there were found more liars and false-accu-

sers, in proportion, than among the other nations. The English word to lie, seems to have some reference to situation; for lying is giving a false representation of the position of particular being; but true report is that which represents the real position of circumstances.

To this category, which comprehends situation, and attitude or gesture, may be referred the first notion of the drama, which should not be considered as a poetical fiction, but rather as a voluntary shewing of the situations or attitudes, in which human nature may be placed. In the ancient drama, the invention of new fables was not sought after, but rather avoided, and the beauty of the drama was made to depend on arrangement, fine composition, and the shewing of situations. The chief question was always, "In what circumstances is the hero now placed?" Prometheus was seen bound to the rock, and suffering for having conferred forbidden gifts on mankind. And Œdipus was seen gradually accused by circumstances, and at last found in the predicament of horrible crimes; and the ancient drama was accompanied by music, which is also an art of arrangement, and closely connected with gestures.

The feeling of tendency is from the laying out of parts in a certain order or disposition, stretching more towards this or that. It therefore belongs to the category of arrangement. Aristotle, in speaking of κεῖσθαι, to be situated, only gives instances of it, as to be sitting or standing.

The whole of the categories may be arranged into four parts, as follows:—

The categories of Jupiter, Juno, and Venus, or position, separateness, and passive affection, relate to sentiment felt towards the particular.

The categories of Apollo, Diana, and Vulcan, relate to touch. Sensation by touch comes from resisting or stopping, and belongs to the category of when, or Vulcan. Sensation by touch is felt on surface, and belongs to the category of where, or Diana. And sensation by touch is felt in a form, as colour, bounded by straight lines or crooked, and touch belongs to the category of how, or Apollo.

The categories of Mars, Minerva, and Mercury, relate to reasoning. To reason is a voluntary exertion of the mind's power, and therefore belongs to the category of ποιεῖν, to do. To infer is to carry something into other circumstances, and belongs to arrangement, or the category of Minerva. In reasoning the mind must comprehend and keep the notion which is inferred, and therefore reasoning belongs to the category of ἔχειν to have, or Mercury.

The categories of Neptune, Vesta, and Ceres, relate to internal feeling, or intellect, stedfastness, and the feeling of quality, in relation to the ideal.

Chapter XII.

The Category of ἔχειν, to have,—Mercury.

The category of ἔχειν, to have, is to contain, or hold the particular within other limits besides its own, as money in a purse. The figure of the money is its own limit, and belongs to the category of Vulcan, but the purse is another limitation, including the first. Comprehension may be called the category of Mercury, who was reported to preside over merchandize, and the desire to possess. The same Arcadian region which contained Cyllene, the birth-place of Mercury, was also the favourite resort of the goat-footed Pan. The form of the reeds, in Pan's musical instrument, expresses comprehension; for, the air blown into them cannot escape through, but, being confined on all sides, fills them, and returns again in sounds. But the most perfect exemplification of the category of Mercury, is a thief in prison. For attempting to have what is not his, a house, which is not his, has him.

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[In illustration of the above, we give the following extract from Mr Howison's new publication, of an Essay on the Sentiments, &c., with the Thesis of the Twelve Deities, and Europe's Likeness. We might have quoted other parts from the same volume, but have chosen the following, as having reference to the subject of the preceding Essay:— C. N.]

"A KEY TO THE MYTHOLOGY OF THE ANCIENTS.

"The polytheism of the ancients, with all its variety of fables, will more easily be understood if an inquiry be made into the attributes of the twelve divinities, who composed that council of which Jupiter was the head; for each of these gods represented a mental power. But the other deities, such as Eros, Bacchus, Pan, or Pluto, who were extraneous to this assembly, presided over regions of nature, or over external affections, and circumstances. The names of the deities, who entered into council with Jupiter, have been preserved in two verses of Ennius; but they are not mentioned by him in their proper succession. The right order is, Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, Diana, Vulcan, Neptune, Vesta, Mars, Venus, Ceres, Minerva, Mercury. The verses are—

Juno, Vesta, Minerva, Ceres, Diana, Venus, Mars,
Mercurius, Jovi, Neptunus, Vulcanus, Apollo.

"Their reference to the mental powers is as follows. Jupiter represented the head as wisdom, and was *βουλαῖος Ζεύς*, "Jupiter prudent in his counsels," not the external affection of love, as Eros, who, according to Hesiod, was a much elder deity. But, Jupiter, although considered, by the ancient poets, as a finite being himself, was supposed, as the head, to have most relation to infinitude, and hence, the eagle was attributed to him as his messenger.

"The goddess Juno, who was the sister of Jupiter, represented the love of variety, and presided over show and magnificence, and over separateness; for splendour comes from difference, not from uniformity. The peacock was said to be sacred to her, from the brightness of its plumage; and Iris, or the rainbow, was called her messenger, either as proceeding from the watery vapours of the atmosphere forming into separate drops, and descending as rain, or, as shewing the separation of the different colours.

"Apollo, the god of harmony, represented the vibrating power of the thigh, or, more abstractedly, motion, as the measure of duration. Another kind of music is produced by the strokes of light; and Apollo was also the god of the sun, whose motion marks the progress of days and years. He was likewise the god of inborn genius, and intuitive knowledge, which are the native light of the mind, or the inspiration which it has in itself. But archery was attributed to Apollo, as master of the darts of light, and vibration was recognized in the twanging of the bow. The most abstract idea of Apollo is motion, in reference to something else, which is at rest. This is found in vibration, and also in irradiation.

"Diana, the sister of Apollo, was the representative of the power of rebound, which is in the leg, and she was the goddess of the moon, which sends back reflected light. She was also the goddess of hunting, or swiftness of pursuit. She was represented with her robe tucked up to her knees. The bow might be attributed to her, as expressing the power of elasticity. But the most abstract idea of Diana is reflection or return. Diana, expressing rebound from touch, remained always a virgin.

"Vulcan represented the foot. He was the god of terminated figure, and of mechanical re-action. He presided over artificers, because the fabrication of metals into shape is by the application of contrary power, and because the meeting of the hammer with the anvil is like the stamping of the feet upon the ground.

"Neptune, who presided over the sea, was considered, by the ancients, as the god of intellect. He represented the chest, or the love of the ideal; as the motion of the sea represents the measuring of fixed form, by moveable being. His Greek name, Poseidon, may signify the drinking of form, from *ποσις* and *ειδος*. But his Latin name has been supposed by some to be derived *á nando*, from swimming; and he may represent the power of buoyancy in general. The diverging form of the two outer prongs of the trident expresses the tendency towards increase.

"Vesta, the goddess of the earth, represented the heart, or the fixedness of being, and its reference to seat or place. She was also said to be the

goddess of fire, by which was probably meant heat; for the ancients did not understand the true distinction between heat and light, but often spoke of them together as one element. Vesta was drawn in a car by lions; which may signify that she presided over quadrupeds, because they are peculiar to the earth, and the lion is the chief of them.

"Mars, the god of war, represented the upper part of the arm, which is the part from whence proceeds the effort of throwing a spear, or slinging a stone, or striking. This deity, most abstractly, represented the beginning of violent motion, from whence collision.

"Venus represented the capacity for generation, and presided over increase. She was the goddess of beauty, because all continuous beauty in outlines is from the unequal increase of quantities, or the unequal diminution of quantities on the opposite side, which is the same negatively. Hesiod says she was accompanied by Eros, and followed by Himeros, or Desire; which last was her offspring.

Τῇ δ' Ἔρος ἁμάρτησε, καὶ Ἵμερος ἕσπετο καλὸς
Γεινομένη τὰ πρῶτα.

But, according to the same authority, the first appearance of Eros, or love, was immediately after the birth of Earth from Chaos.

"Ceres represented the belly, or the powers of nutrition, and therefore presided over agriculture.

"Minerva represented the part of the arm between the elbow and hand. Like Mars, she was a warlike deity, but she was also the goddess of reason, that is, not of intellect, like Neptune, but of the active power of inferring and judging, and of the knowledge of tendency, or whitherwards. She likewise presided over weaving and spinning. The owl was sacred to her, because she was the goddess of speculative vision, or what the Greeks called ὁρασις, the knowledge of boundary, but without sensation.

"Mercury represented the hand, and was the god of thieves. He presided over traffic, which is giving and receiving; and one of his attributes was the purse. He was the god of wrestlers, from grasping. His statue was placed at the meeting of roads, from pointing. He was called the inventor of the lyre, because it was played upon by the hand; and therefore, although Apollo was the god of harmony, Mercury presided over practical skill in music. He was the god of eloquence, probably from gesture in arguing and persuading. And, as the hand is the most moveable part, he was considered in general as the deity who presided over ingenuity, cleverness, and rapidity of apprehension."

COCHELET'S SHIPWRECK.*

The art of bookmaking flourishes on both sides of the Channel. The narrative of the wreck of a French merchant ship on the coast of Africa,—the captivity of part of the crew who yielded to the *empressemens* of some of the wandering Arabs, who are always on the watch for sea mercies, and who, after kindly inviting them to land, seized their persons, and plundered their ship—and their subsequent adventures till ransomed by the Consul at Magadore, is dilated into two goodly 8vo volumes, adorned with lithographic engravings, and accompanied with an appendix of *pieces justificatifs*.

The work, however, is not without interest; it is written in an easy flowing style, and if it communicates nothing new, it at least gives a lively picture of that small portion of Africa through which our author and his companions passed, and of the manners of the Moors and wandering Arabs of the desert.

Mais commencer avec le commencement,—the book is the production of M. Charles Cochelet, a passenger in the brig Sophie, going out "former un etablissement agricole," or in other words, to settle in Brazil.

The Sophie sailed from Nantes on

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* Naufrage du Brick Français La Sophie, perdu le 30th Mai, 1819, sur la Cote occidentale d' Afrique, et Captivité d' une partie des Naufragés, avec de nouveaux renseignmens sur la ville de Timectou, par Charles Cochelet, ancien payeur en Catalogne, l'un des Naufragés, 2 Tom. 8vo. Par. 1821.

the 14th of May, 1819, and on the 13th of the same month, was wrecked about twenty leagues to the north of Cape Bojodore. The ship, it seems, was carried out of her course by the currents, which, as is well known, set to the eastward along the African coast, and which M. Cochelet thinks, it is high time were put an end to; "ne doit on pas esperer que les autorités maritimes prendront enfin des mesures propres a prevenir ces accidens." We fear it will not be easy to prevent such accidents in ships managed like the Meduse frigate, or the brig Sophie.

The Captain wished first to make Madeira, and then the Canary Islands, for the purpose of correcting his longitude, but missed them both; when abreast of the latter islands, however, he had a good observation for the latitude, and as no land was in sight, he ought in common prudence to have stood to the westward. On the 29th, they were, by observation, in lat. 27°: 4; and on the evening of the same day, land was seen about eight leagues to the east; but still, with inconceivable infatuation, the course was not altered. M. Cochelet very properly remarks, "il eut eté prudent a mon avis de virer de bord;" but this opinion he kept to himself, "retenu par un sentiment d'amour propre qui m' empecha de' temoigner une frayeur a laquelle d'autres pouvaient bien n' etre pas accessibles." At length about half past three in the morning of the 30th, the ship struck. The coolness and discipline of the crew are thus narrated:

"The moon set about 40 minutes past three in the morning, and in less than an hour, the sun would have shewn us our situation; the sea, which till then had been smooth, and often calm, began to be agitated by a strong breeze from the north; all at once a violent shock was felt. The ship struck at the heel, and beat upon the rocks, *avec un fracas epouvantable*. M. Mexia exclaimed, 'We are lost.' I sprung from my cabin. We threw ourselves into each other's arms, and each endeavoured to inspire the other with resignation; but how difficult the task to possess it in so dreadful a situation, when numbers at the same instant behold their end approaching, and expressed by the signs of despair, the abandonment of every earthly affection! I went upon deck, and in the midst of consternation and tumult, heard nothing but cries of 'take in sail'—'hoist out the boat.' I asked the terrified captain, what he thought of this frightful event. 'What can I think?' he replied; 'I know no more than you do where we are. I can see nothing.' In the mean time, the ship, impelled by the force of the wind, was driven farther upon the shoal, experiencing, every time she struck, a shock which endangered the masts. A thick fog surrounded us and obscured our view of the land; a feeble twilight shewed it indistinctly; and from the configuration of the clouds, we imagined ourselves in a gulph, surrounded on all sides by immense rocks. At length the ship became completely fixed, and experienced no other motion than that produced by the sea beating upon her. In an instant the sails were furled, and we succeeded, by unheard-of efforts, in getting the long boat into the sea. An anchor was carried out to the north-west, but all our attempts to heave the ship off were in vain; our misfortune was irreparable, and as the day dawned, the horrors of our situation were revealed to us. It was not in the midst of islands, as we believed, that cruel destiny had thrown us. A flat sandy beach, without bounds, presented itself to our view—it was on the main land—on Africa—on that inhospitable and barren coast, that has always been the terror of mariners.

"It would be impossible to paint the grief that took possession of each of us. What fate awaited us on this detested region."

The conduct of the officers under these circumstances, was not less extraordinary. We are not told that any attempt was made to lighten the ship; they suffered themselves to fall into the power of the natives, although the weather continued moderate, and their boat was riding safely by a hauser in the lee of the vessel; the whole crew only consisted of thirteen, and they knew that the Canary islands could not be more than twenty or thirty leagues distant.

After passing to and fro several times between the ship and the shore, the natives got possession of the officers, passengers, and one sailor, in all, six persons. The sailors, with greater prudence, kept on board, and, after a feeble attempt to rescue their superiors, set sail, and, in two days, made the island Fortaventura. M. Cochelet and his friends took care to land their trunks and luggage, intending, no doubt, to proceed by the diligence, but the natives very unceremoniously took possession of their goods and chattels, and obliged them to assist in unloading their ship, which they did very leisurely, and then burnt her. The savages into whose hands they had thus fallen, are represented as the most hideous monsters that exist in human shape, and as the last link in

the chain that connects man with the brute creation.

On their landing, their chief, named Fairry, gave them a most gracious reception, holding out one hand, in token of friendship, and with the other pointing to heaven, and repeating "*Allah akbar,*" "God is great." He then led them to a sand hill, kindly offering to carry their arms, and shewed them the desert, with the purpose, no doubt, of letting them know how entirely they were in his power.

"If this was his object, he accomplished it completely; for it was impossible for me to observe without dismay this sea of sand, the horizon of which mingled itself with a sky of fire; and the calm and silent immobility of which was a thousand times more striking than the agitation of the ocean during a tempest."

The politeness of the natives was soon changed for the most capricious tyranny and contempt. By the women, in particular, they were obliged to perform the most abject offices—prepare their food, of which they did not deign to give them a share, or dig in the sand for a scanty pittance of brakish water.

Our author was sent off to the ship to assist in searching for *argeono,* or money. It was in vain to intimate that he could not swim—prompt obedience was necessary, and he contrived, with some difficulty, to get on board.

He found the Africans engaged in a furious attack on two pigs, these unclean animals being the abhorrence of all true Mussulmen. Having no provisions but what the ships afforded, and being withal but indifferent judges of salt meat, before eating any part of it they constantly called on our Frenchmen to distinguish the beef from the pork, by lowing like cows, or grunting like hogs.

When the ship beat so high that the ladies could go off, they were obliged to act as stepping-stones, to assist them in ascending the ship's sides.

"They placed themselves, without ceremony, upon us, and afterwards made use of their hands to finish their clambering. If you consider that they were the most repulsive creatures in the world, and almost destitute of clothing, you will have little difficulty in believing that it was a very singular task for us to supply the place of stepping-stones to these women. It seemed, without doubt, very diverting to them, for they appeared to take a pleasure in it, which they expressed by shouts of laughter, of the coarsest and most insulting nature that can be imagined."

The most unreasonable of all their demands, however, was in sending them aloft to unbend the top-sails. The only expedient that occurred to them, to enable them to obey this command, was to cut away the masts.

"During more than two hours, we applied the axe with redoubled force. They gave way at last, but with such a crash, that I was struck with the effect produced by the noise of their fall, reiterated as it was, for a long time, among the hillocks of sand, by echoes, of which perhaps, till then, they were unconscious. For the first time, without doubt, the silence of many ages had been disturbed. So violent and transient a commotion, rendered more dreadful still the calm by which it was succeeded, and with which this frightful desert was reinvested, perhaps for ever."

For about ten days they were employed in plunder. The natives shewed the most astonishing want of discrimination in their selection of the booty. Money and provisions were the great objects of their avidity—buttons were more valued than diamonds—the finest laces lay neglected on the beach, or were used to tie the mouths of sacks—but, above all, to a literary man, the dispersion of so many works of merit, was most afflicting.

"How many copies of works of merit will be for ever deprived of readers! I have seen thousands of volumes, containing the most opposite sentiments, borne equally by the wind into the interior of the desert."

Letters and newspapers were equally scattered; the touching remembrance called up by one of the latter, we shall not attempt to translate.

"L'autre rendait compte de la belle representation d'Athalie, que recemment on venait de donner avec tant de pompe à l'opera. Je me rappelai avec douleur, qu'un mois s'etait a peine ecoulé depuis que moi meme j'avais assisté a ce spectacle, dont j'avois admiré la magnificence. Que de reflexions vinrent alors m'assaillir! Je jetai tristement ces feuilles a mes pieds, elles me causaient trop de regrets, par les souvenirs qu'elles me retraçaient."

In the midst of these melancholy reflexions the captain came up with a face of satisfaction, announcing the apparition of two "jolies Parisiennes,"

whom a disaster similar to their own had thrown on this inhospitable coast. M. Cochelet thought the poor man's head turned by his misfortunes; he however followed him, and saw, by the glimmering fire in their tent, two ladies "en veritable costume de bal," one of them in a robe "de crepe rose, garnie des fleurs, et l'autre une robe de satin blanc, brodée en lames d'argent.' Both of them had caps and feathers of the last Parisian fashions.

"I had not yet been able to see the *divine figures* which such elegant equipments led me to ascribe to their wearers. I approached nearer, and, to my great astonishment, under these beautiful coverings, which our Parisian 'marchandes de modes' had, without doubt, prepared for other heads, I see the horrible Sinné, with his frightful hair, and my maser Hamet, who was no less terrible."

On the 10th of June a party of Bedouin Arabs arrived; they were distinguished from their former friends by the splendour of their dress and arms, and their noble and imposing demeanour; they were commanded by Sidi Hamet, a chief who is well known as having rescued Ryley and his companions, and also the crew of a ship belonging to Glasgow, which was wrecked on the same coast about six years ago. Sidi Hamet purchased the Frenchmen from the natives, and on the 17th set out with them on their route through the desert for Wednoon, or Ouadnoun, as it is here spelt.

A journey in the desert can never become a party of pleasure. The sufferings of the party are related in the same minute and lively manner, but do not admit of abridgment. Previous to their arrival at Wednoon, Sidi Hamet sold them to the Cheik Beroue, who resided there, and from thence they transmitted a statement of their case to Mr Wiltshire, the English Consul at Mogadore.

The French agent there forwarded their case to the consul at Tangier, and through his intervention they were ransomed by the Emperor of Morocco. After remaining three months at Wednoon, during which one of their companions died, they proceeded to Mogadore.

They were now mounted on mules, but their sufferings had not yet ended; exhausted with heat and fatigue after a journey of six days, they arrived at Tarodant, a populous town belonging to the Emperor of Morocco; they entered the town in the evening, but, upon the cry of "Naara!" or "Christians!" the inhabitants pursued them with hootings and imprecations, and they were with some difficulty protected by their escort. They were lodged in a pavilion in a garden belonging to the Emperor, and committed to the charge of two renegades, a Spaniard and an Italian, who treated them with the utmost hospitality and kindness The description of this delicious garden recalls the stories of the "Arabian Nights."

"Perhaps none ever passed by such a sudden transition from a situation so miserable to one so transporting. A moment before we were abandoned to the most painful disquietudes, in the midst of a crowd of infuriated savages, and *now*, inaccessible as we were to their approach, the tranquillity which was procured us by that isolated state which was the constant object of all our desires. This change, from one condition to another, was so rapid, that the cries and imprecations which we had heard appeared to us the effect of a dream. The most complete silence reigned around us: the noise of some spouting streams of water, and the hollow murmuring of the woods, agitated by a light breeze, alone disturbed the calm of a delightful evening. We found ourselves transported into a garden of vast extent. The darkness prevented us from judging of its beauty, but the perfume of orange trees, with which the air was scented, promised us a delicious abode.

"A magnificent alley, embellished on both sides with groves of that fruit tree, led to a pavilion, situated at the end of the garden.

"As soon as day-light appeared, I began to examine the place where I was astonished to find myself, and of which I had as yet but an imperfect idea. Advancing to the terrace, which was contiguous to the pavilion, I beheld the vast extent of the garden, concerning which I could not form a correct judgment the evening before. This first impression which one feels, but cannot express, when the return of day unfolds to view a delightful, and, as yet, unknown situation; the freshness of morning; the perfume exhaled from a thousand orange-trees covered with blossoms; the appearance of so many overflowing fountains, so many sources of enjoyment, to which we had been as yet strangers, left a delicious impression on all our minds.

"The height of the walls which surround the garden first arrested my attention: they are as high as those of the town, and indented in the same manner. The

pavilion, propped against them, is situated towards the north, opposite the governor's palace. A single inclosure of walls surrounds the palace, and the garden separates them from the town, and serves them for a rampart. In one of the towers, raised at certain distances on the walls, was seen a piece of ordnance. It appeared to be intended, in time of war, for driving away an enemy who might be tempted to approach the town on the side of the pavilion.

"This pavilion, composed of five rooms, the largest of which is in the middle of the other four, is remarkable for its commodious arrangement, and the elegance of its decorations. It has three entrances: the principal one, facing the avenue of orange trees, is fronted by a terrace and a gallery which has three openings arched above. The two others are on the right and left of the building. Nothing can be imagined richer than the ornaments of the principal division, though it had been stript of its state, and of the furniture which embellished it during the abode of the Sultan. The ceiling of wood, painted of different colours, and in imitation of a tent, particularly attracted my notice, from the skill displayed in the work. A crown of gilded suns, fixed on the wall, and much resembling stucco, formed the elegant border which encompassed the room at the top, immediately under the ceiling, and the floor of the chamber was a sort of Mosaic, composed of an immense number of polished stones of different colours. The doors, although defaced by age, still shone with gilding, which was well preserved. An immense orange tree, and a date tree, loaded with fruit, reached the terrace contiguous to the building, and mingled their foliage with the green tiles which covered it."

Nothing was wanting to their satisfaction here but a change of clothes and clean linen, a luxury they had not enjoyed since their shipwreck; they were consequently covered with rags and vermin. In this state they proceeded to Magadore, where they arrived on the 13th of October. Their delight on beholding the town and shipping could only be equalled by meeting a person in the European dress.

"In a moment, without asking any information, without demanding either his rank or his name, we stretched out our arms towards him, well satisfied that the first European who offered himself to our view could not but be a brother, sensible of our misfortunes. We mingled our embraces, without having, at first, the power to pronounce a single word; and the emotion of that Christian, more than his words, announced to us that we held in our embrace M. Casaccia."

How Mr Casaccia received such an embrace before their toilet was made, we are not informed.

We shall not detain our readers with their succeeding adventures, nor with Mr Cochelet's remarks on the present state of Morocco, which contain little either of importance or novelty; but as every visitor to Africa is expected to clear up some of the mysteries respecting the interior of that vast continent, we cannot pass over the "Nouveaux renseignemens sur la ville de Timectou," so pompously announced in the title-page. During their stay at Wednoon, a Moorish merchant arrived from Tombuctoo, or Timectou, as our author chooses to spell it, and he endeavoured to acquire some information from him concerning it; but it seems the Moor told so many lies, and exaggerated so much, that no reliance could be placed on his account. Hamar, a Moorish servant of his master the Cheik Berouc, observing his anxiety, told him, he was acquainted with a merchant who had visited that city, and on this hearsay account he affects to doubt of the reality of the visits made by Robert Adams or Sidi Hamet to Tombuctoo.

The account given by Hamar is, that, about seven years before, a merchant of Rabat proposed to him to accompany him to Tombuctoo, which Hamar agreed to; but on their arrival at Wednoon, the intelligence that a caravan had perished in the desert, deterred him from proceeding; but Sidi Mahommed, his companion, went on, and on his return informed him, that, after suffering great hardships, he arrived on the fortieth day after his departure from Wednoon at Taudeny, a town inhabited partly by Negroes and partly by Arabs. After staying there some time, he quitted it, and in fifteen days more, reached Tombuctoo, a city about three times the size of Fez, (which, we are told in a note, contains about 90,000 inhabitants.) At the period of their arrival they had only quitted the desert four days. The first appearance of the city, situated in an immense plain, was very striking, and its extent greatly surpassed the expectation of Sidi Mahommed. The gates were shut when the caravan arrived, but on the sentry firing off his musket, a guard of about a hundred Negroes armed with darts, daggers, and some muskets, came out from the city and pointed out a place for them

to remain without the walls. After trading with the inhabitants, chiefly in tobacco, for which they received gold dust and ornaments of the same metal, at the end of six days they were admitted within the walls, and lodged in the quarter of the Moors which is situated near the King's palace. The interior of this building was richly adorned with gold; the Sultan had only reigned two years, 1813 and 1814, having succeeded to his father, who had been assassinated. During their stay, a number of slaves were brought in from Bambarra. Sidi Mahommed estimated their numbers at three thousand. He purchased twenty-five for goods, which were only valued at five hundred franks. These slaves were sold principally to the Moors, who carried them across the desert to Morocco. The interior of the city resembled an immense camp, or rather a number of separate encampments, the houses being insulated and scattered about without regard to order or symmetry. A river named Ouaddi Soudan, flowed about two leagues to the south; the road between it and the city was constantly crowded with Negroes bearing burdens on their heads, and camels loaded with merchandise. The river was covered with vessels, many of them of considerable size, which, Sidi Mahommed was informed, came from Djinné, and navigated a great distance towards the east.

Beyond the river, about half a day's journey to the south of Tombuctoo, is a small town called Oualadi, the environs of which are very fertile, and from which the capital draws its chief supply of provisions.

An epidemic disease, which raged at the time, determined Sidi Mahommed to hasten his departure. He experienced fresh disasters on his return, and lost several of his slaves in the desert, but, on the whole, his expedition proved a profitable one.

M. Cochelet infers, that Adams could not have visited Tombuctoo, merely because he never heard the circumstance mentioned by Hamar, his informer, who had been more than six years resident at Wednoon. If such an objection required an answer, it would be found in the account of Sidi Mahommed, which, as far as it goes, confirms that given by Adams, particularly in the relative position of that city and the Niger, for the Ouadi, Soudan, and Niger, are evidently the same, or rather one of its branches, which issue from the lake Dibbie. We may add, that Monsieur Lapie, in his notes to the map that accompanies the work, states his conviction that Adams must have visited Tombuctoo.

NODIER'S PROMENADE.*

We are about to introduce our readers to one of the most entertaining little volumes we have lately met with, and we shall perform our duty in as few words as possible. It is the "Promenadé en Ecosse," of Monsieur Charles Nodier, a very pleasant and ingenious Frenchman, not wholly unknown to the republic of letters, and who, for some real or imputed fault, had the misfortune, some years ago, to be very severely abused by the Quarterly Review. The work which gave rise to the castigation of the reviewers we never read, and are, therefore, unqualified to say any thing of its merits; but judging from the present volume, we are quite at a loss to conceive, what there could be in the works of so sprightly and agreeable a writer to occasion any angry feelings in a reviewer. The truth is, we have always looked on the luminaries of the Quarterly as nothing better than a set of "respectable Hottentots," and in all matters of wit, spirit, and jocularity, as Sir Fletcher Norton said of the House of Commons, we care no more for their decisions than we should for those of a set of drunken porters. They are a very decent, grave, and well-meaning set of persons, no doubt, and qualified to write with much learning and decorum on Bellamy's Bible, or Butler's Æschylus, but in every thing connected with the "*petites morales*," life, humour, and the "*savoir vivre*," we are convinced that this

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* Promenade from Dieppe to the Mountains of Scotland. By Charles Nodier. Translated from the French. 12mo. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London, 1822.

Magazine affords the only true court of appeal. It is in this work only that such an author can expect to meet a spirit congenial to his own,—it is in this alone, of all the heavy, lumbering, unread, and unreadable periodicals which issue monthly and quarterly from the groaning press, that an author of light, sportive, and excursive genius, will *be tried by his peers*, and find the full enjoyment of his beauties mingled with the most rigorous detection of his faults. From such an ordeal, Monsieur Charles Nodier has no reason to shrink. There is a great deal of truth and spirit in his volume, and though his shots are not sixty-four pounders, yet they are in general pretty true to the mark. It is at all events matter of curiosity to know what a true bred and liberal minded Frenchman thinks and reports to his countrymen of our institutions and manners. We all know what the world says of our science, our philosophy, and our literature, or at least we know what the world should say, and it is the world's fault if it does not speak truth. In philosophy, we can compare our advancement with the progress of other nations, and ascertain, by minute and accurate comparison, our situation in the scale. With regard to habits, manners, and refinement, the case is very different. We have no accurate standard by which we can judge; and if we had, prejudice would prevent our adopting it. We can judge very well of the manners of other nations, and detect the solecisms into which they habitually fall.

But custom covers many defects; and barbarisms, in which we have long indulged, gradually cease to appear barbarisms in our eyes. Of our own manners, therefore,—of our own advancement in the scale of domestic refinement, we cannot judge. A Manchester manufacturer sees nothing gross in the manners of Manchester society. A Glasgow Bailie's ideas of official dignity and senatorial eloquence, are very naturally formed from the language and deportment of the Town Council, and he judges of fashionable life from what he has had an opportunity of observing at the parties of the Lady Provost or Mrs Dean of Guild. On this account, it is a matter both of curiosity and instruction, to learn the impression which our native peculiarities produce on foreigners who have had sufficient opportunities of becoming acquainted with our domestic habits; and it is in this point of view principally, that we think the "Promenade" of Monsieur Nodier will attract public attention in this quarter of the island. We shall therefore proceed at once to give our readers an ample taste of the qualities of Monsieur Nodier, without troubling them with any further preamble. The narrative is contained in a series of letters to his wife, to whom he writes in a tone of affectionate regard, calculated, we hope, to excite some ridicule in the polite circles of Paris. Our author starts from Dieppe, and after weathering a considerable storm on his passage, is safely landed at Brighton in the month of July, last year. In the following passage he gives rather a flowery description of an English stage-coach, which is certainly calculated to excite the admiration of a Frenchman, whose limbs have been habituated to the detestable jolting of a diligence.

"I continued my journey along a road without ruts, without jolting, without any embarrassments, in a commodious elegant vehicle, adorned with taste, drawn, or rather carried away by four beautiful horses, all alike, all with the same pace, who devoured the distance, champing bits of the most splendid polish, and starting and snorting under a harness of a rich and noble simplicity. A coachman in livery drove them, and a handsome neat postillion urged them on. Every two leagues, postillions, attentive, civil, neither impertinent nor in liquor, brought out fresh horses just like the first, which we could see striking the ground at a distance, as if eager and impatient for the career they were to go through. Though the distance to London is not great, no delicate attentions which could embellish it were omitted by the enchanters who led me along. Half-way, an officious major-domo introduced me into a magnificent saloon, in which were served all sorts of refreshments—limpid tea, which sparkled in china; frothy porter, which foamed in silver; and, on another table, choice, copious, varied dishes, watered with Port. After this I set out again, and the eager coursers—but perhaps it is time to take breath, and to say, in more positive terms, that England is the first country in the world for its horses, public carriages, and inns. The magnificent equipage I have just mentioned was the diligence, and the caravansera of the Arabian Nights, a *café* on the high-road. One might easily, in the environs of London, comprehend the mistake of Don Quixote, who took inns for castles.

"In fact, from Brighton to London, it is merely a street of twenty leagues, bordered with parks, gardens, smiling farms, pretty country houses, charming pavilions, covered from top to bottom with hangings of roses, and preceded by courts or terraces shaded with cool bowers, under which dance young girls, whom Raphael might regret not to have seen. Youth is charming every where, but in England it is ravishing. A plain girl under sixteen years of age is almost a rarity."

We pass over his observations on London, his comparison of the French and English theatres, his remarks on the public buildings, and his trip to Richmond on the Thames. From London he proceeds to Oxford, with the beautiful "coup d'œil," and the splendid institutions of which, he is much struck,—and is naturally led into a comparison of the state of education in England with that in France. We certainly do not join him in his pointed condemnation of the Lancasterian and National systems of education, though we do full justice to the force and ingenuity of the arguments with which he supports his opinions.

We must quote, however, the following strange paragraph:—

"I have mentioned that the students at Oxford have a particular dress, which is very remarkable. It is not absolutely uniform. The different classes of society to which these young men belong are indicated by as many modifications in their dress. The nobleman is distinguished from the gentleman, and he from the commoner, whose lot would not appear very desirable to me, had he not also the advantage of reckoning several inferior degrees below his rank of commoner. This part of the institution may be considered in different respects, and very specious things may be said on both sides of the question; as all is true in politics, according to the ages of civilization, and the character of nations, the thesis of classification itself is as good to maintain as any other; and a practical philosopher, who, in his system sees no harm in the abjectness of Epictetus or of the Paria, and cannot conceive that their conventional degradation can influence the dignity of an elevated spirit, would not probably attach much importance to this puerile discussion; but I confess that the inequality of conditions so indispensably imposed on social man, so painfully humiliating to the natural man, appears to me no where so misplaced as in the career of the sciences, and among students of independent fortune, who come, with equal rights, to draw instruction from the same sources."

Now all this is just what might be expected from a Frenchman ignorant of England; but it is really mere nonsense, and we think it right, for the sake of our Scottish readers, as well as our French readers, to say so. The distinctions of dress, &c. which Nodier regards in so serious a point of view, are altogether harmless; because if they had formerly their meaning, they have now lost it, and that for centuries. In some colleges, it is the fashion to be a "Gentleman-commoner," and to wear a silk-gown; in others, and, we may add, in several of the very highest colleges, nobody is admitted under that style. And nothing is more common than to see the son of a London trader arrayed in silk, brushing the bombazeen worn by the nephew, or even by the son of one of the first noblemen in England. Our French author knows absolutely nothing about the manner in which the different orders of society are kept apart in England; and, to say truth, it was scarcely to be expected he should.

Monsieur Nodier is now fairly on his road to the north. He passes through York and Berwick-upon-Tweed, and arrives safe, wind and limb, in Edinburgh, though not a little perplexed by reason of the absence of our friend Lui-meme, to whom his chief letters of introduction had been addressed.

It is thus he commences his account of our fine city:—

"Independently of the political and literary institutions which render Edinburgh one of the most interesting towns of modern Europe, and the edifices, or the recollections which give it a title of rivality with the most celebrated cities of ancient Europe, it seems that the name of the Athens of the North, which nobody contests, is a privilege of locality founded on very striking topographical resemblances. The town of Edinburgh is separated from the sea by a straight road of the same figure, and the same length, as that which led from Athens to the Piræus, which is here represented by the town of Leith. Within the city is a rock, surmounted by a fortress, or antique citadel, which brings to mind the Acropolis: this is Edinburgh Castle. Having reached its majestic summit, absorbed in I know not what sentiments, I dreamt of nothing but Athens, and was looking for the Parthenon."

—"Nothing but Athens!" and "Looking for the Parthenon!" Very

good? Nobody can dispute the right of Auld Reekie to the title of the "Northern Athens." She holds that title by the same charter which confers on Michael Linning, Esq. W.S. that of "The Northern Pericles." Who has not heard ******* sing

"Pericles to call the man,
Is no sinning—is no sinning,
Who that noble scheme began,
Michael Linning—Michael Linning.

"He who jeers him would not fill
Cord of hemp ill—cord of hemp ill;
Soon shall grace the Calton-hill,
Michael's temple—Michael's temple.

"Many a fling, ye Whiggish tribe,
I'll have at you—I'll have at you,
Who will not your pounds subscribe
For Michael's statue—Michael's statue.

"Sons unborn shall see him set up
Many a dim age—many a dim age
Shall admire upon our Metope
Michael's image—Michael's image."

But to return to Monsieur Charles Nodier, who says nothing of Mr Michael Linning.

"We arrived at Edinburgh on a Sunday, that is to say, on one of those days of strict observance, when every house is closed, every shop is impenetrable, and all the world is at prayers. The solitude was immense, absolute; and the first feeling we had of Edinburgh was, that this prodigious city had been anciently built by a race of giants who had long since disappeared from the earth.

"In vain would you seek in the old town of Edinburgh for the prison, more famous from an excellent novel than from history. The present prison is new, but in the ancient taste, like almost all the buildings that are erected in Great Britain. Parliament Square is remarkable for a bad statue of Charles II. which does not contribute to its ornament. The buildings just mentioned, are far from being the most remarkable in Edinburgh; but I proceed in order, and Sir W. Scott, who has a considerable office in the court of justice, in the Parliament House, might have been there. Unfortunately he was not arrived, and my journey was lost. We shall only see Scotland.

"The High Church is Gothic and ruinous, surmounted by a steeple also Gothic, but a little more modern, the pyramid of which terminates in a strange kind of crown.

"From the top of the platform of the Castle, the eye embraces a magnificent horizon. I felt very little curiosity to visit the interior of this fortress, whose menacing aspect is probably its greatest merit, and which seems to threaten with its fall the superb street called Prince's Street, which extends along its base. Nor did I wish to examine the regalia or royal insignia of the sovereigns of Scotland, recently discovered in a chamber that had been closed for more than a century. I found that my sensations lost much by being detailed. What I never was tired of admiring, was the *ensemble* of this majestic town, the streets of which, rivalling each other in extent and beauty, would however at length oppress the imagination with the monotony of their symmetrical grandeur, if this impression were not suspended or modified, from time to time, by the view of some conspicuous building, or some verdant, umbrageous *square*, which separates them from each other. The protected place of the *Circus*, the form of which is indicated by the frame, and which, it is said, will be finished in three months, is worthy of Athens herself.

"The last hours of our stay concurred with a fortunate circumstance. However, it was neither the season of the Gaelic ball, nor the distribution of premiums for the bagpipe. Some other motive, which I do not know, had brought to Edinburgh ten or a dozen chiefs of clans, in all the pomp of their admirable costume. When you speak to the Parisians of the mountaineers of Scotland, they see nothing out a red soldier, without breeches, encamped in the Bois de Boulogne. That is not the place to see the Scotch, God forbid! but in Scotland. The chief of a Scotch clan, with his poniard and pistols, like a buccaneer, his *cacique* cap, his cloak resembling Grecian drapery, his party-coloured hose, which, like all the stuffs of the country, recal to mind the tatooing of the ancient inhabitants, which they have thrown into oblivion, his club of cytisus bent back as the sign of his command, his savage demi-nudity, and, with all that, his noble and gentle mien, is a living tradition, perhaps the only one in Europe, of our ages of strength and liberty. Though proud, and very proud, of the dazzling beauty of their dress, they do not walk, they fly, without looking at any thing, without stopping at any thing, and traverse towns like lions that have lost their way. In fact, they must feel there some painful sentiments. Their inhabitants were once free, like themselves; but have precipitated themselves under the yoke of associations and laws, in order to gratify their idleness and their cupidity. I can easily comprehend that the Highlanders must despise the breeches of the civilized men. Chains come after them."

This is really a sublime *bit*,—Chiefs of clans! Caciques with poniards and pistols! Buccaneers! Grecian drapery! tattoing! Clubs of Cytisus! Savage

deminudity! dazzling beauty! towns traversed like lions! and scorn of Breeches!—Never was such a jumble.—"Superbe! magnifique! pretty well!" Would any body suppose that Mr Nodier had merely happened to be walking in Prince's Street, close to Ebony's shop here, at the hour of five P. M. in a fine summer afternoon, when a score or two of harmless writers and writers' clerks were trotting, briskly enough no doubt, towards Oman's, where THE CELTIC SOCIETY were just about to raven at the rate of so many shillings *per dirk*? We have heard ere now of a writing-chamber harbouring both Foxites and Foxes; but we never before heard of any such place laying claim to the title of a "Leonum Arida Nutrix." In a future number, we purpose treating our readers with a list of the lion-like Caciques, or Buccaneers, who on this occasion struck so much awe and admiration into Mr Nodier's mind.

We have no room to give our author's meditations on Holyrood, nor his general remarks on the metropolis, for we must make haste to accompany him to Glasgow, of which celebrated city, and of the manners and appearance of its inhabitants, he is very properly and extremely minute in his description.

Before proceeding further, we beg *en passant* just to notice a very foolish charge that has been made against this Miscellany. It has been alleged against us, by sundry reputable Glasgonians, that it has been our wish to undervalue, and throw ridicule on that wealthy community. Absurd as this charge is, and conscious as we are of our entire innocence, we believe it has had the effect of diminishing our circulation in the west, which in Glasgow and its environs has never much exceeded fifteen hundred, a circulation incredibly small, when we consider the number and studious character of its inhabitants. The fact is, that towards our brethren of the Puncheon and the Spinning-Jenny, we have uniformly been redolent of admiration and respect. We never visit Glasgow without getting drunk on punch; and we take in a supply of *John Hamilton's best* every time he receives a choice article from Jamaica. What stronger proof of our love we could give, we know not. Would they have us imitate even their foibles, and correct slips and proof-sheets in leather-breeches and Tally-ho buttons? Oh ye ticklish and thin-skinned generation, if this would satisfy you, and cause the light of your countenance to shine upon us, even this sacrifice, at the risk of becoming a laughing-stock to the whole literary world, we would not hesitate to make! But enough. Let our readers only compare what is said of the natives of Glasgow in the following extracts, with any thing we have written of them, and then let them accuse us of prejudice and want of candour, if they dare:—

"Glasgow contains several superb streets and squares; as Argyle street, Queen street, George's square, in which is the statue of Sir John Moore; buildings of indifferent taste, but of fine effect, and particularly a handsome theatre. Among the religious buildings, after the cathedral, which deserves particular notice, the only one mentioned is the Catholic chapel, of which the inhabitants of Glasgow are very proud, though it is of that renowned Gothic so common in England, which is almost always defective, and here particularly in the harmony of the details; and which would be infinitely more interesting if the English had a few architects with as refined a taste as most of their engravers, and some of their painters. The view from New Bridge, which leads to the new town, has something enchanting. It would put me in mind of that from the *Pont-des-Arts* at Paris, were not its banks of so fresh a verdure, and if the river, over which it is majestically thrown, did not disappear under a multitude of vessels. When you look nearer, and consider the people, covered with draperies of lively and varied colours, like those of Madras; the gipsies bending over the stream, and looking at the water, while they are smoking rolls of tobacco, not of so dark a colour as their browned mahogany skin; the light bridge, which runs to the oriental horizon like an arch of rushes; and above all, the numerous steeples with cubic stones, which rise smaller and smaller one above another, like some minarets, you think yourself transported to the east. As Glasgow is still less frequented and less known by all the inhabitants of the Continent than Edinburgh, for in Europe it is almost only the English who travel for the sake of travelling, the ancient manners and customs have been much better preserved, especially among the women, who every where else give the example of instability, and of the love of change, at least in fashions. The women of Glasgow have generally and judiciously kept the old Scotch cloak, which is exceedingly well appropriated to the rigorous cli-

mate of the country. This cloak, which is exceedingly like the Venetian domino, is pretty often of a dark woollen cloth, of little show. The most elegant are of that pretty tartan stuff which was fancied for some time by the ladies of Paris. The most common are of a dazzling red, the effect of which, produced by an association of ideas not necessary to explain, appeared horrible to me above two bare legs. The women of the lower classes, almost all those of the middling, *and a considerable number of those of the higher classes*, go barefooted. Some have adopted shoes only. The fashionable ladies who have adopted the Parisian dress, have also borrowed the shape of their shoes, though in reality they are more like those of men; but this part of their accoutrements is what incommodes them the most, and is what they throw off with most pleasure when they are at liberty. A brilliant Scotch belle has hardly exhausted the admiration of the *fashionables* in Glasgow, when she longs for solitude; and the first thought which occupies her in some bye-path, some solitary garden, or in the mysterious obscurity of her chamber, is not, as with us, the recollection of the last man who looked at her with a sigh, or the last woman who eclipsed her toilet,—it is the impatient want of taking off her shoes and stockings, and to run with bare feet on the carpet, the turf, or the sand of the high road. The sight of these bare feet is hardly ever disgusting, even among the people; nor is there any thing in it painful to sensibility, when we see them spreading out on the smooth flags of the broad foot-ways in Glasgow. Those that have shoes do not look near so well. The flat and broad form of the shoes, with buckles or strings, does not at all conceal the size of the foot, which no doubt is very conformable to the natural proportions, especially in a nation where nothing has impeded the freedom of motion for a long series of ages, but which is shocking to our eyes, accustomed to the forced exiguity of the feet of Frenchwomen, which, in this respect, hold a kind of medium between the Scotch and the Chinese. The foot of the mountaineer, destined to press on narrow, slippery, steep spots, ought of course to be broad and strong. Feet which are small out of all proportion, are a beauty of the *boudoir* which can only be appreciated by persons condemned by their infirmities, or reduced by their own choice, to see the world only through a window, and travel over it in a carriage."

We certainly never suffered much from the attractions of the Glasgow belles, and have not formed any very high opinion of the potency of their charms. We agree, too, with Monsieur Nodier, that they in general possess large *understandings*, and do not stand upon trifles; but we did not know before that their partiality for dancing barefooted on the carpet, was so peculiarly strong. But, as we already stated, there are many things which strike a stranger, which a native is apt to overlook.

Nodier seems to rejoice in being convinced, in passing through the Highlands of Scotland, that the poems of Ossian were not fundamentally the work of Macpherson. Whatever may have been added, or put in shape by that ferocious, and dark-souled Highland book-maker, the first notion of that peculiar vein of sentiment, and composition, Nodier thinks, must have been learnt originally by him, from some genuine traditional songs, in which there was also preserved a pattern for the mythological conceptions. Nodier, while placed among the changeable mists and clouds of the Highland mountains, falls under the influence of the spirit of the place with French promptitude and politeness. Wrapt in a plaid, as he moves through the rainy atmosphere, he has frequent visions of the ghosts of heroes and bards, and of Malvina, with her long flowing hair. At one place, describing some changes of the clouds, he writes,—"All the shades of the forefathers drew their long-trained garments as they ran from mountain to mountain, and crowded together confusedly at a point of the sky; an immense close band, above which one could scarcely distinguish the supercilious front of some aged seers with their bald heads, and the eagle-winged helmets of a few warriors. This magnificent areopagus of bards and heroes was not long in dissolving upon us in a cold and penetrating rain, mixed with hail, and accompanied by the rumours of the storm repeated by all the echoes." This is prodigiously fine, and shews with how much taste he had felt the Ossianic spirit of vague and capricious melancholy. There is the more generosity in his yielding freely to this enthusiasm, on this account, that, previous to his coming to this country, he had entertained a different opinion, and was altogether incredulous as to the authenticity of what Macpherson had published. He confesses, "My wretched vanity was much interested in this error, which I had set off in a pretty specious way, in a pamphlet

now forgot." He has now given up and passed from the triumph of his pamphlet, and has gained, instead of it, a set of poetical conceptions which may sometimes be recalled with pleasure, for the purpose of gratifying the imagination with a temporary recognition of the sombre and dreary. Hail Nodier! gracefully assuming, for awhile, the mantle of the dark-souled Macpherson. The tittering loves are seen peeping from behind it, when you proceed to compare the personal appearance and costume of the young Highland females with those of other countries.

To be serious, nothing can be more perfectly characteristic of the Frenchman, than the complete conviction which takes possession of M. Nodier's mind as to the *authenticity of Ossian*. On what? why, on hearing a Gaelic song sung by a certain Highland girl, whose name he calls *Mannah*, but who, we believe, would answer more readily to that of *Mainey Macfarlane*. What did he understand of the fair damsel's strain? *pas un mot*, M. Nodier. We have good reason to know that the song he heard was one not in honour of Fingal and Cuchullin, but of the late patriarchal Laird of Macnab. It is a capital song, and we [who have ourselves frequently preached in Gaelic] have laughed at it a hundred times; and the chorus (over which Nodier's sympathetic tears flowed so freely) may be literally translated,

"Fie, Macnab! Fie, Macnab!
To go kiss such a drab!
You that kiss'd all the beauties on Katrine, Macnab!
She was hump'd, she was bow'd,
And you made her so proud,
She could nothing but simper, and smirk, and blab."

But this is quite of a piece with the fine dream about gipsies, and banditti, and witches, which invades his fancy, when he perceives a half-dozen of swarthy mountaineers nestling round a cauldron in a little sequestered ravine, not far from the head of Loch-Lomond. It was well for these picturesque personages that M. Nodier was not *an exciseman!*

It is fair, however, to give some specimen of Nodier's descriptions of the Highland scenery, which, to say truth, are sometimes exceedingly beautiful and powerful—quite beyond what we could have conceived it possible for such a complete Parisian *petit-maître* to indite. Take, for example, the following;—

"On my arrival at the foot of Ben Lomond, the east began to glitter with all the splendour of the morning. I left Loch Lomond at my feet, and rose in the midst of a long girdle of mountains diversely illuminated. To the west, and at a little distance on the grey ground of the horizon, was strongly drawn a grotesque side-view of the Cobbler, so called perhaps because the two rocks which surmount it have an imperfect resemblance to a man bent down, and half leaning on a stand. The allusion is quite in the genius of a people who figure all their ideas, and paint all natural objects by comparisons and images. The Cobbler is also called Ben-Arthur, the name of a giant of the fabulous ages who probably loved to repose on the tops of mountains on a throne of basalt. I have already mentioned one of these singular natural monuments in the environs of Edinburgh.

"In proportion as I advanced vertically, the action of the sun and the direction of the air gave to the mists of the lake a multitude of figures and positions, which changed the view at every moment. Sometimes the summit alone of the mountains was disengaged from the white vapours of the morning, and seemed to float like a black vessel on all the clouds of earth and heaven. The heteroclite rocks of the Cobbler, suspended over this ocean of mists which come dripping on the undefined surface I was going over, resembled two shoals against which the foundering vessels seemed ready to break. A moment after, all reappeared. The mountains stripped themselves to their feet of their humid dresses; and the waters were seen rocking themselves gently against the banks as they rolled along those light flakes of transparent vapours which, in softness and colour, imitated the fleece of lambs, and the eider-down of birds, and which the Caledonians, with a picturesque truth that belongs only to them, designate by the name of the white plumes of the lake. But the sun gains strength. His rays, less horizontal, strike the ground which they only skimmed. The shadows retire, and the mists, driven like light dust under the wheels of his car, fly off so light and fugitive, that they do not even darken the nearest objects, which you can always distinguish as through a transparent gauze. Only for a moment, when the curtain thickens at a greater distance, and becomes again as before, vast, humid, obscure, impenetrable, it closes on every side around the mountain, and envelopes the spot you occupy like the waves which menaced man on the last summit which the deluge had not invaded. Does a new ray shine forth, the curtain unfolds again, the sky is lighted up, creation springs out of another chaos, and is rege-

nented before your eyes full of grandeur and beauty. You behold again the mountains, the lake of the sky, while your eye follows on some distant summit the fantastic appearance of a cloud which dissolves away under the form of a reclining giant, or a fine stag mortally wounded.

"The excursion to Ben Lomond is attended with no sort of danger for those who do not seek for it, and who have not the imprudence to try a useless peril by walking on the narrow crest of a rock from which the eye measures a precipice of 300 or 400 feet. It has even very few difficulties, and what renders it more commodious is, that the ground is carpeted almost in every part with a sort of fair moss, extremely thick, of a gentle elasticity, and which does not offend the foot any more than the most delicate carpet. The only very steep path on the mountain is that which leads from about three-fourths of its elevation to the summit. This upper height which is distinguished from a great distance by its form and colour, and which resembles another mountain placed on the first, is entirely despoiled of verdure. It is to this peculiarity that Ben Lomond, as I have already said, owes its Gaelic name. When one has reached the top, one feels a very sharp cold, which would not be without inconvenience after a fatiguing walk, if one ceased too suddenly to keep up the perspiration by moderate exercise, and did not take the precaution to seek shelter from the current of air at the foot of a rude pyramid which the mountaineers have erected probably with this view. When one has had time to get over the confusion of the first impression, and can give an account to oneself of what one sees and feels, one is transported at once with the idea that we are called to enjoy one of the most striking sights in nature; but I do not suppose that any man would think of representing the scene displayed before his eyes with words or colours: that is above the power of man. All that one sees, however, is only lakes, islands and mountains, most of them very inferior in height to Ben Lomond, and which creep at his feet like a herd of black cattle; the horizon has not a plain, not a field which announces the hand of man, not a roof which proclaims his habitation. * The few that exist apart from each other disappear under thick clumps of trees, or are lost from their smallness among the details which the eye cannot reach. One can easily conceive how delightful it must be for a traveller who has reached the elevated point of one of our mountains of the continent, to contemplate a space which has no limits but the sky, and which unfolds before his eyes all the riches of nature, all the wonders of civilization; lovely fields, opulent towns, canals covered with boats, hills clothed with plantations. But what one cannot conceive without having seen it, is the solemn and terrible in the aspect of a desert, where nothing exists but by virtue of the creation; where no power, no will has modified the works of the power and the will of God; where all the productions of his hand preserve without alteration the stamp imprinted upon them in the first days of the world; where nothing has changed, absolutely nothing, since the day when the Lord separated the earth from the waters, placed islands in lakes, lakes among mountains, mountains in other lakes, and the entire earth like an immense island in the midst of the ocean. This sentiment, added to the material impression of the local beauties, entirely changes their effect. One supports, without noticing it, and even with a sort of pleasure, the conviction of a limited solitude, and a voluntary insulation; but when one has climbed towards the heavens, a space which may be estimated at the perpendicular height of half a mile; when one has beheld the ray of the horizon extend on every side till it is at length lost in an unknown line in which the last mountains and the first clouds are confounded; when one has called on this vast desert for man, and solitude only has answered, the astounded soul falls back on herself, and feels the want of collecting all her strength against the overwhelming power of nature. She has here an awful character which surmounts all the cowardly melancholics of the heart, and when, from the midst of these solitudes, one recals to mind society with its interests, its friendships, its institutions, its grandeurs, its mighty names, one sees nothing but a caricature in the eternal order. I pointed out Loch Katharine to my guide, and we descended rapidly among the mountains, which raised successively around us their vast cupolas, and closed in, at every step which we took towards the base of Ben Lomond, the space more and more limited between the sky and the earth."

* I speak of the day when I was on Ben Lomond. I saw distinctly enough the rock of Dunbarton, the banks of the Clyde, and the sea. I saw still more distinctly many lakes, among others Loch Katrine and Loch Monteith; many mountains, the most clear and remarkable of which were Ben Arthur, Ben Voirlich, and Ben Nevis. The tourists, or writers of travels, assert that one may also see the Paps of Jura, and even Edinburgh Castle, and the coasts of Ireland. It is probable that these sublime decorations are reserved for days extremely clear, which cannot be common in Scotland. Is it necessary for me to observe, by the bye, that many of these Gaelic names are no strangers to the ancient language of our Celts? I was born between two mountains, one of which is called Jura, and the other Lomond.

We had just finished these remarks, when another book of travels in Scotland, by another foreigner, was laid on our table, and we heartily wish we had room or leisure to bestow on it also a fit share of attention. This is the work of M. Necker de Saussure, who spent several years in Scotland—we think those of 1806, 1807, and 1808. Accidental circumstances have delayed the appearance of his narrative until very lately, so that a great deal of what would have been new and interesting ten years ago, has been described in the interim by other hands. Nevertheless, there is enough, and more than enough, in M. Necker's three volumes, to repay the time which any man, Scotchman or not Scotchman, may devote to their perusal. The author, whom we perfectly remember attending college in this city, is evidently a man of much plain good sense, as well as of excellent feelings and cultivated taste. He describes Scotland in a style which must be highly gratifying to the national vanity; and yet there are a great many of his remarks, from which our country folks, of both sexes, may derive hints well worthy of their serious reflection.

His book is full of geology, and such other hard matters. These we of course skipped over, and we are informed, on good authority, that we have not lost much by doing so. But his descriptions, both of manners and of scenery, both of Edinburgh and the Hebrides, are possessed of much merit; and he writes in a style at once easy, gentlemanlike, and elegant. Like Nodier, he has a vast deal of nonsense about Ossian, bards, ghosts, &c.; and, like him, he falls into absurd mistakes about what he sees: For example, finding the forty-second regiment quartered at Inverness, he is filled with surprise that Highlanders should be so trusted in the Highlands! &c. But all this is a trifle—and we recommend Mr Necker and Mr Nodier with equal good faith—assuring our readers, that the Parisian author will furnish them with laughing matter for a week, and that the more serious Genevese will furnish them with subjects of rational thought for a month. The latter is not near so clever a person as Charles Nodier, but we hope his book also will enjoy the honour of an English translation. We recommend, however, to any body that undertakes the task, to make root and branch work with the geology, *et omne quod exit in* HUM!

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN POLAND.

THE English literature is more and more gaining ground in Poland. During the preceding year there appeared in print Lord Byron's *Bride of Abydos*, translated by the *Count Ostrowski*; and lately, Sir Walter Scott's *Lay of the last Minstrel*, translated by *Mr Brodzinski*, who is at present the most distinguished young poet in Poland. Of works that are yet preparing for publication are, Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, and Lord Byron's *Corsair*, both by *Mr Sienkiewicz*, who last year lived for some time in Edinburgh. Besides, in the Polish periodical writings there appear very often inserted many *extracts* made from the works of these two authors, as well as from those of other celebrated English poets. Translated into Polish are Campbell's *Lochiel*, and *O'Connor's Child*; Lord Byron's *Fare thee well*, and so, too, different fugitive pieces of poetry.—*Ossian's Poems* had got in Poland a great many translations; and since the time of *Krasicki* and *Tymieniecki*, who first made them known to their countrymen, they almost daily multiply by the particular predilection of some promising young poets for that species of poetry. Such is the progress of your literature in Poland. The ancient stock of your literature in that country, consisting of specimens from *Dryden*, *Milton*, *Pope*, *Thomson*, and many others, gets there continually a new increase. Shakespeare's Plays are an object of study in Poland; and the principal ones are very often performed upon the stage at Warsaw, Wilna, Cracau, and Leopol. The Poles having cultivated for a considerable while, and with an exclusive taste, the French literature, appear at present to direct their attention to that of the English.

S.

ON THE DETERIORATION OF MAN AND BEAST.

There is in fact nothing very philosophical in the supposed notion of animals in a state of nature being ever deteriorated by that same climate in which, and for which, they were produced. The various climates of the earth, and the various tribes of animals which live under their influence, are reciprocally fitted for each other; and it is only by confusedly combining the qualities of an animal formed for one country, with those of another formed for a totally different one, that the idea of deterioration can arise in the mind. The same observation may be equally applied to the numerous varieties or races of each kind.

The Laplander is not a deteriorated Asiatic of the Mongolian or Caucasian line, any more than the Georgian or Circassian is a highly refined Laplander; neither is the Shetland pony a deteriorated Arabian courser, any more than the steed of Araby is a thorough-bred Shelty. From whatever country or parent stock all, or any of these animals, human or brute, may have originally sprung, each has long since been enabled, by a wise provision of nature, to assimilate its attributes to the qualities of the climate in which it was destined to live, move, and have its being. Had it been incompetent to effect or undergo such assimilation, it would then indeed have deteriorated; that is to say, it would have died. But creatures of all kinds, whether irrational or intellectual, prefer the other alternative, notwithstanding its being attended with some occasional inconveniences. If we admire the slim smooth elegance of the Italian greyhound, and regard the rough shaggy coat of the dog of Nova Zembla, as a deterioration, let us remember that that which is the delight of the one, would be the death of the other; and what would then become of that forlorn agriculturist, whose business it is to drill the ice, and to furrow the snow? The small stature and peculiar habits of the northern Nomadian, with the curry-comb-despising hide and short limbs of the afore-mentioned Shelty, would have been as little fitted to sustain the fiery breath or the shifting sands of an eastern desert, as an inhabitant of Arabia, with his more stately steed, the cold and cloudy clime, and the rugged and precipitous mountains of Lapland or Thule. Therefore, each exists in the best and most improved state, according to the nature of its particular calling, and is *not* deteriorated.

A similar observation is also applicable to many of the tastes and propensities of the human mind and body, which are too often regarded by us as the results of grossness or refinement, in proportion as they remove from or approach towards that ideal standard of perfection, which sometimes natural, but more frequently artificial circumstances have erected as our criterion of judgment. Your Esquimaux, when he swallows a bit of polar bear's fat dipt in whale oil, is as much a man of taste in matters gastronomical, as your more taper-limbed Frenchman or Italian when he *titivates* a stewed ortolan, reposing in the purer juice of the olive. Nor is it a whit more rational for the one to abhor what he regards as the foul feeding of the other, than it would be for that other to despise the over-refinement of his more luxurious fellow-creature. The olive and the ortolan neither flourish nor flit among the snows of Greenland, nor does the polar bear ramble among the cypress groves, or the northern whale flounder along the balmy shores of the "Saturnia Tellus."

"But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long night of revelry and ease.
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands, and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave." *

T. G.

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* Goldsmith's Traveller.

LONDON CHIT-CHAT.

London, March 11, 1822.

NOTHING could have been more ill-advised, and unhappy in its effects, than the re-appearance of old Madame Mara a short time since in a public orchestra. She had, many years ago, retired from the musical profession, surrounded by such admiration and fame as perhaps never fell to the lot of any other singer—Mrs Billington not excepted. The most classical judges of the art in Europe scarcely knew how to clothe their praises in competent terms; her skill, voice, and exquisite feeling and expression, were chronicled in treatises and cyclopædias, and the qualities of succeeding singers were estimated according to the degree in which they approached her. The lovers of music who had grown up since her retirement were full of envy of those older persons who had heard this miracle of art, when on a sudden, to the astonishment of every body, out comes an announcement that Madame Mara had arrived here, and intended to sing again in public. A crowded audience waited on her bidding; but alas, poor aged soul! the meanest chorister in the ranks of the orchestra could have done better. It is invidious and painful to dwell on the exposure.

I have been led into a recollection of this circumstance by having heard a report, not in general circulation, that another old lady of equal fame in literature to that of Madame Mara in music, is about to resume her exertions, after a long interval, and to strive again at a species of composition which requires, above every thing, a fervid imagination, and a fresh and elastic fancy. I allude to Mrs Radcliff, the author of Mysteries of Udolpho, who, it seems, is preparing a new romance. Whoever has tasted the melancholy sweetness and mystery of her writings, (for her helpless commonplace and prosing sink in the memory of the reader, leaving nothing behind but mingled impressions of moonlight festivals, and convent-chaunts heard over still waters, and Italian skies, and love-lorn girls, and dim forests, and dusky chambers in old forsaken castles,) will be uneasy at hearing she is about again to essay these things, and to vex the charm which has wrapped itself, I hope for ever, round her name.

Lord Byron, it is said, is shortly coming home to make some family arrangements, in consequence of the death of a near relation. This will be awkward for the beginning of the Pisan Journal, which, by the bye, is to be edited in London by Mr John Hunt of the Examiner. The author of "Amarynthus, the Nympholept," it is suspected, will be one of the contributors.

The reading public here are fairly dumb-founded at the manifold sorrows and ten years' banishment of poor Adam Blair, for one single transgression. His history is certainly a passionate and affecting one; but although we are aware that his being a minister was an aggravation of his offence, still our metropolitan notions are fairly irritated at what seems to us the disproportion of the crime and the punishment. The temptation was more than human strength could be expected to resist; for where is the man,—nay, even the clergyman, to whom the sweet society of woman was as great a rarity as it had so long been to Adam Blair, who could have seen with self-possession, from day to day, the charms of such a creature as Charlotte Campbell, who, to say nothing of the sufficing proportions of her figure, was, in her mental temperament, ardent and joyous, yet nevertheless weighed down into a melancholy character in consequence of her affections being so callously met as they were in both her marriages, and her hopes so often crushed? You certainly cannot apply to her the epithet "divine," which has been time out of mind given by lovers to their mistresses, for she deserves one still better in its reference to the sex,—she is an admirable *human* woman, and it doubtless was a trying thing to the author of the romance to have decided on her death; but perhaps it was "all for the best." If Adam Blair deserved the excessive sufferings he underwent, it must have been for having used Charlotte in too *professional* a

manner, (no disrespect to the clergy), after the fatal night. The rebuke, "Go, woman, and sin no more," comes with singular ingratitude and want of feeling from him. The book, however, is regarded with infinite admiration, as the work of a man of powerful genius, and I think the right author is guessed. If it were allowable to joke upon so sad a tragedy as is furnished by these "Passages of the Life of Mr Adam Blair, minister of the gospel," one might be inclined to say that the book is one of the most piquant compromises between the bodily and the spiritual which has ever appeared. Mrs Semple of Semplehaugh is a capital sketch. Few people suspected the author had such a talent at comedy.

Haydon is getting on famously with his large picture of Christ raising Lazarus. The composition of it is very simple and grand; and the fearfulness of the subject is rendered overpowering by its being treated in a pathetic, rather than in a violent or horrible way. Lazarus has already arisen upright from the earth, and is seen staggering with a bewildered and reluctant air under the shadow of the mouth of the cavern which contains his grave. Christ is standing in the middle of the picture, beckoning the fearful object to come forth; and the people about him have their terror in some degree calmed by the sight of *his* calmness, and their consciousness of his divinity. The figures placed between the Saviour and the cavern have not the benefit of seeing his godlike tranquillity, and they are therefore agitated with the spasm of mortal dread. This is, in my opinion, very subtilely and delicately felt, and will have its due effect with the public.

The Literary Gazette, in one of its late numbers, gave a review of a poem published anonymously, and called "Italy," which they confidently attributed to Mr Southey. This seemed at the time to argue great thoughtlessness on their part, because the very same number contained Southey's answer to Lord Byron's attack, in which he takes occasion to aver solemnly that he never published a book written by himself without affixing his name to it. (This, by the way, is very unfashionable.) The poem is assuredly very much in Southey's manner; but was difficult to conceive that he would lay himself so open to his enemy as to perpetrate an anonymous publication in the very teeth of a gratuitous avowal of his disdain of such concealment. It has since been reported that the poem was written by Mr Rogers, who is said to have acknowledged it. The story of the two Foscari, which forms one of its episodes, is much more affecting than Lord Byron's tragedy on the same subject.

The Gallery of Pictures at the British Institution this spring is, as a whole, astoundingly dull. There is no work in it either of Martin's or Leslie's, who used to be pretty constant contributors. Etty's voluptuous representation of Cleopatra sailing down the Cydnus to meet Mark Antony, had already been seen and admired at the Royal Academy. The effect of this picture would have been much more intense had the painter treated it as a mere fact, and had not brought upon the scene those flying Cupids who turn the thing into a mythological fable. Real boys dressed like Cupids would have been proper, but aerial beings are impertinencies, and put one out when one is thinking of the sex. If this amorous pageant had been a mere fiction, instead of having actually taken place, still the power of its delineation would have consisted in its probability. If the deity of love,

> "——— at sight of human ties,
> Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies,"

why, human ties are very much inclined to return the compliment at sight of his wings. I have no idea of allegorical personages, in connexion with the passion of love, which is too serious a thing to be trifled with. Besides, there was no necessity on the score of ornament or colouring for these supernatural accompaniments, because the description is of itself sufficiently luxurious and splendid. Plutarch says, "she took her barge in the river of Cydnus; the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver. * * * * * And now, for the person of herselfe, she was layed under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the godesse Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and had by her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes, *apparelled* as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands. * * * Her ladies and gentlewomen also were apparelled

like the nimphes *Nereides* (which are the myrmaides of the waters), some stearing the helme, others tending the tackle, &c." 1579. *Sir T. North's trans.* All this took place under an exalted eastern atmosphere, of which the painter has availed himself in the gorgeousness of his colouring; but if it had been necessary to resort to mere abstract poetry, to heighten the effect of this splendid fact, surely it would have been done by Shakespeare and Dryden, the former of whom says, in his "Antony and Cleopatra,"

"——— on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, *like* smiling Cupids;"

and Dryden, who had a propensity to mix fable and fact, contents himself with the truth here—

"——— Boys, *like* Cupids
Stood fanning with their painted wings, the winds
That play'd about her face."
ALL FOR LOVE.

Newton's "Lover's Quarrels," Nasmyth's View of Edinburgh, and young Landseer's animal piece, are the only other things which dwell on the memory, after leaving the exhibition.

Calcott is at present employed in painting a large picture, of which the figures constitute the principal portion and interest. This is a departure from his usual line of art; but it is said that he has succeeded perfectly as far as he has gone. The picture is to be called "Smugglers Alarmed."

The review of the Pirate, in Taylor and Hessy's Magazine, was written by Hazlitt, and is considered here to be a delightful piece of criticism. It is much to be wished that he and the other critics *militant*, would more often abate their mutual asperity, and look after the excellences, as well as the defects of authors opposed to them, in literary and political party. No one can say, for instance, that Shelley is treated with any thing like justice in the Quarterly Review, or that Coleridge and Wordsworth have not been miserably misrepresented in the Edinburgh.

The specimens of the American poets, which have been announced, will be selected by Mr Roscoe, son of the biographer of the Medici family. It will be a curious thing to receive samples of *foreign* poetry, in the language in which they were originally written, and that language our own mother tongue. Little is known here of American poetry, except the epic of Mr Joel Barlow, which was pretty bad. Should the book contain any thing in verse as interesting by virtue of its *nationality*, (for, perhaps, after all, this is the chief source of whatever is valuable and lasting in literature), as the novels of Charles Brockedon Brown, it will be a capital introduction to our knowledge of the genius of the United States. Washington Irving has grafted himself (style, feelings, allusions, every thing) on *our* literature, properly so called, and has become merely one of a crowd of good English writers. Brown, it must be admitted, followed the manner of Godwin a little too slavishly, but in all else he is purely American; and this it is which makes him stand out with so bold and single a prominence. It is to be hoped that Mr Roscoe will give us, among the rest, a specimen or two of the more recent poetry of Mr Alston, the painter, for surely his muse cannot have been idle since his return to America. His sonnet on Rembrandt was first-rate.

If Jeremy Collier had been alive now, he would not have written his discourse against the English stage; for the regular theatres of London are asleep in a state of such deep dullness, that he would hardly have been aware of their existence. The legitimate stage, if there be any such thing, yields little profit now, either to audiences or proprietors—one of the minor theatres, the Adelphi, being the only thriving concern; and even *their* success is owing simply to the famous burletta, "Tom and Jerry, or Life in London," which is represented with amazing truth of slang and blackguardism. It has run upwards of one hundred nights, and it is yet an affair of peril to squeeze your way into the pit. This Life in London has been a golden mine to more parties than one. First of all, the publishers of the book, Messrs Sherwood, Neely & Co. netted some thousands by it; then, in the early part of its dramatic career, Mr Watkin Burroughs performed Jerry with such spirit, and appeared so manly in his street encounters at night, that a lady of large property fell in love with and married him, and he left his part to Mr John Reeve, who deserves to be equally lucky. The

proprietors of the Adelphi theatre have already realized L.12,000 by its representation, and are likely to get a great deal more. Mr Pierce Egan, and the Messrs Cruickshanks, have no doubt had their share of this good luck, though much of the merit of the thing rests indisputably with the latter. The *burletta* is worthy of the plates, or rather it is the plates set in motion. Every character is capitally done, with the exception of the Champion of England, who is one of the "persons represented," and who is made by the actor to speak in a Yorkshire, instead of a Somersetshire accent, which is on every account a gross mistake. The scene of "All Max in the East," is well worth seeing by any one who does not mind contemplating filth, and profligacy, and vagabond merriment. The man who performs "Dusty Bob" makes a wonderful fac-simile of a squalid "*coster-monger*," a being made up of gin, rags, occasional starvation, and perpetual knavery.

This drama has fired all the young men about town with an ambition for nocturnal "*sprees*," and for "*milling the Charlies*." The best, however, of the whole business, are the two beautiful women who perform the parts of Jane and Sue, (Miss Hammersley and Mrs Waylett.) If any man is in doubt about the respective merits of our countrywomen, and those from foreign nations, let him go to the opera-house, and after looking at the narrow Signoras and Mademoiselles, come to the Adelphi, and see those two glorious creatures, Jane and Sue, of liberal height and shape, enter the stage from the door of a Somersetshire cottage, at day-break, to the tune of "When the rosy morn appearing." Mrs Waylett is, alas! already married, and therefore cannot end in the wife of a lord or a rich banker, to which her personal merits abundantly entitle her; but then there is Miss Hammersley!

The Italian opera is conducted with much care and activity. Rossini's "La Gazza Ladra" is brought forward again with a partial change, not for the better, in the cast of the parts. Were it not for the great Mozart, Rossini would be the prince of dramatic musical composers; and he shews considerable self-knowledge in being sparing of his songs, and liberal with his *choruses*, and other concerted pieces, in which he approaches nearer than any other musician to the unrivalled master. In his single airs, he is merely refined and ornamental; they have not even a faint shadow of the character, originality, meaning, variety, and deep sentiment, of those of Mozart, who is, in all probability, destined to remain unapproachable. The present company at the opera is well constituted for the representation of the works of Rossini, as it consists of a great portion of good singers, instead of a dazzling "Prima Donna" in the midst of a wretched set of vocalists, which was formerly the case; the concerted pieces, therefore, in the hands of Camporese, Ronzi, Caradori, Curioni, Cartoni, Angrisani, and Placci, go off to admiration. Camporese, especially, is in this way the most effective singer I ever heard on the Italian boards; she sings in tune, and is evidently a good musician. Caradori has been over-rated; she is an interesting singer, but falls lamentably short of Madame Vestris in the part she has assumed in "La Gazza Ladra." She wants knowledge and decision of style; her voice is too innocent for the elaborate music of the Italian opera.

The ballet called "Les Pages du Duc de Vendome," makes up for want of story by an abundance of good dancing. Mercandotti is the heroine, and in the course of the performance dances a bolera, in which something of her native spirit is to be seen; but altogether it is "done into French," —a sad falling off from the original Spanish. "Mercandotti, thou art translated!" Madame Angiolini and Vestris used to perform this national dance in the ballet of "Don Quixote," and it was a hundred times better than the present exhibition of it by Roland and Mercandotti, though that could not have been said when the latter was in this country before. The twelve pages of the Duke are played by twelve women, and very arch and vivacious they are; but they look *too well* as boys, which does not argue much for their figures as women. Is it that the peculiar beauty of the female shape is danced away by excessive practice?

J. J.

THE PARISIAN MIRROR; OR, LETTERS FROM PARIS.

LETTER III.

DEAR SIR, *February* 15, 1822.

As the literature of country is marked with its peculiar characteristics, so the theatrical art must necessarily adopt those shades of character which distinguish the spirit of one nation from that of another. The climate, the manners and particular habits of a people, have necessitated laws founded on their welfare; and, in like manner, dramatic literature, which has unquestionably a great influence on the humour and conduct of the multitude, must have formed its laws on the same principle. The English and the Germans seem to require stronger sensations than the French, on account of the greater degree of apathy in their national character; while the Italian theatre appears to sympathise better with that of the French, from the warmth of imagination in the inhabitants of the south, which differs but little from that of a temperate climate.

During the last thirty years, the wants and manners of the French have changed, and their theatrical system has deeply felt the consequences of this vicissitude; that is to say, that, without violating the fundamental rules of the dramatic art, the revolution of ideas has naturally forced authors to overthrow the barrier which fettered the march of genius, and to trace a new path, in which they have been more or less successful. Historical comedy, unknown a century ago, has arisen on the scene which seemed to hold out the *Misanthrope* and *Tartuffe* as the only models for comic genius. Tragi-comedy opened a new career for dramatic authors; most of them have greatly abused it; and, as imitation is the ordinary resource of mediocrity, they have endeavoured to prove that it is not sufficient to move the feelings of the spectator, but that it is necessary also to satisfy his eyes and his ears; hence sprung the melo-drama, which owes its chief success to decoration, dancing, and music, while talent and interest are only accessories.

But the *melo-drama* itself, now so popular in Paris, has two powerful rivals, the *Vaudeville* and the pantomime. *Le Français né malin créa le Vaudeville*, says Boileau; and, according to this remark, wit and pleasantry, combined with *bon ton*, should form the soul of this species of drama; but these vital ingredients have not of late made their appearance very frequently.

The pantomime, that dear delight of the conquerors of the world, is new in France; for it has only really existed in Paris within these fifteen or twenty years; but some admirable performers, and in particular actresses, have shewn that genius and sensibility are capable of exciting the deepest emotions without any aid from speech.

If the great theatres in Paris often make the enlightened critic regret preceding times, the secondary ones appear anxious to make up for this striking deficiency. Some pretended philosophers have maintained that these *petits spectacles* are prejudicial to the manners and morals of the people; but can there be any harm in laughing at a good joke, or in weeping over an instance of heroic devotion? Is it not a hundred times better to listen to sentiments of virtue and morality in a play, however stupid or silly the piece may be, than to spend the gains of industry and labour in gross debauchery? There is a censorship on the stage which no doubt will prevent the introduction of any immoral or dangerous maxims into the productions of the theatre.

The English and German theatres have contributed not a little of late years to the success of this dramatic revolution in Paris; but as exchanges between nations are the soul of commerce, so these literary contributions probably have a beneficial effect on dramatic literature in general.

You know very well what those dark and narrow boxes are all round a French theatre, which are called *baignoires*, bathing-tubs. Some pretend that this name was given them because one might suppose that a pretty woman with naked shoulders, and nothing but her hair, was really taking a bath there; while others, looking after figures of rhetoric, see in this denomination nothing but a *metonymy* or *a synecdoche*, and maintain that a *baignoire* is synonymous with *étuves*, a stew, because, say they, all the time you are in these boxes you are really in a vapour bath. Whatever may have been

the original idea of the inventors of this appellation for those boxes, or rather cages, in which six individuals come to be shut up every evening, it must be allowed that the peaceable inhabitants of the pit never had a more terrible neighbourhood. A friend of mine, who seldom goes to the theatre, hearing that I was going to the *Vaudeville*, where I have not been for a long time, said to me, "If you go, take care not to be in the centre of the pit; you will get into the midst of a filthy set, without hats, without shirts, covered with grease and dirt,—in short, they call them *les claqueurs;* beware of them." I went and installed myself at the extremity of the pit, near the *baignoires*. Good heavens! what a noise! what a chattering! two scenes were already acted, and I had positively heard nothing but the noise of locks opening and shutting, the going and coming of the *ouvreuses*, the cracking of chairs, and the rustling of silks. "Are you well there?—you had better come here:—you will see much better:—do you know what the play is?—is not my hat in your way? No, *belle dame*, not in the least.—I'm sure it is——stop, I'll take it off—I can assure you I see perfectly well.—It does not signify—see if you can hang it up on that nail." At this moment every head in the pit turned round, and a lengthened *sht* came from every mouth, but the conversation went on all the same. "*Ah! mon dieu*, I have forgot my *lorgnette*—Will you take mine?—I wish you would get me a *tabouret*."—The pit turns round again, *sht, sht*. But the prattle goes on.—"We did not see you yesterday, M. Le Comte.—That's true, an indispensable affair.—(*Chut! donc*)—Oh, what a beautiful seal you have got there!—(*chut! donc*)—Where did you buy it?—(*chut! à la porte*, turn them out.)—I'll get one like it—(*Silence, donc Mesdames!*) for my husband (*à la porte l'insolente!*")—and the curtain dropped.

After all, I had the patience to remain where I was, hoping that a good half hour between the acts would give the ladies time to exhaust their conversation. Vain hope! a terrible whispering went on during the whole of the entertainment. The only words I could hear were *gloire* and *victoire*, *laurier* and *guerrier*, which the actors are in the habit of pronouncing as loud as they can.

Any other man perhaps would have turned round and given a pretty smart rebuke to these indiscreet *baigneuses;* and I should have done it myself, I believe, only a philosophical idea came into my head, that perhaps the most interesting part of the play for me, after all, would be that which was going on behind my back. I listened, therefore, attentively, and before the play was over, I had got a deal of the history of more than twenty ladies who were figuring away in the first rows. I put down their names in my *album*, with the little scandalous chronicle opposite, determined to make a delightful use of the precious information I had thus got for nothing.

At every step almost one takes in Paris one meets with one of those *merveilleux*, whose only talent consists in shewing himself off in a thousand different forms. His memory always enriched with the song of the day, and with some adventure of yesterday evening, the cameleon of the *boudoir*, and eagerly looked for in all the *salons à la mode;* he might almost pass, in some peoples' eyes, for a really clever fellow. But an observer, accustomed to "shoot folly as it flies," does not let himself be dazzled by the brilliant jargon of these well-taught parrots; and notwithstanding the high eulogiums which he hears thrown out on all sides, on this borrowed fluency, he knows how to catch and unmask these contraband troubadours.

The young and dashing S**** C****, for example, whom I met the other day, and who is merely a clerk in a great office, enjoys among the *beau monde* quite a colossal reputation. *Qu'il est aimable!* exclaim the *petites-maitresses* of the Chaussée d'Antin. *Qu'il est gai!* cries out the wife of a *négociant* of the *Rue Saint-Denis*. *Qu'il est spirituel!* says the *chaste moitié* of a notary in the *Isle Saint-Louis*. *Comme il pense bien!* repeats an old *marquise* of the *Faubourg Saint-Germain*. My dear ladies, you are all sadly mistaken: S**** C**** is neither *aimable*, nor *gai*, nor *spirituel*, nor *bien pensant*; *c'est un sot*, but—he is *complaisant*. In fact, watch him at a *bal* in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, you will see him fluttering round the body of the house, and dividing his time between the bets of a *table d'écarté*, the ironical insipidities of a cavalier gallantry, and the stormy discussion of a *projet de loi*.

Do you meet him at the *réunion* of

a *riche marchand*? oh! here's quite another man. He charms the lively *bourgeoises* with comical recitals of intrigues among the ministers and their ladies; he parodies the speeches of the principal speakers in the Chamber of Deputies, or taking up a flute or flageolet that is lying about, he gives them a favourite overture of Rossini, or the eternal duet of *Lucile*.

With the notary of the *Isle Saint-Louis*, seated between an *avoué de première instance* and a *receveur de rentes*, he decides with a doctoral tone on the literary merit of the *Lampe merveilleuse*, and of the *Chien de Montargis*. At the earnest request of the *maitresse du logis*, he will perhaps condescend to inscribe one of his brightest thoughts on the *album* of her eldest daughter, and finishes the *soirée* by murdering on a guitar some well-known tune accompanied with a Spanish song.

But his triumph is in the *Faubourg Saint-Germain*. The old Marquise de **** loves *le wiste*, *Pyrame*, and *la Quotidienne*. Here S**** C**** is admirable; he becomes the *partenaire* of the *Marquise* at a rubber,—extols *Pyrame* to the skies,—reads two whole columns aloud of the blessed *Quotidienne*—what heroism!—what devotion!

Go on, happy S**** C****, with such an agreeable, such a dissipated career. *La complaisance* leads the way to every thing; add only to this virtue, which you possess in such a high degree, a few grains of flattery, and your fortune is made for ever.

All nations like to have a good opinion of themselves, and as one does not even like to be woke out of a pleasant dream, so the illusions of national superiority are often indulged without any real foundation in truth. Thus, the French, for a long time past, have been firmly convinced that their opera is *le premier de l'Europe*, though their own senses, their judgment, and the declarations of some not over-flattering strangers, have repeatedly told them the contrary. Far from me the idea of throwing away ridicule on an establishment so grand and beautiful; and, in a capital like this, so necessary as the opera. There is, indeed, every reason to think that no other opera in Europe surpasses, or even equals, that of Paris, in the beauty of the scenery, the regularity of the drama, the precision of all the manœuvres, the richness, and even the exactness of the decorations and costumes, notwithstanding some slight anachronisms and local faults that are occasionally committed. No where is there so numerous an assemblage of dancers of the first order, or *corps de ballet* so complete and so well disciplined: nothing is really defective in the French opera, nothing but one single important part: the SINGING.

I am not one of those who think that it is absolutely impossible to have good singing in France, and with French words: the example of some performers at the Faydeau, and even at the great opera, might prove the contrary. At the same time, it must be universally allowed, that the French language, not being so melodious nor so sonorous as the Italian, can never hope to rival it in musical effect; but still one would think that the distance is sufficiently great between the softly-sweet warblings of the Italian *bravura*, and the deafening screams of an ordinary French singer, for the establishment of some reasonable medium.

Though the greater number of the singers at the Opera in Paris, agree in singing in general like the joyous roarers of a *cabaret*, the result of which is a fatiguing uniformity, still they are far from having a unity of method, which they only know by name. Their only object is, by violent commotions, to bring forth the applauses of the pit, seven-eighths of which know nothing of music, but, however, are very sure to exclaim after each such exertion of the throat—*quelle voix!* This is the aureola of glory to which the Parisian singer aspires: but it is, at the same time, this very thing which disgusts strangers, and keeps away from the opera all men of taste, who like to hear pure, rational singing, without all this violent agitation of the lungs and throat. How can one distinguish the melody of a composition, or enjoy its beauties, when the street-cries are substituted in place of the work of the composer?

This rage for screaming, in order to make a parade of an extraordinary power of voice, not only deprives the hearers of the charms of music, but, moreover, ruins all the young *débutans*, who have not courage or experience enough to resist the fatal ascendancy of their companions; and in fact every

new singer who comes to the opera with a fine voice and a good method, is sure to lose them. On this account the government is at a very useless expence of enormous sums in getting up the master-pieces of the French opera. Incredible pains are taken to procure fine singers, who become more scarce every day, because the moment they appear at the opera their talent is ruined; so that both government and the musical art lose all the fruit that might be reasonably expected from such exertions and such sacrifices, merely because some silly singers get a posse of barbarians and simpletons to exclaim every moment,—*quelle voix! quelle voix!*

I dined yesterday in a house in the Chaussée d'Antin, from which opulence does not exclude gaiety. A young poet had just sung a new song on the *vieille gloire des braves;* the men were grouping round a député, who had just come from the Chamber, while at the other extremity of the *salon*, two young ladies were preparing to execute a duet of the brilliant Rossini. All of a sudden I recollected that I had a *rendezvous* on particular business at ten o'clock, with a *ci-devant jolie femme* of the faubourg Saint Germain, who has made herself a *romantique*, in order that she may still be something.

I stole away with regret, flew and arrived. A *femme-de-chambre*, who informed me that *Madame* was not yet come back from a meeting of the *Société des Bonnes Lettres*, introduced me into her study, shut the door and left me alone. A lamp with a transparency shed an uncertain and reddish glimmer on the violet draperies of the window. A guitar, flowers, and papers in disorder, covered the table and writing-desk. A *corps de bibliotheque* terminated with a pointed arch, presented a suite of elegant volumes, embellished outside by the tasteful art of the celebrated *Thouverin*. I went near to read the titles, and I perceived in golden letters, on a binding of black morocco—*Jean Sbogar!* Intimidated, I cast my eyes lower down; they fell on the *Corsaire de Byron;* higher up was the *Solitaire*, and in an empty place which I remarked near it, is no doubt destined for the *Renégat*. A *romance* was on the piano, it was the *Brigands de Schiller*.

I confess it, melancholy is not my element. I took a turn or two in the room, a good deal out of humour; I felt myself *déplacé*—for to my shame I must declare it—in this fanciful asylum of the *superstitions du cœur et du vague indéfini de l'existence*. However, I must wait, so I sat down: before me, on a rich reading-desk, was a book not yet cut; I opened it, it was *Vertu et Scélératesse*, or *La Fatalité*. I ran rapidly over the pages, and in a very short time made acquaintance with Don Ramire, chivalric, loyal and faithful; Zoraime, a haughty and passionate woman; Muley, a feeble and suspicious prince; Barbarossa, a pirate and conqueror; and Donna Isabella, a tender and constant mistress, who, nevertheless, espouses not her lover, but another man, because he was too late by an hour to the term of two years and three days, which had been fixed by an inexorable father. With a view to the general interests of society, I could not help applauding this salutary example, which will undoubtedly have the effect of making young men more exact at *rendezvous* in future. But at length came the *véritable heros:* a man stained with crimes, harrowed with remorse, a horrible, execrable monster—in short a renegado!!! Absorbed in this character, I was following with horror the projects and adventures of this *être inconcevable*, when I felt a hand pressing on my shoulder. I screamed out and turned round—it was the mistress of the house laughing at my fright. "By heavens, *Madame*," said I, "the *brigandage* which reigns in French literature at this moment really alarmed me. You, who know so well that the terrible *Jean Sbogar* had a *petite main blanche*, cannot be surprised that you frightened me."

We sat down and proceeded to the business for which I had come. I thought I perceived in the course of the conversation that the worship of the *romantic* muses does not entirely exclude a taste for the realities of life; and that when you talk to a *romantique* of the main chance, she does not look altogether like a being of another world.

The following acrostic on Casimir Delavigne, the successful author of two new tragedies, *Les Vepres Siciliennes*, and the *Paria*, have lately been published by J. B. Claray, professor of French and Latin literature, and member of the *Athénée des Arts*:—

C harmant et rare auteur, qui, monté sur Pégase,
A s franchi les sommets qu'illustra Metastase,
S ophocle de ton siecle, honneur du nom Français,
J' applaudis à tes vers et chante tes succès.
M elpomène elle-même, au temple de mémoire,
I nscrit ton nom célèbre et ta double victoire.
R acine, comme toi, par ses heureux travaux,
D ésespéra l'envie, eclipsa ses rivaux,
E t de la tragédie égala le grand maître.
L e theâtre dans toi vient de le voir renaître,
A ux yeux de tout Paris l'aigle de tes talens
V ers l'immortalité prend de nobles élans.
J e prévois que bientôt la scene dramatique,
G race à toi, reprendra son energie antique:
N otre France t'honore, et les quarante élus
E n toi vont signaler un candidat de plus.

The tragedy of *Sylla*, by Mr Jouy of the Institute, has had a very great run; which is not only to be attributed to its intrinsic merit; for as to that the critics differ; but to the very prevalent idea in Paris, that the character of Sylla was intended as a representation of Bonaparte. The imperial robe, the attitudes and gestures, the look, and even the wig of Talma, who acts Sylla, have all greatly contributed to strengthen this idea; and I fancy there is hardly any body in Paris who doubts that the author and actor both intended to produce this effect. The tragedy has been printed, and has come to a second edition, with a portrait of Talma in the part of Sylla, which is as like the portrait of Bonaparte as possible. The author, however, in his preface to the tragedy, disclaims this intentional parallel of Sylla and Bonaparte altogether, but at the same time draws one of them in prose. In another Letter, I shall perhaps have the pleasure of sending you an analysis and a critical examination of this remarkable dramatic production.

Yours, &c.

Letter IV.

Dear Sir,

February 28, 1822.

I seldom trouble you with politics, but the establishment of the new ministry in this country, about two months ago, is such a remarkable event, that it may be looked upon as a new era in the history of the restoration of the French monarchy. Allow me, therefore, for once, to make some reflexions on the first acts of these ministers, and, in particular, on their project of a new law on the liberty of the press.

The project is announced in the Chamber of Deputies; immediately a most violent storm is raised; prophecies of a revolution, threats against legitimacy, comparisons with foreign catastrophes, the fall of the Stuarts, &c., appeals to the energy of the people; all is set at work, to terrify the government, and to make the ministers draw back. This law, then, surely is an invasion of all rights, a violation of all liberties! It is a law which abolishes the censorship on newspapers, and all other periodical publications! Whatever may be its details, the principle of it at least is generous. Might one not be induced to suspect the good faith of men who call themselves the partisans of a constitutional government, and who, notwithstanding, have been much more violent in their opinions against a law of liberty than ever they were against a law of censorship? No, they are quite sincere; but the truth is, the new law was nothing in all this business; for all this noise there was an ostensible pretext, and a secret reason.

In the first place, the able men of the opposite party are chagrined to see the royalists establishing the liberties of the nation, snatching this weapon from their enemies, and employing it in their own cause; a system which I

always wished to see them adopt, and which can alone fix victory in their ranks.

In the second place, a royalist ministry fixes limits to certain ambitions, and destroys many chimeras. Elections made in virtue of a monarchical law, under a monarchical ministry, promise to be monarchical; and, with these elections, an increasing royalist majority puts an end to hopes that had long been nourished. But a party which feels that in a few months it may have lost its influence, will, of course, make a last effort while it is still in the field. In this desperate position any weapon will do; the liberties of the *charte* are invoked on account of the pestilence at Barcelona; Bayonne is another Coblentz, and the sanitory cordon an army; a measure of precaution, publicly discussed in the face of the sun, is a secret measure against Spain!

Another reason, which seems to have made the discontented lose all patience, is, that some changes which have taken place in the police system, greatly to the advantage of the people, have begun to unhinge and take down that frightful machine which the French inherited from the Revolution. This indeed, may for a time impede the march of the administration, but still they have done it; and certain it is, that the old links are broken, and that there is now reason to hope for a police set in motion by monarchical machinery.

In fine, the masses of the nation remain incorruptible. Some ridiculous conspiracies, fomented by irritable passions and irremediable regrets, may still find a few dupes, but when once they descend to the people and the soldiers, they find nothing but fidelity. The general conspiracy, going on in Europe, and especially in France, which was to burst forth at the moment of a supposed rupture between Russia and Turkey, is an abortion. The prolongation of peace, and the formation of a royalist ministry, made it dart out partially and prematurely in France; but it is no sooner known than it is no longer to be found. Those, therefore, who are so little instructed by the past, as still to think without horror on political commotions, have no hope for the future; and the fate which seems to threaten Spain will hardly induce the French to think of running again round the bloody circle of their former follies. The Revolution is dead in France; certain principles, which cannot restore it to life, may perhaps agitate it for a time in the grave; like that electrical power, which cannot raise the dead, but by the help of which one may give frightful convulsions to a corpse.

The ministry remained firm in the midst of this storm; and in a few days more this legislative fever will be succeeded by profound repose. The vehement discourses and desperate declamations that were poured forth in the Chamber do not belong to the times we live in, and they recall recollections one cannot think of without horror. If they were addressed to those without, it was very vain; for they affect nobody; and their effect is over with the debate which excited them. What will be the result of all this violence and agitation? The abolition of the censorship, and a much greater degree of freedom of the press.

The ministry, by this single act, has merited the thanks of all those who are sincerely attached to the constitutional liberties of their country, and who consider those liberties as a pledge of the public tranquillity. In less than six weeks, this new administration, the object of so much distrust and of so many sarcasms, has acquired a strength which superficial minds did not expect, but which, however, it was not difficult to foresee. A ministry formed according to one of the two great opinions in France—a ministry which began its career by abolishing the last law of exception to the *charte*, immediately placed itself in its natural political order; and all natural order is durable: yielding to the impulse of new institutions, instead of thwarting them, its power is increased by all the power of those institutions themselves. The consequence of this true position was quick and perceptible. The public funds rose rapidly; a striking majority declared itself; and the liberty of the press, which was to set every thing in a flame, and destroy every thing, with which it was impossible to govern, took place without being perceived, as soon as the ministers shewed themselves courageous enough to submit their acts and their persons to the scrutiny of public opinion.

Such a ministry has little to fear for its duration, and could only fall by one or other of these faults; if it departed from monarchical ideas, or if it exaggerated them. In the first case, it would alarm *la France ancienne*, and men more monarchical than the ministers would soon rise up on the *coté droit*, who would turn them out; in the second case, it would shock *la France nouvelle*, and bring on the triumph of the moderate men of the *coté gauche*. Till then the present ministry is safe.

The *Marvellous Lamp of Aladdin* has made its appearance at the grand French Opera, which, you know, is called, in Paris, by the singular name of the Royal Academy of Music. Never was the first representation of a dramatic work preceded by so many dolorous and remarkable facts. Nicolo, who was composing the music of it, and who was scarcely thirty years of age, was suddenly carried off by death. This musical performance—the object of his dearest hopes, which was to place him in the first rank of modern musicians, while it would have certainly raised much higher the great reputation he had already acquired by a number of operas which have enriched the lyric scene—this fine composition was only half finished.

Benincori, equally commendable for his talents and his modesty, was chosen to terminate the music of the *Wonderful Lamp*, and he gave himself up with ardour to the task confided to him. The Opera was already ordered for representation, and some rehearsals had been made, when, just as he was on the point of enjoying the merited recompence of his labours, inexorable death also snatched him away.

I shall tell you nothing new by informing you that the subject of the Wonderful Lamp is very well known. Different theatres have long since taken possession of this ingenious fairy tale, which is borrowed from one of those admirable books, in which we find all the brilliant and fertile imagination of the East. The Arabian Nights have enriched all the theatres in Europe. Though strangers to dramatic representation, the Arabs have pointed out to us the most picturesque situations; but it is only an able hand that can seize and develope the delicate shades. At the Opera, especially, an ingenious idea reaches the spectators much less by the beauty of the style than by some rapid stroke which flashes on the sight. It does not seem that morality, philosophy, nor even poetical allegory, in however gay, lively, or interesting colours they might be exhibited, could ever have much success at the Opera. Dancing, music, decoration, scenery, and all its other brilliant appendages, are by far the most striking parts of this grand spectacle.

Aladdin, a young fisherman of Ormus, is in love with the Princess Almanie. He had the rare felicity to see her first during the night when her palace was in flames, and he ran to her assistance. Since that time her image pursues him in his dreams, and he never ceases, in his boat, and even when asleep, to sing of his love, and to sigh for another smile. The *Cadi* of Prince Timorken comes to Aladdin, and orders him to demolish his hut, which happens to be on the road of the sublime Prince who is going to espouse the Princess Almanie. Aladdin some time after appears again on the stage, with a little antique lamp, and relates that he has just saved an unfortunate man, who was carried away by the rapid current of the river; and that this mysterious personage gave him, as a mark of gratitude, a marvellous talisman, which leaves him nothing to wish for. In fact, he touches a spring of the lamp, and it immediately becomes lighted. The theatre is filled with genii, and Isminor, one of them, on a car adorned with the attributes of light, informs him that he is the person whose life Aladdin saved; that his destiny is attached to the *Lampe Merveilleuse*, but that if it should be extinguished, it would pass into the hands of another, who would be the master of it and of him. The *Cadi* returns with his people to destroy the cottage, but Aladdin, who had raised an army, drives him off, defeats Prince Timorken, and obtains the hand of Almanie. But, in a nuptial interview, the lamp, which Aladdin can never quit, and which lights up of itself in the middle of the night, astonishes the princess, and she determines to leave him. Aladdin, overcome with love, puts out the lamp himself, when the genii of darkness, headed by Timorken, seize it, and Aladdin is condemned to be precipitated from a tower. Almanie is now to marry Timorken, but she gets hold of the lamp in her turn,

and the first use she makes of it is to deliver Aladdin.

The work met with the most brilliant success, and nothing could be more magnificent than the decorations and costumes, which are said to have cost 150,000 francs, about 6000 guineas. The spectators of the grand opera never witnessed, I believe, a more superb and elegant spectacle. The most remarkable pieces of scenery were three palaces; that of Aladdin, in the third act, the bronze palace of Timorken in the fifth act, and, lastly, the palace of light, at the extremity of which was a moving sun. I must not forget to mention, that the new lustre, on this occasion, was lighted with hydrogen gas, which had a most brilliant effect.

Two interesting and pretty voluminous notices have lately been published on an antique statue in the Museum of the Louvre, which is called *Venus Victorieuse*. This statue, of Parian marble, was discovered in the Greek island of Milo, in 1820, was transported to Paris the year following, and presented to the King by the Marquis de la Riviere, French ambassador at the Ottoman court.

The author of these two notices, M. Quatremere de Quincy, of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, and the Comte de Clarac, Conservator of the Museum of Antiques, are not of the same opinion respecting the composition, and the primitive destination of the statue. Such discrepancies, you know, are not uncommon, even among the most renowned antiquaries. However, these two learned gentlemen are unanimous in thinking that this work, notwithstanding the damage it has experienced, is really a production of the golden age of the fine arts in Greece, and all the connoisseurs who have seen it agree with them. In fact, among all the fine statues of this kind, which time has allowed to reach us, there is perhaps none worthy to be compared to this, if not for the fineness, the purity, and the correctness of the forms, at least for the grandeur of the style, the fulness of the naked parts, and, above all, for the beauty of the execution, which, every where ample and mellow, is at the same time disengaged from those useless details, that individual imitation, which the sentiment of ideal beauty always rejects.

The upper part of the statue is entirely naked down to the waist, all the rest below is covered with an elegant drapery. The two arms have been almost entirely destroyed, so that what remains of them is only sufficient to shew that the figure had a very prominent attitude. But what was its motion or action? The authors of the two notices have each their system, which they support by ingenious hypotheses, and reasons that appear well-founded; nevertheless, notwithstanding all their conjectures, there is nothing on this point but doubt and uncertainty. But as it is evident that there would have been a want of equilibrium between the different parts of the statue, if it had not had a resting point, which it seems to be seeking for, we may come to the conclusion, that it was not originally destined to figure alone on a pedestal. This is the opinion of Mr Quatremere de Quincy, who presumes, and even thinks he can affirm, that it belonged to a group of two figures, and was thus in relation with the god of war, and was soothing his savage temper. He cites, in support of his opinion, two or three antique groups representing the same subject with a remarkable conformity.

The Comte de Clarac is not altogether of the same way of thinking; having ascertained that the drapery of the statue is as much finished on the side where the second statue is supposed to have been, he concludes that both were insulated. The two statues, according to him, were not contiguous, but at a certain distance from each other, perhaps opposite. The supposed statue, says M. de Clarac, may have been Mars, Paris, Adonis, or one of the two goddesses over whom Venus has just obtained a victory.

After all, this question, which is difficult to resolve, is not the most important object. The essential point for the satisfaction of amateurs, and for the progress of the art of sculpture, is the acquisition of a masterpiece, the superiority of which cannot be denied, not only over that crowd of antiques collected with so much care, and transported at such expence, the chief merit of which is often nothing but their antiquity, but over the very small number of choice pieces, worthy of being held forth as models of taste and execution.

Besides the arms of the Venus of Milo, which are wanting, some other parts are more or less injured; but all the rest is as well preserved as could be expected, after twenty centuries of ravages and vicissitudes. It is to be hoped, indeed, that this rare production may be scrupulously preserved in the state of degradation in which it has been transmitted to us, and that no rash hand will attempt to restore what time has destroyed. Not that the French are without able statuaries, but I should scarcely think any of them would have the pretention to continue or finish a work of Praxiteles, if, to be sure, this piece may really be attributed to that celebrated sculptor, or to one of his school, as the two ingenious antiquaries above mentioned presume.

The Venus of Milo was exhibited for some time in the *Musée des Antiques* in the Louvre, near the Diana of Ephesus. It has since been transported to the upper story, and placed in the round hall which precedes the Gallery of Apollo; but the public are not admitted there at present, as some decorations are going on which will soon be finished.

Numerous pamphlets and literary essays, both in prose and verse, have been published respecting Bonaparte since his death; but none of them, perhaps, are worthy of much notice, except an Ode or lyrical poem on the death of Napoleon by *Lebrun*, author of the tragedies of *Ulysses and Marie Stuart*. Educated at the *Prytanée francais*, by the benevolence of Bonaparte, this author has interrupted the course of his silent studies, to celebrate his benefactor, and to throw a garland on his tomb.

Incapable of disturbing the tranquillity of any individual, and very far from wishing to offend any thing that is now respected in France, the author of this Ode has thought it right to reveal to the public his impressions and involuntary impulses on receiving the intelligence of the unexpected death of Bonaparte.

Madame la Marquise de Montpezat, who died here lately, was a native of Provence, and endowed with all the vivacity and sensibility which is observable in the natives of that southern region. She was an authoress, but never put her name to her works; and was well acquainted with Tacitus and Horace, who were her favourite authors. The following anecdotes will give you some idea of her imagination and feeling. She had a friend for whom she had the greatest esteem, but who lived a great way from her. For many years she wrote him a letter every day; at length she had the misfortune to lose him, but notwithstanding, she continued to write to him every day, for two or three years, as if he had been alive. A friend remonstrating with her on this strange proceeding, she said: *Il y a des morts qui nous entendent mieux que beaucoup de ces êtres qui se croient vivans.* There are deceased persons who understand us much better than many of those beings who think themselves alive. This lady was implicated in the conspiracy of Pichegru, and was put into prison. Hearing some beggars one day asking for charity under her window, she immediately looked for some money for them, but found she had none. She directly began to strip off almost all her clothes, and thrust them through the bars of her window, saying to those who were with her, "We must give something to these poor people, they are in want of every thing, and we want nothing but liberty."

The joyous Carnival, which lasted this year only fifteen days, has passed off very quietly with all its masquerades, its harlequins and scaramouches, its masked balls *of twelve hours*, as they are called, which last all night, and the grand annual procession of the Fat Ox, with all its motley accompaniments of buffoonery, which is the glory of Paris, and the pride and joy of the *Boulevards* for three whole days together. A grand improvement was made in the procession of the Fat Ox this year for the first time. Formerly, the child who represents Cupid used to sit in a chair on the back of the ox; but this year the ox was led first covered with a fine pall, and Cupid sat in a canopied throne, fixed on a triumphal car, in which there were other smiling loves like himself. This arrangement is much more comfortable for the child, and is an additional embellishment to the parade and pomp of the procession. Some persons pretend that there were not so many masks as usual; that masquerades are going out of fashion, &c. &c., but I look upon this as only a touch of party spirit, to make us believe that the people are unhappy and discontented.—I am, &c.

RHAPSODIES OVER A PUNCH-BOWL.

By PADDY from CORK, with his Coat Buttoned Behind.

No. I.

[*Scene.* THE SHINING DAISY.—*Time 5 o'clock, A.M.—Audience Asleep.*]

DIOGENES (see Lempriere) took a lantern in his hand, and sought all over Athens for an honest man. If he had found one, I know his first question would have been, "Ὠγαθε, is not this a world full of humbug?" and the honest man's answer must have been, "Yes, truly, Diogenes; and you, with your tub and your lantern, are the finest piece of humbug in the whole of it." Now, in regard to the professional critics of the present day, it appears to me that any given member of their sect resembles very much Diogenes strolling up and down the town with his dark lantern in his hand, exclaiming against *humbug*, and trying to pass himself off upon the women and children crossing the streets as a person in pursuit of *honesty*. I *am* the honest man they all pretend to have been seeking after: and none of them in reality ever did seek for me: but here I am—and I tell each and all of them that they themselves *are* the very humbug they pretend to detest, and let me see which of them it is that will have the assurance to bandy any more words with me. I assure you I will "cleave his beaver with a downright blow," and not imagine myself to have merited a second long cork neither. Methinks I can vividly and briefly pourtray to myself how I should deal with them! how finely I would illustrate Coriolanus' saying, "It is better to follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf, than to flatter him in a bower."

And, first of the first, let us imagine for a moment (for, as Pantagruel says, "now is the very time for sweet imaginations") let us suppose that the most atrabilious Lord Protector of the Quarterly came forth at my asking. I would question him, although you may perhaps think, that, as was said of Shylock of old, "one might as well use question with the wolf." I would venture, however, for all his growling; for I know very well "he would not be a wolf, but that he sees the Romans be but sheep." I would begin on the true Socratic principle, and get him to go along with me in all my examination of the affairs of his rivals; and then, still adhering to the same principle, I would turn upon him in such a way that he should find himself most woefully entangled,—and, if I mistake not, look, with all his long teeth, very like "a hairy fool that hath ta'en a hurt from the hunters." I will not trouble you with the cunning method by which I should inveigle him: but I will tell you what the end of it should be: and do you, my good friend, write this down for gospel *meo periculo*. What things I should make him confess!

I would make him own, in the first place, that the Quarterly Review is conducted upon no plan whatever; that it is written by a great number of men,—no two of their number holding any thing like the same set of opinions about almost any one of those great questions in literature, without unity and the air and influence of unity, as to the which no literary journal ever did or ever can produce an effect honest, direct, comprehensive;—by far the greater part of them not only totally ignorant of these matters,—but, speaking in a large and philosophic sense, totally ignorant of literature, and perfectly incapable of forming any opinion worth one straw upon any one thing that deserves to be considered as a literary subject. I would not condescend, however, to give myself much trouble, or him much pain, by bringing out his confessions in regard to his *canaille*. It would serve my turn quite well enough to make him speak the truth about the very first of the band—himself included and I think I should find means to make him do so.

What is the opinion of the Quarterly Review upon any given subject? It is possible that it may be the opinion of *nobody*: at the very best, it is the opinion of Mr Southey, or of Mr another person, (who must be pleased,)

Gifford himself. Now, I have much respect for the talents of each of these two gentlemen, but from which of them is it, that either I or any sensible man would care much to hear an opinion upon two-thirds of the matters that do, or should fall to be discussed in a journal of the general literature of England? Suppose, for a moment, such a book as Pope's Dunciad were to be published to-morrow, Mr Southey, even though he did not find himself mentioned in it, would infallibly toss up his nose and pronounce it the work of a man of no imagination—no originality—no poetry. Mr Gifford would not in his heart like it, because he would feel, after reading two full pages, that all was over with his Bæviad and Mæviad. How would this work be reviewed in the Quarterly?

It would not be reviewed by any hearty fellow, because he would know that he could not express his true opinion of it without offending Southey and Gifford in the first place, and without saying things that could not fail to appear quite absurd, and out of place in the Quarterly Review, in the second. How could a sharp witty satirist be praised with any honesty or effect in a journal, the prime supporter of which is the author of "the Vision of Judgment,"—in a journal where you find Milman extolled as a first-rate poet the one number, and Shelley run down as no poet at all the next—in a journal where you find Waverley and Guy Mannering treated as works of very slender merit (the second of them indeed as little better than a piece of silliness)—and Ivanhoe lauded to the third heavens,—in a journal where William Hazlitt is talked of as a mere prattling ninny, and Signor Ugo Fudgiolo as one of the greatest geniuses in Europe?

It would not be reviewed by Mr Gifford, because Mr Gifford, though not at all delighted with the book, could not for his life be blind to its merits; and although he might also have many private reasons for not wishing to speak the truth, I do the splenetic Mr Gifford the justice to say, that I do not believe he is capable of sitting down gravely to write in his own person what he feels to be untrue.

Mr Southey would receive the book at Keswick by his next mail-coach parcel, and I think he might very possibly set about reviewing it. But then he would speak such utter nonsense about it, that Mr Gifford would not hear of its being inserted. They would laugh over it for a day or two,—particularly if it were written in hexameters, or contained any bulletin of the state of Mr Southey's family,—and then the *article* would either be put in the fire, or inclosed under a blank cover to "the British," in the view of helping my poor grandmother's pot to boil for a day or two longer, or, perhaps, of extinguishing the old body's life altogether in the smoke.

This is, however, a very unfair way of putting the thing: for few things are less likely than the appearance of a Dunciad in an age when there is so little besides duncery. There is no need of imagining or supposing any thing. Just look at what is, and you will be satisfied. Look, for example, at Mr Milman, writing three or four articles every year in the Quarterly, and, for his pains, having one article in the year written in praise of himself by some friend of his own. Look at Mr Mitchell writing two dissertations on Aristophanes in the Quarterly Review: and then turn to the next number of the Quarterly, and see Mr Mitchell praised through thirty pages, (no matter how justly and deservedly), for a translation of Aristophanes, to which these very dissertations of his have been prefixed. See Reginald Heber writing regularly in the Review, and his poetry,—Reginald Heber's pretty college-prize-poetry,—quoted—absolutely quoted,—in the Quarterly Review.—Look at Reginald Heber puffing Robert Southey, and Robert Southey puffing Reginald Heber. Look at authors dedicating their books to Mr Gifford, and Mr Gifford reviewing their books either by himself or by his true legitimate vassals—his nameless knot-headed templars and curates!—It all goes the same way in the Edinburgh; yes, and in the inferior journals, inferior animals trudge defiled still more damnably, the same vile path on which they canter. Behold Sir James Macintosh filling a hundred pages of the Edinburgh Review, with his insipid, fifty-times-distilled nonsense about reform; and then remember, if you can, the multitude of notes and parentheses, in which the Edinburgh Review insinuates that Sir James is destined

to be the true Livy, Sallust, and Tacitus, (all in one,) of Great Britain. Look at Mr Brougham, who has lived, in a great measure, for twenty years of his life, by writing in the Edinburgh Review, and see with what face he can bear to hear the Edinburgh Review puffing him as the "immortal statesman and legislator" of the age. See the radical Examiner praising the borough-mongering Edinburgh Review, and the Pope-worshipping Edinburgh Review praising the little painted crockery-pots of Mr Leigh Hunt. See Hazlitt writing in the Edinburgh Review, and Hazlitt praised in the Edinburgh Review. See Wordsworth quizzed in the Edinburgh Review, and Keates and Cornwall patted on the back in it.—[Poor Keates! I cannot pass his name without saying that I really think he had some genius about him. I do think he had something that might have ripened into fruit, had he not made such a mumbling work of the buds—something that might have been wine, and tasted like wine, if he had not kept dabbling with his fingers in the vat, and pouring it out and calling so lustily for quaffers, before the grounds had time to be settled, or the spirit to be concentrated, or the flavour to be formed. Still poorer Barry! The Edinburgh Review compares you to Lord Byron. Upon my honour you ought not to swallow such utter humbug. You are very far from being, or even for promising to be even a Keates; for there is more merit in thrumming on the craziest spinnet in the world, however miserably, than in making the prettiest barrel-organ in the world "discourse excellent music."]

Now, these things are all very bad, but they are merely the bad things of detail. The system out of which they proceed is the real evil, and, unless the system be guarded against, there is no more use in pointing out the subordinate absurdities, than there is in cropping off the head of a toadstool, and leaving the vile root in the ground. The whole system of your modern journal is a piece of utter dishonesty from the foundation. The only supposition upon which any man of sense would put any faith in such a work, is the supposition that it speaks to the particulars of literature from the generals of literature—that it considers individual works in relation to the whole literary treasures of the world, and pronounces of them accordingly—that it expresses, concerning every thing, the judgment of the same spirit or spirits, judging of every thing on the same principles, and by the same standards. No English journal has ever exhibited any thing like what I would wish to describe; but they have all exhibited its contraries,—(even Blackwood has done so,)—and so you may form some notion of what I would say. Without unity of principle and purpose, nothing honest can be accomplished; and pray, what unity, either of literary principle, or of literary purpose, can any one suppose to exist in a work, in which it is the toss-up of a halfpenny, whether a new poem shall be reviewed by Mr Southey, or Mr Milman, or Mr Gifford, or Mr Croker,—or by Mr Jeffrey, or Mr Brougham, or Sir James Macintosh, or Mr Hazlitt. It is utter nonsense to talk about Editors, and to say that they, as things go, can model what passes through their hands, so as to make every thing express, upon the whole, or in the main, their own opinion. If it were so in regard to such Editors as I have been speaking of, it would be no great matter; but it is not so, and it never can be so, unless "all old things pass away," and the Edinburgh and Quarterly become as much forgotten as two "withered scrolls." Who supposes that the editor of a Review can afford to give serious disgust to a regular, clever, and effectual writer in his book?—that Mr Gifford would afford to damn an author, patronized really and *du bon cœur* by Mr Southey—or to refuse praising such an author, if Mr Southey chose to make a point of it? There may, for ought I know, be not one, nor three, but three dozen literary men, in regard not only to one and all of whom, but to one and all of whose friends, Mr Gifford feels himself as effectually fettered as if he were tied with all the cords that Sampson broke, and that nobody but Sampson could have dreamed of breaking. It must be just the same with Mr Jeffrey; indeed he himself, in one of his late Reviews, had the candour to say, almost in so many words, that it is so. To please one person, an editor must puff *this* man; and, if he have to do with men of a certain sort of temper, there is perhaps no way of pleasing

but by DAMNING *that* man, and *ainsi va le monde.* Not Creevy himself could compute the extent to which the ramifications of this vile system may extend—nor calculate from how many scores of dirty puddles the same trimly-foliaged poison-tree may be sucking its continual nutriment.

My Lord Byron, in that prime specimen of humbug, his Letter to Bowles, gives that gentleman a castigation for his complaint to Mr Gifford, on the subject of an article in the Quarterly Review on Spence's Anecdotes. Mr Bowles wrote a letter to Mr Gifford, lamenting over some cuts at a publication of his own in that article, and wondering how such cuts could have been permitted against a publication which he says Mr Southey, "the most able and eloquent writer in the Quarterly Review, approved." Lord Byron tells Mr Bowles, that it was a very foolish thing of him to imagine that the Quarterly Review either does, or pretends to express the opinions of *one man,* and lauds, in a certain sort, the impartiality of the editor of the Quarterly, who allowed Mr Bowles to be cut up, even though Mr Southey approved of Mr Bowles. Mr Bowles is, indeed, somewhat too sensitive, and he never shewed that more clearly, than by making any complaint to any body at all about such a matter as a cut in a Review. But if he had been to make any complaint upon this paltry occasion, he should evidently have addressed it, not to Mr Gifford, but to Mr Southey; for nothing could ever make Southey and Gifford think in the same way of Pope; but every body knows, that if Mr Southey had chosen to put himself to any trouble, there would have been no such thing as any cuts at Mr Bowles in the Quarterly Review. There is Mr Wordsworth now, who has blasphemed all his life against Pope; why was no notice taken of the blasphemy of such a sturdy heretic as this, while such grievous notice was taken of Mr Bowles? Does not every body know that Wordsworth was spared, because the Quarterly Reviewers know any attack upon the first of Lakers would infallibly offend the second of the Lakers? and that Mr Bowles was sacrificed, because they knew that Laker the second would not care one single hexameter for the fate of Mr Bowles? *Patet;* this is all as clear as possible. There is humbug on every hand, and I know not where there is most of it. There is much humbug in the article in the Quarterly Review, although Lord Byron calls it "able;" for there is more sense in three lines of Lord Byron's own pamphlet, than in the whole of its smartness. There is much humbug again in any pretence, (either from the Quarterly or Lord Byron) that Pope stands in need of being defended—for nobody abuses Pope except Wordsworth and Southey, whom every body pities for conceit and prejudice, and Barry Cornwall, and the like, whom every one despises for utter incapacity. There is some humbug in Mr Bowles's pathetic address to Mr Gifford; and there is also very exquisite humbug in Lord Byron's method of commenting on that performance.

I say there is exquisite humbug; and Lord Byron knows it is; and I confess this is one piece of his Lordship's humbug, to discover the motive of which I am excessively puzzled. Perhaps it was only to try what people would swallow—but people have not swallowed, and never will swallow, an assertion from Lord Byron, that he (Lord Byron) thinks, if the English nation were to perish, Milton and Shakespeare "would perish along with it, and Pope survive." If the English nation were to perish to-morrow, I have no doubt each of those three poets would survive, because the French and Italians would take care of Pope, and the Germans and other bibbers of Rhenish would take exceeding good care of the rest. But if Lord Byron had really looked back on the history of other literatures, I don't say he would not have formed, but he would not have ventured to feign such an opinion as this about the probable fate of English literature in a very improbable situation. If he had asked himself, for example, who they are that have survived the national ruin of the Greeks and Romans, what would he have found? Would he not have found, that the authors, which are the greatest favourites with the world now, are precisely those who stood to the people for whom they wrote most nearly in the same relations in which Milton and Shakespeare do now stand to the English people? Is Shakespeare more decidedly an English author than

Homer or Aristophanes was a Greek author? Is his spirit more decidedly English than theirs Greek? Is his language more intensely English than theirs was Greek? Is Milton, either in thought or in style, more peculiarly an English author than Plato is a Greek author? Never was any species of *hum* more entirely exploded, than that old Frenchified species of abusing authors for addressing themselves, with all their pith and power, to the peculiar nations of whose "mother tongues" they make use. All authors must do so, if they are to produce a great effect while they are new, and, in spite of what Byron says, if they are to sustain their character with posterity. If I were a civilized African or American, living in the year of God four thousand and twenty-two, I would feel more curiosity to read an English author expressing fervidly the spirit, character, manners, and habits of the English people, as they existed in the year 1822, than I would to read any piece of *didactic* poetry, or *didastic* prose, that ever has been, or ever will be produced, either in England or in any other country under heaven. Take even a didactic author, and ask of yourself what is the part of his works you feel most interest in reading. What do you read the oftenest in Cicero?—not surely his dissertations about the *utile* and the *pulchrum*, but his speeches which lay before us the picture of a high-bred Roman's mind, as affected by matters of Roman interest—and his letters, which shew how a great man, of a nation extinct for so many centuries, conducted himself in his private circle—how he addressed himself to his friend—his son—his daughter. What is it you read with most interest in Pope himself? Not certainly his exquisite versifications of Lord Bolingbroke's didactic prose, but his much more exquisite pictures of manners and characters observed by his own keen eye, and peculiarly English—his letters—his satires—his Rape of the Lock—any thing rather than his Essay on Man, or his Elegy on the Unfortunate Lady—the very two of his works that one could the most easily imagine to have been written not by an Englishman; and if the French and Italians be not of the same way of thinking about Pope, that is only one instance more that there is very little of just or tasteful criticism in France and Italy. Take any other author of the present day, and apply the principle to him. Is there any man now living, or will there be any man living a hundred years hence, who would rather read Campbell's verses against scepticism than his "British Soldier's Dream?" Is there any body who wishes Sir Walter Scott to publish three volumes of Sermons every three months? Does any one prefer Lord Byron's un-English verses on Talavera, to his English verses upon Waterloo? Who likes Wordsworth, when he writes of "man," and "fate," and "loyalty," and "religion?"—And who does not like him when he describes a common Cumberland beggar, travelling his rounds in a sequestered valley, carrying the news of one hamlet to another, and so forming a sort of bond between the good English country people, who give him their alms? No—There is nothing for it but sticking to life and nature, and the people we live among. By not doing so, Mr Southey has written many heavy scores of dead and dying books; and, by doing so, he has written one that is life and health all over, and bids fair for immortality—his Life of Nelson.

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ADAM BLAIR.*

It is not possible to take up a volume that treats of Scottish character, under the guise of fictitious narrative, without thinking of the genius and achievements of the great Unknown. A sort of unconscious comparison is made, as we proceed in the perusal of any such work, between the representations there given, and those which have already held us enthralled in delight and wonder. And we have no doubt, that such comparison, if necessarily prolonged by similarity of subject, could not but prove fatal to the success of any new writer, however powerful his genius. But, on the other hand, if it be immediately dismissed from the view, and the work which at first occasioned it, appear to be one original in its subject and execution, and in no way interfering with, or trespassing upon the provinces of the Magician, though belonging to the same land, then the effect produced on the reader by that unconscious comparison, is a genial one, and the new author enjoys the benefit of it, in meeting with an earnest and an eager attention. We are pleased to find that he is not an imitator; and equally so, to find that he has opened up to us unsuspected sources of amusement or instruction, in a region familiar to us, and of which we had perhaps supposed we already knew the extent, or at least the nature of all the riches.

Such was the case with us when we first read the "Annals of the Parish." The author spoke of Scotland, and of nothing else. Every thing was Scottish. Yet no one could have discovered that he had ever read the works of our great national novelist. The scenery—the characters—the incidents—the reflections—the feelings—all were different, as if they had belonged to another people, and another land, yet were they all perfectly true to the same. "The Annals of the Parish," were absurdly and ignorantly said, in the Quarterly Review, to belong (we forget how) to what are called the Scotch Novels. It is true that they were published after about fifty of these volumes; but they have no other relation to them, than of time and place. Accordingly the "Annals of the Parish," is a book which will keep its station in our literature. Its claims are not high or obtrusive. But it is original, and true to nature, and therefore it must live.

Unless we are greatly mistaken, the very remarkable volume, entitled, "Some Passages in the Life of Mr Adam Blair," possesses this independent and original character. Every page of it is Scottish—yet there is not in it all one page that seems to have been suggested by any picture or representation in the great Novels. In like manner, its principal character is a Scottish clergyman, and drawn with great power and truth, yet those who have rested with calm satisfaction on the simple, innocent, and primitive character of Micah Balwhidder, in the Manse of Dalmailing, will be no less pleased to be introduced to the impassioned, erring, and interesting Adam Blair in that of the parish of Cross-Meikle.

The author of this book seems to be a man possessing very deep insight into the passionate nature of the human soul; and has ventured to place the entire interest of his work, it may be said, on the display of passion in one obscure individual. He keeps close to his subject, and feels his power over it. His picture is never feebly drawn, though sometimes the colours are laid on with a somewhat too dashing hand; and though there are passages in this volume that will bear comparison with the most vivid and forcible delineations of human nature to be found in our literature, yet the general impression left on the reader's mind by the whole, is, that the author is easily capable of better and greater things, and cannot fail, if he chooses to exert his noble powers to the utmost, to take his place in the first rank of modern genius.

We are aware, that out of Scotland, the incident on which the whole interest of this narrative rests, may scarcely seem suited or equal to produce that utter prostration of mind,

* Some Passages in the Life of Mr Adam Blair. Post 8vo. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood; and T. Cadell, London. 1822.

and that long remorse, which are here so ably depicted. But the sanctity of the clerical character, owing to many causes, is in Scotland a part of the national belief and feeling; and such violation of it as Adam Blair is guilty of, necessarily involves the perpetrator in almost irremediable ruin, and gives a shock to the whole moral and religious associations of every mind in the country. In Scotland, therefore, such a crime committed by a minister of religion, be the circumstances what they may, is a sufficient ground on which to build up a story, terminating in the most fatal and rueful catastrophes. We make this remark, because, without insinuating in the most remote degree, that such a crime is held light in any other civilized and Christian country, yet it is certain, that even in England, for example, a country of which the clergy are, generally speaking, a most moral class of men, and where no immoral clergyman can escape contempt, the banishment and sufferings of Adam Blair will be considered by many as too great for his sin; whereas, in Scotland, his sin will be considered by many as too great to justify his restoration to his sacred office, even after years of humiliation and repentance.

Unless it be deeply and truly felt that the crime of which Adam Blair has been guilty must have produced in his mind an incurable and overwhelming remorse, and also utterly ruined and degraded him in his sacred profession, this book cannot powerfully affect the reader, for it must then appear to give an exaggerated account of an unnatural state of mind. But to all who feel otherwise, its character must be tragic. To them it will seem, with a just representation of human nature in the abstract, to combine much that is interesting, pathetic, and beautiful, in individual character and situation in life. Just as cowardice is a vital sin in a soldier, they will feel incontinence to be so in a minister of religion; but while the character of the first, once degraded and disgraced, seems irretrievable, even in imagination, that of the latter may outlive its shame and its guilt, and reappear, after a due period of penitence, as pure and more solemn than before, combining the melancholy and mournful associations of human temptation, trial, and transgression, with those of renovated hope, meek faith, and humble piety. To awaken such feelings, and to imprint such impressions, seems to have been the aim and object of the author of "Adam Blair;" and although we think he has occasionally failed in the subordinate details, in the main he has been eminently successful.

Adam Blair, the actor and sufferer in this little volume, is a Scottish clergyman, settled in his small quiet Manse, in a small quiet parish. He has been married for ten years to the woman whom he tenderly loved, and who was worthy of his love. He has been perfectly happy—and we may say, perfectly virtuous. But his children die one by one of consumption—all but his sweet Sarah; and the mother, from whom they inherited that beautiful and fatal disease, soon follows them to the grave. Then a new and a different life lies upon Adam Blair—a life of gloom, sadness, silence, and desolation, instead of light, glee, music, and happiness. Hitherto he had been supported on the wings of happiness in the calm air of peace; but now he must support himself. Hitherto his soul was calm, but now there are waves; and he perceives and feels that a man's nature is not known to him until it has been tried in affliction as well as enjoyment. But Adam Blair is a sincere believer in that Christianity which he has taught; and therefore, though sad and dejected, even miserable at times, and in despair, yet his soul is strengthened by devotion; and when he looks on his only young and beautiful daughter, he is willing to face the light, and to endure existence. The first chapters of the volume describe this bereavement, this agony, and this resignation. They describe it beautifully and well; nor do we know where could be found united so much tenderness and so much passion. The author gains our hearts at the first meeting; and we feel—not that we have formed an acquaintance, but that we have found a friend, who has an original and interesting character, and will soon possess a close hold on our affections.

While the widower is in this state of mind, and in solitude, one whom he had known in former happy days, and who had been bride's-maid to her he has lost, offers a visit, and comes to the Manse of Cross-Meikle. This

s Mrs Campbell, the wife of a Highland gentleman and soldier. When Charlotte Bell, a young, sparkling, gleesome, and beautiful girl, she had loved—truly loved, Adam Blair's wife; and it would seem, in her heart, Adam Blair himself; but this was but a dream. Charlotte Bell had made a runaway marriage with a young Englishman, who, soon ceasing to be enamoured, and deserting her, had been, by the accommodating law of Scotland, divorced. Young Mrs Arden lost no time in marrying Captain Campbell; but neither did this union prove happy; and at the time she visits the Manse of Cross-Meikle, she comes before us in a somewhat mysterious and doubtful character. We feel that no good is to attend the visit of this woman to the Manse. Evil seems to hover round her, and there is foreboding of sin and distress. Now and then she is painted in the early stage of the story, with almost disagreeable and repulsive traits; yet, somehow or other, the author, by the inexplicable power of genius, contrives to render her not only alluring and captivating, but it may be said, interesting and amiable. Her personal beauty—her warmth of heart—her compassion—her misfortunes—her wrongs, and her dimly hinted errors, all combine in so strange union, that we scarcely know whether to like or dislike, to love or hate, to suspect or trust, to pity or condemn, this Mrs Charlotte Campbell; and we can readily suppose that poor Adam Blair, who knew her in the days of her undisturbed happiness and innocence, but who also knew her indiscretion, levities, and follies, must have felt the presence of such a woman, in the silence of his solitary and widowed dwelling. She came to bring comfort to his afflicted spirit—she loves the memory of her he loved—and she, who has no children of her own, lavishes the prodigality of a mother's tenderness on the golden locks of little Sarah Blair, dear to her for the child's own sweet sake, for that of its dead parent, and for that, it may be, above all, of him who has been left desolate.

Mrs Campbell resides some months in the Manse; and we are led to imagine the gradual influence of something like a vague, undetermined, and unconscious attachment towards her in the heart of Adam Blair, and of a love towards him in hers, suppressed by the hopelessness of her condition, and yet cherished in her passionate—we may say weak principled, though we must not say unprincipled nature. The life of Adam Blair is cheered by this beautiful, kind, and dangerous visitor; and to whatever causes it may be owing, his spirits are gladdened, and even happiness may be said once more to exist in the Manse of Cross-Meikle.

In this part of the book there is great liveliness and spirit—a very elegant and graceful style of merriment and badinage even; and nothing can exceed the truth and verisimilitude of all the minute details and descriptions with which every page is embellished. We find ourselves in a pleasant and cheerful oasis in the desert and miserable wilderness of feelings and passions with which we are surrounded. We look back to the mournful scenes of decay, and death, and despair—glad that we have been removed from them; but we also look forward with a dim anticipation to the future blackness which we see lowering on the edge of the distant horizon.

In this state of things, Captain Campbell hears that his wife is residing at the Manse of Cross-Meikle; and hears, at the same time, many idle and gossiping tales respecting her conduct there. Though cold and indifferent to her, he is not so to his own honour; and accordingly sends his law-agent, Mr Duncan Strahan, to the Manse, to bring Mrs Campbell away to his old castle, or hall, or house, or tenement, or building, or stone-edifice, or by whatever name more appropriate the places of shelter are called, inhabited by the gentlemen on the banks of Loch-Fyne. She is obliged to obey, and leaves the Manse, it need not be said with what reluctance, and Adam Blair, troubled, irritated, perplexed, and grieved. Mrs Campbell and Mr Strahan are wheeled off in a post-chaise,—and Adam is no more in Paradise.

Adam Blair, who has known, from the brutal, and coarse, and malignant taunts of Mr Strahan, as well as the whispering gossip of the neighbourhood, and, indeed, from the kindly admonition of an old brother of the Presbytery, that Mrs Campbell's visit to the Manse was deemed one of guilt or indiscretion, now receives a letter from her, lamenting the separation of such affectionate friends, and sending her blessing to little Sarah

This letter, from one whose kindness he had felt alleviating his sorrows, and who had, he knew, suffered indignity and dishonour on his account, greatly affects him; and, after a few days of feverish and disturbed alienation of mind, he suddenly conceives the purpose of going to Uigness, the Highland prison, in which he understands Charlotte is immured, to assure her of his sympathy for her, under such unjust aspersions, and by that kindness to encourage her to support her seclusion and imprisonment. We believe that this journey of Blair to Uigness, is considered, very generally, indelicate or unnatural; and perhaps it is. For our own parts, we decidedly thought so, on its first perusal, and we half incline to think so still. But, at the same time, although authors must not be capricious altogether in their books, yet men will often be capricious altogether in their actions. This journey of Adam Blair was certainly neither judicious, nor prudent, nor like a man of sense, or of the world. But we suspect that Adam Blair loved Charlotte Campbell better than he ought to have done; and, if so, he might have felt himself suddenly impelled to undertake this very foolish and fatal journey by many mixed motives, partly creditable, and partly pardonable, and wholly natural, which the author, not being a professed metaphysician, has not attempted to analyse, and perhaps so much the better.

However, be his journey to Uigness natural or unnatural, no such cavilling will apply to the conduct of the infatuated man in that dreary and lonesome dwelling. Passion, guilt, crime, shame, remorse, and conscious degradation, now possess his soul. There the writer puts forth his strength, easily and triumphantly, and the heart is oppressed with an almost miserable interest in the fallen man. Driven by the desperation of guilt, as by a storm, he is borne off before our eyes into the silence of the desert, and sits down, with horrid and sickening fancies of suicide in his heart, on a stone, by the margin of a black sullen pool, in a hollow among the mountains. Charlotte, who has followed him into this wild place, stops his steps as he is about to plunge into the tarn, and after some broken and insane words of horror, remorse, and wrath, he flies up the mountain, and then descends into a remote glen. The partner of his guilt traces him to a small hut, where she finds him lying on the floor, oppressed with a burning fever, and, in its delirious wanderings, eyeing her with glaring and reproachful eyes, and then hiding his face with a shudder of horror, as if deeply conscious of his guilt and his ruin. The cottagers make a sort of litter of wythes for the sick and seemingly dying man, and he is conveyed to the Castle of Uigness.

For several days Adam Blair lies struggling between life and death, delirious and raving,—and poor Mrs Campbell keeps watch by his bedside. The fever abates, and he recovers his senses, with a dim, and indistinct, and wavering recollection of his crime, his remorse, his illness, and of many sad and mournful and terrible things seen or imagined there and among the hills. He thinks that he remembers a vision of three boats rowing silently, and as if on some sad occasion, across Loch-Fyne, and that he heard over the waves and in the sky mournful music, dirge-like and funereal. Charlotte is dead! And in one of those boats had her corpse been carried across the Loch to the place of burial. She had tended him till the fever shot into her own veins; and poor, frail, erring, unfortunate, warm-hearted, and beautiful Charlotte Bell, or Arden, or Campbell, or Blair, was now in her shroud, and the turf above her head. This, we think, is one of the most finely conceived incidents to be found in any fiction,—it reminds one of some of the wild things in the old dramatists, and confounds the heart with a strange and incomprehensible pathos.

Adam Blair, weak and worn out with despair, preyed upon by remorse and grief, conscious that he is guilty before God, and for ever lost, fallen, ruined, and degraded before men, leaves Uigness in company with old John Maxwell, one of his Elders, (a character admirably sketched,) who had followed him to the Highlands. The Presbytery are assembled in the choir of the Cathedral near Glasgow, to consider the "fama clamosa" now loud against him; and Adam Blair, pale, emaciated, and with his young head made grey with grief, stands up in the midst of them, and confesses his guilt. He is deposed from his sacred office, another minister chosen in his stead,

and his foot enters not the door of the Manse of Cross-Meikle.

Grief does not often kill. Adam Blair retires to a small cottage with his child, and lives for a good many years in utter seclusion.—His repentance is sincere and profound; and peace and tranquillity have again visited his heart. His sin, remembered by himself, is almost forgotten by others; he is pitied, forgiven, and respected; and the church of Cross-Meikle, being now vacant by the removal of his successor to another parish, such is the power of his repentance and lowly virtues over the minds of all in the parish and neighbouring bounds, that a deputation of the Presbytery wait upon him in his cottage, and solicit him to resume his sacred profession. He does so—once more lives in the Manse, and preaches in the Kirk of Cross-Meikle, and dies, leaving behind him a memory stained by one great transgression, but redeemed by many useful and unpretending virtues.

Such is an outline of the story of the Life of Adam Blair. Several other characters besides him and Charlotte Campbell are introduced; and they are depicted with great truth and vivacity. This writer often shews more of a person's character by one happy expression, or one single trait, than an ordinary writer could do by the most elaborate portrait. Mrs Semple of Semplehaugh, Mr Jamieson, Captain Campbell, Duncan Strahan, and old John Maxwell the Elder, are all excellent. Indeed the latter is perfect, and equal to any thing in Mackenzie. We shall now present our readers with a few extracts, which will amply justify all that we have said of this very bold, powerful, and original production. But its charm lies in the continued force of the stream of passion, and to feel that, the book itself must be read. It is a single volume; and few, we believe, who take it up, will lay it down till they have come to the beautiful lines of Wordsworth, that give the moral at its close.

Let us give three extracts,—one describing the griefs of Adam Blair when he was innocent,—one describing his remorse when guilty,—and one describing his peace and penitence when restored.

"It was the custom of the house, that a servant rung a bell every morning at eight o'clock, to assemble all the family for prayers. That morning the old man, whose common duty this was, did not venture to perform it; but not many minutes had elapsed beyond the accustomed hour, ere the bell was rung, and all, so soon as it was heard, entered the parlour with their Bibles in their hands. When they came in they found that Mr Blair had already taken his seat, and had the book lying open upon the table before him. Little Sarah was sitting on her stool close beside him, and his left hand rested upon her shoulder, while the right was occupied in turning over the leaves of the Bible. The child's eyes were red, but she too was composed; she too was handling her book, and turning over its leaves. As for Mr Blair, he did not look up when he heard his servants enter, but as soon as they had taken their seats, he uttered his usual preliminary petition much in his usual manner, and then proceeded to read aloud the lines of the 121st Psalm,—

> 'I to the hills will lift mine eyes:
> From whence doth come mine aid,' &c.

in a tone of serenity and firmness, that filled the hearts of those who heard him with a mixed sentiment of surprise and veneration—surprise at the strength exhibited, and veneration for that deep sway of religious feelings, by which, as they rightly judged, such strength in weakness had been produced. They had not witnessed the struggle, but they guessed something of what had been; and they, simple as they were, had sense enough and wisdom enough to revere the faith which had passed through such fires, to come forth purified, not tarnished. After the Psalm had been sung, he read the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St John, and concluded with a prayer, such as none, most surely, but a sorely chastened heart, could have conceived, although throughout the whole of it there was no express allusion to the particular situation of the person by whom it was uttered. Once or twice the voice faltered, but he soon recovered himself; and when the service was over, and all had once more arisen from their knees, I believe the countenance of the young bereaved Minister bore fewer traces of trouble than any other countenance in the room.

"Even in the house of sorrow, the ordinary matters of life go on, for the most part, in their ordinary course; and I will confess, that to me this has always appeared to be one of the most truly affecting things in the world. The cloth is laid, the meal is prepared, the bottle is brought up from the cellar, the family sit around the table—all these affairs go on just as duly the day that the mistress or the master of a family is dead, as any other day in the year. Grief, even the sincerest and deep-

est grief, occupies, after all, when the first triumph of its energies is over, no more than a place in the back-ground. The front of life is as smooth as ever.

"All this was so within the Manse of Cross-Meikle; of course still more so round about its walls. Servants passed to and fro about the occupations of the house, inquiring friends and acquaintances came and went, the little motherless girl was seen from time to time busied in the garden among the few lingering flowers of the autumn. Mr Blair himself was not visible to any but his own family, and to them only at the hours when the family were accustomed to be together. At other times he was in his chamber alone, or with his orphan by his side—the accustomed volumes lying about him—to the eye the same quiet, grave man, or nearly so, that he had been a week or a month before. The closed windows of the chamber in which the body lay, furnished the only outward and visible sign that death was in the house.

"Mr Blair was sitting by himself on the evening of the third day; apparently he had been reading, but the light had deserted him, and his book had been laid down on the table near him, when the door of his room was opened, and some one, as if hesitating to go farther, stood just within the threshold, with his finger on the handle of the door. Mr Blair did not observe, for a minute or two, that the door of his room had been opened, but at last his eye happened to travel in that direction, and he perceived that John Maxwell, one who had for many years been the oldest among the elders of his parish, was come to visit him in his affliction.

"'Come in, John,' said he; 'so old a friend may come at any time; I am glad to see you—sit down, John;' and in saying so, he had taken the worthy man by the hand, and was leading him towards the seat from which he himself had just arisen.

"'The Lord is gracious, Mr Blair—the Lord is very gracious. It is HE that giveth, and it is HE that taketh away. Blessed be his holy name! Oh, sir, I thought the Lord would never surely leave your father's son, and I see he has not left you.'

"The old man meant to speak words of comfort, but ere he had done, his voice failed him, and the tears were gushing over his cheeks as he looked in his young minister's face, and wrung the hand that had been extended to him. It was no wonder, surely, that the afflicted man sympathized with his comforter, or that some minutes had elapsed before either of them was in any condition to renew the conversation.

"Nor shall we trouble the reader with any needless detail of it. Let it be sufficient to know, that on the part of Mr Blair, it was all that could become any man afflicted as he was, and much more than could have been expected from so young a sufferer as he, while John Maxwell shewed himself worthy of holding the rank he did in the church of Christ. The minister and the elder laid their hearts open to each other; they wept, they prayed, and they took sweet counsel together. John had been more than once nerved, softened, and renerved again, ere he at length took courage to whisper into Mr Blair's ear, that *his presence was wanted in the chamber.* Mr Blair understood perfectly what John meant. He arose at once, and walked towards the place where his wife's remains were about to be closed up for ever from all human view.

"It is the rule in Scotland, that no male, except it be a husband, a father, or a brother, can be permitted to remain in the room while the coffin-lid is screwed down upon a female corpse. John Maxwell attended his minister to the door, therefore, but no farther. Within, three or four village matrons only, and the female servants of the family, were assembled. Mr Blair entered, and found them in the midst of all the fearful paraphernalia with which it was (and is) the custom of Scotland to deepen the gloom of the most sad of all possible occasions. Well as he was acquainted with all the habitudes of his country-folks, he had never before brought fully home to his imagination all that now met his view. The knots, the ribbons, the cushions, the satin, the tinsel—all that melancholy glitter turned his soul sick within him, and once more he yielded; not, however, as before, nor to the same enemies. Sadness, weariness, heart-sickness—these were now his visitants. He stood pale and feeble, while the tears flowed over his cheeks in utter silence. One of the old women thought that a sight of his wife's face might bring him, through emotion, to himself again, and she lifted the veil. But even this was of no use, and to no purpose. The man was altogether unnerved—the strong-souled Adam Blair was in that hour a weanling, and he wept on as silently, and not a whit more bitterly than before. They led him, unresisting, to his room; he allowed himself, for the first time of his life, to be undressed by hands other than his own. After he had been put to bed, John Maxwell stood over against him for some minutes, saying, 'Wae's me, wae's me.' He then commanded all the rest to retire, and, kneeling by the bedside, began to pray aloud in the old sublime simplicity of the true village worthies of Scotland. The priest felt in his soul the efficacious piety of the elder of Israel.

"'Good night, John Maxwell.'

"'God bless you—God strengthen you!' and so they parted.

"The next day, no worldly work was done in the parish of Cross-Meikle. At

twelve o'clock the church-bell began to toll, and the friends of Mr Blair were seen walking slowly in twos and threes along the green lanes which lead towards the Church and Manse; while the rest, assembling in the burying-ground, awaited the forthcoming of the mournful procession. Such as had been particularly invited, entered the house. One by one they were ushered into the parlour of the Manse, and not one approached it without something like a feeling of fear. But that feeling was dispelled in a moment; Mr Blair stood in the midst of the apartment with a face of such calmness and composure as if he had been the only man there that day whose business it was not to receive comfort, but to give it. To each of the guests who entered the room he went up separately, and extended his hand in silence. Not one word was uttered by any one.

"Each took his station; and then a salver of wine having been handed round, Mr Blair himself called upon the eldest of his brother clergymen present to ask a blessing. It is in that form, that the funeral prayer of the Scottish ceremonial is announced and uttered. The person called upon to pronounce it on this occasion, was by no means one who had lived on any very particular terms of intimacy with Mr Blair; neither was he any great favourite among the country people of the neighbourhood. He bore, in general, the character of a dry, sarcastic sort of man, and, being very old, was personally little known, except among the immediate circle of his own friends and connexions. Yet not one that heard Dr Muir pray that day, would have wished the duty to have fallen into other hands. The old man had himself experienced the sorrows of life, and he spake like one who was about to go down into the grave, leaning on the only arm in which strength lies.

"It was a touching spectacle to see the church-yard when the procession entered it. Old and young stood around unbonnetted, and few dry eyes were turned on Mr Blair when he took his station at the head of the opened grave. The clods, as they rattled down, sent a shudder to every bosom, and when the spade was heard clapping the replaced sod into its form, every one turned away his eyes, lest his presence should be felt as an intrusion on the anguish of the minister. He, on his part, endured it wonderfully; but the dead mother had been laid down by the side of her dead children, and perhaps, at that moment, he was too humble to repine at their re-union. He uncovered and bowed himself over the grave when the last turf was beat down, and then, leaning on the arm of John Maxwell, walked back slowly through the silent rows of his people to the solitude of his Manse.

"After he was out of sight, not a few of them drew near to contemplate the new-made grave, and the old were not slow to retrace the memory of those of the same family who had heretofore been committed to the same dust. On the wall of the church, immediately adjoining, a large marble tablet had been affixed, to record the pious labours of Mr Blair's father, who preceded him in the charge of that parish; and most of those who were present could still recall with distinctness the image of the good old man, and the grave tones of his voice in exhortation. But there was a green head-stone there, rudely fashioned, and most rudely sculptured, to which their fingers were pointed with feelings of yet loftier veneration. That stone marked the spot where Mr Blair's grandfather was laid—a simple peasant of the parish—one whose time on earth had been abridged in consequence of what he had done and suffered in days when God's chosen race, and the true patriots of our country, were hunted up and down like the beasts of the field—when the citizens of a Christian land durst not sing a psalm in the wilderness, without the risk of being hewn into pieces by the sword of some godless slave. They who are acquainted with Scotland—above all, with the west of Scotland—cannot be ignorant of the reverence which is still cherished for *the seed of the martyrs*. Such feelings, I am sorry to say, were more widely spread, and more intensely felt, in former times than they are now. It was to them, in no small degree, that Adam Blair was indebted for the deep affection with which his person and all his concerns were, and always had been, regarded by the people of his parish. To their love he had "titles manifold," but not the least was his being the grandson and namesake of old Adam Blair, who had fought against bloody Clavers and the butcher Dalyell, at Bothwell-bridge, and endured torture, without shrinking, in the presence of *false Lauderdale*."

Our next quotation shall be the scene before the Presbytery, and we must give it entire.

"When the clergymen composing the Presbytery found themselves assembled that day, it would have been evident to any one who might have been present, that their minds were occupied with something very different from the ordinary routine of their ecclesiastical business. The clerk read his minutes without being listened to by any body; and while many little matters were being arranged in the usual manner, among the usual functionaries, the different members of the court were seen forming themselves into knots, and whispering together low and anxiously in various corners of the Chapter-house. At length one of the members, a tall, thin, elderly person of very formal aspect, moved that the court

should be cleared, as he had to call the attention of his brethren to a subject, which, in its present state, ought to be discussed with closed doors.

"When this clergyman, by name Stevenston, was satisfied that all strangers had retired, he addressed the chair in a long and elaborate speech, for the tenor of which almost all who heard him were sufficiently prepared before he opened his lips. He expatiated at great length on his own unwillingness at all times to open his ears to scandal, more particularly against the character of any of his hitherto respected brethren;—explained, however, that, under certain circumstances, it was every man's duty to overcome his private feelings;—and then entered into a serious, circumstantial detail of the many rumours which had been for some time afloat, concerning the conduct of Mr Blair of Cross-Meikle. He concluded with moving a string of resolutions, which he held written out on a card in his hand—the general purport of which was, that the scandal concerning this member of their court had already amounted to what, in the ecclesiastical phraseology of Scotland, goes under the name of a *Fama Clamosa*; and that, therefore, it was the bounden duty of the Presbytery to take up the matter *quam primum*, and appoint a committee, with powers to commence a *precognition*—and that such and such persons ought to constitute the committee in question. His motion was instantly seconded by another person on the same side of the house, who, however, in doing so, expressed his own firm belief that there was no foundation whatever for the foul allegations too publicly circulated against Mr Blair, and that, on a proper investigation (which, for the sake of Mr Blair himself, ought to take place without any further delay) it would become manifest to all, that a few casual imprudencies, misinterpreted by the malicious, were all that could be laid to his charge. He concluded with a eulogium on Mr Blair's previous character and conduct, both of which, he said, had always been regarded with the deepest respect, even by those who differed most widely from him in opinion as to matters of inferior moment—and by none more so than himself.

"When this speaker sat down, there ensued a pause of some moments, during which, those on the opposite side of the room (the same among whom Mr Blair himself usually sat) were seen consulting among themselves, as if anxious, and yet hesitating, to make some reply. Dr Muir, who happened to be the Moderator of the Presbytery, and of course had his seat apart from any of the other clergymen, continued for some time looking towards them, and at last he rose up, and requested one of their number to relieve him, for a moment, from the duties of the chair.

"As soon as he had quitted the desk, the old man, still standing in the open space in the centre of the room, threw his eyes eagerly round him, and began to speak of the matter which had been brought before their notice, characterizing as rash and imprudent, in the highest degree, the conduct of those who had broached such a subject in the absence of the person most immediately concerned in it, and fervidly expressing his own utter contempt of the rumours they had heard of, and his most sincere conviction, (for such it was) that the pure and stainless character of Mr Blair had been assailed in consequence of nothing but the malice of one individual, whose name need only be mentioned in order to satisfy the Presbytery with how much caution they ought to proceed upon this occasion. He then sunk into a lower but not a less serious tone, and—after desiring his brethren, with the authority which years and superior talents alone can bestow, to banish all thoughts of party in considering an assault which might have been made with equal success, as well as, he firmly believed, with equal justice, against any one of all who heard him—the old man proceeded to relate the substance of the conversation he had himself held with Mr Blair the night before he left Cross-Meikle, and the solemn denial of the alleged guilt which he had then received from the lips of his young friend. Dr Muir himself felt, as he went on, that what he said was producing a powerful effect, and he therefore opened himself more and more freely, and reviewing the whole course of Adam Blair's existence, dared any one present to avow his belief, that even if he had been capable of offending in the manner imputed to him, he could have been so of telling a deliberate and an uncalled-for LIE. 'Sirs,' said he, 'I put to all of you, whether you do not feel and know that Adam Blair is innocent; and is it thus, that while we are ourselves convinced of his innocence, we are rashly, hastily, sinfully to injure our brother, by countenancing the clamours of the ignorant, and the malicious, and the ungodly, in his absence? Would to God that he were present with us this day, that he might have done for himself effectually, what a feeble old man has rather the will than the power to do for him!'

"Dr Muir was speaking fervently in this strain, and the visible emotion of a man who generally controlled and concealed his more ardent feelings, was kindling even the coldest who listened into the same congenial warmth, when the door of the Chapter-house opened, and in walked Adam Blair himself. Every eye being fixed stedfastly upon the impassioned speaker, the entrance of a stranger was not for a few moments observed by a single person there; and indeed Dr Muir himself never suspected what had happened, until the pale and altered man was standing at the distance of

three or four paces right in front of him. He stopped in the midst of the sentence, and gazed for a moment in silence, first upon him, and then upon the audience—and then suddenly resuming all the fervour of his tone, said these words, 'I thank my God!—Adam Blair, speak, look up, let them hear your voice. Speak solemnly, in the hearing of God and your brethren!—Adam, are you guilty, or not guilty, of this uncleanness?'

"The unhappy Blair, laying his hand upon his breast, answered quickly and clearly, 'Call me no more your brother—I am a fallen man—I am guilty.'

"Every pulse shook beneath the tone of that voice—but Dr Muir groaned aloud, ere he made answer. 'Fallen, indeed, Adam Blair,—woe is me—doubly, trebly fallen! Do you remember the words you said to me when I spake with you in private?'

"'I do—and they were true. *Then* I deceived not you, but myself. *Now*, no one is deceived.'

"The old man covered his face with his hands, and flung himself backwards upon his seat, while all the rest continued silent, speechless, staring upon the countenance of Blair.

"It was he himself who broke once more the silence of their assembly: 'I call you no longer my brethren—let me still call you, though unworthy, my friends: let me still partake your prayers.—Pray for me;—I dare not pray for myself. The God that hath abandoned me will hear your prayers.'

"At these words Dr Muir uncovered his face, and fixing his eyes once more on the unfortunate, continued, for some moments, to regard him in silence, like all the rest. A big tear rolled over his cheeks, but he brushed it hastily away ere he said, 'Adam Blair, you have been ill. You have been ill in the body. But a few days ago your hair was black, and now it is as grey as mine; your cheek is white, your strength is gone.' He started to his feet as he continued—'Our brother has been visited with much sickness. Perchance his mind also has been shaken.'

"'It has, it has,' muttered several voices.

"Mr Blair looked all around him, and, for the first time, the water stood in his eye, as he replied, 'Body and mind have been shaken, but it is not as you would too kindly persuade yourselves. Oh, sirs!—I have spoken the truth. I came hither to speak it. What hope of peace or mercy could I have until I had spoken the truth, and resigned my office into the hands of God's servants?—I do now resign it.—My ancestors were peasants, and I return to their lot—would I were worthy of them! Once more, I demand your prayers. Refuse not my parting request.'"

"The whole assembly remained, once more, fixed in silence. Dr Muir, still erect in front of Blair, surveyed them all round and round; and then saying, 'Brethren, I read your thoughts,' fell down upon his knees. They all knelt at the same moment; and Blair, weeping like an infant, knelt also in the midst of them, and stooped his forehead to the dust."

We find that we can afford only one short extract more.

"Mr Blair discharged the duty bequeathed to him by this venerable man's parting breath, amidst a numerous assemblage of the neighbouring gentry, and of the whole members of the Presbytery, to which the parishes of Cambuslee and Cross-Meikle belonged. He received their salutations with modesty, but without any apparent awkwardness; and parting from them at the churchyard, walked home to his cottage.

"His daughter and he were sitting together quietly by the fireside the same evening, when a knock came to the door. Sarah rose and opened it, and in a few moments, the cottage was quite filled with the same clergymen who had been present at the funeral. Mr Blair stood up to receive them; but he had not time to ask them the purpose of their visit ere the eldest of those who had come, addressed him in these words:—

"'Mr Blair, your brethren have come to speak with you on a very solemn subject; but there is no occasion why your daughter should not hear what we have to say. It appears that our departed father, Dr Muir, had expressed a strong wish, that you, being reinstated in the ministry, should succeed him at Cambuslee,—and that the family who have the patronage of that parish, were exceedingly anxious that his dying request to this effect might be complied with. You, however, have declined to accede to their wishes. We, your brethren, have this day held a conference with the family at Semplehaugh; and another arrangement is now proposed to you by them through us. If Mr Jamieson becomes Minister of Cambuslee, will you return to your own old place?—Will you once more set your hand to God's work here at Cross-Meikle?'

"Mr Blair's daughter turned aside and wept when she heard these words; but he himself stood for a moment in silence before them. It was then that John Maxwell, who had been bed-rid for three years, was borne in a chair into the midst of the assembly, and said, 'Mr Blair, we, the Elders of Cross-Meikle, are all present. We are all of the same mind. Oh, sir, fear not! we have all witnessed the purification! let me not die until I have seen you once more in your father's place!'

"The tears at length gushed over a face that had been long too calm for tears; and Mr Blair, altogether overpowered, submitted himself to the will of his brethren. His

friends perceived that he would fain be left alone, and they all departed. Sarah rushed into his arms and wept, but not bitterly.

"A moment afterwards she also withdrew, and Blair was left alone to meditate upon his pillow concerning all these things, and concerning more than these."

We have probably said enough, and given sufficient extracts from the "Life of Adam Blair," to enable our readers to understand its spirit and character. Were we to enter into a formal criticism of its merits and demerits, we should be unavoidably led upon some debateable ground. But, for the present, we decline this. One objection to the book which we have heard and seen made to it, is, that no clergyman could in Scotland have been taken back into the bosom of the church, after he had been so guilty, and so degraded as Adam Blair. That objection is removed at once by an extract from the Acts of Assembly, with which we have been favoured by a clerical friend, and which we give below.* It was upon that fact, we should rather imagine, that the present narrative was founded. Another objection is, to the manner in which Adam Blair's guilt is accounted for and described. That part, we think, might have been better managed, and a few paragraphs omitted altogether. But candour, truth, and justice, require us to affirm that this author is entirely free from the sin of wishing to draw vice in alluring colours. Blair and Charlotte sin, and they are direfully punished. If there are any minds so fastidiously delicate, that they will, on no account, admit that such frailties ought ever to form the subject of works of imagination, with them there is an end of the matter—do not read Adam Blair, or read and abuse it to your heart's content. But the author writes of human nature, which he well understands, and his book will offend neither the truly moral nor the truly religious; but on the contrary, its whole ruling spirit is consonant with the purest morality, and the highest religion; and we believe that the book is the greatest favourite with those who know best the character of our people, and the spirit of our institutions. It is necessary, indeed, to know these thoroughly to feel and understand the Passages in the Life of Adam Blair; but it is also necessary to know something of human nature in general, and none who do so will object to a history of human life, that it is a history of weakness, temptation, guilt, remorse, and penitence—that in it those who sin are brought to the grave untimeously, and in all their youthful beauty, or survive through years of humiliation and anguish, and are restored to peace, credit, and usefulness, at last, only when purified by the fire of affliction.

* "A Committee appointed to consider a reference from the Presbytery of *Glasgow* to the Assembly, for advice and determination in the case of Mr *George Adam*, late minister of *Cathcart*, who had judicially acknowledged his guilt of fornication with one *Isobel Gemmel*, his servant, and who was deposed from the office of the ministry, and did thereafter undergo a course of discipline before the congregation in *Cathcart*, on which occasion, as well as since that time, he has given great evidence of his penitence, in so much, that, upon the application of the whole elders of that parish, the Presbytery did take off the sentence of deposition, being all satisfied of his unfeigned sorrow and deep concern for his sin, as well as his edifying conversation. That since his being reponed, the patron, the whole heritors and elders, and other parishioners, have signified their earnest desire to have him restored to the exercise of his ministry in the said parish, as formerly." PRINTED ACTS OF ASSEMBLY, *May* 16, *Session 4th*, 1748.

"The report of the committee named to have under consideration the case of Mr *George Adam*, late minister at *Cathcart*, brought in, and the Assembly having fully heard and considered the representation and reference concerning him, with what was verbally laid before them by several members of the Presbytery at Glasgow, and Synod of *Glasgow* and *Air*, and other reverend ministers of this Assembly, *resolved*, that this case, in its so favourable circumstances, deserved to be distinguished from others; and, therefore, without derogating from force and general obligation of the laws and regulations of this church, in her acts and form of process, whereby Presbyteries are bound up from reponing ministers deposed for immoralities, to their former charge, but expressly ratifying and confirming them, *did* specially allow and authorise the Presbytery of *Glasgow* again to settle Mr *George Adam* in the parish of *Cathcart*, in case proper application be hereafter made to them for that effect; they always proceeding according to the rules of that church, in the same form as would have been done in case Mr *Adam* had not been settled in that church before. At the same time, it is declared, that no minister deposed for immorality shall be capable of being restored to his former charge, in any circumstance whatsoever, without the special authority of the General Assembly appointing it." *May* 18*th*, *Session* 6*th*, 1748.

A LETTER TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD NUGENT,

Containing some Remarks on his Lordship's Letter to the Electors of Aylesbury,

FROM A PROTESTANT LAYMAN.

My Lord,

I have not till lately had an opportunity of seeing your Lordship's letter to the Electors of Aylesbury, although it has been long since published, and gone through more than one edition. The public attention being thus manifestly directed towards this address is a sufficient reason for laying these remarks before your Lordship, and offering them to the notice of others who feel an interest in the subject, notwithstanding the decision of the House of Lords may seem to make such a discussion less necessary. The pertinacity evinced by the advocates for the Roman Catholic claims forbids us to hope that the question can long remain at rest; it may not, therefore, be entirely useless for a spectator of the struggle to submit to the public such arguments as may occur to his mind, and thus endeavour, if I may be allowed an expression which a great poet has used in speaking of a much higher authority, to *justify* to the country the vote of the Peers. This attempt is the more necessary as the representatives of the people, in examining the question, have come to a different conclusion.

The widely diffused pages of Blackwood's Magazine appear to me as good a vehicle for conveying these thoughts to the public eye as any other; and it may in this way have as fair a chance of gaining your Lordship's attention.

There is something conciliating in the manly sentiments avowed by your Lordship in the outset of the Address, asserting that claim to which every honest, independent member of Parliament ought to adhere, viz. to exercise his best judgment freely upon all great national questions, unfettered by the instructions, and even unbiassed by the opinions of his constituents. I rejoice, nevertheless, to find that the Electors of Aylesbury, and, I trust, the great majority of the Electors of the United Kingdom, do not coincide in opinion with your Lordship on the subject before us.

I purpose examining briefly the most prominent topics contained in the letter. You profess to decline all controversy with an anonymous antagonist. I am not ambitious of prolonging the contest; but having entered the lists, although I do not "wear my vizor up," I will not shiver my lance with a less degree of courtesy.

Your Lordship begins by stating that other religious sects, differing from the established Church, have constitutional advantages which are denied to Roman Catholics, because "their spiritual opinions are rendered the active, immediate, and sole instrument of their disfranchisement;" and, in a note you add, "Religious liberty is either a universal principle, or it is no principle at all." I will endeavour to defend the distinction which the English laws have made, and to dispute the supposed axiom you have laid down on the subject of religious liberty. Although it is an acknowledged principle, that man has an imprescriptible right to worship his Creator in the manner he thinks most acceptable, yet even this obvious truth may admit of some limitations. It must depend on the peculiar nature of the tenets and practices of each particular religious sect, differing from that of the state, whether it shall be entitled to full and free toleration. To illustrate this position, if indeed it require any elucidation, let us suppose an extreme case. The most ancient religion known in this island is that of which the Druids were the officiating ministers. In this age, so prolific in the eccentricities of the human mind, it is not quite impossible but that some wild spirits might conceive a fancy to revive a form of worship, sanctioned by such high and venerable antiquity. We have already heard of a society, supposed to be convivial, the ceremonies of which are, however, only known to the initiated, which has assumed this antique appellation. But if religious rites were the acknowledged purpose of their meeting, and they were to declare themselves the only true worshippers of the Deity, the wreaths of oak and boughs of misseltoe would too much remind us of the

ancient customs recorded in history, not to put the civil power on their guard, who ought to take especial care that no grand sacrifice should be celebrated at the great temple at Stonehenge. On the same grounds, it is justifiable and right to take adequate measures of precaution against any other religious sect, which, in times less remote, had been known to immolate human victims. May not, therefore, constitutional advantages be reasonably denied to a sect of mad enthusiasts, which might properly be granted to religionists of another description.

But the Roman Catholic is not, as your Lordship supposes, deprived of his civil rights "*because* he prays for the intercession of the Saints between himself and his Maker, *because* he recognizes the Pope in spiritualities, and *because* he believes in the real presence of our Lord in the elements of the Sacrament of the Last Supper." It is because he has an invincible propensity to force these doctrines on the belief of other men.

There is a sort of pugnacious disposition in the human mind, which excites hostility between persons of different opinions, and even between those of different tastes. Voltaire tells us, that the French hate the English because they eat melted butter with their roasted veal. John Bull is not behindhand in his antipathies formed on similar foundations. There may be still found, honest Protestants who feel this sensation towards the Catholics, on account of some articles of their faith. I believe, however, that these prejudices are wearing out on both sides. The most orthodox Spaniard *now*, scarcely believes that the British heretic is marked with that appendage to his person which Lord Monboddo suspected to have belonged originally to the whole human race. I am confident that the more enlightened part of our religious community has no distaste to their neighbours because they differ on speculative points of doctrine. The examination of these opinions properly belongs to the learned Divines of our church—able and ready as they are, to expose and confute error wheresoever they may find it. We Laics may shrug up our shoulders when we hear tradition set up as having equal authority with Sacred Scripture. We may stretch our eyes with wonder when we find infallibility claimed by pontiffs, whose lives have been stained by the most disgraceful profligacy; or when we read of two or three Popes at the same time thundering their anathemas against each other. We may be inclined to smile at Lord Peter, when he assures Jack and Martin that his "brown loaf is excellent good mutton;" but we will never quarrel with him for his notions, whatever they may be, unless he should insist on our assent to them, and threaten to punish severely all who presume to express the smallest doubt of any proposition he may chuse to lay down. It is to prevent the possibility that such an extravagant exertion of power should thus fetter the human mind—a power which the Church of Rome has for ages been known to abuse—that every barrier against it should be strengthened in this Protestant country.

Eligibility to Parliament, your Lordship observes, is not power; but you must allow that it is the high road which leads to it. Good sense and sound policy dictate the shutting up this avenue against those whom it would be dangerous to admit to a place at the farthest extremity. This is a more safe and easy mode of prevention, than to suffer the competitors to cross and jostle each other in this path of ambition, to their own annoyance, and that of the public.

But your Lordship's arguments go a still greater length, and attempt to show that there is *no* danger in admitting the Roman Catholics to a participation of the power of the State. If this be proved, there is surely an inconsistency in limiting the crown to a Protestant head. You, my Lord, think there is no inconsistency in this limitation, because it is so fixed by the Act of Settlement. An Act of Parliament, all powerful as it is, cannot make consistent what in its nature is otherwise. If power is harmless in Roman Catholic hands, why should the conscience of the king be fettered any more than that of his subjects? The same reason will apply to the sovereign and to the people. The striking example, however, of James the Second, will serve to demonstrate that there is some danger in this liberality of sentiment, and that the act of settlement was the work of wisdom.

King James, before his accession, declared, in the House of Peers, the feel-

ings of his conscience on religious matters. He assured them, that his religion was an affair between God and his own soul, which would have no operation whatever on the people of England. Even after he had succeeded to the crown of his brother, he made the most solemn professions to maintain the established government in church and state. James was a prince who piqued himself on keeping his word sacred and inviolate. It is worth observation too, that Queen Mary, before she was firmly seated in her throne, had given her Protestant subjects similar promises of protection. How did these royal zealots fulfil their engagements?—The cruel persecutions of Mary, and the events of James's short but turbulent reign, and his final expulsion from his kingdom, will answer this question. These facts exhibit, in the clearest light, the genius of the Roman Catholic religion, and shew whether it is, or is not, the acknowledged maxim of that church to keep no faith with heretics. The motives of action of its professors may be laudable. If they can believe that there is no salvation to be obtained out of the bounds of their pale, they may easily persuade themselves of the duty of *compelling others to come in.* Other sects have either more enlarged views of the divine mercy, or are less anxious about the future fate of their fellow-creatures. Whatever their motives may be, they do not so much torment those who differ from them with the rage of making proselytes.

But persecution, you say, is not peculiar to the professors of Catholicism. The axe and the faggot have been employed by other hands in the cause of religion, and even by Protestants. John Calvin, it is true, burnt Servetus at Geneva; and John Knox encouraged many acts of intemperate violence in Scotland. Men of savage tempers will act like savages. The early reformers had been bred up in the principles of the Roman Catholic Church; and it might be expected that some of those fiery natures, which were incapable of being softened by the pure and mild spirit of genuine Christianity, should apply the same means of extirpating error, which they had learned in that intolerant school. Nor is it surprising that, during the reign of Elizabeth, "*recentibus odiis,*" smarting, as they still were, from the tyranny of the preceding reign, the Protestants, who had just acquired the ascendancy, should sometimes retaliate on their fallen oppressors. They were however, in general, averse to the folly and wickedness of such a system, and soon renounced the practice of it. The church of England, in particular, has acted on principles more conformable to that religion which was taught by the Prince of Peace. It has been said, in excuse for the barbarities which, in former times, have been exercised under the sanction of the Roman Catholic church, that these cruel persecutions are to be imputed solely to the character of a semi-barbarous age. The Court of Charles IX. of France, polished by the manners imported from Italy by his mother, Catherine de Medici, would not have received thankfully such an apology for the Massacre of St Bartholomew. Whatever may be thought *now* of the refinements of the 16th century, Louis XIV. the Grand Monarque, that sovereign whose politeness was the model and envy of the rest of Europe, will scarcely be chronicled as a semi-barbarian, when he inflicted on his Protestant subjects, those severities which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantz.

Your Lordship appears inclined to affix the stigma of persecution upon the Protestants more strongly than the matter of fact will authorize. The massacre of Glencoe, for instance, you have pressed into the service, although it seems to have no connection with religious disputes, the sufferers in that cruel and infamous transaction being political, and not religious victims. The enemies of King William have accused him of being the author of this savage deed; but a full investigation before the Scottish Parliament clearly refuted the calumny against the champion of Protestantism. The fact was simply this:—

A clan of Highlanders, partisans of King James, who inhabited the narrow valley of Glencoe, in the western part of Scotland, had, from various causes, delayed to accept the terms which had been offered to the Jacobites of that country in general, and had not appeared at the appointed place before the time fixed for swearing allegiance to the new King had expired. The chief of the clan had, nevertheless, been permitted to take

the oath a short time afterwards. Notwithstanding this, the people of Glencoe were adjudged, by the ruling powers of Scotland, to be liable to that rigorous punishment which the *regni novitas* seemed to them to require, and they were consequently exposed to the military vengeance of fire and sword. Political animosity, joined to other bad passions, urged on those to whom the execution of these sanguinary orders were entrusted. A party of soldiers were sent to Glencoe. They were hospitably received, and even entertained for several days by the unsuspecting inhabitants. Suddenly in the night, they were attacked, butchered, and their houses burnt by their pitiless guests. A more hateful deed can scarcely be found in the records of human atrocity; religious bigotry has, however, enough to answer for, without being loaded with crimes not its own.

But the most extraordinary position your Lordship has laid down, is that of giving our religion the honour of having King Henry VIII. as our first Protestant monarch! Had it been your Lordship's lot to have lived under the sway of that fierce Defender of the Faith, and you had hazarded such a declaration, if you had escaped the flames which slowly consumed the poor schoolmaster Lambert, who dared to dispute upon theology with his sovereign, or if you had been spared the racks and torments which destroyed the interesting and intrepid Anne Ascue, you would certainly have incurred the penalty of high treason. This royal Blue-beard, after he had quarrelled with the Pope, took on himself the supremacy of the church in England; allowed his people a translation of the Bible; and in some other particulars seemed to take pleasure in shewing his contempt for his Holiness, and his ordinances; but he burned without mercy all those who denied the general doctrines of the church, and, in particular, the real presence of the body and blood of Christ in the sacrament of the Eucharist; nor did he less rigorously put to death all those who doubted his right to assume the power of supreme head of the church within his own dominions. To the various species of treason which it pleased him to create, he added that of *speaking ill of the King;* under which clause your Lordship would most certainly have been comprehended by the crown-lawyers, had you hinted that your sovereign was a Protestant, which, in his case, would have been synonymous with the hated name of heretic. The Protestants of England are contented to look up to the memory of the mild Edward VI. as their first sovereign and royal patron; they are not desirous of claiming a higher degree of antiquity than truly belongs to them. Let the Catholic enjoy the supposed advantage of priority; but whilst they affect to look down on the *novi homines* who have, in their opinion, only existed for a few centuries, let these champions of the olden time recollect, that if the doctrines of the Reformation are founded in truth, our religion existed in the times of the apostles; so that the abuses of the church of Rome have not even the claim of superior antiquity to recommend them to the Christian world.

The new opinions and practices of the Roman Catholic church were gradually introduced as her wealth and power increased; and her growing authority enabled ambitious pontiffs, during the darkness of the middle ages, to domineer over kings and their people. Observers of discernment cannot fail to remark, that every institution she has adopted had for its end and aim the extending and confirming the power of that church over mankind. The celibacy of the clergy, auricular confession, the infliction of penance, the granting absolution and indulgence, the high claim of holding the keys of heaven and hell, all tended most forcibly to the same point. Some efforts were made to restore the simple doctrines of the gospel, and to shake off the tyranny of Rome, but with little success, in different parts of Europe. The Albigenses in the south of France, the Lollards, as they were contemptuously called in England, and the Waldenses, in the valleys of Piedmont, attempted to effect this, but sunk under the cruel persecutions of their enemies.

It cannot be thought extraordinary if some of the doctrines of these reformers should partake of the ignorance of the age in which they sprang up. But their tenets and their principles have been greatly calumniated. The Roman Catholic writers have chosen to impute to the whole body of the Albi-

some the absurd notions of a few mad fanatics, who were distinguished by the title of the Brethren and Sisters of the Free Spirit. This is one of the pious frauds of the Holy See. It was convenient to vilify those whom they were resolved to destroy. The calumny has been plainly refuted by Mosheim in his Ecclesiastical History, and by other writers of undoubted credit. The abuses and the oppressions, however, of the church of Rome gradually became intolerable, and in the time of Pope Leo X. had reached their acme. The pure flame which was then kindled by Luther, Melancthon, and Zuinglius, spread through Europe. In the southern countries the roots of superstition had taken too deep a hold; in Spain, in particular, the terrors of the Inquisition effectually prevented all free discussion; but in the northern regions the reformed doctrines were more prosperous.

Much has been said of the exertions of our Catholic ancestors in the cause of liberty. In those soils where this spirit is congenial, even the mind-contracting tenets of Rome could not stifle it. The Saxon Catholics in England inherited the love of freedom from their heathen ancestors in the woods of Germany; and whatever British blood was mingled in the veins of the new possessors of this island, infused a portion of the same spirit, which disdained to yield to the arms of the first Cæsar, and which broke out with fresh lustre under the noble but unfortunate Caractacus. In spite of that absolute submission to the will of another, and that total abandonment of free thought, which the church of Rome inculcates, the descendants of such progenitors wrested the great charter from the hands of the tyrant at Runnymead.

But you say, my lord, that the Roman Catholic is the only slave in this free country;—he neither makes laws nor levies taxes through his representatives, having no voice in sending them to Parliament;—he is even punished for having the misfortune to be an Englishman; because, if tried for any offence, he is not entitled to a Catholic jury, one-half of which at least would be the right of a Frenchman or a Spaniard, according to the laws of England. If a man cannot call himself free, who has not the first of these privileges, what shall we say of some wealthy persons among our fellow-subjects, who, not caring to be troubled with landed property, and having no taste for political squabbles, become voluntary slaves of this description, without once suspecting their unhappy condition? Shall we give this base appellation to those millions of our countrymen who cultivate the soil, who perform the useful part of artisans, who man our fleets, and fill the ranks of our armies? How few of these, according to your lordship's definition, are entitled to the character of free men! Yet these persons have not themselves this morbid feeling. They are in general satisfied that the laws have placed the right of choosing representatives in hands which have a common interest with themselves;—an interest sensibly felt by the makers of those laws, which bind and guard the whole community. They imagine themselves perfectly safe in this protection;—they think themselves free;—they boast of it in those popular songs which, over their cups, occasionally recreate their holiday hours;—they are animated by an honest pride, whilst they assist in the defence of what they fancied to be their free constitution. There are, indeed, patriots who incessantly labour to convince these ignorant mortals that their happiness is an empty shadow, and who would relieve their mind from this agreeable delusion. We have seen the consequences of these efforts to enlighten, and the unfortunate *illuminati* have severely felt them. Might not one of these victims to the mania of political benevolence, when on the scaffold, to which the lessons of their philanthropic friends have conducted several of them, exclaim, in the words of Horace's madman just restored to his senses,—"*Pol me occidistis amici!*"

As to the complaint against the formation of juries, I would ask the first Roman Catholic I met, who was a man of sense, whether he ever knew or heard of a suspicion being entertained against a Protestant jury for having been improperly biassed against an accused person, on account of his different religious tenets. I would submit to the same arbitration, if he had the misfortune to hold up his hand at a criminal bar, whether he would prefer the foreigner's privilege of a jury *e mediate lingua* to the usual pannel of English Protestants.

If the Representation were left open

to Roman Catholics, the opposers of their claims neither say, nor imagine that the benches of Parliament would be filled by members of that church. Their numbers would perhaps be as few as their advocates have stated, who plead their probable paucity as a sufficient reason for denying every apprehension of danger; but we may surely expect that the same zeal which actuated the last of the Stuarts, would urge some of these new senators to attempt the introduction of measures, which, though they might not succeed, would at least inflame the public mind, disturb the national counsels, and grievously impede the business of the State. It is to repress such useless animosities, not to oppress the Roman Catholics, that the doors of Parliament are, and ought to be shut against them.

You assert, my Lord, that there is no law excluding Roman Catholics from Parliament; they are only required to make certain declarations, which are known to be contradictory to their faith; and you ask, if the Catholics may be absolved from their oaths, as their adversaries have asserted, how happens it they are not in Parliament?

To this I answer, that the law, enforcing these declarations, does thereby expressly intend to exclude them; and although there is no difficulty in adducing instances of Popes arrogating to themselves the power of absolving men from these solemn obligations, it cannot be supposed that such an exertion of pontifical power is of everyday occurrence. Roman Catholic gentlemen have the same sense of honour which regulates the conduct of others —there is no fear of their practising so scandalous a fraud; but even if we could imagine them less scrupulous, they must be aware that it could not be concealed; they would thereby forfeit all pretensions to credit and character, and other means would be soon taken for the exclusion of persons who had thus added to their legal disability a total want of all honest principle.

Your lordship's distinctions on the subject of idolatry are somewhat nice. If your arguments are admitted in their full extent, there would scarcely be a possibility of supposing a breach of the Second Commandment.

The blindest worshippers of the old heathen divinities probably imagined that there was a sort of real presence of that great power which governs the world, inherent in the stone, the metal, or the wood—the elements of the image of the god before which they bowed the knee. You assure us that *they only* perform idolatrous adoration to the substances composing the Eucharist, who have no belief in the divine transformation. This is at least a very curious position. I will not dwell upon it, being desirous of avoiding the use of terms which might give offence to our fellow Christians, however their faith and worship may differ from our own; to them I would willingly display the full extent of that charity which is the essence of Christianity, provided always that they may be effectually prevented from driving us into what they think the only right path to heaven.

The desire of using violent means to bring stray sheep into the true fold naturally follows that belief. I must again return to this point of my argument, because it appears to be an irrefragable reason for excluding the Catholics from power in a Protestant country, and because this desire necessarily carries with it a strong wish to possess the means of gratification. Can we see the records of those horrible means of compulsion, by which reclamation has been attempted, which form the darkest blots on the page of modern history? Can we notice the systematic breach of faith with heretics? I mean not in the ordinary concerns of life, but in transactions between the persecutors and their victims. Can we read in the writings of Roman Catholic teachers of high reputation encouragement given in plain terms to the deposition and murder of heretic sovereigns, without forming the firmest resolution to do every thing in our power to shut out for ever the professors of that religion from the possibility of doing mischief in the land of civil and religious liberty.*

* That these may not be called vague imputations, without naming any particular author, I desire to refer to the writings of St Thomas Acquinas, dignified by his Roman Catholic admirers with the title of the Angelic Doctor, or the Angel of the Schools. This one example would sufficiently prove the accusation; but I would also particularise, among several others, Gerson, Chancellor of the University of Paris, and Petit the Cordelian, who carried the doctrine still farther than the Angelic Doctor.

I am far from accusing the English Catholics of holding such doctrines, or of wishing to return to that persecuting system, which was here at its height in the reign of Queen Mary. How far these notions may be still relished by more bigotted religionists of other countries, I will not take on myself to determine. The conduct of some of the French emigrants in the South of France, who recently returned with their King, a sovereign of too mild a character to encourage such outrages, does not afford the most favourable testimony of the Roman Catholic spirit in the present times. Experience teaches us that what has happened, may, in the course of events, happen again. Not only may time effect an alteration in the minds and manners of men, bringing them back to long forgotten habits—but the same individuals, placed in a different situation and circumstances, acquire new modes of thinking, feeling, and acting. "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do these things?" cried Jehu to the prophet, who foretold to him the bloody deeds he was speedily destined to perform. The exclamation was natural and sincere; his heart revolted at the picture thus presented before his eyes; but no sooner was he placed within the dangerous reach of power, than his actions fully justified the prediction. The English Catholic may be truly averse to deeds of cruelty. I believe the long local approximation to Protestantism has unconsciously infused a tincture of more tolerant principles; but if he is sincere in his faith, he *must* wish for its ascendancy, and consequently for the downfall of the Protestant Establishment. It must be remembered, too, that in the dreadful massacre of the Protestants in Ireland, in the time of Charles the First, the English Catholics of the Pale, as they were called, who were settled in that island, at first expressed disgust and horror at the barbarities committed by their Irish brethren; but example, and the exhortations of their Priests, soon infected them with the same religious mania, and they rivalled the natives in all their deeds of violence and cruelty.

The fate of John Huss, burnt alive by the sentence of the Council of Constance, notwithstanding the pledge of safety granted him, under the word of the Emperor, is one of the clearest proofs of the genius of Catholicism, and of the regard in which the assembled pastors and masters of that church held promises made to persons whom they called heretics. Has there ever been any formal renunciation of this doctrine? Or has any censure been pronounced against these barbarous proceedings, by any Council, Pope, or other functionary empowered to promulgate the opinions of the Roman Catholic Church? If there has not—if the Vice-gerent of Christ upon earth, as he is designated, has not plainly reprobated these atrocities, it is fairly to be inferred that the proceedings of the Council of Constance continue to be approved by the ruling powers of that church even to this day, however humane individuals may detest in their hearts, and even declare publicly that persecution is contrary to the principles of Catholicity. The public thanksgivings offered up by Gregory the Thirteenth, with all his Cardinals in his train, for the successful performance of a more extensive scene of blood, I mean the Massacre of St Bartholomew, in France, which that Pope himself instigated, clearly shew the opinion of the head of the Roman Catholic Church, at the subsequent period of a century and a half. It is natural, indeed, that a church which boasts of infallibility, should be extremely averse to acknowledge any error, either in faith or practice. Their tenets, they assure us, are the same as they were in the beginning, are now, and ever shall be. They have, however, a convenient way of escape, when pressed hardly on points which are too strong to be denied. "*Discipline*," say the Roman Catholic Divines, "may vary, but our doctrinal articles of faith are immutable." Let them avail themselves of all the advantages of this distinction; but let *us* take care that their discipline, whether old or new, be never forced on that freedom, which is the birth-right of the emancipated members of our National Church; to secure which, we can use no better means than to guard with the utmost caution, all access to political power.

In treating this subject, I am desirous, as much as possible, to avoid touching on the affairs of Ireland, because the state of religion, in that country, is so much blended with political considerations, that I should enter upon too wide a field. I must,

however, be permitted to notice a broad assertion in the text of your letter, that "Cathelic emancipation was the price held out to the people, for bartering the independence and existence of their country." This is indeed qualified, or rather contradicted in a note; but as hasty readers are in the habit of passing over these appendages, the diminutive type of which does not much attract their observation, I will take leave to say, that the writer of these Remarks remembers the debate in the British House of Commons, in which the late Mr Grattan first exerted his eloquence on that arena, in behalf of the Catholics. On that occasion, Mr Pitt most distinctly denied that any such promise had been made; nor did Mr Grattan, or any other person, offer a word of contradiction; on the contrary, it was admitted by other members, who spoke on the same side the question.

The union with Ireland, however it may be represented by those who cannot be called friends to either of the sister islands, was a benefit of a substantive nature. In Scotland, many voices were raised to as high a pitch against the measure which united her to England, in the reign of Queen Anne; but the advantages obtained by our northern fellow-subjects, have long silenced the unmeaning clamour of the loss of independence. There is no doubt but Ireland will gradually become as well reconciled.—But to return to the points from whence I have digressed, which are more immediately the object of this discussion.

Your Lordship is an enemy to tests, and to all restrictions made on religious belief. It might certainly sound better in the ear of a theoretical cosmopolite to announce, that the doors of the British Parliament were thrown open to Jews, Mahometans, and Hindoos, as well as to every sect and denomination of Christians. Some of the wisest men in this country, however, have been of opinion, that an established religion is a great public benefit. Without this, we might have very little religion at all. To destroy entirely this divine plant, which is naturally rooted in the human mind, would be impossible; but the innumerable weeds which would spring up in the soil for want of cultivation, would choke its growth, and even injure its nature. We should be continually offended by the display of an indefinite number of sects, exhibiting all the absurd fancies which the licentious caprice of unguided intellect is capable of forming—each, with indiscreet zeal, contending for mastery. The religious field, left to itself, would bear an exact resemblance to that of nature—

> —— subit aspera sylva
> Lappeque tribulique, interque nitentia culta
> Infelix lolium, et steriles dominantur avenæ.

It is surely sufficient indulgence, that men may be allowed, within their own precincts, to cherish the thistles and the darnel, provided the seeds are not wilfully wafted into their neighbour's grounds. Let them foster the imaginations of their hearts, if they will be contented to do so quietly, and without offence; but to counterbalance these aberrations, let the religion which the State approves, abstaining from the odious means of restraining them by persecution, possess all the advantages of dignity and emolument, and let those who profess it enjoy all those offices, which lead to political power.

The Golden Rule of Pythagoras, which enjoins the worship of the gods, "ὡς νόμῳ διακεῖται," as by law established, is a very good general maxim. Every rule has its exception; and wherever a legal mode of worship shall be proved to be founded on wrong principles, or to contain absurd articles of faith; when flagrant abuses have perverted the best institutions, so as to render them injurious to the welfare of mankind;—then is the time for conversion, or for reformation.

Such changes have, and will infallibly take place, at similar periods of human affairs. As to the Atheist, who, according to your Lordship's supposition, has a chance of being admitted to those advantages from whence the Roman Catholic is debarred, I acknowledge that a man, who is conscious of no state of retribution hereafter, ought, if possible, to be prevented from having any sway over the conduct of mankind here. But the unbelief in the existence of a Deity is so contrary to the general feelings of men, that it is difficult to imagine many Atheists ever to have existed. It may be truly said, changing

a little the language of the Psalmist, "Few fools have said *in their hearts* there is no God, although several have declared this opinion with their lips; and many have acted as if they thought so." But if such a man should be found, and if this *rara avis* should contrive to take his flight to the summit of power, one advantage at least would attend his elevation, which might not be the case with a Roman Catholic,—he certainly would never harrow up the feelings of the country he was destined to rule, by exhibiting the spectacle of an *Auto da fe*.

I desire to subscribe myself, with due respect, your Lordship's most obedient servant,

A PROTESTANT LAYMAN.

February 28, 1822.

[We insert, without hesitation, this communication from a respected and distinguished correspondent. But we expressly decline stating any opinion for ourselves as to this most nice and delicate question. We leave the subject quite open, and we are sure our Correspondent will be as happy as ourselves to see what any intelligent friend of a different way of thinking may judge fit to send us.—C. N.]

STANZAS TO AN OLD FRIEND.

Tandemque nobis exsulibus placent
Relicta. ——————

CASIMIR.

COME here's a health to thee and thine;
Trust me, whate'er we may be told,
Few things are better than old wine,
When tasted with a friend that's old;
We're happy yet; and, in our track,
New pleasures if we may not find,
There is a charm in gazing back,
On sunny prospects left behind.

Like that famed hill in western clime,
Through gaudy noonday dark and bare,
That tinges still, at vesper time,
With purple gleam the evening air;
So there's a joy in former days,
In times, and scenes, and thoughts gone by,
As beautified their heads they raise,
Bright in Imagination's sky.

Time's glass is fill'd with varied sand,
With fleeting joy and transient grief;
We'll turn, and with no sparing hand,
O'er many a strange fantastic leaf;
And fear not—but, 'mid many a blot,
There are some pages written fair,
And flow'rs, that time can wither not,
Preserved, still faintly fragrant there.

As the hush'd night glides gentlier on,
Our music shall breathe forth its strain,
And tell of pleasures that are gone,
And heighten those that yet remain;
And that creative breath, divine,
Shall waken many a slumbering thrill,
And call forth many a mystic line
Of faded joys, remember'd still.

Again, the moments shall she bring
  When youth was in his freshest prime,
We'll pluck the roses that still spring
  Upon the grave of buried time.
There's magic in the olden song;—
  Yea, e'en ecstatic are the tears
Which will steal down, our smiles among,
  Roused by the sounds of other years.

And, as the mariner can find
  Wild pleasure in the voiced roar
E'en of the often-dreaded wind,
  That wreck'd his every hope before,
If there's a pang that lurks beneath—
  For youth had pangs—oh! let it rise,
'Tis sweet to feel the poet breathe
  The spirit of our former sighs.

We'll hear the strains we heard so soft,
  In life's first, warm, impassion'd hours,
That fell on our young hearts as soft
  As summer dews on summer flowers;
And as the stream, where'er it hies,
  Steals something in its purest flow,
Those strains shall taste of ecstacies
  O'er which they floated long ago.

E'en in our morn, when fancy's eye
  Glanced, sparkling o'er a world of bliss,
When joy was young, and hope was high,
  We could not feel much more than this:
Howe'er, then, time our day devours,
  Why should our smiles be overcast,
Why should we grieve for fleeting hours,
  Who find a future in the past.

T. D.

AUTUMNAL TWILIGHT.

A Sonnet. To ———

I stood at sunset on a little hill,
  O'erhung and garlanded with tall beech trees;
  The west was clothed in gold, and not a breeze
Disturb'd the scene—all was unearthly still;
And pleasant was the air, though somewhat chill,
  As wont upon a clear September eve.
  Methought 'twere then impossible to grieve,
For placid thought o'ercame the sense of ill,
And a deep Lethe o'er the senses brought.
  I gazed upon the waters—on the flowers—
The sky—the stirless woods—the silent leaves—
These, and the field-bird's cry amid the sheaves,
Flash'd back departed boyhood on my thought,
  And all the joys that then, loved friend, were ours.

Δ

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. I.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH, Esquire, *Solus.*

Enter Ensign MORGAN ODOHERTY.

EDITOR.

I am glad to see you, Odoherty. I am heartily glad of the interruption. I won't write any more to-night—I'll be shot if I write a word more. Ebony may jaw as he pleases. The Number will do well enough as it is. If there is not enough, let him send his devil into the Balsam-box.

ODOHERTY.

I have just arrived from London.

EDITOR.

From *London*?—The Fleet, I suppose.—How long have you lain there?

ODOHERTY.

I have been out these three weeks. I suppose, for any thing you would have advanced, I might have lain there till Kingdom-come.

EDITOR.

I can't advance money for ever, Adjutant. You have not sent me one article these four months.

ODOHERTY.

What sort of an article do you want?—A poem?

EDITOR.

Poems! There's poetry enough without paying you for it. Have you seen Milman's new tragedy?

ODOHERTY.

No; but I saw the proofs of a puff upon it for the next Quarterly. He's a clever fellow, but they cry him too high. The report goes, that he is to step into Gifford's shoes one of these days.

EDITOR.

That accounts for the puffing; but it will do a really clever fellow, like Milman, no good.

ODOHERTY.

It will, Mr North. I know nobody that puffs more lustily than yourself now and then. What made you puff Procter so much at first?

EDITOR.

It was you that puffed him. It was an article of your own, Ensign.

ODOHERTY.

By Mahomet's mustard-pot, I've written so much, I don't remember half the things I've done in your own lubberly Magazine, and elsewhere. At one time I wrote all Day and Martin's poetry. They were grateful. They kept the whole mess of the 44th in blacking.

EDITOR.

Then you wrote the *World*, did not you?

ODOHERTY.

I never heard of such a thing. They've been quizzing you, old boy. Impostors are abroad.

EDITOR.

Then somebody has been sporting false colours about town.

ODOHERTY.

Like enough. Set a thief to catch a thief.

EDITOR.

You've been writing in Colbourn, they say, Master Morgan?

ODOHERTY.

Not one line. The pretty boys have applied to me a dozen times, but I never sent them any answer except once, and then it was an epigram on themselves.

EDITOR.

Let's hear it?

ODOHERTY.

Now! By Jupiter, I have forgotten the beginning of it. I think it was something like this:—

Colbourn, Campbell, and Co. write rather so so,
But atone for't by puff and profession—
Every month gives us scope for the *Pleasures of Hope*,
But all ends in the *Pains of Possession*.

EDITOR.

How do they get on? Heavily, Ensign?

ODOHERTY.

D— heavily! They lay out a cool hundred on advertisements every month; but Campbell does very little—at least so it is to be hoped—and the Subs are no great shakes. They have a miserable set of bullaboos about them—broken-winded *dominies*, from the manufacturing districts, and so forth. Even Hazlitt does the drama better.

EDITOR.

O, Hazlitt's a real fellow in his small way. He has more sense in his little finger, than many who laugh at him have in their heads, but he is bothering too long at that *table-talk*.

ODOHERTY.

Proper humbug!

EDITOR.

Did you see any of the Cockneys? What's the gossip about Murray's, Ridgeway's, and so forth? Did you make a tour of the shops?

ODOHERTY.

Of course—I went round them all with a bundle of discarded articles you gave me to line my trunk with, when I went to the moors last year. I passed myself off for a country clergyman, wanting to publish a series of essays. I said I had a wife and seven small children.

EDITOR.

You have some tolerable big ones, I believe.

ODOHERTY.

Which you never will have, old boy. The booksellers are a very civil set of fellows: Murray took me into a room by myself, and told me about the row between him and the Divan.

EDITOR.

What row? and with whom?

ODOHERTY.

Why, they call Murray Emperor of the West, and Longman and Company the Divan. They've fallen out about Mother Rundell's book upon cookery. I told Kitchener the next day, that I thought his own book as good a one.

EDITOR.

Shameless fellow! Don't you remember how you cut it up? I wonder you could look the doctor in the face.

ODOHERTY.

By jing! he thought I was a doctor myself. I had a black rose in my hat, and talked very wisely about the famous mistake touching *a Mr Winton of Chelsea*. I'll tell you about that, too, some other time.

EDITOR.

The Bishop's first two volumes are not quite *the potato*. I hope the others are better.

ODOHERTY.

Who cares? I shall never read them. Have you seen Horace Walpole's Memoirs?

EDITOR.

have. A most charming book. A most malicious, prying, lying old fox.

What a prime contributor he would have made!—but, to be sure, he was a Whig.

ODOHERTY.

So am I.—For that matter, half your best contributors are Whigs, I take it.

EDITOR.

Mum, for that, Ensign.—But, at least, I have nothing to do with the Scotch Kangaroo Canaille.

ODOHERTY.

They have nothing to do with you, you mean to say.

EDITOR.

They're a dirty, dull, detestable set.—I hate them all—I despise them all—except little Jeffrey.

ODOHERTY.

He's a clever chap, certainly,—I have not given him a dressing these two years;—I shall give you a song upon him one of these days.

EDITOR.

Do.—What's a-foot among the Tumbledowns?

ODOHERTY.

The Holland-house gentry are chuckling very much over a little tid-bit of blasphemy, sent over by a certain learned Lord from Italy,—'tis call'd the "Irish Advent,"—'tis a base parody on the Advent of our Saviour,—'tis circulated widely among the same Thebans who blarney'd about Hogg's Chaldee.

EDITOR.

Hogg's Chaldee!—good.

ODOHERTY.

You would notice the puffs about another thing, called "the Royal Progress;"—they say 'tis writ by Mrs Morgan's ex-chevalier; and I can believe it, for it is equally dull and disloyal.

EDITOR.

Are these all the news you have picked up. How do the minor periodicals sell?

ODOHERTY.

Worse and worse. Taylor and Hessey are going down like the devil.—Colburn pays like a hero, for what you would fling into the fire. The copyright of the European was disposed of t'other day for about £1600, back numbers, plates, and all included. 'Twas about the best of them.

EDITOR.

I hope old Sir Richard is thriving.

ODOHERTY.

Capitally. He circulates between three and four thousand; and his advertisements are very profitable.—Why don't you sport a little extra matter of cover.

EDITOR.

At present mine are mostly *preserves*. I'll enlarge them, if you won't poach.

ODOHERTY.

Depend on't, 'twill pay.

EDITOR.

I hope Nicholls gets on.

ODOHERTY.

Very fair. 'Tis the only Gentleman's Magazine, besides your own.

EDITOR.

What is that thing called the Gazette of Fashion?

ODOHERTY.

'Tis a poor imitation of the Literary Gazette. Mr ———, they say, patronizes it; but this can't be true, for it attacks, very shamefully, *the man who did* HIM *more good than any body else ever will be able to do him, here or hereafter.*

EDITOR.

Hercles' vein with a vengeance! You've been studying the Eclectic, one would think.

ODOHERTY.

The Ecclectic is not so poor an affair as you insinuate, Mr Christopher, The principal writers tip us a little of the *Snuffle* and *Whine*,—but you are up to that yourself, when it serves your turn. Montgomery's articles are such as you would like very well to lay your own fist upon, I fancy.

EDITOR.

If Foster still writes in it, they have one of the first thinkers in England beneath their banner. I wish you would read him, before you begin to the auto-biography you've been talking about these three years.

ODOHERTY.

Coleridge's did not pay.

EDITOR.

But yours may,—nay, will,—must pay. I'll insure you of £3000 if you go to "the proper man." I intend to give him the first offer of my own great work,—my Armenian Grammar, which is now nearly ready for press.

ODOHERTY.

Your name will sell any thing. Is there much personality in the notes?

EDITOR.

I have cut up the commentators here and there. I have fixed an indelible stigma on old Scioppius.

ODOHERTY.

I'll defy you to write a sermon without being personal.

EDITOR.

I'll defy Dr Chalmers to do that. He is deuced severe on the Glasgow Bailies and Professors! I am told.

ODOHERTY.

Do many clergymen contribute?

EDITOR.

Droves.

ODOHERTY.

What do the lads chiefly affect?

EDITOR.

Jocular topics. 'Twas an arch-deacon sent me the Irish Melodies, which I know you have been owning every where for your own.

ODOHERTY.

I follow one great rule,—never to own any thing that is my own, nor deny any thing that is not my own.

EDITOR.

'Tis the age of owning and disowning. It was a long while or I believed Hope to be Anastasius.

ODOHERTY.

It will be a long while ere I believe that Anastasius wrote these quartos about mahogany. I believe he might furnish the wood, but, by Jericho, did he carve it at all?

EDITOR.

You are an incorrigible Irishman. Have you any news from your own country? It seems to be in a fine state.

ODOHERTY.

Why, for that matter, I think we are very common-place in our national diversions. Sir William Chambers complained of nature being monotonous, for furnishing *only* earth, air, and water. Blood and whisky may sum up all the amusements of the Irish Whigs.—Burning, throat-cutting, shooting an old proctor or policeman—that's all. They fight in a cowardly fashion. There's my cousin, Tom Magrath, writes me he saw 500 of them run away from about forty gentlemen. One of the chief stimulants the poor devils have, is a prophecy of the papist Bishop Walmesley, (the same that goes under the name of Pastorini,) that the Protestant church is to be destroyed in 1825.

EDITOR.

Why, some few years ago, a godly Squire in Ayrshire here, published a thumping book, to prove that Buonaparte would die *in* 1825, *at the siege of Jerusalem*. The year 1825 will be a rare one when it comes.

ODOHERTY.

These events will furnish fine materials for a new hour's *Tete-a-tete with the public.*

EDITOR.

What a world of things will have happened ere 1825!

ODOHERTY.

You will be knocked up ere then. You talk about your stomach—only see how little remains in the bottle!

EDITOR.

I had finished two ere you came in. I can never write without a bottle beside me. Judge Blackstone followed the same plan, he had always a bottle of port by him while he was at his commentaries. When Addison was composing his Essay on the Evidences, he used to walk up and down the long room in Holland-house—there was a table with the black strap at each end, and he always turned up his little finger twice ere he had polished a sentence to his mind.—I believe he took brandy while he was doing the last act of Cato. There is no good writing without one glass.

"Nemo bene potest scribere jejunus."

ODOHERTY.

I prefer smoking, on the whole. But I have no objection to a glass of punch along with it. It clears our mouth.

EDITOR.

"Experto crede Roberto."

ODOHERTY.

I am glad to see you have dropt your cursed humbug articles on German Plays. I hate all that trash. Is Kempferhausen defunct?

EDITOR.

I had a present of two *aums* of Johannisberg from him not a week ago.

ODOHERTY.

The piperly fellow once promised me a few dozens; but he took it amiss that I peppered him so at the *Tent.*

EDITOR.

I am sure you would have sold it to Ambrose if you had got it,—Will you have some supper?

ODOHERTY.

Excuse me, I never eat supper.

EDITOR. (*Rings.*)

Waiter, welsh rabbits for five, scolloped oysters for ten, six quarts of porter, and covers for two

WAITER.

It is all ready, sir; Mr Ambrose knew what you would want the moment the Captain came in.

ODOHERTY.

I am thinking seriously of writing some book. What shape do you recommend? I was thinking of a quarto.

EDITOR.

A duodecimo you mean; will a quarto go into a sabretache, or a work-basket, or a ridicule? Are you the bishop of Winchester?

ODOHERTY.

What bookseller do you recommend? [These are prime pewldoodles!]

EDITOR.

Ebony to be sure, if he will give the best price. But be sure you don't abuse his good temper. There was a worthy young man done up only a few months ago by the Cockney poets. He gave £100 to one for a bundle of verses, (I forget the title,) of which just 80 copies were sold. They were all at him like leeches, and he was soon sucked to the bone. You must not tip Ebony any shabby trash—you must be upon honour, Mr Odoherty. You have a great name, and you must support it. If you mind your hits, you may rise as high as anybody I know in any of the slang lines.

ODOHERTY.

You flatter me! Butter!

EDITOR.

Not one lick! Egan is not worthy of holding the candle to your Bonistas; and yet Egan is a prime swell. You should get little Cruikshanks to draw the vignettes; your life would sell as well as Hogg's, or Haggart's, or any body else, that I remember.

ODOHERTY.

You'll cut a great figure in it yourself.

EDITOR.

A good one you mean?

ODOHERTY.

No, d——, I scorn to flatter you, or any man. I shall tell the truth, all the truth, and nothing but the truth. Do you expect me to say that you are a handsome man? Or that you have slim ancles? Or that you don't squint? Or that you understand the whole doctrine of quadrille? Or that you are the author of Waverley? Or the author of Anastasius? Are these the hams you expect?

EDITOR.

Say that I am the author of the Chaldee, and I am satisfied.

ODOHERTY.

No, I'll stick to my own rule. I'll claim it myself. I'll challenge Hogg if he disputes the point.

EDITOR.

I hope you'll shoot potatoes; for I could not afford to lose either of you! you are both of you rum ones to look at, but devils to go.

ODOHERTY.

I intend to be modest as to my amours.

EDITOR.

You had better not. The ladies won't buy if you do so. Your amour with Mrs Macwhirter raised my sale considerably.

ODOHERTY.

This is a very delicate age. I fear nothing at all high would go down with it.

EDITOR.

Why there's a vast deal of cant afloat as to this matter; people don't know what they are speaking about. Shew me any production of genius, written in our time, which does not contain what they pretend to abhor.

ODOHERTY.

Why, there's the Edinburgh Review—you must at least allow 'tis a decent work.

EDITOR.

Have you forgotten Sidney Smith's article about missionaries?—I won't repeat the *names* of some of them.

ODOHERTY.

The Quarterly?

EDITOR.

Why, Gifford and I are old boys, and past our dancing days; but I believe you will find some very sly touches here and there.

ODOHERTY.

Byron?

EDITOR.

Poh! you're wild now. We may despise the cant about him, but you must confess that there's always a little of *what's wrong* in the best of his works. Even the Corsair seems to have flirted a bit now and then. And Juan, you know, is a perfect Richelieu.

ODOHERTY.

Have you any thing to say against the Waverley novels?

EDITOR.

Not much. Yet even old Dame Norna in the Pirate seems to have danced in her youth. I strongly suspect her son was a mere *filius carnalis*.

ODOHERTY.

What of Kenilworth, then?

EDITOR.

'Tis all full of going about the bush. One always sees what Elizabeth is thinking about. She has never some handsome fellow or other out of her mind. And then the scene where Leicester and Amy get up is certainly rather richly coloured. There is nothing a whit worse in the Sorrows of Werter, or Julia de Roubigné, or any of that sentimental set.

ODOHERTY.

Milman is a very well-behaved boy—You can say nothing of that sort against him.

EDITOR.

He is a very respectable man, and a clergyman to boot; but the bridal songs in his Fall of Jerusalem are not much behind what a layman might have done. There are some very luxurious hits in *that* part of the performance. Did you attend old P——'s sale when you were in town?

ODOHERTY.

No, I can't say I did; but I hear there was a fine collection of the Facetiæ, and other forbidden fruits. A friend of mine got the editio princeps of Poggio, but he sweated for it. The Whigs bid high. They worked to keep all those tid-bits for themselves.

EDITOR.

Does this affair of Lord Byron's Mystery create any sensation in London?

ODOHERTY.

Very little. The Parsons about Murray's shop are not the most untractable people in the world, otherwise they would never have abstained so long from attacking Juan, Beppo, and the rest of Byron's improprieties—they that are so foul-mouthed against Shelly, and such insignificant blasphemers as that Cockney crew.

EDITOR.

I have often wondered at the *face* they shew in that omission.

ODOHERTY.

Really?

EDITOR.

No doubt a Bookseller must have something to say as to his own Review But the thing should not be pushed too far, else a noodle can see through it.

ODOHERTY.

Meaning me?

EDITOR.

Not at all. But as to Cain, I entirely differ from the Chancellor. I think, if Cain be prosecuted, it will be a great shame. The humbug of the age will then have achieved its most visible triumph.

ODOHERTY.

I never saw it, but I thought it had been blasphemous.

EDITOR.

No, sir, I can't see that. The Society might have had some pretence had they fallen on Don Juan; but I suppose those well-fed Archdeacons, and so forth, have their own ways of observing certain matters.

ODOHERTY.

Have you seen Lord Byron's letter on the subject to Mr Murray?

EDITOR.

Yes; 'tis in the papers.

ODOHERTY.

A bite! that's the prose edition. It was written originally in verse, but Murray's friends thought it would have more effect if translated into prose; and a young clergyman, who writes in the Quarterly, turned the thing very neatly, considering. I believe I have a copy of Lord Byron's own letter in my pocket.

EDITOR.

Let's see it.

ODOHERTY.

You shall have it.

BYRON TO MURRAY.*

Attacks on me were what I look'd for, Murray,
  But why the devil do they badger you?
These godly newspapers seem hot as curry,
  But don't, dear Publisher, be in a stew.
They'll be so glad to see you in a flurry—
  I mean those canting Quacks of your Review—
They fain would have you all to their own Set;—
  But never mind them—we're not parted yet.
They surely don't suspect you, Mr John,
  Of being more than *accoucheur* to Cain;
What mortal ever said you wrote the Don?
  I dig the mine—you only fire the train!
But here—why, really, no great lengths I've gone—
  Big wigs and buzz were always my disdain—
But my poor shoulders why throw *all* the guilt on?
  There's as much blasphemy, or more, in Milton.—
The thing's a drama, not a sermon-book;
  Here stands the murderer—that's *the old one* there—
In gown and cassock how would Satan look?
  Should Fratricides discourse like Doctor Blair?
The puritanic Milton freedom took,
  Which now-a-days would make a Bishop stare;
But not to shock the feelings of the age,
I only bring your angels on the stage.

---

* *Letter from Lord Byron to Mr Murray.*

DEAR SIR, *Pisa, Feb. 8, 1822.*

Attacks upon me were to be expected; but I perceive one upon *you* in the papers, which, I confess, that I did not expect. How, or in what manner *you* can be considered responsible for what *I* publish, I am at a loss to conceive. If "Cain" be "blasphemous," Paradise Lost is blasphemous; and the very words of the Oxford Gentleman, "Evil be thou my good," are from that very poem, from the mouth of Satan: and is there any thing more in that of Lucifer in the Mystery? Cain is nothing more than a drama, not a piece of argument. If Lucifer and Cain speak as the first murderer and the first rebel may be supposed to speak, surely all the rest of the personages talk also according to their characters; and the stronger passions have ever been permitted to the drama. I have even avoided introducing the Deity, as in Scripture, (though Milton does, and not very wisely either;) but have adopted his angel, as sent to Cain, instead, on purpose to avoid shocking any feelings on the subject, by falling short of, what all uninspired men must fall short in, viz. giving an adequate notion of the effect of the presence of Jehovah. The old mysteries introduced him liberally enough, and all this is avoided in the new one.

The attempt to *bully you*, because they think it will not succeed with me, seems to me as atrocious an attempt as ever disgraced the times. What! when Gibbon's, Hume's, Priestley's, and Drummond's publishers have been allowed to rest in peace for seventy years, are *you* to be singled out for a work of *fiction*, not of history or argument? There must be something at the bottom of this—some private enemy of your own—it is otherwise incredible.

I can only say, "*Me—me adsum qui feci*," that any proceedings directed against you, I beg may be transferred to me, who am willing and *ought* to endure them all; that if you have lost money by the publication, I will refund any, or all of the copyright; that I desire you will say, that both *you* and Mr Gifford remonstrated against the publication, as also Mr Hobhouse; that I alone occasioned it, and I alone am the person who either legally or otherwise should bear the burthen. If they prosecute, I will come to England; that is, if by meeting it in my own person, I can save yours. Let me know—you shan't suffer for me, if I can help it. Make any use of this letter which you please.—Yours ever,

BYRON.

To bully You—yet shrink from battling Me,
  Is baseness. Nothing baser stains "The Times."
While Jeffrey in each catalogue I see,
  While no one talks of priestly Playfair's crimes,
While Drummond, at Marseilles, blasphemes with glee,
  Why all this row about my harmless rhymes?
Depend on't, Piso, 'tis some private pique
'Mong those that cram your Quarterly with Greek.

If this goes on, I wish you'd plainly tell 'em,
  'Twere quite a treat *to me* to be indicted;
Is it less sin to write such books than sell 'em?
  There's muscle!—I'm resolved I'll see you righted.
In me, great Sharpe, *in me convorte tetum*!
  Come, Doctor Sewell, shew you *have* been knighted!
— On my account you never shall be dunn'd,
  The copyright, in part, I will refund.
You may tell all who come into your shop,
  You and your Bull-dog both remonstrated;
My Jackall did the same, you hints may drop,
  (All which, perhaps, you have already said.)
Just speak the word, I'll fly to be your prop,
  They shall not touch a hair, man, in your head.
You're free to print this letter; you're a fool
If you don't send it first to the JOHN BULL.

EDITOR.

Come, this is a good letter. If I had been Murray I would not have thought of the prose. I'll be hanged if I would.

ODOHERTY.

Is there any thing new in the literary world here?

EDITOR.

Not much that I hear of. There's Colonel Stewart's History of the Highland Regiments, one of the most entertaining books that have been published this long time. You're a soldier, you must review it for me in my next Number.

ODOHERTY.

I think I'll tip you a series of articles on the history of the Irish regiments. I'm sure I know as many queer stories about them as any Colonel of them all. Is the book well written?

EDITOR.

Plainly, but sensibly, and elegantly too, I think. Not much of the flash that's in vogue, but a great deal of feeling and truth. Some of the anecdotes are quite beautiful, and the Colonel's view of the Highland character is admirably drawn.

ODOHERTY.

I'm glad to hear it. Few officers write well except Julius Cæsar, the Heavy Horseman, and myself.

EDITOR.

You forget General Burgoyne.

ODOHERTY.

Aye, true enough. The General was a sweet fellow.

EDITOR.

So are you all. Have you done nothing to your Campaigns? I'm sure they would sell better than Southey's.

ODOHERTY.

That's no great matter perhaps. I don't think the Laureate has much of a military eye.

EDITOR.

How does the John Bull get on?

ODOHERTY.

Famously they say. I'm told they divided L.6000 at the end of the first year. I intend contributing myself if you do not pay me better.

EDITOR.

Why, how much would you have? Are you not always sure of your twenty guineas a-sheet? I'm sure that's enough for such articles as yours. You never take any pains.

ODOHERTY.

If I did, they would not be worth five.—Have you seen John Home's Life?

EDITOR.

To be sure.—'Tis very amusing. The old gentleman writes as well as ever. I wish he would try his hand at a novel once more.

ODOHERTY.

Why, no novels sell now except the Author of Waverley's.

EDITOR.

Write a good one, and I warrant you 'twill sell.—There's Adam Blair has taken like a shot; and Sir Andrew Wylie is almost out of print already.

ODOHERTY.

I don't think Sir Andrew near so good as the Annals of the Parish.—What say you?

EDITOR.

I agree with you.—The story is d— improbable; the hero a borish fellow, an abominable bore! but there is so much cleverness in the writing, and many of the scenes are so capitally managed, that one can never lay down the book after beginning it. On the whole, 'tis a very strange performance.—I hear the Provost is likely to be better, however.

ODOHERTY.

The Author has a vast deal of humour, but he should stick to what he has seen. The first part of Wylie is far the best.

EDITOR.

The scene with old George is as good as possible.

ODOHERTY.

It is. Why did he not produce the present King too?

EDITOR.

He will probably have him some other time. If he could but write stories as well as the King tells them, he would be the first author of his time.

ODOHERTY.

Were you ever in company with the King, North?

EDITOR.

Three or four times,—long ago now, when he used to come a-hunting in the New Forest.

ODOHERTY.

Will he come to Scotland this summer?

EDITOR.

One can never be sure of a King's movements; but 'tis said he is quite resolved upon the trip.

ODOHERTY.

What will the Whigs do?

EDITOR.

Poh! the Whigs here are nobody. Even Lord Moira could not endure them. He lived altogether among the Tories when he was in Scotland. The Whigs would be queer pigs at a drawing-room.

ODOHERTY.

Sir Ronald Ferguson seems to be a great spoon.

EDITOR.

He is what he seems. At the Fox dinner, t'other day, he came prepared with two speeches; one to preface the memory of old Charlie; the other returning thanks for his own health being drunk. He forgot himself, and transposed them. He introduced Fox with twenty minutes harangue about his own merits, and then, discovering his mistake, sat down in such a quandary!

ODOHERTY.

Good! they're a petty set. What sort of a thing is the Thane of Fife—Tennant's poem?

EDITOR.

Mere humbug—quite defunct.

ODOHERTY.

What are they saying about Hogg's new romance, "The Three Perils of Man; or, War, Women, and Witchcraft"—Is not that the name?

EDITOR.

I think so. I dare say 'twill be like all his things,—a mixture of the admirable, the execrable, and the tolerable. It is to be published by some London house.

ODOHERTY.

Does he never come to Edinburgh now?

EDITOR.

Oh yes, now and then he is to be seen, about five in the morning, selling sheep in the Grassmarket. I am told he is a capital manager about his farm, and getting rich apace.

ODOHERTY.

I am glad to hear it. I'm sorry I wrote that article on his life. It was too severe, perhaps.

EDITOR.

Never mind; 'tis quite forgotten. He is now giving out that he wrote it himself.

ODOHERTY.

It was a devilish good article. He could not have written three lines of it.

EDITOR.

No, no, but neither could you have written three lines of Kilmeny, no, nor one line of his dedication to Lady Anne Scott. Hogg's a true genius in his own style. Just compare him with any of the others of the same sort; compare him with Clare for a moment. Upon my word, Hogg appears to me to be one of the most wonderful creatures in the world, taking all things together. I wish he would send me more articles than he does, and take more pains with them.

ODOHERTY.

Is Dr Scott in town?

EDITOR.

No—he's busy writing the Odontist. They say it will be the oddest jumble. All his life—every thing he has seen, or might have seen, from a boy—and some strange anecdotes of the French Revolution.

ODOHERTY.

Was he ever in the Bastile?

EDITOR.

Oh yes, and in the Temple too. He has been every where but at Timbuctoo.

ODOHERTY.

Where is Timbuctoo?

EDITOR.

Somewhere in Egypt, I am told. I never was there.

ODOHERTY.

What is your serious opinion about the present state of literature?

EDITOR.

Why, we live in an age that will be much discussed when 'tis over—a very stirring, productive, active age—a generation of commentators will probably succeed—and I, for one, look to furnish them with some tough work. There is a great deal of genius astir, but, after all, not many first-rate works produced. If I were asked to say how many will survive, I could answer in a few syllables. Wordsworth's Ballads will be much talked of a hundred years hence; so will the Waverley Novels; so will Don Juan, I think, and Manfred; so will Thalaba, and Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, and the Pilgrimage to the Kirk of Shotts, and Christabel—

ODOHERTY.

And the Essay on the Scope and Tendency of Bacon.

EDITOR.

You wag, I suppose you expect to float yourself.

ODOHERTY.

Do you?

EDITOR.

None of your quizzing here, Mr Odoherty. I'll get Hogg to review your next book, sir, if you don't mend your manners.

ODOHERTY.

Do—I would fain have a row, as I say in *my* song,—

"O, no matter with whom—no, nor what it was for."

EDITOR.

Aye, you are always in that mood.

ODOHERTY.

Sometimes only. Do you disapprove of personality?

EDITOR.

No, no. I am not quite fool enough to sport that; least of all to you. In reviewing, in particular, what can be done without personality? Nothing, nothing. What are books that don't express the personal characters of their authors; and who can review books, without reviewing those that wrote them?

ODOHERTY.

You get warm, Christopher; out with it.

EDITOR.

Can a man read La Fontaine, Mr Odoherty, without perceiving his personal good nature? Swift's personal ill nature is quite as visible. Can a man read Burns without having the idea of a great and a bold man—or Barry Cornwall, without the very uncomfortable feeling of a little man and a timid one? The whole of the talk about personality is, as Fogarty says, cant.

ODOHERTY.

Get on.

EDITOR.

I have done. Did you pick me up any good new hands when you were in town?

ODOHERTY.

Several—two or three, that is. But I think the less you have to do with the Cockney underscrubs the better.

EDITOR.

You're right there.

ODOHERTY.

Oh yes, I have no love of the "Young Geniuses about town." The glorious army of Parliamentary reporters has no magnificence in my eyes. I detest news-writers—paragraphers—spouting-club speechifiers—all equally. You have them writing on different *lays*, but they are at *bottom*, with very few exceptions, the same dirty radicals,—meanly born,—meanly bred,—uneducated adventurers, who have been thrown upon literature only by having failed as attorneys, apothecaries, painters, schoolmasters, preachers, grocers——

EDITOR.

Or Adjutants.——ha! ha!
This Barry Cornwall, do they still puff him as much as ever?

ODOHERTY.

Yes, they do; but the best joke is, that in one of his own prefaces he takes the trouble to tell us that Mirandola, (a character in one of his play-things,) is not the same man with Othello.

EDITOR.

One might as well say that Tom Thumb is not the same man as Richard the Third.

ODOHERTY.

Or that Joseph Hume is not Edmund Burke.

EDITOR.

Or that the friend of Gerrald is not the examplar of Sir Philip Sidney.

ODOHERTY.

Or that a painted broomstick is not an oak.

EDITOR.

Or that Baby Cornwall is not Giant Shakespeare. To be serious, do you think Campbell is gaining reputation by his Editorship?

ODOHERTY.

No; nor do I think Byron will by his.

EDITOR.

How are you sure of that, Ensign?

ODOHERTY.

The Duke of Wellington would not raise himself by the best of all possible corn-bills. Hannibal did not raise himself by his excellent conduct at the head of the Carthaginian Police. Even if Tom Campbell had turned out the prince of Editors, I should still have preferred him thinking of

On Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

EDITOR.

You are getting sentimental now, I think. Will you have another tumbler?

ODOHERTY.

Hand me the lemons. This holy alliance of Pisa will be a queer affair. The Examiner has let down its price from a tenpenny to a sevenpenny. They say the Editor here is to be one of that faction, for they must publish in London of course.

EDITOR.

Of course; but I doubt if they will be able to sell many. Byron is a prince; but these dabbling dogglerers destroy every dish they dip in.

ODOHERTY.

Apt alliteration's artful aid.

EDITOR.

Imagine Shelly, with his spavin, and Hunt, with his staingalt, going in the same harness with such a caperer as Byron, three a-breast! He'll knock the wind out of them both the first canter.

ODOHERTY.

'Tis pity Keats is dead.—I suppose you could not venture to publish a sonnet in which he is mentioned now? The Quarterly (who killed him, as Shelly says) would blame you.

EDITOR.

Let's hear it. Is it your own?

ODOHERTY.

No, 'twas written many months ago by a certain great Italian genius, who cuts a figure about the London routs—one Fudgiolo.

EDITOR.

Try to recollect it.

ODOHERTY.

It began

Signor Le Hunto, gloria di Cocagna
Chi scrive il poema della Rimini
Che tutta apparenza ha, per Gemini,
D'esser cantato sopra la montagna
Di bel Ludgato, o nella campagna
D'Amsted, o sulle marge Serpentimini
Com' esta Don Giovanni d' Endyimini
Il gran poeta d'Ipecacuanha?
Tu sei il Re del Cocknio Parnasso
Ed egli il herede appanente,
Tu sei un gran Giacasso ciertamente,
Ed egli ciertamente gran Giacasso!
Tu sei il Signor del Examinero
Ed egli soave Signor del Glystero.

EDITOR.

I don't see why *Examinero* and *Glystero* should be so coupled together.

ODOHERTY.

Both vehicles of dirt, you know.

EDITOR.

You have me there. Who is Regent at present during his Majesty's absence?

ODOHERTY.

Of course Prince John. I don't think Hazlitt is in the Council of Regency. From the moment King George went to Hanover, King Leigh was in the fidgets to be off.

EDITOR.

What a cursed number of sonnets he'll write about the Venus de Medicis and the Hermaphrodite! The pictures and statues will drive him clean out of his wits. He'll fall in love with some of them.

ODOHERTY.

If he sees Niobe and her Nine Daughters, he's a lost man.

EDITOR.

Quite done for.

ODOHERTY.

Will the ladies admire his sonnets when they come over?

EDITOR.

According to Dr Colquhoun, there is one parish in London, Mary-le-bone, which contains 50,000 *ladies* capable of appreciating his poetry.

ODOHERTY.

Is the new novel nearly ready—The Fortunes of Nigel—is not that it?

EDITOR.

I hear it will soon be out, and that it is better than the Pirate.

ODOHERTY.

I can believe that.

EDITOR.

The subject is better. The time a very picturesque one. I am informed, that we may expect to have the most high and mighty Prince, King Jamie, and old Geordie Heriot, introduced in high style.

ODOHERTY.

In London, I hope.

EDITOR.

I hope so, too. I think he shews most in a bustle.

ODOHERTY.

I don't know. I like the glen in the Monastery.

EDITOR.

Your affectation is consummate. You that never breathed at ease out of a tavern, to be sporting romance.

ODOHERTY.

I have written as many sentimental verses as any *Sempstress* alive. I once tried an epic in dead earnest.

EDITOR.

How did you get on?

ODOHERTY.

My heroine was with child at the end of the first canto, but I never had patience to deliver her.

EDITOR.

Have you still got the MS.?

ODOHERTY.

Yes; I think of sending it to Tom Campbell, or Taylor and Hessey, or the Aberdeen Review, if there be such a book still.

EDITOR.

I never heard of it; but Steam-boats and Magazines are all the go at present. They've got a Magazine at Brighton—another at Newcastle, for the colliers—another at Dundee—and, I believe, five or six about Paisley and Glasgow. You may choose which you like best—they're all works of genius—Hogg writes in them all.

ODOHERTY.

I'll sing you a song. (*Sings.*)

Thus speaks out Christopher
To his gallant crew—
Up with the Olive flag,
Down with the Blue;

Fire upon Jeffrey,
  Fire on Sir James,
Fire on the Benthams,
  Fire on the Grahams.

Fire upon Bennet,
  Fire on Joe Hume,
Fire upon Lambton,
  Fire upon Brougham.

Fire upon Hallam,
  Fire upon Moore,
Spit upon Hazlitt,
  * * * * * *.

I've forgot the last line. 'Tis my call. Your stave, Christopher!

EDITOR. (*Rings.*)

Waiter! If Willison Glass be in the house, desire him to come up stairs, and he shall have a bottle of porter.

Enter WILLISON GLASS.

What's your will?

EDITOR.

Sing the dialogue between yourself and Jeremy Bentham.

WILLISON GLASS.

I have it in my pocket, sir—I will sing it directly, sir—there's a running commentary, sir—would you be pleased to hear it too, sir?

EDITOR.

Tip us the affair as it stands, Willison.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN WILLISON GLASS, ESQ. OF EDINBURGH, AND JEREMY BENTHAM ESQ. OF LONDON.

1.

Willison inviteth Jeremy to the sign of the Jolly Bacchus, whereof he speaketh in commendation.

JEREMY throw your pen aside,
  And come get drunk with me;
We'll go where Bacchus sits astride,
  Perch'd high upon barrels three;
'Tis there the ale is frothing up,
  And genuine is the gin;
So we shall take a liberal sup,
  To comfort our souls within.

2.

Jeremy refuseth the invitation, blandly alleging that he had much rather destroy the young man of the west, and other persons.

O cheerier than the nappy ale,
  Or the Hollands smacking fine,
Is sitting by the taper pale,
  And piling line on line;
Smashing with many a heavy word
  Anti-usurers * in a row,
Or pointing arguments absurd †
  To level the Boroughs low.

3.

Whereupon Willison reminideth him of the Quarterly, and extolleth the good liquor.

Jeremy, trust me, 'tis but stuff
  To scribble the live long night,
While the Quarterly bloodhounds howl so rough,
  And so grusome is their bite.
But down at the sign of the triple ton,
  There's nothing like them to fear,
But sweet is its brandy's genial run,
  And barmy is its beer.

* See Essay on the Usury Laws.
† Reform Catechism.

4.

Brandy, I know, is liquor good,
And barmy the beer may be;
But common law is my favourite food, *
And it must be crunch'd by me:
And I'm writing a word three pages long,
The Quarterly dogs to rout,
A word which never will human tongue
Be able to wind about.

Jeremy disvalueth beer, brandy, and the Quarterly, declares that he chooseth rather to eat lawyers than drink brandy.

5.

Jeremy, never shall tongue of mine
Be put to such silly use;
I'll keep it to smack the brandy-wine,
Or barleycorn's gallant juice.
Then mount your mitre on your skull,
And waddle with me, my lad,
To take a long and a hearty pull,
At the brimmer bumpering glad.

Willison preferreth long draughts to long words.

6.

Though ale be comforting to the maw,
Yet here I still shall dwell,
Until I prove that judge-made law
Is uncognoscible;——
That the schools at Canterbury's beck †
Exist but in the mind,——
And that T. T. Walmsey, Esquire, *Sec.*
Is no more than a spirit of wind.

Jeremy bringeth up his nine pounders, and declareth that he is a Berkeleian philosopher.

7.

Jeremy, never mind such trash,
And of better spirits think,
And out of your throat the cobwebs wash
With a foaming flagon of drink;
For 'tis sweet the pewter pots to spy,
Imprisoning the liquor stout,
As jail-bird rogues are ring'd in by
Your Panopticon roundabout.

Willison compareth Jeremy's Panopticon to a porter pot in a pretty simile.

8.

Sweeter it is to see the sheet
With paradox scribbled fair,
Where jawbreaking words every line you meet,
To make poor people stare.
And Sir Richard of Bridge-street my books shall puff,
And Ensor will swear them fine,
And Jeffrey will say, though my style is tough,
Yet my arguments are divine.

Jeremy calleth on three great men, Sir Pythagoras, George Ensor, and Master Francis Jeffrey.

9.

Jeremy, trust me, the puff of the three,
(I tell you the truth indeed),
Is not worth the puff you'd get from me,
Of the pure Virginian weed.
And beneath its fume, while we gaily quaff
The beer or the ruin blue,
You at the world may merrily laugh,
Instead of its laughing at you.

Willison disparaging the three: recommendeth to blow a cloud.

---

* Theorie de Legislation.
† Church of Englandism.

10.

Jeremy proposeth pleasant reading to his friend Mr Glass.

The world may lay what it likes to my charge;
  May laugh, or may say I'm crack'd.
If it do, I shall swear that the world at large
  Is no more than a jury pack'd;
Such a jury as those on which I penn'd *
  A Treatise genteel and clear;
And I'll read it now to you, my friend,
  For 'twill give you joy to hear.

11.

who thereupon recoileth, horror-struck, and departeth to the sign of the Jolly Bacchus, there to sing about Prince Charlie, and other goodly ballads. And Jeremy abideth in his place.

Jeremy, not for a gallon of ale
  Would I stay that book to hear;
Why, even at its sight my cheek turns pale,
  And my heart leaps up like a deer.
So I must off without more delay,
  My courage to raise with a glass;
And as you prefer o'er such stuff to stay,
  I'll toast you, my lad, for an ass.
(Exit Willison Glass.)

EDITOR.

Well, but say candidly, what have you been doing for us? Your active mind must have been after something. I heard lately, (perhaps it was said in allusion to your late detention in London,) that you were engaged with a novel, to be entitled "Fleeting Impressions."

ODOHERTY.

You are quite mistaken. I have not patience for a novel. I must go off like a cracker, or an ode of Horace.

EDITOR.

Then why don't you give us an essay for our periodical?

ODOHERTY.

To prove what? or nothing. When I last saw Coleridge, he said he considered an essay, in a periodical publication, as merely "a say" for the time—an ingenious string of sentences, driving, apparently, with great vehemence, towards some object, but never meant to lead to any thing, or to arrive at any conclusion, (for in what conclusion are the public interested but the abuse of individuals). Fortunately, there is one subject for a critical disquisition, which can never be exhausted.

EDITOR.

What is this treasure?

ODOHERTY.

The question, whether is Pope a poet?

EDITOR.

True! But confess, Odoherty, what have you been after?

ODOHERTY.

The truth is, I have some thoughts of finishing my tragedy of the Black Revenge.

EDITOR.

Ye gods! what a scheme!

ODOHERTY.

The truth is, I must either do this, or go on with my great quarto disquisition, on "The Decline and Fall of Genius."

EDITOR.

I would advise to let alone the drama. I do not think it is at present a good field for the exertion of genius.

ODOHERTY.

For what reason, Honey?

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* Elements of Packing.

EDITOR.

I think the good novels, which are published, come in place of new dramas. Besides, they are better fitted for the present state of public taste. The public are merely capable of strong sensations, but of nothing which requires knowledge, taste, or judgment. A certain ideal dignity of style, and regularity of arrangement, must be required for a drama, before it can deserve the name of a composition. But what sense have the common herd of barbarians of composition, or order, or any thing else of that kind?

ODOHERTY.

But there is also the more loose and popular drama, which is only a novel without the narrative parts.

EDITOR.

Yes, the acting is the chief difference. But I think the novel has the advantage in being without the acting, for its power over the feelings is more undisturbed and entire, and the imagination of the reader blends the whole into a harmony which is not found on the stage. I think those who read novels need not go to the theatre, for they are in general beforehand with the whole progress of the story.

ODOHERTY.

This is true to a certain extent. But novels can never carry away from the theatre those things which are peculiarly its own; that is to say, the powers of expression in the acting, the eloquence of declamation, music, buffoonery, the splendour of painted decorations, &c.

EDITOR.

You are perfectly right. Novels may carry away sympathy, plot, invention, distress, catastrophe, and every thing—(Vide Blair.)

ODOHERTY.

Do you mean Dr Blair, or Adam Blair?

EDITOR.

The latter. I say the novels may carry away all these things, but the theatre must still be strong in its power of affecting the senses. This is its peculiar dominion. Yet our populace do not much seek after what strikes and pleases the senses; for the elegances of sight and hearing require a sort of abstract taste which they do not seem to have. Any thing which is not an appeal through sympathy to some of their vulgar personal feelings, appears to them uninteresting and unmeaning.

ODOHERTY.

They think it has no reference to *meum* and *tuum*.

EDITOR.

It probably would not be easy to find a people more lamentably deficient in all those liberal and general feelings which partake of the quality of taste.

ODOHERTY.

You sink me into despair. I think I must betake myself to my old and favourite study of theological controversy, and furnish a reply to Coplestone. I perceive that Lord Byron, in his Mystery of Cain, tends very much to go off into the same disputes.

EDITOR.

A sceptically disputatious turn of mind, appears a good deal here and there in his poetry.

ODOHERTY.

I suppose you think Sardanapalus the best Tragedy he has written.

EDITOR.

Yes. The Foscari is interesting to read, but rather painful and disagreeable in the subject. Besides, the dialogue is too much in the short and pointed manner of Alfieri. When a play is not meant to be acted, there is no necessity for its having that hurry in the action and speeches, which excludes wandering strains of poetical beauty, or reflexion and thought, nor should it want the advantages of rhyme. The Faustus of Goethe seems to be the best specimen of the kind of plan fit for a poem of this kind not meant to be acted.

ODOHERTY.

Pindarum quisquis.

EDITOR.

Byron's Manfred is certainly but an Icarian flutter in comparison; his Sardanapalus is better composed, and more original.

ODOHERTY.

How do you like Nimrod and Semiramis?

EDITOR.

That dream is a very frightful one, and I admire the conception of Nimrod.

ODOHERTY.

You know that I am not subject to nocturnal terrors, even after the heaviest supper; but I acknowledge that the ancestors of Sardanapalus almost made my hair stand on end; and I have some intention of introducing the ghost of Fingal in my "Black Revenge." The superstitious vein has not lately been waked with much success. I slight the conception of Norna in relation to fear. The scorpion lash, which Mr David Lindsay applied to the tyrant Firaoun, is not at all formidable to the reader; but there is solemnity and sentiment in the conception of the people being called away one by one from the festival, till he is left alone. That same piece of the Deluge would be very good, if it were not sometimes like music, which aims rather at loudness than harmony or expression. The most elegant and well composed piece in Lindsay's book is the Destiny of Cain.

ODOHERTY.

How do you like the Nereid's love?

EDITOR.

It is vastly pretty, but too profuse in images drawn from mythology. However, there are many fables of the ancients on which poems might be successfully made even in modern times, and according to modern feeling, if the meaning of the fables were deeply enough studied. It does not necessarily follow that all mythological poems should be written in imitation of the manner of the ancients, much less in the pretty style of Ovid, and those moderns who have adopted the same taste.

ODOHERTY.

You do not think Mr Lindsay's Nereid French?

EDITOR.

By no means. It is free from any fault of that kind. In some of Wordsworth's later poems, there appears something like a reviving imagination for those fine old conceptions, which have been, and always will be.

An age hath been when earth was proud
  Of lustre too intense
To be sustain'd; and mortals bow'd
  The front in self defence.
Who, then, if Dian's crescent gleam'd,
Or Cupid's sparkling arrow stream'd,
While on the wing the urchin play'd,
Could fearlessly approach the shade?
Enough for one soft vernal day,
If I, a bard of ebbing time,
And nurtured in a fickle clime,
May haunt this horned bay;
Whose amorous water multiplies
The flitting halcyon's vivid dyes,
And smooths its liquid breast to show
These swan-like specks of mountain snow,
White, as the pair that slid along the plains
Of heaven, while Venus held the reins.

ODOHERTY.

Beautifully recited, and now touch the bell again, for we're getting prosy.

EDITOR.

Positively, Ensign, we must rise.

ODOHERTY.

Having now relinquished the army, I rise by sitting still, and applying either to study, or——Will you ring?

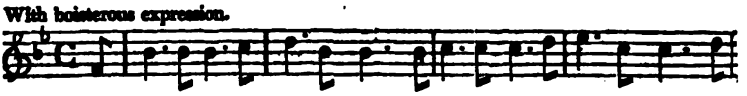
EDITOR.

'Tis time to be going, I believe. I see the day-light peeping down the chimney. But sing one good song more, Odoherty, and so wind up the evening.

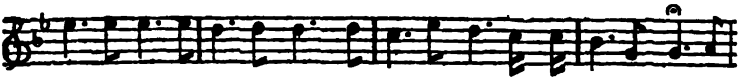
ODOHERTY. *(Sings).*

ARIA.

With boisterous expression.

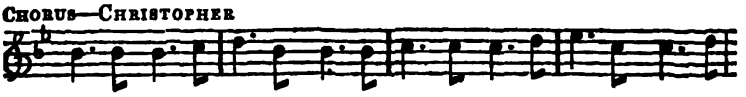


THERE was a la-dy lived at Leith, a la-dy ve-ry stylish, man, And

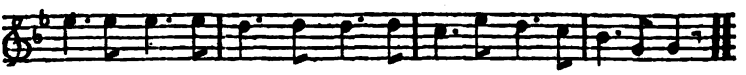


yet, in spite of all her teeth, she fell in love with an I-rish-man, A

CHORUS—CHRISTOPHER



nas-ty ug-ly I-rish-man, a wild tremendous I-rish-man, A



tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ramping, roaring I-rishman

2.

His face was no ways beautiful,
For with small-pox 'twas scarr'd across;
And the shoulders of the ugly dog
Were almost double a yard across.
O, the lump of an Irishman,
The whisky-devouring Irishman—
The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue, the fighting, rioting, Irishman.

3.

One of his eyes was bottle-green,
And the other eye was out, my dear;
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
Were more than two feet about, my dear.
O, the great big Irishman,
The rattling, battling Irishman—
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering swash of an Irishman.

4.

He took so much of Lundy-Foot,
That he used to snort and snuffle—O;
And in shape and size, the fellow's neck,
Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.
O, the horrible Irishman,
The thundering, blundering Irishman—
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hashing, Irishman.

5.

His name was a terrible name, indeed,
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
He'd not rest till he fill'd it full again.
The boozing, bruising Irishman,
The 'toxicated Irishman—
The whisky, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no dandy Irishman.

6.

This was the lad the lady loved,
Like all the girls of quality;
And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,
Just by the way of jollity.
O, the leathering Irishman,
The barbarous, savage, Irishman—
The hearts of the maids, and the gentlemen's heads, were bother'd, I'm sure, by this Irishman.

I think I hear the rattles, Christopher. By Saint Patrick, there's a row in the street! Come along, old one! Up with your crutch!

(*Exeunt* Ambo.)

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Mr Wordsworth has two new poetical works in the press. The first that will appear is entitled, "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent," and the other, "Ecclesiastical Sketches."

The Songs of Anacreon of Teos, translated into English measure. By Lord Thurlow.

Shortly will appear, Mr Bernard Barton's new volume, entitled, "Napoleon, and other Poems."

The author of the Amatory Works of Tom Shuffleton, is about to publish a Poem in the manner of Beppo, entitled Faliero; or the Life and Adventures of a Neapolitan Libertine. Dedicated to the right honourable Lord Byron.

A second edition of Mr Fosbrooke's Tour on the Wye, with Additions; and the Itinerary and Pictures of the Department, separated from the Historical.

Will be published in the first week in May, a new work, entitled, Oriental Literature, applied to the Illustration of the Sacred Scriptures. By Rev. Sam. Burder, in two large vols. 8vo. At the same time will appear, in 2 vols. 8vo. the sixth edition, greatly augmented, of Oriental Customs, by the same author.

A New and Impartial History of Ireland, from the earliest accounts, to the present time. By Mr M'Dermot. In 7 vols. 8vo. The work will go to press as soon as 500 signatures are obtained.

Evenings in Autumn; a series of Essays, Narrative, and Miscellaneous. By Dr Nathan Drake, the elegant author of Literary Hours, Shakespeare and his Times, &c. &c.

The Travels of Theodore Ducas, in various countries of Europe, at the revival of Letters and Arts. Edited by Charles Mills, author of the History of the Crusades.

A Letter on the Study of Political Economy. By Lord John Russell.

A Journal of a Voyage to Greenland, in the year 1821, in 1 vol. royal 8vo. By W. G. Manby, Esq. author of the Means of Saving Persons from Shipwreck. With plates.

A new edition of Chalmers's Mary Queen of Scots, in 2 vols. 8vo.

A System of Analytic Geometry. By Rev. Dionysius Lardner, A.M. of the University of Dublin.

Dodsley's Annual Register for 1820.

Collections for a Biography of English Architects, from the fifth to the seventeenth century.

Francis Quarles's Enchiridion, or Institutions Divine and Moral, is reprinting in royal 16mo. with a portrait of the author.

The Memoirs and Correspondence of Charles Brockden Brown, author of those extraordinary American novels, Ormond, Wieland, Arthur Mervyn, &c. are nearly ready for publication; also Carwin the Biloquist, and other Posthumous Tales of the same writer.

A third edition of Humboldt's Political Essay on New Spain is in the press.

A new and enlarged edition of the Art of Preserving the Sight to extreme Old Age, in 1 vol. 12mo.

A new and improved edition of the Florist's Manual; or Hints for the Formation of a Gay Flower Garden, By the Authoress of Botanical Dialogues.

Shortly will be published, a Narrative of two years Residence in the Settlement called the English Prairie, in the Illinois Country, United States; with an Account of its Animal and Vegetable Productions, Agriculture, &c. and a Description of the Principal Towns, Villages, &c. and of the Habits and Customs of the Backwoodsmen. By John Woods.

Lord Dillon, author of Commentaries on the Military Establishments and Defence of the British Empire, has, during a late residence at Florence, composed a work, under the title of the Life and Opinions of Sir Richard Maltravers, an English gentleman of the seventeenth century. It is now in the press.

The Works of Dr. James Arminius, translated from the Latin, are now in the press.

The Collection of Reading Exercises made by Messrs Noel and La Place, Professors in the University of Paris, for the use of French youth, is reprinting in London.

Preparing for publication, a new edition, in 3 vols. 8vo, of Wooddeson's Lectures on the Laws of England, with additional Notes. By W. M. Blythewood, Esq. of Lincolns Inn.

Rhodomaldi; a Romance, in 3 vols.

The Knights of Ritzberg; a Romance, in 3 vols.

Temptation; a Novel, in 3 vols. By the Author of Supreme Bon Ton, &c. &c.

The History of Stamford, in Lincolnshire, comprising its ancient and modern state, to which is added, an account of St Martin's, Stamford Baron, and Great and Little Wothorpe, in Northamptonshire, is now in the press, and will shortly be published by Mr Drakard of Stamford. The work, although in a great measure compiled from former Historians, contains several new and interesting documents, and will be embellished with a number of excellent engravings.

Charles and Eugenia, or the Paternal Benediction, translated from the French of Madame de Renneville, is in the press, and will shortly be published.

Mr L. J. A. Mac-Henry, author of the improved Spanish Grammar, &c. has in the press a third edition of the Exercises on the Etymology, Syntax, Idioms, and Synonymes of the Spanish Language.

Shortly will be published, in three volumes, crown octavo, Specimens of the Living Poets; with Biographical and Critical Prefaces, and an Appendix, containing Notices of such Political Writers as have Deceased during these last Twenty Years. By Alaric A. Watts.

The principal names introduced in the two first volumes are as follow:—Byron (Lord), Bailie, Bowles, Bloomfield, Bland, Brooke, Barton, Crabbe, Campbell, Croly, Coleridge, Carey (Rev. H.), Crowe, Colton, Colman, Clare, Dale, Elton, Fitzadam, Gifford, Hogg, Hemans, Hunt (Leigh), Heber, Herbert, Holford, Hodson (Francis), Knight (Payne), Lamb (Charles), Lloyd, Lamb, Sir James, (late Bland Burges), Montgomery, Moore, Milman, Maturin, Mitford, Matthias, Opie, Procter (Barry Cornwall), Peacock, Polwhele, Rogers, Roscoe, Reid, Reynolds (J. S.), Rose, Richards, Scott (Sir Walter), Southey, Shelley, Sotheby, Shee, Smith (Horace), Strangford, Smedley, Shiel, Spencer, Tennant, Twiss (Horace), Wordsworth, Wilson (John), Wright (Rodwell), Wiffen, &c. &c. &c. ANONYMOUS SPECIMENS.—The Author of Waverley, Blackwood's Magazine, Literary Gazette, &c.

In the Supplemental Volume will be found Biographical and Critical Notices, and Specimens of the Poetical Works of Brown (Dr, of Edinburgh), Beloe, Barrett, Cumberland, Dermody, Dibdin, sen. Finlay, Graham, Hayley, Hunter (Mrs), Hurdis, Keats, Logan, Lewis (Matthew), Leyden (Dr), Macneil, Percy (Bishop), Pratt, Radcliffe (Mary-Anne), Robinson (Mary), Sheridan, Scott (John), Seward, Smith (Charlotte), Tighe (Mrs Henry), Wolcott (Peter Pindar), White (Kirke), &c. &c. &c.

Many names are, of course, unavoidably omitted in the present Advertisement, but a correct list of all who are mentioned in the work will speedily be submitted to the Public: an alphabetical order of precedence will be observed

EDINBURGH.

Next month will be published, in three volumes, post octavo, PEN OWEN.

Preparing for publication, The Youth of Reginald Dalton, by the Author of "Some Passages in the Life of Adam Blair."

Early in May will be published, The Seasons contemplated in the Spirit of the Gospel. Six Sermons, by the Rev. Thos. Gillespie, Minister of Cults. One vol. 12mo.

In May will be published, The Provost; or, Memoirs of his own Times. Compiled from the Papers of James Pawkie, Esq. late Provost of Gudetown. One vol. 12mo.

Some alterations having been made, both in the plan and title of a Botanical Work by Dr HOOKER, announced in our Number for July, of last year, another Notice of it has been deemed expedient.

It is destined to include, under the name of *Exotic Flora*, figures and descriptions of such plants, not natives of Great Britain, as are cultivated in our gardens, or, in defect of them, of such as can be faithfully represented from well preserved specimens in our Herbaria. In the selection of species, preference will, of course, be given to such as recommend themselves by their beauty, their history, their novelty, or some remarkable or little known characters in their flowers and fruit.

The greatest pains will be taken in delineating the different parts of the fructification, so as to exemplify the generic as well as specific characters, and the natural order to which the plant belongs; the general neglect of which, in similar works, has caused an obscurity, which renders the ascertainment of a genus very difficult to the student, and which has greatly retarded the progress of the delightful science of Botany. The cultivation also, and the soil best suited to the individual, will not be omitted, nor the history of the plant, so far as it can be ascertained; so that the utility of the work will not be confined to the botanical student, but extend likewise to the horticulturist and general admirer of plants.

As this will be the first publication of the kind to which Scotland shall have given birth, those unacquainted with the state of Botanical Science in this northern part of the kingdom may require to know what means the Author possesses of obtaining subjects of sufficient interest to insure the continuance of his work. The chief resource will be derived from the collection of the Royal Botanic Garden at Glasgow,—a collection which, by the munificence of the inhabitants of that city, aided by the University, has, in the short space of five years, attained to a degree of perfection scarcely to be paralleled in the annals of similar establishments, and comprising now scarcely fewer than 9000 species of plants. With a liberality that merits the Author's grateful acknowledgments, the magnificent new Botanic Gar-

den of the sister University of Edinburgh has been thrown open to him by Dr Grahame. Dr Hooker's own Herbarium will likewise afford many materials for publication, particularly among that beautiful tribe of plants, the Ferns, with which, as well as in other departments, it has been greatly enriched by rare East Indian species, and especially from the hitherto almost unknown regions of Nepaul, through the kindness of Dr Wallich.

The work will be published in parts, on a royal 8vo size, every three months, each part containing 20 plates, beautifully executed in the line manner.

The first part will appear on the 1st of May next.

Speedily will be published, A New Edition of the History of the Zetland Islands, including their Civil, Political, and Natural History, Antiquities, and an Account of the State of Society and Manners. By Arthur Edmondstone, M. D. The work will be illustrated by Engravings, made from original Drawings, of some of the most interesting Objects and Scenes which the Country affords.

In the Press, and will be published in a few days, Institutes of Theology; or, a Concise View of the System of Divinity, with a Reference to the Authors who have treated the several articles fully. By the Rev. Alexander Ranken, D. D. one of the Ministers of Glasgow.

In the Press, Journal of a Tour from Astrachan to the Scotch Colony, Karass, on the Russian Lines, north of the Mountains of Caucasus; containing occasional Remarks on the General Appearance of the Country, the Manners of the Inhabitants, &c. &c. With the Substance of many Conversations with Effendis, Mollas, and other Mahommedans, on the Questions at issue between them and Christians regarding the Way of Salvation. By the Rev. William Glen, Missionary and Minister of the Scotch Church, Astrachan.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ARCHITECTURE.

Rural Architecture; or a Series of Designs for Ornamental Cottages. By F. P. Robinson, architect. No. 1. 4to. 5s.

The Builders' Price Book for 1822. 4s.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Ogle, Duncan, & Co.'s Catalogue of Oriental Literature. 1s. 6d.

Jackson's Catalogue of 30,000 Rare and Scarce Books. 2s.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Wm. Hay, Esq. F.R.S. By John Pearson, F.R.S. 8vo. 8s.

Memoirs of C. B. Brown, author of Wieland, Ormond, &c. By Wm. Dunlop. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

COMMERCE.

The Universal Cambist and Commercial Instructor; being a full and accurate treatise on the exchanges, moneys, weights and measures of all trading nations, and their colonies, with an account of their banks, public funds, and paper currencies. By P. Kelly, L.L.D. New edition, 2 vols. 4to. £4, 4s.

The East India Register and Directory for 1822. 8s. 6d.

DRAMA.

Athens and Thersytes; a Tragedy, in five acts, altered from the French of Crebillon. By Edward Sinnett. 8vo. 3s.

EDUCATION.

The Youth's Monthly Visitor, No. II. with a coloured plate of Laplanders, and numerous wood cuts. 1s. 6d.

A Companion to all Italian Grammars, comprising a selection of Familiar Phrases, &c. By M. Santagnello. 12mo. 7s.

Vocabulary of Latin Nouns and Adnouns, Verbs and Adverbs, arranged according to their endings. By John Atkinson. 5s.

Popular Elements of Pure and Mixed Mathematics, for the Use of Schools and Students, including the whole of Simson's Euclid, the Differential Calculus, and other improved Theories, with above 1000 Questions and Problems, for the exercise of Students. By Peter Nicholson. 8vo. £1, bound.

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Memoirs of his own Times, (comprising the last ten years of the reign of George II.) By Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. With portraits and characteristic devices from the curious pen and ink drawings of Bentley and Muntz, as inserted in the original MS. 2 vols. 4to. £5, 5s.

The Elements of General History, Ancient and Modern; being a continuation of Professor Tytler's work, from the death of Queen Anne and Louis XIV. to the death of Geo. III. 1820. By E. Nares, D. D. Vol. III. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

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A Legal and Constitutional Argument against the alleged Judicial Right of Re-

straining the Publication of Reports of Judicial Proceedings. By J. P. Thomas, Esq. 8vo. 7s.

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A Practical Treatise on Nervous, Bilious, and Inflammatory Affections. By J. Lynch. 8vo. 5s.

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Letters (the second edition) to Richard Heber, Esq. M.P. containing critical remarks on the series of Novels beginning with "Waverley;" and an attempt to ascertain their author. Post 8vo. 8s. 6d.

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Thought on the Defective State of Prisons, and Suggestions for their Improvement, with Hints for the Discipline, Police, and Labour of Prisoners, &c. By Thos. Le Breton, keeper of the County Gaol, and governor of the House of Correction at St Augustine's, near Cantaby. 8vo. 7s.

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France during the last Seven Years; or the Bourbons. By W. H. Ireland, Esq. 8vo. 12s.

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Chart of Van Diemen's Land, from the best authorities, and from surveys. By G. W. Evans, surveyor-general of the colonies. 7s. 6d. coloured, in a case.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Feb. 1	M.36	29.334	M.42	W.	Fair day, h. rain night	Feb. 15	M.31	29.534	M.45	SW.	Dull foren. fair aftern.
	A. 42	28.998	A. 45				A. 44	.570	A. 45		
2	M.35	.866	M.43	S.	Heavy rain.	16	M.30	.878	M.41	SW.	Ditto.
	A. 42	.135	A. 40				A.36	.792	A. 48		
3	M.29	.999	M.40	W.	Foren. fair, aftern. snow.	17	M.31½	.792	M.47	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.
	A. 34	.940	A. 39				A. 49	.748	A. 50		
4	M.29	29.251	M.39	Cble.	Frost, snow on ground.	18	M.40	.650	M.49	W.	Ditto.
	A. 32	28.999	A. 39				A. 49	.745	A. 45		
5	M.29½	.569	M.39	SW.	Snow morn. fair day.	19	M.35	.888	M.45	NW.	Dull, but fair.
	A. 34	29.232	A. 37				A. 42	.479	A. 45		
6	M.30½	.530	M.37	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.	20	M.36	.363	M.44	NW.	Rain morn. fair day.
	A. 38	.233	A. 41				A. 39	.691	A. 41		
7	M.35	28.968	M.44	SW.	Day fair, night shower	21	M.29	.966	M.40	Cble.	Frost morn. fair day.
	A. 44	29.202	A. 44				A. 39	.966	A. 45		
8	M.32	.494	M.40	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.	22	M.33	.691	M.44	W.	Fair day, rain night.
	A. 34	.560	A. 39				A. 43	.637	A. 43		
9	M.32½	.114	M.43	SW.	Dull day, rain even.	23	M.31	.627	M.40	W.	Ditto.
	A. 44	.105	A. 43				A. 37	.627	A. 40		
10	M.35	.420	M.43	SW.	Dull, but fair.	24	M.32	.345	M.47	W.	Rain day.
	A. 41	.554	A. 42				A. 46	.375	A. 48		
11	M.32	.605	M.45	SW.	Frost morn. dull day.	25	M.33	.672	M.48	W.	Fair day.
	A. 41	.667	A. 41				A. 47	.644	A. 48		
12	M.26	.876	M.46	SW.	Frost morn. fair day.	26	M.30	.467	M.18	W.	Dull and cold with hail.
	A. 38	.873	A. 41				A. 47	.552	A. 50		
13	M.32	.562	M.38	SW.	Fair foren. h. rain after.	27	M.29	30.164	M.45	W.	Frost, snow on hills.
	A. 36	.618	A. 46				A. 36	.262	A. 41		
14	M.30	.692	M.39	SW.	Fair and mild.	28	M.34	.161	M.42	SW.	Dull, but fair and cold.
	A. 39	.568	A. 43				A. 41	29.939	A. 44		

Average of Rai 2.231 inches.

EDINBURGH.—*March* 13.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.. 31s. 6d.	1st,...20s. 6d.	1st,.....15s. 0d.	1st,.....15s. 0d.
2d, ...28s. 0d.	2d, ...18s. 0d.	2d,.....14s. 0d.	2d,.....14s. 6d.
3d, ...24s. 0d.	3d, ...17s. 0d.	3d,.....12s. 0d.	3d,.....12s. 6d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 7 : 11d. per boll.

Tuesday, March 12.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 3½d. to 0s. 6d.	Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 9d. to 0s. 0d.
Mutton	0s. 4½d. to 0s. 6d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 9d. to 1s. 0d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per stone	16s. 0d. to 18s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter .	8s. 0d. to 9s. 0d.	Ditto, per lb. . .	1s. 0d. to 1s. 2d.
Tallow, per stone .	7s. 6d. to 8s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen .	0s. 7d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—*March* 8.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ...31s. 6d.	1st, ...19s. 6d.	1st; ...20s. 6d.	1st, ... 14s. 6d.	1st, ... 16s. 0d.
2d, ...28s. 0d.	2d, ...18s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.	2d, ... 13s. 0d.	2d, ... 14s. 0d.
3d, ...26s. 6d.	3d, ...18s. 0d.	3d, ...16s. 0d.	3d, ... 11s. 0d.	3d, ... 12s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 7s. 9d.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended March 2.

Wheat, 46s. 11d.—Barley, 19s. 2d.—Oats, 15s. 6d.—Rye, 23s. 5d.—Beans, 22s. 8d.—Pease, 23s. 4d.

London, Corn Exchange, March 4.

	s. s.		s. s.
Wheat, red, new	30 to 36	White ditto .	25 to 28
Fine ditto . .	34 to 42	Ditto, boilers ,	28 to 30
Superfine ditto	45 to 50	Small Beans, new	24 to 27
Ditto, old . .	50 to 60	Ditto, old . .	26 to 30
White, new .	34 to 38	Tick ditto, new	18 to 20
Fine ditto . .	42 to 50	Ditto, old . .	22 to 24
Superfine ditto	56 to 58	Feed oats . .	13 to 16
Ditto, old . .	50 to 66	Fine ditto . .	14 to 18
Rye	21 to 24	Poland ditto .	16 to 18
Barley . . .	15 to 17	Fine ditto . .	19 to 21
Fine ditto . .	18 to 20	Potato ditto .	18 to 22
Superfine ditto	21 to 22	Fine ditto . .	23 to 24
Malt	40 to 48	Scotch . . .	25 to —
Fine	50 to 54	Flour, per sack	50 to 55
Hog Pease . .	20 to 21	Ditto, seconds	40 to 45
Maple . . .	22 to 23	North country	40 to 42

Seeds, &c.

	s. s. d.		s. s. d.
Must. White, .	6 to 10 0	Hempseed .	34 to 40 0
— Brown, new	10 to 16 0	Linseed, crush.	40 to 44 0
Tares, per bsh.	3 to 4 0	— Fine . .	52 to 60 0
Turnips, bsh.	36 to 38 0	Rye Grass, .	18 to 35 0
— Red & green	28 to 36 0	Clover, red cwt.	24 to 63 0
— Yellow,	18 to 24 0	— White . . .	30 to 75 0
Caraway, cwt.	63 to 70 0	Coriander . .	12 to 16 0
Canary, per qr.	36 to 38 0	Trefoil	5 to 30 0

Rape Seed, per last, . £31 to £33.

Liverpool, March 5.

	s.	d. s. d.		s. d. s. d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.			Amer. p. 196 lb.	
Eng. Old	9	3 to 10 0	Sweet, U.S.	— 0 to — 0
New .	8	0 to 9 0	Do. in bond	25 0 to 27 0
Foreign . .	4	0 to 5 0	Sour do. .	35 0 to 36 0
Waterford	5	6 to 7 0	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	
Limerick	5	6 to 7 6	English	25 0 to 27 0
Drogheda	5	9 to 7 2	Scotch . .	23 0 to 24 0
Dublin	5	0 to 5 9	Irish . . .	22 0 to 23 0
Scotch .	7	6 to 9 6	Bran, p. 24 lb.	10 to 1 0
Irish Old .	8	0 to 9 6		
Barley, per 60 lbs.			*Butter, Beef, &c.*	
Eng. . . .	3	0 to 4 6	Butter, p. cwt.	s. d. s. d.
Scotch . .	3	0 to 4 6	Belfast, new	82 0 to 84 0
Irish . .	2	9 to 3 4	Newry . .	80 0 to 82 0
Oats, per 45 lb.			Waterford .	74 0 to 75 0
Eng. pota.	2	9 to 3 0	Cork, pic. 2d,	80 0 to 82 0
Irish do. .	2	8 to 2 10	3d dry	76 0 to —
Scotch do.	3	0 to 4 0	Beef, p. tierce.	
Rye, per qr.		26 to 28 0	— Mess	85 0 to 95
Malt per b.			— p. barrel	46 0 to 47
— Fine .	8	0 to 8 4	Pork, p. bl.	50 0 to 56 0
Beans, per q.			— Mess .	48 0 to 52 0
English .	30	0 to 32 0	— Middl. .	— 0 to — 0
Irish . .	25	0 to 30 0	Bacon, p. cwt.	
Rapeseed, p. L		£30 to 32	Short mids.	30 0 to 32 0
Pease, grey	22	0 to 25 0	Sides . .	28 0 to — 0
—White .	36	0 to 40 0	Hams, dry,	50 0 to 56 0
Flour, English,			Green . .	30 0 to — 0
p. 240 lb. fine	38	0 to 40 0	Lard, rd. p.c.	47 0 to 49 0
Irish . .	30	0 to 36 0	Tongue, p. fir.	— 0 to — 0

Course of Exchange, Mar. 6.—Amsterdam, 12 : 8. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 12 : 5. Rotterdam, 12 : 9. Antwerp, 12 : 5. Hamburgh, 37: 3. Altona, 37 : 4. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 40. Ditto 25 : 70. Bourdeaux, 25 : 70. Frankfort on the Maine, 154. Petersburgh, per rble. 8¾ 3. *Us.* Vienna, 10: 12 *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10 : 12 *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 37¼. Cadiz, 36¼. Bilboa, 36¼. Barcelona, 36. Seville, 36. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 43¾. Venice, 27 : 60. Malta, 45. Naples, 39¾. Palermo, 118. Lisbon, 50. Oporto, 50¼. Rio Janeiro, 45. Bahia, 51. Dublin, 9½ per cent. Cork, 9¾ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½d. New Doubloons, £3 : 13 : 6d. New Dollars, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11d.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d February, 1822.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	239½	242	245	249
3 per cent. reduced,	76⅝ ⅞	77⅛ ⅜	78⅞ ¾	78⅞ 9⅛
3 per cent. consols,	76 ¼	77¼ ⅛	78¼ 7⅛	78⅛ ⅞
3½ per cent. consols,	87¾	88¾	89⅛	90⅛
4 per cent. consols,	96⅝	98¼	99⅛	98
5 per cent. navy ann.	107¾	106⅝	105¼	104⅝
India stock,	239	——	243	247
—— bonds,	77 pr.	79 pr.	76 pr.	58 pr.
Exchequer bills, 2d.	6 pr.	7 pr.	7 pr.	2 pr.
Consols for acc.	76½	77½	78⅜	78⅛
Long Annuities	19½	19 15-16	20⅛	20⅛
French 5 per cents.	88fr. 30c.	89fr. 5c.	90fr.	90fr. 20c.
Amer. 5 per cent.	97	——	——	95

PRICES CURRENT, *March 9.—London, 5.*

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.								
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	57 to	60	54	58	53	56	54	61
Mid. good, and fine mid.	70	82	59	68	57	75	62	76
Fine and very fine, . .	80	82	80	82	76	79	78	84
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	130	145	—	—	—	—	—	—
Powder ditto, . .	100	110	—	—	—	—	—	—
Single ditto, . .	88	102	98	110	—	—	—	—
Small Lumps, . . .	88	92	88	92	—	—	—	—
Large ditto, ...	82	86	80	85	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lumps, . .	44	56	82	86	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	27	—	24	24 6	26 6	27	—	—
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.								
Ord. good, and fine ord.	105	110	103	110	100	115	106	120
Mid. good, and fine mid.	110	120	112	122	116	130	122	135
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	85	105	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	120	135	—	—	106	118	116	128
Mid. good, and fine mid.	135	140	—	—	119	130	128	140
St Domingo, ...	122	126	—	—	100	105	—	—
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	9	10	—	—	9	9½	—	—
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 0d	2s 2d	1s 8d	1s 10d	1s 9d	2s 0d	1s 8d	1s 9d
Brandy, ...	4 3	4 6	—	—	—	—	3 6	4 2
Geneva, ...	2 0	2 3	—	—	—	—	1 2	1 7
Grain Whisky, . .	6 4	6 6	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,								
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	45	55	—	—	—	—	£20	£30
Portugal Red, pipe.	30	42	—	—	—	—	30	34
Spanish White, butt.	34	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe.	30	32	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madeira, ...	55	65	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£7	7 7	—	—	9 10	10 0	£10 0	11 0
Honduras, ...	—	—	—	—	10 0	10 10	10 10	11 0
Campeachy, . . .	8	—	—	—	10 10	11 0	11 10	12 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	7	8	—	—	9 0	9 10	9 0	10 0
Cuba, ...	9	11	—	—	12 15	13 10	11 0	13 0
INDIGO, Caracoas fine, lb.	9s 6d	11s 6d	—	—	9 6	10 0	9	11 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 8	2 2	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak, ...	2 9	3 5	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christianssand (dut. paid.)	1 10	2 0	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 0	1 6	1 2	1 8	0 11	1 0	0 10	10
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 6	2 8	1 6	3 0	1 5	2 0	1 6	1 10
TAR, American, brl.	20	21	—	—	15 0	16 0	16 0	18 0
Archangel, ...	16	17	—	—	—	—	20	—
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	—	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	52	54	55	56	50	52	—	—
Home melted, ...	50	54	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	—	—	—	—	—	—	£52	53
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	52	54	—	—	53	—	49	—
FLAX,								
Riga Thics. & Druj. Rak.	52	54	—	—	—	—	£56	57
Dutch, ...	50	90	—	—	—	—	50	—
Irish, ...	42	48	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, 100.	85	90	—	—	—	—	90	100
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	13 10	14	—	—	—	—	14	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	45	46	—	—	—	—	—	—
Montreal, ditto, . .	46	48	46	47	45	—	—	—
Pot, . .	34	35	37	38	35	37	—	—
OIL, Whale, . tun.	L.22	23	21 10	22	—	—	23	—
Cod.	—	—	18	19	—	—	19 10	20
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7½	8	7½	8	0 6	0 8	0 7d	7½
Middling, ...	6	6½	5½	6½	0 4½	0 5½	4½	5½
Inferior, ...	5	5½	3½	4	0 2½	0 3	0 3	0 4
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	0 9½	11	0 7½	0 10½	0 8½	0 10⅝
Sea Island, fine, .	—	—	1 8	1 10	1 6	2 0	—	—
Good, . .	—	—	1 4	1 6	1 1	1 3	—	—
Middling, . .	—	—	1 2	1 4	1 1	1 3	—	—
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	1 0	1 1	0 9½	1 0½	0 9½	1 —
West India, ...	—	—	0 9	0 11	0 8	0 9½	0 8½	0 9½
Pernambuco, . . .	—	—	1 0½	1 1½	0 11½	0 11½	1 1	1 1½
Maranham, . . .	—	—	1 0	1 1	0 10½	0 11½	— —	

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of Jan. and the 20th of Feb. 1822, extracted from the London Gazette.

Alderson, J. Liverpool, oil-merchant.
Allsup, C. High Holborn, hatter.
Andrews, T. W. Stamford, Lincolnshire, cabinet-maker.
Atkinson, M. Fulbeck, Lincolnshire, scrivener.
Axford, T. Abingdon, wine-merchant.
Baker, T. Wolverhampton, mercer.
Banting, J. Cumberland-street, New-road, carpenter.
Bilsborough, B. Lower Merton, cow-keeper.
Blackley, D. Cambridge, bricklayer.
Bond, W. Houndsditch, wafer-manufacturer.
Bostock, E. Earl Shilton, Leicestershire, bleacher.
Bramwell, J. Leadenhall-street, hatter.
Buckland, J. Chard, Somerset, miller.
Bullock, J. Leadenhall-street, grocer.
Burgie, J. Mark-lane, carpenter.
Capon, J. Strand, hatter.
Collins, W. Clapham-road, corn-merchant.
Chinnock, R. Froame Selwood, Somerset, builder.
Coldman, J. Brighton-place, New Kent-road, carpenter.
Colling, W. K. Liverpool, tax-collector.
Compte, H. Church-street, Bethnal-green, cabinet-maker.
Cramp, J. Broad-street, Wapping, victualler.
Curling, W. Shadwell High-street, tailor and slop-seller.
Dansey, W. Bristol, brewer.
Decker, G. Dawlish, Devon, builder.
Dye, R. Peckham, wheelwright.
Edmunds, E. Newport, Monmouthshire, draper.
Edwards, T. Brighton, merchant.
Farmer, G. jun. Birmingham, roller of metals.
Fell, W. Workington, broker.
Gallon, T. Leeds, stuff-merchant.
Gilbert, L. and F. Taylor, Bristol, commission-merchants.
Gibb, M. Shepton, Yorkshire, haberdasher.
Gray, C. Oxford-street, horse-dealer.
Gray, T. T. Wardour-street, coal-merchant.
Green, C. Leather-lane, victualler.
Griffiths, T. Oxford-street, jeweller.
Hay, S. Upper Lisson-street, carpenter.
Hemming, J. Burford, Oxfordshire, dealer.
Herrington, J. Fareham, Hampshire, linen-dra-draper.
Hill, J. Regent-street, Piccadilly, tailor.
Hobson, R. Maidstone, haberdasher.
Holmes, R. Langbourn Chambers, merchant.
Jabert, R. Birmingham, printer.
Jackson, W. G. and W. Hardley, Great Surrey-st. Surrey, linen drapers.
Jarvis, T. Adderbury, Oxfordshire, fell-monger.
Johnson, M. Leeds, woollen-cloth-merchant.
Joselin, J. jun. Smith's-buildings, Southwark, rope-maker.
Judd, R. R. and B. S. Fowler, Birmingham, dealers.
Kendall, J. Mile-end, cow-keeper.
King, R. Coventry-court, Haymarket.
Knubbs, J. H. Lloyd's Coffee-house, insurance-broker.
Knight, J. Tattenhill, Stafford, draper.
Lea, C. Cheswardine, Shropshire, maltster.
Lidbetter, T. Southwick, Sussex, corn and coal-merchant.
Lilly, N. Leeds, linen-manufacturer.
Lilwall, R. Pembroke, maltster.
Manning, T. Foulsham, Norfolk, grocer.
Marsh, T. Coulton, Staffordshire, miller.
Maxwell, W. Lancaster, draper.
Milnes, J. Halifax, grocer.
Morgan, G. M. Queenhithe, stationer.
Melemschy, G. Strand, furrier.
Morton, J. Radcliffe-highway, victualler.
Murcott, A. Warwick, draper.
Mynn, W. Thompson, Norfolk, farmer.
Newman, C. Brighton, dealer.
Niblett, F. St Mary Axe, milliner.
Parker, J. G. and J. L. and T. Roberts, Birchin-lane.
Passmore, J. Farnham, linen-draper.
Pigram, J. and T. R. Maidstone, grocers.
Pilsbury, L. Stafford, nurseryman.
Pilstow, J. Earl's Colne, Essex, miller.
Pooley, W. Newington-workouse, contractor for the rope and sacking manufacturers.
Porter, S. London, stationer.
Pownall, J. E. Little Chelsea, money-scrivener.
Price, J. Little Malvern, Worcester, dealer.
Prowse, T. Chew Magna, Somersetshire, surgeon.
Pyne, W. H. Queen-square, publisher.
Righton, J. Chapel-en-le-Frith, dealer.
Ridgway, R. B. H. Charles-street, St James's, wine-merchant.
Roper, A. Gosport, brewer.
Sampson, D. W. Giltspur-street, tea-dealer.
Sharp, W. Coleorton, Leicestershire, butcher.
Shirley, J. Mereton, Gloucershire, baker.
Small, T. Alnwick, brewer.
Smith, A. King-street, Cheapside, Scotch-factor.
Smith, W. Blyth, Northumberland, dealer.
Smith, R. Humberton, Yorkshire, dealer and chapman.
Smith, J. Russell-court, Drury-lane, tavern-keeper.
Stead, W. Halifax, merchant.
Stevens, J. Stafford, wine-merchant.
Swann, T. Wardour-street, eating-house-keeper.
Sylvester, T. Witney, currier.
Tanban, T. Prince Edward's Island, N. America, merchant.
Tatner, C. Horton Kirby, Kent, farmer.
Taylor, J. Frant, Sussex, shopkeeper.
Thompson, C. Deans, Durham, cattle-dealer.
Thompson, J. Carlisle, manufacturer.
Thornley, J. Manchester, hatter.
Threlfall, H. Blackburn, draper.
Thurbon, J. March, Ely, draper.
Tomlinson, R. J. Bristol, oil of vitriol manufacturer.
Tutin, R. Chandos-street, Covent-garden, cheese-monger.
Urmson, J. Liverpool, ship-chandler.
Valentine, R. Hatfield, Herts, miller.
Washrough, M. Camberwell, stationer.
Watkins, J. J. Shadwell, butcher.
Weetch, S. George-street, Commercial-road, linen-draper.
Wells, J. St Michael's, Worcestershire, grocer.
White, J. Great Winchester-street, stationer.
Wilson, G. Radcliffe-highway, brewer.
Wilson, J. Ely, miller.
Williams, W. Langbourn Chambers, merchant.
Williams, E. Liverpool, joiner.
Wilkinson, W. and J. Mincing-lane, wine-mer chants.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 28th February, 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Anderson, John, grocer and spirit-dealer.
Berry, John, merchant in Glasgow.
Brownlie, William, engineer, smith, and patent axle-tree maker in Glasgow.
Gray, John, cooper and fishcurer, Helensburgh.
Harley, William, merchant and builder in Glasgow.
Jackson, Matthew, haberdasher in Paisley.
Macgregor, Alexander, merchant in Dingwall.
Macleod, Alexander, merchant in Glasgow.
Macleod, John, and Company, manufacturers in Glasgow.
M'Nee, Duncan, druggist in Paisley.
Scotland, Thomas and John, lime-burners at West Luscar, Fife, and writers to the signet, Edinburgh.
Williams, James, late coal-master, now lime-merchant, residing at Muirhead, in the parish of Ceres, Fife.

DIVIDENDS.

Brookes and Blackie, general agents in Grangemouth, and William Blackie and Company, Glasgow; a dividend after 13th March.

Brown, Archibald, grocer in Leith; a dividend on 27th March.

Donald, William, merchant in Greenock; a dividend on 26th March.

Duguid, Wm. jun. merchant in Aberdeen; a dividend after 14th March.

Forrester and Buchanan, wood-merchants in Glasgow; a second dividend after 3d April.

Fraser, Alexander, manufacturer in Inverness; a dividend on 3d April.

Fraser, James, merchant in Inverness; a second dividend after 14th March.

Hay, John, merchant and dealer in wine, spirits, and other liquors, on Leith-walk, Edinburgh; a dividend after 14th March.

Harthill, James, merchant in Aberdeen; a dividend of 2s. per pound after 10th March.

Johnston, Robert and John, cattle-dealers in Stewartry of Kircudbright; a dividend after 18th March.

Macnair, Alexander, merchant in Dingwall; a first dividend after 22d March.

Morgan, Andrew, flax-dresser in Kirkaldy; a dividend of 1s. 7d. per pound after 22d April.

Muirhead, James, mason in Glasgow; a dividend 19th March.

Perth Foundry Company; a second dividend of 1s. per pound after 15th March.

Roxburgh, John and Andrew, carpet-manufacturers in Kilmarnock; a second dividend after 19th March.

Wilson, Anthony, merchant and ship-owner in Aberdeen; a second dividend of 1s. per pound after 24th March.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

1 Life Gds. Lt. *Hon.* A. C. Legge, to be Capt. by purch. vice Martin, 95 F. 17 Jan. 1822.
Cornet and Sub-Lt. Gore, Lt. by purch. do.
Lord F. L. Gower, Cornet and Sub-Lt. by purch. do.

4 Dr. G. R. Bolton, Cornet by purch. vice Hunter, prom. do. 24.

7 Lt. Farmer, from 91 F. Capt. by purch. vice Lovewell, ret. Oct. 24, 1821.

9 Surg. Colclough, from h. p. 23 Dr. Surg. vice O'Connor, h. p. Jan. 17, 1822.

16 I. E. W. Browne, Cornet by purch. vice Cannon, canc. Feb 14.

Gren. G. Bt. Maj. Gunthorpe, Capt. and Lt. Col. by purch. vice Streatfeild, ret. Dec. 26, 1821.
Ens. and Lt. Tinling, Lt. and Capt. do. do.
Capt. Clarke, Adj. vice Gunthorpe Jan. 31, 1822.

1 F. Ens. Campbell, Lt. vice. W. Weatherall, dead June 23, 1821.
Ens. Church, from h. p. Ens. Dec. 25, 1821.
Lt. Pounden, from h. p. 55 Ft. Lt. (paying diff. vice Everett, 33 F. Feb. 14, 1822.

4 Bt. Lt. Col. Faunce, Lt. Col. vice Piper, dead Jan. 24.
——— Wilson, Maj. do.
Serj. Maj. R. Mullaly, Qua. Mast. vice Doran, dead Dec. 6, 1821.

6 Gent. Cadet R. Milner, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Grey, 33 F. Feb. 7, 1822.

16 Bt. Lt. Col. Bird, from h. p. 87 F. Maj. vice Thorne, canc. do.

17 G. W. Story, Ens. vice Moncreiffe, canc. do.

20 Lt. Croad, from h. p. 66 F. Lt. (paying diff.) vice Hemmans, 78 F. do.

21 2d Lt. Havelock, from Rifle Brig. 1st Lt. by purch. vice Bridgeman, 28 F. Oct. 24, 1821.

30 Ens. Berridge, Lt. vice M'Dougall, dead Sept. 8, 1820.
W. O. Gunning, Ens. Jan. 24, 1822.

33 Ens. Grey, from 6 F. Lt. by purch. vice *Lord* S. Kerr, 5 F. Oct. 24, 1821.
Lt. Everett, from 1 F. Lt. vice Pagan, h. p. 55 F. (rec. diff.) Feb. 14, 1822.

36 Bt. Maj. Campbell, Maj. by purch. vice Swain, ret. do. 7.
Lt. Peacock, Capt. by purch. do. 14.

40 W. Stenhouse, Ens. by purch. vice Dawson, 9 F. Jan 24.

44 Lt. Halahan, from h. p. 80 F. Qua. Mast. vice Jones, h. p. Feb. 14.

50 —— Bartley, Capt. vice Jauncey, dead Dec. 3, 1821.
Surg. Gill, from 61 F. Surg. vice Jones, dead Feb. 14, 1822.

53 Bt. Maj. Wheatstone, Maj. vice Giles, dead May 3, 1821.
Lt. Booth, Capt. do.
J. Wheatstone, Ens. vice Gray, prom. do. 1.

56 Ens. Ouseley, Lt. by purch. vice Brough, prom. Jan. 31, 1822.
D. W. Barclay, Ens. do. Feb. 7.

58 Hosp. Assist. Huey, Assist. Surg. vice St John, 61 F. do. 14.

59 Ens. Jones, from h. p. 62 F. Ens. vice Barlow, prom. Dec. 25, 1822.
Serj. Maj. W. Ellarly, Qua. Mast. vice Franklin, dead June 10.
Bt. Lt. Col. Walker, Lt. Col. vice Macleod, dead Feb. 14, 1822.
Bt. Maj. Halford, Maj. do.

61 Assist. Surg. St John, from 58 F. Surg. vice Gill, 50 F. do.

65 Lt. Hart, Capt. vice Moorhouse, dead May 5, 1821.
Ens. Mulkern, Lt. vice Strangeways, dead Jan. 12.
—— O'Donnel, Lt. vice Hart May 5.
—— Aimsinck, from h. p. 92 F. Ens. Dec. 25.
—— Foley, late of 45 F. do.

69 Gent. Cadet *Hon.* R. Hare, from R. Mill, Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Wetherall, 42 F. Jan. 10, 1822.

73 Capt. Kenny, Maj. by purch. vice Humphry, prom. Feb. 7.
Lt. Hay, Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Smith, Lt. by purch. do.
Gent. Cadet, W. Stewart, from R. Mill. Coll. Ens. by purch. do.
Ens. Russell, Adj. vice Hay do.

77 Lt. Jones, Capt. vice Aveling, dead do.
Ens. Byrne, Lt. do.
—— Congreve, late of 2 F. Ens. do. 14.

78 Lt. Hemmains, from 20 F. Lt. vice M'Rae, h. p. 66 F. (rec. diff.) do. 7.

80 Serj. Maj. W. Campbell, Qua. Mast. vice Macdougall, dead Jan. 31.

87 Ens. Spaight, Lt. vice Dunlevie, dead Dec. 25, 1821.
—— Mends, from h. p. Afr. Corps, Ens. do.
Lt. Bowes, Adj. vice Carrol, prom. Oct. 19, 1820.

89 Ens. King, Lt. vice Chambers, dead June 3.
T. Prendergast, Ens. Oct. 17.
J. P. Gordon, Ens. by purch. vice Derensy, 11 F. Jan. 17, 1822.

93 Lt. Gen. *Sir* T. Hislop, *Bt.* G.C.B. Colonel, vice Gen. Wemyss, dead Feb. 8.

Rifle Brig. H. C. Daniel, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Havelock, 21 F. Nov. 15, 1821.
1st Lt. Webb, Adj. vice Uniacke, res. Adj. only Jan. 31, 1822.

1 Ceyl. R. Lt. Gascoyne, from 83 F. Capt. by pur. vice Page, ret. Feb. 7.

Unattached.

Maj. Humphry, frm. 73 F. Lt. Col. by pur. vice Col. *Hon.* A. Abercromby, who retires from the Service, receiving the value of an Unattached Lt. Col. of Infantry, Feb. 7, 1822.

Medical Department.

Dep. Insp. T. Draper, from h. p. Dep. Insp. Feb. 14, 1822.

Physician J. M'Mullen, from h. p. Physician Feb. 14, 1822.
——— E. O'Learey, from h. p. do. do.
Purveyor's Clerk, T. E. Pierce, Dep. Purveyor Jan. 17.

Royal Artillery.

Bt. Major Lane, from h. p. Capt. Dec. 24, 1821.
2d Capt. Walsh, from h. p. 2d Capt. do. 1.
——— Bill, from h. p. 2d Capt. do.
1st Lieut. Grant, 2d Capt. do.
——— Pringle, 2d Capt. do. 24.
——— Lyster, from h. p. 1st Lieut. Nov. 7.
2d Lieut. Ramsden, 1st Lieut. do.
——— Symons, 1st Lieut. Dec. 2.
1st Lieut. Cornelius, fm. h. p. 1st Lieut. do.
——— Walsh, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do. 24.
2d Lieut. Vignoles, from h. p. do.
——— Benn, from h. p. 2d Lieut. Nov. 7.
——— Deschamps, from h. p. 2d Lt. Dec. 14.
Gent. Cadet G. Burroughes, 2d Lieut. do. 15.
——— C. Strickland, 2d Lieut. do. 16.
Vet. Surg. Cadoux, from h. p. Vet. Surg. vice Stockley, h. p. Dec. 13.

Medical Department.

Assist. Surg. Gen. and Dep. Inspec. M. Jameson, Surg. Gen. and Inspec. vice Irwin, ret. Jan. 22, 1822.

Exchanges.

Lieut. Col. Stanhope, from Gren. Gds. with Lieut. Col. Hodge, 29 F.
Major Holgate, from 15 F. with Major Dennie, 22 F.
Capt. Byrom, from 5 Dr. G. with Capt. Wheeler, 16 Dr.
——— Boyd, from 2 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Kell, h. p.
——— Hooper, from 3 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Rolland, h. p. 5 Dr. G.
Lieut. Willet, from 6 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Warrand, h. p. 22 Dr.
——— M'Nair from 10 F. with Lieut. Broom, 67 F.
——— Hamilton from 16 F. with Lieut. Deacon, 73 F.
——— Francis, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Le Marchant, h. p. 10 F.
——— Waters from 78 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Mitchell, h. p. 92 F.
——— Smith, from 84 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Stewart, h. p. 65 F.
——— Reynolds, from Rifle Brig. with Lieut. Brownrigg, h. p.
Ensign Campbell, from 54 F. with Ensign Malim, h. p. 58 F.
——— Pyne, from 56 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Noyes, h. p. 25 F.
Paym. Grosser, from 88 F. with Paym. Robinson, h. p. 69 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Colonel *Hon.* A. Abercromby, Colst. Gds.
Lieut. Col. Streatfield, Gren. Gds.
Major Swain, 36 F.
Captain Lovewell, 7 Dr.
Surg. Gen. and Inspector Dr Irwin, Ordinance Med. Dep.

Appointments Cancelled.

Major Thorne, 16 F.
1st Lieut. Deare, 21 F.
2d do. Daniel, 21 F.
Cornet *Ld.* F. L. Gower, 10 Dr.
——— Cannon, 16 Dr.
Ensign Moncrieffe, 17 F.

Deaths.

Gen. Wemyss, *M. P.* 93 F. Wemyss Castle, N. B. Feb. 4, 1822.
Lieut. Gen. Conyngham, East Ind. C. Serv. Bath, Nov. 8, 1821.
——— Ker, do. Bath, do. 14.
Maj. Gen. De Bernewitz, late of Bruns. Infantry, Brunswick, Dec. 12.
Colonel Copson, 5 F. St Lucia, Jan. 8, 1822.
Lieut. Col. Walker, h. p. Sicilian Regt. Assistant Qua. Mast. Gen. St Lucia, Do.
Major Masson, 50 F. Jamaica, Nov. 15, 1821.
——— Howard, h. p. 96 F. Sawbridgeworth, Dec. 16.
——— Ford. Metzner, late American Legion, East Bourne, do. 11.
Capt. Jauncey, 50 F. Jamaica, Nov. 30.
——— Aveling, 77 F. Glasgow, Jan. 1822.
——— Hogan, h. p. 27 F. Nov. 25, 1821.
——— Daly, h. p. 53 F. Pondicherry, Aug. 13.
——— Dorrall, h. p. 83 F. Madeley, Shropshire, Dec. 26.
——— Smith, h. p. 86 F. Douglas, Isle of Man, Sept. 8, 1820.
Lieut. Tho. Scott, 9 F. Trinidad, Dec. 8, 1821.
——— Garvey, 33 F. Poonamallee, July 31.
——— O'Bre, 36 F. Corfu, Dec. 13.
——— Ewen Campbell, 92 F. Jamaica, Nov. 16.
——— Tweed, h. p. R. Eng. Feb. 5, 1822.
——— Duncombe, h. p. 56 F. Libberton, near Edinburgh, Oct. 23, 1821.
——— Kent, h. p. 60 F. Dec. 31.
——— Bayly, h. p. 4 W. I. R. Dublin, do. 16.
——— John Prendergast, h. p. 7 West Ind. Regt Ireland, Jan 20, 1822.
——— Geyer, h. p. Bruns. Inf. Brunswick, Nov. 29, 1921.
——— Montgomery, h. p. York Light Inf. Vol. Oct. 28, 1819.
Ens. Loraine, 1 F. Barbadoes, Dec. 23, 1821.
——— Johnston, 51 F. Corfu, Nov. 10.
——— Skinner, 58 F. Jamaica, do. 28.
——— M'Math, of late 3 Vet. Bn. Coutance, do. 19.
——— Colkett, h. p. 9 F. Norwich, Dec. 20.
Adj. Lt. Schultz, h. p. Meuron's Reg. Canada, Nov. 17.
Quarter-Master Ryan, h. p. 28 Dr. Dec. 26.
Surgeon Jones, 50 F. Jamaica, Dec. 9.
Assist. Sur. M'Gregor, 13 Dr. Bangalore, Madras, Sept. 26.
——— Morrah, 4 F. Barbadoes, Dec. 26.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Oct. 8, 1821. At Bangalore, the lady of Captain A. F. Partulo, 4th native cavalry, of a son.

Jan. 6, 1822. At Rome, Donna Letitia Bonaparte Wyse, the lady of Thomas Wyse, jun. Esq. of the Manor of St John, Ireland, of a son and heir. The infant has received the name of Napoleon.

25. Mrs Mason, St John Street, Canongate, of a son.

Feb. 1. Mrs Clarke of Comrie, of a daughter.

2. At Whim, the lady of Archibald Montgomery, Esq. of a daughter.

6. At Abbey-hill, Mrs Kirkwood, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Dewar of Lasodie, of a daughter.

7. Mrs Stevenson, Albany Street, of a son.

9. At Cockenzie, Mrs H. F. Cadell, of a son.

10. At Dunnikier-house, Lady Oswald of Dunnikier, of a daughter.

— At Portobello, Mrs Glen, of a son.

11. At Oldfield, Caithness, Mrs Captain Henderson, younger of Stemster, of a daughter.

14. Mrs Walker, No. 22, Stafford Street, of a daughter.

— At the house of Mrs Admiral Deans, Anne Street, St Bernard's, the lady of Captain Deans, R. N. of a daughter, still-born.

15. At Queensferry, Mrs Dimma, of a son.
— At Ford, Mrs Fraser, of a son.
— At Mayfield, the lady of A. M. Guthrie, Esq. younger of Craigie, of a son.
17. The lady of Colonel J. J. Cochrane, of the 3d regiment of Guards, of a son.
— The lady of John Cay, Esq. of a son.
18. At Campbeltown, the lady of Captain Hugh Stevenson, of a son.
— Mrs J. S. Robertson, No. 12, Pitt Street, of a son.
19. At Edinburgh, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Holmes, C. B. commanding the 3d Dragoon Guards, of a son.
20. In Portland Place, London, the lady of Sandford Graham, Esq. M.P. of a son.
— At 154, George Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Robert Cadell, of a daughter.
22. At Foss-house, Mrs Stewart, of a daughter.
23. At Burntisland, Mrs Watson, of a son.
— At New Saughton, the lady of James Watson, Esq. of Saughton, of a daughter.
24. Mrs Dr Sanders, No. 8, Elder Street, of a daughter.
25. At Cramond, Mrs Hope Johnstone, of a daughter.
— Mrs Borthwick, No. 83, George Street, of a son.
27. At No. 13, St James's Square, Edinburgh, Mrs Spence, of a son.
— Mrs Smith, No. 13, Hope Street, of a daughter.
Lately.—At Brighton, the Right Honourable Lady Caroline Hamilton, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 23, 1821. At Rome, Captain Robert Manners Lockwood, eldest son of Thomas Lockwood, Esq. of Danly Craig, in Glamorganshire, to Lady Julia Gore, daughter of the late Earl of Arran, K. P. and sister of the Marchioness of Abercorn.
Jan. 12. At Geneva, William Gairdner, M.D. lately of this city, to Cecilia, only daughter of the deceased John Bordies, Esq. banker at Geneva.
Feb. 1. At Edinburgh, Mr William Shiell, writer, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr David Russell, Tranent.
4. At Leitchtoun, Mr Hugh Aird Galbrath, surgeon, Glasgow, to Menzies, eldest daughter of the late John Graham, Esq. of Leitchtoun.
5. At Gallanach, in the island of Coll, the Rev. Donald M'Lean, minister of Small Isles, to Isabella, second daughter of Charles M'Lean, Esq.
— At Lerwick, Mr Gilbert Paterson, merchant, Lerwick, to Cecilia, eldest daughter of the late Mr Andrew Gordon, merchant.
6. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Robert Carr, minister of Luss, to Isabella, second daughter of the late Mr James Lyle, Edinburgh.
7. At Morton Cottage, Portobello, Duncan Hunter, merchant in Glasgow, to Catharine Gunning, youngest daughter of the late William Campbell of Fairfield, Ayrshire.
11. At Glasgow, William Ure, Esq. surgeon, R. N. to Elizabeth Frances, youngest daughter of Martin Skell, Esq. Grenada.
— In Upper Grosvenor Street, London, the Earl of Albemarle, to Miss Hunloke, daughter of the late Sir Henry Hunloke, Bart.
18. At Leith, Alexander M'Kenzie, Esq. merchant in Leith, to Miss Harriet Newton, daughter of the late John Newton, Esq. of Curriehall.
20. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Patrick M'Isaac, minister of Comrie, to Amelia, daughter of the late Rev. John Wright, minister of Scone.
— At Edinburgh, by the High Priest of the Jewish Synagogue, Mr Abraham Prince, to Miss Nancy Moses. This is the first Jewish marriage that has taken place here, and the ceremony was performed in presence of fifty of the brethren.
21. At Clapham, Robert Hunter, Esq. of Madras, to Louisa, youngest daughter of Captain Thomas, of the Honourable East India Company's service.
— At Edinburgh, William Simpson, Esq. of Maw Carse, Kinross-shire, to Jane, only daughter of the late Mr James Philip.
22. At Dundas Street, Mr William Cullen, to Janet, only daughter of George Winton, Esq. builder.
23. At London, John Robert Turing, Esq. of Rotterdam, to Jean Steuart, second daughter of Alexander Fraser, Esq. of Aberdeen.
26. At Perth, Allan Stewart, Esq. of Innishadden and Bunrannoch, to Miss Jean Stewart, eldest daughter of the late Donald Stewart, Esq. of Duntanlich.
— At Annfield, near Stirling, Mr Ebenezer Connal, of Glasgow, to Catharine, third daughter of Thomas Littlejohn, Esq.
— At Donaghadee, David Logan, Esq. civil engineer, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late James Smith, Esq. London.
— By special licence, at the Earl of Albemarle's house, in St James's Square, Mr Coke, of Norfolk, to Lady Anne Keppel, second daughter of his Lordship. The bridegroom is in his sixty-ninth year; the bride in her twenty-second.
Lately.—At Melville Place, Stirling, Henry Thornton Mostyn, assistant-surgeon, 41st regiment, to Cecilia Susanna, fifth daughter of the late Dugald Forbes, Esq.
— At Mrs Thomson's, 18, Dundas Street, Mr John Miller, to Christian, widow of the late Captain Penson.

DEATHS.

July 23, 1821. On his way from Penang to Madras, Captain Lumley, R. N. of his Majesty's ship Topaz.
Aug. 7. In consequence of the loss of the Lady Lushington, Indiaman, wrecked near Coringa on the 7th of August last, Mr Henry Lister, son of the Rev. James Lister, minister of Auchtermuchty. He was second officer on board that ship, much respected in his profession, and, by the propriety of his conduct, he obtained many friends. Estimable as he was in his profession, he was still more to be admired in his private character; for moral qualities, that mark an amiable heart; for sensibility, benevolence, and honour, exemplified in the most engaging and elegant manners.
27. At Baccagunge, Bengal, Charles Chapman, Esq. judge and magistrate.
Sept. 2. At Gooty, Chittore, Peter Bruce, Esq. First Circuit Judge on the Madras establishment, second son of the late James Bruce Carstairs, Esq. of Kinross and Tillicoultry.
5. At Dum Dum, near Calcutta, John Forrest Tod, M.D. assistant-surgeon in the Hon. East India Company's service, son of the late James Tod, Esq. of Deanston.
13. At Nagpore, East Indies, Captain William Hunter, of the 8th regiment of native infantry, son of Dr Hunter, Professor of Humanity in the University of St Andrews.
21. In the island of Jamaica, Alexander Farquharson, Esq. of Jobshill.
— Of the liver complaint, Major John Stewart, aged 43 years; and on the 14th October following, of a wound received in the head on the 2d March preceding, Captain Thomas Guise Stewart, aged 38 years, both of the Honourable Ess: India Company's service, Bombay, and sons of the late Thomas Stewart, Esq. many years Town Clerk of Montrose.
26. In India, Lieutenant John Hay, of his Majesty's 34th regiment, aid-de-camp to his Excellency Sir Thomas Munro, Governor of Madras.
— At Calcutta, Mr Robert Robertson, second son of the late Mr George Robertson, writer, Leith.
Oct. 13. At Madras, Lieutenant William Cockburn, of the East India Company's service, second son of the late Bailie William Cockburn, Cupar Fife.
16. At Flamstead, near Montego Bay, in Jamaica, Mr Robert Small, surgeon, eldest son; and at Montego Bay, on the 24th November last, Mr James Small, third son of Mr James Small, in Montrose, North Britain.
Nov. 15. At Jamaica, Brevet-Major Masson, of the 50th regiment.
16. In the island of Jamaica, John, second son of the late Rev. John Fraser, Liberton, Lanarkshire.
Dec. 17. At Pernambuco, on board his Majesty's ship Morgiana, Watson Scales, surgeon, royal navy, fifth son of Mr John Scales, writer, Glasgow.
20. In Jamaica, Mrs Elizabeth D. Crichton, wife of William Lambie, Esq.

20. At Salisbury Street, Mr John Chalmers, surveyor, fourth son of the late John Chalmers of Chamberfield, Esq. architect.

22. At Edinburgh, Helena Elizabeth Bell, wife of John Young, solicitor in the supreme courts of Scotland.

25. At Aberdeen, Mrs Mortimer, wife of Mr Alexander Mortimer.

Jan. 8, 1822. At St Lucie, Colonel Thomas Walker, Deputy Quartermaster-General.

13. At Madeira, Miss Hay of Westerton.

27. At Edinburgh, Mrs Pitcairn of Pitcairn.

28. At Glasgow, Mrs Dr Lachlan Campbell of Campbelton, in the 81st year of her age.

29. At the Manse of Kirkmichael, Perthshire, Miss Catherine Stewart, daughter of the Rev. Allan Stewart.

31. At Drumbuie, Mrs Beaton, relict of the late Hugh Beaton.

Feb. 1. At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Gairdner, widow of William Richardson, Esq. late of Keithock.

— At Stirling, Mr James Macfarlane, for a long time steward on board the Morning Star steam-boat.

— At Florence, Lord Howe Brown, second son of the Marquis of Sligo.

— At Lawgrove, James Lawson, Esq. of Lawgrove.

2. At Burntisland, the Rev. James Wemyss.

— At Wigton, Galloway, Mrs M'Kearlie, relict of the late Bailie M'Kearlie.

— At Branxholm Braes, Miss Jean Grieve, second daughter of James Grieve, Esq.

— At Stirling, Mr David Goodsir, late accountant of the Bank of Scotland.

— At Gourock-house, Malcolm Darroch, Esq. younger of Gourock.

3. At London, James Stirling, Esq.

— At Perth, Mr D. M'Laren, formerly convener of the trades of that city, aged 86.

— At Edinburgh, Claud Francis Du Fresne, Esq.

4. At Dunse Castle, aged 13 months, Robert, only son of William Hay, Esq. of Drummelzier.

— At Wemyss Castle, General Wemyss of Wemyss.

— At London, Miss Helen Stirling, only child of the late Robert Stirling, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Barbara, the infant daughter of John Irving, Esq. W.S.

— At Blairbeth, John Gray, Esq.

— At Auchtermuchty, Helen Smith, after being confined to bed twenty-nine years.

— At Greenwich, Mrs Garrick, relict of George Garrick, Esq. brother to the celebrated English Roscius, and mother-in-law to Mrs George Garrick, of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

5. At his house, 17, Broughton Street, Mr Robert Purves, ironmonger.

— Lieutenant Richard Moffat, R. N. son of the late Rev. Dr Moffat, Newlands.

6. At Peebles, Mrs Marion Ritchie.

7. At his house, Castle Street, aged 76, Mr Alexander Reid, architect and builder.

— At her house in Edinburgh, Mrs Sibel Hewetson, relict of the late Rev. William Scott, minister of the gospel at Southdean, Roxburghshire.

8. At Carron Hall, Eleanor Elizabeth, only daughter of Major Dundas.

10. At Hatton of Carse, Susannah Floyd, youngest daughter of the late John Farquhar, Esq. of Pitscandly.

— At Longfaugh Mains, Mrs Janet Herriot, relict of the late Mr David Ronaldson, some time tenant in Peastonburn.

— At Mr Marshall's, 27, Gayfield Square, Miss Brown.

— At 76, George Street, Edinburgh, Ann Jane Henrietta, eldest daughter of William Burn, Esq. architect.

11. At Genoa, William Jackson, Esq. Deputy Commissary-General to the Forces.

— In Newgate Street, London, in his 25th year, Mr Henry Baldwyn, bookseller.

12. Margaret, the infant daughter of Mr Alexander Allan, merchant, Leith.

13. At Edinburgh, aged 56 years, Isabella Tait, wife of Mr George Wilson, High Street.

— At Blackfield-house, near Liverpool, Lieutenant-Colonel James Logan, late of the 51st regiment.

15. At Edinburgh, Mr Hugh Waugh, teacher, Portsburgh.

— At Inverness, John Rose, Esq. of Ardingask.

— At Redford, parish of Madderly, the Rev. James Andrew of Redford, in his 68th year.

16. At Shab, near Borrowstounness, Miss Anne Walkinshaw, daughter of the late John Walkinshaw, of Scotstoun.

— At No. 2, Bellevue Crescent, Archibald Napier, Esq. of Merchiston, in the Island of Tobago.

— At Falkirk, James Walker, Esq. of Mumrills, merchant in Falkirk, aged 76.

17. At Edinburgh, aged 79, the Rev. John Thomson, D. D. minister of the New Greyfriars' church of this city. He was formerly minister of Sanquhar, in Dumfries-shire, afterwards of Markinch, in Fifeshire, from whence he was removed to Edinburgh. His exemplary conduct through life rendered him highly respectable and useful in the different places where he exercised the office of the ministry. He was a pious, eloquent, and impressive preacher, and adorned the Christian character by a liberality of sentiment, a cheerfulness of disposition, and a steady friendship, which endeared him to his own family, and secured the esteem of all who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance.

— In Devonshire Street, Portland Place, London, Catherine Elvira, widow of the late Captain R. Jenkins, East India Company's service, aged 21 years.

18. At Leith, Mr James Brown Patison, surgeon, aged 30, son of John Patison, Esq. advocate.

— At his house, Royal Exchange, Edinburgh, Mr William Ritchie.

— At Old Greenlaw, Berwickshire, Mr William Hogg, farmer there.

— At Pisa, in the 20th year of his age, Robert Baird, second son of Thomas Walker Baird, Esq. advocate.

19. At Kirkness, Miss Euphemia Clephane.

— At Lochmaddy, in the 20th year of his age, Mr James Cameron, eldest son of Allan Cameron, Esq. Chamberlain of North Uist.

20. At the Manse of Crail, Catherine Beatson Bell, youngest daughter of the Rev. Andrew Bell of Kilduncan.

— At her mother's house, Leith, Miss Mary Graham, only child of John Graham, Esq. Edinburgh.

21. At Prestonpans, Miss Margaret Wight, daughter of the late Rev. Robert Wight, minister of the gospel, Dumfries.

— At Linlithgow, Patrick Geddes, youngest son of Mr Liston, sheriff-clerk, Linlithgowshire.

23. At Edinburgh, Frances, daughter of Mr Cargill, wine-merchant, late Captain of his Majesty's 74th regiment.

— At Leith, John Aitken, Esq. merchant.

— At her house, Elder Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Jane Lawrie, wife of Mr Swinton Lawrie, surgeon.

23. At Tain, John Barclay, of Moorfarm, Esq. late Sheriff-Depute of Ross and Cromarty.

24. At his chambers in the Temple, London, James Boswell, Esq. Barrister-at-Law and Commissioner of Bankrupts. He was the second and youngest son of the author of that singular, excellent, valuable, and entertaining work, "The Life of Dr Johnson," of which Mr James Boswell, just deceased, superintended several editions.

— At his house, in Stratton Street, London, Thomas Coutts, Esq. Mr Coutts had attained the advanced age of 87. His life was one of great and useful exertion. He possessed a singularly clear judgment, with a warm and affectionate heart. Few men ever enjoyed, in the degree which Mr Coutts did, the confidence and esteem of his friends, or obtained, unaided by rank or political power, so much consideration and influence in society. The large fortune which he acquired was a consequence, and not the object of his active life, which, at every period, was devoted to the aid and advancement of those he loved. He died surrounded with friends, in the presence of Mrs Coutts and his daughters, the Countess of Guilford, and Lady Burdett, with their families, and Lord Dudley Stuart, the son of his second daughter, the Marchioness of Bute, who is now in Italy on account of her health.

24. At St Andrew's, Agnes, only daughter of the Rev. William Crawford, D. D. Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University there.

— At Ottar House, Captain Duncan Campbell.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Ranken, solicitor-at-law.

25. At Odell Castle, Bedfordshire, in the 85th year of his age, the Earl of Egmont. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his only son, Viscount Perceval, Earl of Egmont.

— At Tealing House, Mrs Scrymgeour of Tealing.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Douglas, eldest daughter of the late Lord Reston.

27. At the apartments of Sir Richard Keats, at Greenwich Hospital, the Right Hon. Sir John Borlase Warren, Bart. G.C.B. Admiral of the White.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Watson, writer, youngest son of David Watson, Esq. late of Pitforthy.

— At Edinburgh, Frances Margaret, daughter of Captain James Haldane Tait, royal navy.

— At 77, Great King Street, David, the infant son of E. Cathcart, Esq.

— At Hawthorn Hill, Berks, in his 91st year, Wilstad Keene, Esq. who sat near half a century in Parliament, and was father of the House of Commons some years previous to his retirement at the general election of 1818.

28. At Haddington, Miss Catherine Fraser, daughter of the late Alexander Fraser, Esq. Haddington.

28. At Edinburgh, Mr David Russell, candle-maker.

Lately.—At her house, No. 1, Dundas Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Archibald, relict of the late John Archibald, Esq. wine-merchant in Leith.

— At Badminton, after a short illness, Lord H. Somerset, third son of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort.

— At Cork, the Rev. Francis Atterbury, LL.D. in the 88th year of his age, grandson of Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

— At Kirby, Mallory, Leicestershire, the Hon. Lady Noel, wife of Sir Ralph Milbanke Noel, Bart. sister of the late Thomas Lord Viscount Wentworth, and mother of the Right Hon. Lady Byron.

— In London, William Adam, Esq. sen. in the 84th year of his age.

— In the Royal Naval Hospital, Plymouth, Captain Sir Thomas Lavie, K.C.B. of his Majesty's ship Spencer.

— At Watergrass Hill, Ireland, Edmund Barry, aged 115 years. He had been a pensioner 65 years; was at the battle of Fontenoy, and several others in the reign of George II. He was six feet two inches high, and remarkably upright; was able to walk a mile at least every day, until three days before his death, and retained his senses to the last.

— At Dublin, in his 79th year, Richard Nevil, Esq. of Furnace, in the county of Kildare, for many years Teller of his Majesty's Exchequer in Ireland.

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXIII. APRIL, 1822. Vol. XI.

COLONEL DAVID STEWART'S SKETCHES OF THE HIGHLAND REGIMENTS.*

This work has been already favoured with not the worst attestation of merit, in the extraordinary sale it has had: it being, we believe, no secret that a very large edition has been entirely disposed of in the course of a very few weeks. The high and well-known character of Colonel David Stewart himself, and the interest naturally taken by kindreds and families in the celebration of ancestors and relatives, may in a great measure account for this immediate and extensive success; but we regard the Colonel's book as one possessed of claims to lasting honour, and are sure that its eventual popularity will be by no means confined to the circles, wide as these are, in which the history of our Highland Regiments is family history—or even national history.

The author of the book is a son of the house of Garth, an ancient and honourable branch of the Stewarts, settled in Athole. He entered life early, as an ensign in the Forty-Second, and served with that regiment in many bloody campaigns, including the expedition to Egypt, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie. At a subsequent period he was transferred to the Seventy-Eighth, or Ross-shire Highlanders, and had along with them a great share in the glories of Maida. The severe wounds he received in that splendid action, have, we understand, never been entirely cured: and we are led to suppose, that the composition of the work before us has formed a principal occupation of his leisure during the several years he has since spent in the midst of his old friends here in Scotland.

The book, even had it appeared anonymously, and contained no clue to the real name of the author, must have been discovered by the most careless reader to be the work of a Highlander and a Soldier—most enthusiastic in either capacity. Colonel Stewart's prejudices are as strong as any man's prejudices can well be; but we are sincerely of opinion, that no man will think the worse of him for entertaining them. What would have been considered as eminently absurd in any other sort of person, will be universally honoured and applauded in the descendant of a hundred chieftains, whose infant ear was taught to relish no melody but that of the pipe, and who has charged the French a hundred times under the inspiration of its wild notes. This will be the first and most natural view of the subject. But he who

* Sketches of the Character, Manners, and present State of the Highlanders of Scotland: with Details of the Military Service of the Highland Regiments. By Colonel David Stewart. 2 vols. 8vo. Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh; Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London. 1822.

reads through the whole of the Colonel's work may probably see cause enough to doubt whether, after all, any of the leading feelings with which it overflows are worthy of being called by the name of *prejudice*—and whether it be not well entitled to a place in the English Library for the justice of its philosophy, as well as the richness of its historical details.

The first thing that will excite the astonishment of English readers—and perhaps it may tend to move the laughter of some of them, is the magnificent conception the Colonel seems to have formed concerning the state of the Highlands at a very remote period of time. Indeed we have little doubt that considerable cachination will be raised at the ideas he so boldly expresses concerning the ancient grandeur of his native region; and that many well-informed people enough will be inclined to rub their eyes, and try whether they are really awake, and not dreaming, when they find themselves in the midst of "the court of our Alpine Kings,"—"our royal palaces among the hills,"—and our "Hebridean University." Smile, nay laugh, however, as they may, we would just advise them to compare the accounts of the territory of Palestine, and of its population, contained in the early historical books of the Bible, with those in the works of modern travellers and historians, and then they may perhaps pause before they think themselves quite entitled to consider Colonel Stewart's statements as the mere ravings of a Celtic Sennachie. The contrast between the coast of Barbary as it was when a Roman province, and as it is now, is another case quite in point. But the best of all arguments are perhaps those on which the Colonel himself insists, viz.—the vestiges of cultivation, population, and splendour, quite beyond what the Highlands can now boast of, still visible in almost every part of them. The deterioration of the climate, (the consequence, probably, in a very great measure of the decay of the woods,) has been such, that no one can either doubt the fact, or calculate to what extent it may have operated. For example, the Colonel tells us, that on his own estate on the braes of Athole, his grandfather produced barley, (to which Marshal Wade gave the prize at a competition with gentlemen possessed of estates much farther south,) from a hill side where, during the last fifty years, there has grown nothing but heather. Within the limits of the same estate the vestiges still survive of several mansions, all evidently of considerable extent and importance, and each of which was in the old time the separate castle of a separate landholder able to sustain the character of wealth and independence. To rise from Garth to the Gael in general, it appears to us that the following passages are eminently curious, and at the same time very sensible.

"When the succession to the throne of the Picts induced the Kings of the Highlands to transfer the seat of royalty from the mountains to the more fertile regions of the Lowlands, and when the marble chair, the emblem of sovereignty, was removed from Dunstaffnage to Scone, the stores of learning and history, preserved in the College of Iona, were also carried to the south, and afterwards destroyed by the barbarous policy of Edward I. Deficient and mutilated as the records in consequence are, it is impossible to ascertain the degree of civilization which this kingdom of glens and mountains had attained; but, judging from the establishment of the College of Icolm-kill, at so early a period, when darkness prevailed in other parts of Europe, a considerable portion of learning must be admitted to have been diffused. The feelings of even Dr Johnson were powerfully awakened by the associations naturally arising from the sight of this celebrated spot.

"Such a seat of learning and piety could not fail to influence the manners of the people. Inverlochay,* their capital, maintained a considerable intercourse with France and Spain. Yet, of the progress made in the arts by the Scots of that remote period, no specimens have descended to our times except the remains of their edifices. The Castle of Inverlochay, although it has been in ruins, and uninhabitable for nearly five hundred years, is still so entire as to have furnished a model for the present castles of Inverary and Taymouth; so far had our ancestors, at a very early period, advanced in the knowledge and practice of architecture. The underground foundations round that part of Inverlochay which is still standing, shew that it was originally of great extent. Dunstaffnage Castle, also in ruins for many centuries, has equal strength of walls, but not the same regu-

* Hollingshed Chronicles.

larity of plan. This may have been owing to its situation, as it is built on a rock, to the edges and incurvations of which the walls have been adapted. Urquhart Castle, which has likewise stood in ruins for many centuries, is one of the finest specimens of castle building in the country. But it must be confessed that Scotland in general, and particularly the Highlands, possesses no castles that can bear comparison with the baronial residences of the more wealthy nobility of England and Wales.

"In many parts of the Highlands, however, ruins and foundations of places of strength, and of castles, are so frequent, as to exhibit proofs of a population more numerous than in latter ages. The marks and traces of the plough also evidently demonstrate that cultivation was more extended than at present. Fields, on the mountains, now bleak and desolate, and covered only with heath and fern, exhibit as distinct ridges of the plough as are to be seen on the plains of Moray. Woods and cultivation gave a genial warmth to the climate, which planting and other improvements would probably restore. As an instance of these marks of the ancient population, I shall confine my observations to one district. In a small peninsula of four miles in breadth, situated between the rivers Tummel and Garry, in Athole, extending from Strowan to the Port of Lochtaramel, about ten miles in length, and ending at the point of Invergarry, below the Pass of Killiekrankie, there are so many foundations of ancient habitations, (and these of apparent note,) as to indicate a remarkably numerous population. They are nineteen in number. One circular building, near the house of Fincastle, is sixty-two feet in diameter; the walls are seven and a half feet thick, and a height of five feet is still remaining. In the district of Foss there are four. On the estate of Garth there are eight, some with walls nine feet thick; the stones in two of which are so weighty, that they could scarcely have been raised to the walls without the aid of machinery. In Glenlyon* there are seven; and, in a word, they are scattered all over the country. Respecting these buildings, various opinions are entertained; but one thing is certain, that they must have been erected at a great expence of labour, and that a numerous people only would have required so many buildings, either for shelter or defence. Tradition assigns them to the age of Ossian, and they are accordingly denominated Caistail nam Fiann, 'the Castles of the Fingallians.' The adjacent smaller buildings are pointed out by names expressive of the purposes to which they were appropriated. In Glenlyon, for instance, is shewn the kennel for Fingal's dogs, and the house for the principal hunters. All this, to be sure, is tradition, and will be received as such; but the traces of a numerous population in former times are nevertheless clear and incontrovertible.

"But, whatever might have been the population and state of civilization of ancient Albion, the country was destined to experience one of those revolutions which are frequent in human affairs. The extension of their dominions occasioned the frequent absence of the kings from the ancient seats of their governments. At length, when, about the year 1066, the Court was removed by Malcolm Cearmor, never to return to the mountains, the sepulchres, as well as the residence of the future kings of Scotland, were henceforth to be in the south; and Dunfermline became the royal cemetery instead of Icolm-kill, where so many kings, chiefs, bishops, eminent ecclesiastics, and men of learning, lie entombed. That university, which had for ages been the fountain whence religion and learning were diffused among the people, was now deserted. The removal of the seat of authority, was speedily followed by the usual results. The Highlanders were impoverished. Nor was this the only evil that resulted from the transference of the seat of government. The people, now beyond the reach of the laws, became turbulent and fierce, revenging in person those wrongs for which the administrators of the laws were too distant and too feeble to afford redress. Thence arose the institution of chiefs, who naturally became the judges and arbiters in the quarrels of their clansmen and followers, and who were surrounded by men devoted to the defence of their rights, their property, and their power; and, accordingly, the chiefs established within their own territories a jurisdiction almost wholly independent of their liege lord.

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"The country traditions are filled with anecdotes of the hunting expeditions of the Alpine kings. From these traditional authorities, the names of many remarkable objects in the neighbourhood of their ancient residence, particularly in Glenroy and Glenspean, are derived. Ossian, and the heroes celebrated in song, seem in a manner overlooked in the recollection of the later warriors and Nimrods. Since strangers and men of science have traversed these long-deserted regions, an irreconcileable feud of opinions has arisen between the Geologists and the Highlanders, regarding an uncommon conformation in Glenroy, a glen in Lochaber, remarkable for the height and perpendicularity of its sides, particularly of one of them. On the north

* In ancient poetry, it is stated that the Fingallians had twelve castles in Glenlyon, but there are only ruins of seven visible at this day.

side, at a considerable elevation above the stream, which flows along the bottom of the glen, there is a flat, or terrace, about seventy feet broad, having an appearance of a road formed on the side of the mountain, and running along, on a perfect level, to the extremity of the glen; five hundred feet above this, there is another of these terraces, and still higher a third, all parallel, and of a similar form. In English they are called Parallel Roads: the inhabitants know them by the name of the King's Hunting Roads. Geologists say that the glen was once full of water, up to the level of the highest parallel, which must have been formed by the action of the waters of this lake on the side of the hill. By some violence, however, an opening was made in the lower end of the glen, which confined the water, in consequence of which it immediately fell as low as the second parallel, and formed it in the same manner as the first. Another opening of the same kind brought down the surface of the water to the third parallel, when, at length, that which confined the water giving way entirely, it subsided to the bottom of the glen, where it now runs, in a rapid stream, without obstruction. To this opinion the Highlanders object, that it is not probable that water, after the first declension, would remain so perfectly stationary as to form a second parallel of the same breadth and formation as the first, or that the second declension would be so regular in time, and the water so equal in its action, as to form a third terrace of form and breadth perfectly similar to the two others; that the glen is too narrow to allow the waves to act with sufficient force to form these broad levels; that, in the centre of the glen, which is narrow, the levels are the broadest and most perfect, whereas, on the upper end, which opens to a wide extent, allowing a large space for the wind to act with a superior force, the levels are contracted and less perfect; that on the other side of the glen these terraces are broad, and of perfectly regular formation, while, on the other, they are narrow, and not so well formed; and that, unless the wind blew always from the same quarter, waves would not roll with more force to one side of a piece of water than to another. In Glenspean, which is in the immediate neighbourhood, and in which similar appearances present themselves, the hills recede from each other, leaving a wide expanse, on the sides of which, if the hollow had been filled with water, the waves would have acted with considerable force, and yet these roads, or terraces, are by no means so well formed, continuous, and distinct, as in Glenroy. The Highlanders also urge the impossibility of water having ever been confined in Glenspean, without an improbable convulsion of nature, the lower end being of great width, and open to the ocean. After stating these reasons, they triumphantly conclude by a query, Why other glens and straths in the Highlands do not exhibit natural appearances similar to those in the vicinity of the ancient residence of their kings? Their own account, which they believe as firmly as they do their creed, is, that these roads were made for the hunting of the kings when at Inverlochay; that they were palisadoed on each side; and that the game was driven through, affording the Royal Hunters time to destroy numbers before they could get to the end. As a confirmation of this account, they quote the names of the circumjacent places, which all bear an analogy to these huntings.

"To these opinions, so opposite and difficult to reconcile, it is probable that each party will adhere."

Another matter, the Colonel's feelings as to the which break out in every part of his volumes, is the more recent deterioration (for such he esteems it) produced by the introduction of sheep-farming into the Highlands. This new system has been the instrument of lowering to a prodigious extent the population of these regions, and if persisted in, must ere long, in the Colonel's opinion, destroy altogether, what all the world must agree with him in considering as an invaluable nursery of British soldiers. His reflections are particularly severe as to the conduct of the Sutherland family, and acquitting the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, as we most sincerely do, of any evil intention, we can have no hesitation in expressing our doubts whether the reduction that has taken place in the population of these vast estates may not hereafter be repented very bitterly by those at the head of them.

The Colonel goes very deep into the history of the Highland clans, and the result of his own inquiries seems to be, at the least, a most sincere conviction in his own mind, that the territory of the chief was in reality the common inheritance of the race who followed his banner. In many instances it is well known the clansmen used to exercise the privilege of deposing a chief when he had acted unworthily of his high station, and of electing another of his kindred to be his successor in the phylarchic dignity. The unbroken custom of many centuries had completely settled in what proportions the produce of the land was to be at the disposal of the chief of the race—and accustom-

ed as the chief of those days was to live always among his clan, and to find his own comfort and consequence in their numbers and zeal, of course no system by which the clan could be banished from their ancestral soil could ever have been dreamed of.

In latter times, however, the tastes of Highland gentlemen and ladies have come very naturally to be almost entirely the same with those of people of the same sort of rank in other parts of the empire; and in order to supply themselves with the means of exhibiting the splendours of equipage and establishment before the eyes of strangers, they have in innumerable instances adopted arrangements which have had the effect of driving thousands of once devoted clansmen to seek subsistence for themselves and their children in the regions of the new world. On Lady Stafford's estates alone, we think, so many as three fine regiments were raised during the last reign—three regiments of temperate, worthy, honourable, and most gallant soldiers, any one of whom would have thought himself and his family disgraced to all eternity had he hesitated to march at the slightest expression of the Countess of Sutherland's will. The hundred smiling glens where the fathers of these brave men cultivated their little fields of oats and barley, are now thrown into the possession of some half dozen English or Lowland tenants, and when the drum beats the next time among the domains of Morar Chattu, the same answer will be given which we have heard of as being received some years back by another Highland chieftain not necessary to be named at present: "Ye must recruit with the colley-dog, for there is nothing but sheep upon your hills."

The Colonel has the utmost delight in expatiating on the merits of Lord Breadalbane, and some others, who have uniformly expressed their scorn of purchasing some addition to their rent-rolls by the banishment of their clansmen—and we heartily concur in this well-earned applause. But candour compels us to say, that we think the Colonel writes on the whole of this subject with too little regard to the ordinary course of human nature and human conduct. Instead of pouring out the vials of his wrath upon the chiefs who have banished their clans, it would have been well, we think, had he endeavoured, viewing people and measures by the usual lights, to suggest some plan, through which the more extensive expatriation of this loyal, hardy, and honourable race, may be prevented.

Taking the world as it is, nobody can expect that a great landholder is to sacrifice so much of his own income for the good, not of himself, but of the state. A few very liberal minded and reflective landholders in the Highlands may indeed be wise enough to prefer other things to the mere calculations of pounds, shillings, and pence: but it is not perhaps fair to blame those who conduct themselves on the more common-place and prosaic principle quite so severely as Colonel Stewart has done. If the Highland proprietor is to be compelled to do so much more than the Yorkshire proprietor, for the benefit of the commonwealth—if he is to sacrifice so many hundreds, or thousands per annum, in order that whenever government wants a regiment he may be able to raise one on his estate—why should not the Yorkshire gentleman pay his part of the cost? Make the Celtic lord or laird understand, that whenever he raises a regiment, or a company, he shall receive such and such substantial advantages, and then perhaps there will be less difficulty about persuading him that the race of men is a better thing than the race of sheep. We honour Colonel Stewart's personal and chivalrous devotion to the cause of his country, and we have no doubt that the Highland chieftain, whose conduct is regulated upon principles so noble as his, lives and dies a greater and a happier man than the wealthiest lord in England. But even we, who know something of the Highlands, must be permitted to say, that in this part of his work the Colonel is too enthusiastic—and that his doctrines, however much they may, and must raise his own character in the eyes of his humbler countrymen, are not propounded in such a shape as to promise any very effectual improvement, either in their present circumstances, or in the future prospects of them and their children. On the contrary, we should rather be apprehensive that they may tend very strongly to nourish and exacerbate certain feelings of jealousy and mutual

distrust, which have already been, on more than one occasion, made manifest, in shapes which we are quite sure no one could regard with deeper concern than Colonel Stewart himself.

As to these and some other matters, there may be, and probably will be, many different ways of thinking; but in regard to the history of the Highland regiments, which forms the real subject of the Colonel's book, we apprehend everybody will completely go along with the author. Nothing can be more interesting than the picture which is given of the character of the Highland Soldier,—more particularly as it existed some fifty or sixty years ago, when the Black Watch was first embodied, at the suggestion of the sagacious and patriotic Duncan Forbes of Culloden. For a long period of years, owing to the successive civil wars which spread desolation over Britain, the Highland race had been looked upon as a mere body of hardy rebels—disaffected to the government of the country—and averse to all regular government. The President Forbes had the great merit of destroying this prejudice. The 42d regiment was raised, and wherever they went, their conduct—peaceful, innocent, and honourable in quarters, and brave of the bravest in the field—was regarded with equal admiration and delight by all who had any opportunity of contemplating it. At first it was composed, in a great measure, of the sons of gentlemen, proprietors or tacksmen; and these soldiers carried into their military service all the high notions of family as well as personal honour which their domestic education had instilled into their bosoms. For a long, a very long succession of years, there was no such thing ever dreamed of as corporeal punishment—"that being," to use the words of a distinguished General, in his orders, "entirely uncalled for among such *honourable* soldiers." At a later period much of the same simple kindliness which united the first soldiers of the 42d, still prevailed among their successors—we have no doubt a vast deal of it remains among those who at this moment march to the sound of its bagpipe. Whenever Colonel Stewart mentions himself, it is with that modesty always so characteristic of great worth and real valour; and the NOTE, which makes part of the following extract, will, we are sure, both illustrate our subject and delight our readers.

"This impetuosity of Highland soldiers, and the difficulty of controlling them, in the most important part of a soldier's duty, has been frequently noticed and reprobated. To forget necessary discretion, and break loose from command, is certainly an unmilitary characteristic; but, as it proceeds from a very honourable principle, it deserves serious consideration, how far any attempt to allay this ardour may be prudent, or advantageous to the service. An officer of judgment and feeling, acquainted with the character of his soldiers, and disposed to allow this chivalrous spirit full play, will never be at a loss for a sufficient check. It is easier to restrain than to animate. It has also been observed, that the modern Highland corps display less of that chivalrous spirit which marked the earlier corps from the mountains. If there be any good ground for this observation, it may probably be attributed to this, that these corps do not consist wholly of native Highlanders. If strangers are introduced among them, even admitting them to be the best of soldiers, still they are not Highlanders. The charm is broken,—the conduct of such a corps must be divided, and cannot be called purely national. The motive which made the Highlanders, when united, fight for the honour of their name, their clan, and district, is by this mixture lost. Officers, also, who are strangers to their language, their habits, and peculiar modes of thinking, cannot be expected to understand their character, their feelings and their prejudices, which, under judicious management, have so frequently stimulated to honourable conduct, although they have sometimes served to excite the ridicule of those who knew not the dispositions and cast of character on which they were founded. But if Highland soldiers are judiciously commanded in quarters, treated with kindness and confidence by their officers, and led into action with spirit, it cannot on any good grounds be alleged that there is any deficiency of that firmness and courage which formerly distinguished them, although it may be readily allowed that much of the romance of the character is lowered. The change of manners in their native country will sufficiently account for this. But, even if their former sentiments and ancient habits had still been cherished in their native glens, the young soldier could not easily retain them, if mixed with other soldiers, strangers to his language, his country, poetry, traditions of battles and of acts of prowess. These companions would be more disposed to jeer and deride, than to listen to what they did not understand.

"In the earlier part of the service of the 42d regiment, and when the ancient habits of the people remained unchanged, the soldiers retained much of these habits in their camps and quarters. They had their bards for reciting ancient poems and tales, and composing laments, elegies, and panegyrics on departed friends. These, as they were generally appropriate, so they were highly useful, when none were present to hear them but Highlanders, who understood them, and whom they could warm and inspire. Another cause has contributed to change the character of the Highland soldier. This is the reserved manners and distant etiquette of military discipline. When many of the officers were natives of the mountains, they spoke in their own language to the men, who, in their turn, addressed the officers with that easy but respectful familiarity and confidence which subsisted between the Highland people and their superiors. Another privilege of a Highlander of the old school was that of remonstrating and counselling where the case seemed to him to require it.* It frequently happened, also, that they would become sureties, on their own responsibility, for the good conduct of one another; and, as responsibility implies regularity of conduct and respectability of character, these suretyships had the most beneficial influence on the men. But things are now managed differently. The Highland soldier is brave, and will always prove so, if properly commanded; but the chivalry of the character has almost disappeared, and officers now may entertain less dread that their men will disobey orders, and persevere in a disastrous and hopeless conflict. But their character must be acted upon by some powerful cause indeed, unless they continue to be, what they have always been, and what they proved themselves to be at Ticonderoga,—first in the attack, and last in the retreat,—which, after all, was made deliberately, and in good order."

In short, a Highland regiment was nothing more than a large Highland family,—the officers being obeyed, trusted, and honoured by the men, in the same manner in which elder brothers and natural feudal superiors would have been had they remained at home in their glens. Were we to quote all the anecdotes illustrative of their mutual respect and attachment, which occur in these volumes, we would fill half a Magazine with them; but the following is too fine a thing to be omitted,—and the reader will rejoice to find how recently the fact occurred.

"In the year 1795, a serious disturbance broke out in Glasgow, among the Breadalbane Fencibles. Several men having been confined and threatened with corporal punishment, considerable discontent and irritation were excited among their comrades, which increased to such violence, that, when some men were confined in the guard-house, a great proportion of the regiment rushed out and forcibly released the prisoners. This violation of the military discipline was not to be passed over, and accordingly measures were immediately taken to secure the ringleaders, and bring them to punishment. But so many were equally concerned, that it was difficult to fix on the proper subjects for punishment. And here was shewn a trait of character worthy of a better cause, and which originated from a feeling alive to the disgrace of a degrading punishment. The soldiers being made sensible of the nature of their misconduct, and the consequent punishment, *four men voluntarily offered themselves to stand trial*, and suffer the sentence of the law, as an atonement for the whole. These men were accordingly marched to Edinburgh Castle, tried, and condemned to be shot. Three of them were afterwards reprieved, and the fourth was shot on Musselburgh sands.

"On the march to Edinburgh, a circumstance occurred, the more worthy of notice, as it shews a strong principle of honour and fidelity to his word and to his officer in a common Highland soldier.

"One of the men stated to the officer commanding the party, that he knew what his fate would be, but that he had left business of the utmost importance to a friend in Glasgow, which he wished to transact before his death; that, as to himself, he was fully prepared to meet his fate; but with regard to his friend, he could not die in peace unless the business was settled, and that, if the officer would suffer him to return to Glasgow, a few hours there would

* In my time, much of that which I have described had disappeared. The men had acquired new habits from their being in camps and barracks. However, many old soldiers still retained their original manners, exhibiting much freedom and ease in their communications with the officers. I joined the regiment in 1789, a very young soldier. Colonel Graham, the commanding officer, gave me a steady old soldier, named William Fraser, as my servant,—perhaps as my adviser and director. I know not that he had received any instructions on that point, but Colonel Graham himself could not have been more frequent and attentive in his remonstrances, and cautious with regard to my conduct and duty, than my old soldier was, when he thought he had cause to disapprove. These admonitions he always gave me in Gaelic, calling me by my Christian name, with an allusion to the colour of my hair, which was fair, or *bane*, never prefixing *Mr* or *Ensign*, except when he spoke in English. However contrary to the common rules, and however it might surprise those unaccustomed to the manners of the people, to hear a soldier or a servant calling his master simply by his name, my honest old monitor was one of the most respectful, as he was one of the most faithful, of servants.

be sufficient, and he would join him before he reached Edinburgh, and march as a prisoner with the party. The soldier added, 'You have known me since I was a child; you know my country and kindred, and you may believe I shall never bring you to any blame by a breach of the promise I now make, to be with you in full time to be delivered up in the Castle.' This was a startling proposal to the officer, who was a judicious humane man, and knew perfectly his risk and responsibility in yielding to such an extraordinary application, However, his confidence was such, that he complied with the request of the prisoner, who returned to Glasgow at night, settled his business, and left the town before daylight, to redeem his pledge. He took a long circuit to avoid being seen, apprehended as a deserter, and sent back to Glasgow, as probably his account of his officer's indulgence would not have been credited. In consequence of this caution, and the lengthened march through woods and over hills by an unfrequented route, there was no appearance of him at the hour appointed. The perplexity of the officer when he reached the neighbourhood of Edinburgh may be easily imagined. He moved forward slowly indeed, but no soldier appeared; and unable to delay any longer, he marched up to the Castle, and as he was delivering over the prisoners, but before any report was given in, Macmartin, the absent soldier, rushed in among his fellow prisoners, all pale with anxiety and fatigue, and breathless with apprehension of the consequences in which his delay might have involved his benefactor.

"In whatever light the conduct of the officer (my respectable friend Major Colin Campbell) may be considered, either by military men or others, in this memorable exemplification of the characteristic principle of his countrymen, fidelity to their word, it cannot but be wished that the soldier's magnanimous self-devotion had been taken as an atonement for his own misconduct and that of the whole. It was not from any additional guilt that the man who suffered was shot. It was determined that only one should suffer, and the four were ordered to draw lots. The fatal chance fell upon William Sutherland, who was executed accordingly."

The following, we strongly suspect, relates to the worthy author himself.

"As one of the objects I have in view is to point out such characteristic traits of disposition, principle and habits, as may be in any way interesting, I shall notice the following circumstance, which occurred while this regiment (the 78th) lay at Hythe. In the month of June orders were issued for one field officer and four subalterns to join the 1st battalion in India. The day before the field officer fixed on for this purpose left the regiment, the soldiers held conferences with each other in the barracks, and, in the evening, several deputations were sent to him, entreating him in the most earnest manner, to make application either to be allowed to remain with them, or obtain permission for them to accompany him. He returned his acknowledgments for their attachment, and for their spirited offer; but, as duty required his presence in India, while their services were at present confined to this country, they must, therefore, separate for some time. The next evening, when he went from the barracks to the town of Hythe, to take his seat in the coach for London, two-thirds of the soldiers, and officers in the same proportion, accompanied him, all of them complaining of being left behind. They so crowded round the coach as to impede its progress for a considerable length of time, till at last the guard was obliged to desire the coachman to force his way through them. Upon this the soldiers, who hung by the wheels, horses, harness, and coach-doors, gave way, and allowed a passage. There was not a dry eye amongst the younger part of them. Such a scene as this, happened to more than 600 men, and in the streets of a town, could not pass unnoticed, and was quickly reported to General Moore, whose mind was always alive to the advantages of mutual confidence and esteem between officers and soldiers. The circumstance was quite suited to his chivalrous mind. He laid the case before the Commander-in-chief; and his Royal Highness, with that high feeling which he has always shewn when a case has been properly represented, ordered that at present there should be no separation, and that the field officer should return to the battalion in which he had so many friends ready to follow him to the cannon's mouth, and when brought in front of an enemy, either to compel them to fly, or perish in the field."

No doubt such things as these have happened a hundred times in the case of other regiments in which there were no peculiarly Highland principles of attachment and affection: but who can doubt that a regiment, where the members have known each other from boyhood, and where the families of each are known and respected, and where the officers, above all, are regarded as natural friends and protectors by their soldiers, must be more likely than any other to furnish examples both of kindly feelings and of chivalrous behaviour?—In truth, the great principle in the mind of every man who has been born and bred among those glens, seems to be a dread of dishonouring his blood—and this feeling

seems to go as far as the dread of disgracing her family does with a lady. If a man is tried in the Highlands for an alleged crime, and if from some deficiency of evidence, or from any other cause, he escapes from the Court uncondemned—he is no gainer by this immunity. His father bars his door against him: the congregation in the parish church retire from his approach, as the Roman Senators did from that of Cataline: he is banished from his glen—from his district—he is ruined for ever. In like manner in a Highland regiment, the private who had acted unworthily, was as effectually proscribed by the scorn of his fellow-soldiers, as at this day the officer who, after beating a man, refuses to give him satisfaction, is sure to be by the scorn of his fellow-officers. Colonel Stewart details one or two instances, in which the Highland private who had incurred disgrace, delivered himself from the intolerable anguish of his situation by suicide.

In some respects the composition of these regiments is no longer quite such as it was; and in particular, Colonel Stewart severely reprobates the admission of recruits from other districts of the empire, as tending to undo the powerful charm of that ancient Highland union, of which his volumes give so many beautiful exemplifications. The Colonel is the last man to be an uncharitable judge, and nobody venerates the character of the English soldier more deeply than he; but it is easy to imagine that different elements, each in itself excellent, may be deteriorated by intermixture.

But the preservation of the high moral feeling of the men themselves, most important as the point is, is far from being the only reason for keeping the Highlanders apart in their own regiments. Another consideration, which we cannot help esteeming a very serious one, is, that but for the Highland regiments, the military name of *Scotland* would have long ago ceased to exist in the same splendid manner in which it now does. Who ever hears of Scotland, when a brave Scotsman falls in the ranks of an English or Irish regiment? When Buonaparte saw the Scots Greys charge at Waterloo, he exclaimed "Ah! ces beaux chevaux gris comme ils sont terribles!" but even *with him* Scotland had not the honour. When the 42d rushed on, there was no mistaking the kilt, and Buonaparte on *that* occasion exclaimed, "Ces braves Ecossais!" We are strongly of opinion that Scotsmen, Irishmen, and Englishmen, ought at least for the most part, to be in national regiments, and we wish it were possible to have them all distinguished from each other, in the field, as effectually as the kilt and bonnet distinguish the heroes of the 42d. The noble rivalry of three equally brave races would not injure their noble union.

In these volumes the reader will find the services of the different Highland corps detailed at great length—more particularly, as might be supposed, those of the 42d and 78th, in which the author himself has served. We have no room to make extracts, nor do we conceive ourselves well qualified to pronounce any very decided opinion as to military matters; but we have no hesitation in saying, that for ourselves we have read the whole book with a degree of interest which is very rarely excited in the experienced by the most skilful of romances. We suspect that Colonel Stewart writes about battles much better than almost any one else that has meddled with them in our day—at least it seems to us that his narratives of such affairs have a very uncommon degree of clearness, intelligibility, and vividness. The little traits of individual heroism introduced in lavish profusion, give a wonderful richness to the broad canvass on which they are raised. Some readers may be so constituted as to smile when, in the midst of the battle of Maida, they come slap upon a long note, shewing how Donald Macrae's bayonet came out of one of the charges "twisted like a cork-screw;" and such readers will find plenty of similar matters to make merry upon. But such passages, we frankly confess it, are among the things which we should be most sorry to see struck out of the Colonel's work. They give a truth and reality to the general descriptions, of which such descriptions are for the most part altogether destitute. Plutarch did not scorn to insert such things, and he who wishes to have the character either of a wise, or of an amusing writer, need never hesitate to follow the example of that good Bœotian.

Altogether, this book is one of the

few we see coming out now-a-days that is sure to last. It must form a part of every library: the future historian must resort to it for materials: the heroes of a future age will look to it for bright examples. As to the composition of it, we cannot see that any style could have been better adapted to the subject matter. There is a great deal of plain unpretending good sense visible throughout, and here and there occur expressions of extraordinary felicity, nay, whole passages of very great power. Every body must lay down the book with feelings of the highest respect for the author's talents, and of what might perhaps deserve a warmer title than respect for the author himself.

We trust, now that Colonel Stewart has found he can manage the pen as well as the claymore, he will not allow his talent to sleep in his possession. We could mention two or three works very much wanted, which nobody now living could write half so well as himself—and which if this generation passes over, have no chance ever to be written at all;—*inter alia*, What would he think of trying a good history of the 1715 and 1745?

SKETCHES OF SCOTTISH CHARACTER.

No X.

"Zachary Meldrum."

I knew a Parson once, but death has laid
The turf, and letter'd grave-stone, o'er his head.
His temper was so easy, pliant, kind,
A child might turn him, as it had a mind;
And oft imposed on, he was subject still
To be imposed on, by designing skill.
Whether his mind to other world was turn'd,
And all communion with the present scorn'd,
Or, as some judged it harshly, indolence
Had shut up every avenue of sense,—
He was at times so absent, you'd descry
No sense, nor speculation, in his eye;
But at your moving lips he'd stand and stare,
As if you had been struggling with a bear.*

Around the garden walk I've seen him stray,
And, with unequal steps, pursue his way,
Now biting down his thumb-nail to the root,
Then wheeling of a sudden right about,
And stretching onward with a deal of seeming,
His countenance the while with effort beaming,
Then o'er a struggling insect bending, pry
Into its parting life with pitying eye.
At social board, his honest heart was light,
His manners affable, his sallies bright;
Nor scorn'd he then, amidst the random fun,
To fly a sarcasm, or point a pun,
To sail aloft on Fancy's eagle car,
With every dull reality at war,
The mind-created image to pursue,
And drag new combinations into view.

And as the glass went round, I've heard it told
His youthful history he would unfold,

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* The fact here alluded to, is mentioned by Mr Edgeworth, in a letter to his friend Mr Day. A soldier had been caught by a bear, from whose paws he was afterwards rescued; his lips appeared to move whilst he imagined himself shouting for aid, but no sound was emitted.

His school-boy tricks, his college revelment—
For much of early life he had mis-spent,—
Till men of sober habits thought it odd,
And most unseemly in a man of God.
Yet, in the pulpit station'd, firm he stood,
Determined in his aim of doing good.
Though skill'd in ancient lore, and modern too,
Still at the fountain-head the draught he drew,
And pour'd it through an urn of Christian mould,—
In scripture phrase his gospel message told!
High raised on Sinai Mount, he look'd around,
All underneath a wilderness he found,
With clouds and thunders o'er it; stayless fear,
And hapless woe, and hopeless death, were near.
But Salem's towers, all glowing in the light
Of God's own Son-ship, caught his gladden'd sight,
So here he fix'd his residence, and smiled,
Whilst into verdure flush'd the "desert wild;"
The plan of pardon brought to sinner's need,
By heaping coals of mercy on his head.
Oh I have sat and heard this godly Man
With so much kindliness unfold the plan
Of sinner's rescue, that an hour did seem
The fleeting phantasy of morning dream,—
And I did wake all pleased, and, truth to say,
I could have dream'd another hour away.

Once he conversed with Lady Maiden, old
And ugly too—if all the truth were told.
On partner'd Sofa stretch'd, at ease reclining,
Expectant of the accustom'd hour of dining,
And chatting off that tedious interval,
To yawning sacred, ere the dinner-call,
From topic unto topic they were carried—
(Our Minister, good reader, was not married,—)
And three-and-forty is a tempting time
For dames of fifty—scarcely at their prime.
At last, amidst a world of conversation,
Of every mortal, and of every station,
A neighbouring Damsel coming in review,
"Pleasant," he said, "she was, but ugly too—
And Madam, let me tell you, *much like you.*"
Dire recollection came, like trodden toe,
Which speaks its troubles through a "corn" or so,
And anxious still his credit to regain,
He quickly adds—"She is not quite so plain!!"
His words and meaning setting off asunder,
He flounders still from blunder on to blunder—
The die is cast—the head erect is placed—
The chin elongated an inch at least.
The maiden foot is fidgetty—and,—well!
Most apropos, at last, "the dinner bell."

Glib Gaffer Time, and sacred Writ have shewn
It is not good for man to be alone;—
So Grizzy thought—and what could Zachary do?
He thought, at least—he *thought*—he thought so, too.
The courtship was a long one—Grizzy stood
Upon her P's and Q's—this day she would—
To-morrow she would not—he went to sup,
And ask'd her out,—her mind was not made up.

At last, relenting Spring gave flowers to grow,
Gave bees to buzz, and fetter'd streams to flow,—
Gave birds to build their nests, and blithely carol,—
Sporting amidst the boughs in amorous quarrel,—
All nature seem'd resolved the year to bliss—
When gentle Grizzy blush'd, and answer'd—" Yes."

The day was fine, it was the bridal day—
The Bridegroom had been messenger'd away
To visit sick parishioner—had pray'd,
And pour'd heaven's benediction o'er the bed
Of sore affliction; scann'd the Peasant's store,
Enrich'd his meal tub with a portion more,
And,—as the Mother spoke the Husband's state,
And wept, in augured death, the Orphan's fate,
All fatherless, and friendless,—had essay'd
To call up Bible comfort to her aid.
" Who feeds the hungry raven, he will feed
" Your helpless children, and supply their need;
" His word is pledged, and when His word is given,
" Sooner shall disappear both earth and heaven,
" Than ' tittle' of his promise ' pass away.' "
E'en whilst he spoke, a look of wan dismay
Sat on the Mother's face;—that struggle o'er—
" The father is at rest—nor suffers more."
The dead man's face seem'd sharp and ghastly pale,
The mother happ'd it o'er, amidst the wail
Of helpless Infants; whilst the younger Child
Stoop'd, playful o'er the sheeted corpse, and smil'd.
" Oh God, depart not yet," the Mother pled,
" But stay to comfort me!" He had not fled—
The " Man of God" was present every inch—
Eyes, ears, and heart,—he ne'er was known to flinch
When woe assail'd. But such a piercing woe!
He never meant, he did not seem to go.

The day was fine, it was the bridal day,
But long the fretful Bride behoved to stay.
Her uncle listen'd oft, no party near,
Nor sound of Men nor Horses could he hear.
The Brother clear'd with eager step " the Law,"
No Bridegroom he, nor Bridal party saw;
And Servants travell'd east a mile and more,
As tidingless returning as before.
All now was discontent; the dinner hour,
By mutual compact, had been fix'd at four,—
And five had struck—and six—all tongues were busy
Framing apologies to comfort Grizzy.
Who felt indignant that her *Pedigree*
By peasant Son, insulted thus should be,
And all her condescension so return'd—
Her very *Nose* with indignation burn'd.
" And comes he now at last! he comes too late;—
" E'en let him go, and wed a humbler Mate."

Our Minister was married, " Honest man;"
And Grizzy soon to use her power began!
All home was turn'd to change; his easy Chair
In which he slept or studied, void of care,
Deep sunk in dusty cushions, mounts above,
The first and greatest sacrifice to love.

His writing-desk no parlour-guest appears,
But yields the field to thread-papers, and shears,
And restless clues of cotton, still a-lifting,
And still from female grasp to distance drifting.
New grates are purchased next—new fire "airns," fenders,
New cats and dogs too, *now* of doubtful genders;
New carpetting, with pattern large and flashy;
New rugs, with swans and leopards, all so dashy,
That Farmer feet, or shoe'd, or booted o'er,
Are apt to bring defilement on the floor,
Round bits of mold, or thinner plates of earth,
Which trod into the carpetting, give birth
To stains unseemly. "This would never do!
"And then the lumpish Louts were forward too!"

Upon his person next a change she made—
She could not tolerate his "Carnal* plaid,"
But truck'd him out in broad cloth to the chin,
Broad cloth without, but Indian silk within!
His hat, he next was told, he always wore
Too low behind, and far too high before.
And then his toes; but these had got a set,
Which, spite of all her care, they'd ne'er forget.
The *Laird* was always *civil;* and *her Brother*
Was company full good for one or other;
But if he wish'd *Society* like *this*,—
'Twas fit these *acre* Louts he should dismiss!

"Woman!" he said,—but seeing wrath arise,
He shut his mouth, and *centinelled* his eyes,
As up *his* Grizzy's neck the offended blood
Pour'd through blue stringy rivulets its flood.
"Whom call you woman? Dare to woman me!
"And how I can avenge me, you shall see.
"I am your *better*, sir! My father's daughter
"Ne'er omen'd *once* a Minister had sought her.
"But you must speak, and deave me with your scolding—
"My faith, but, Zachary, you are a bold one."
"St Paul had something that his rest did spoil,
"When worn with preaching, and fatigued with toil;
"*Satanic Messenger*, he term'd the evil—
"Which some a Wife account, and some the Devil;—
"He bore his *Cross* with patience—so must I,—
"(Thus reason'd Zachary),—at least I'll try."—
Then drifted, in his peacefulness of soul,
Before the tempest, he might not control.—
But God will work for those who own his sway
In his own silent time-discover'd way.
Evolving still contingencies to shew,
How little of his wondrous plans we know!

"A Damsel comes her hapless fate to speak,
"If right I read the language of her cheek,—
"That cheek deep tinged with folly's recent shame—
"Retire!"—"I shall not budge," replies the Dame.
"You can't withstand their hypocritic sighs,
"Those tears that trickle down from beaming eyes,

* "Carnal," so pronounced universally in Scotland, for "Cardinal,"—a relique, undeniable, of Papal dominion!

"You love to tamper with the sinful thing,
"And into disrepute your office bring;
"You patronise incontinence—you do"—
—"Not," quoth the humbled Zachary, "in you!"
The Damsel look'd abash'd—the Matron's eye
Flash'd like the lightning of a wint'ry sky;—
"What Fellow, Huzzie! How became you Mother?"
"*That* Fellow," adds the Huzzie, "is *your Brother!*"—

One Sabbath morn, *Nobility* and state
Approach the Church, and figure from the "Plate;"*
Coaches and servants, livery and lace,
Give quite an air of fashion to the place.
Amidst his "*Guests*" the "*Laird*" resplendent shines,
But condescension with his state combines.
His Wife and Daughters prize their notice higher,
And from the wonted "*Day t'ye Ma'ams*" retire.
But see, she comes—the "*Acre-Louts*" recede
To right and left, an avenue is made
For Mrs Meldrum;—briskly up she flies—
But meets a curtsey and averted eyes—
Is taught to *know her station* by a glance,
Which cuts her to the midriff, like a lance.

Affliction came, which tames the proudest heart,
Heals whilst it wounds, and cures us by the smart,
Which draws the veil of Vanity aside,
Proving the Friend in whom we may confide;
The Laird sent up his "Compliments," to know
How Grizzy fared; his Lady, *care* to shew,
Stoop'd from her carriage window—listen'd sad,
And hoped her "Cousin's case was *not so bad*,"
Then drove away in haste.—The Brother too,
A stranger long, acquaintance to renew,
Presumed to call, inquired, and went away,
But promised to return "*some future day.*"

The Husband stood her friend in hour of need,
Stooping like Angel Guardian o'er her head;
By night and day, with never sleeping care,
All ear and eye, her Zachary was there.
And when the Fever came, the fitful hour,
Which speaks in frightful phantasy its power,
With soothing voice he whisper'd in her ear,
"Be calm, my love, your Zachary is near.—

The fever left her languid—feeble—low—
In pulse, and spirit—tears began to flow,
And sighs to swell, convulsive throbs to start
Th' imprison'd "*Something*" struggling at her heart!
That heart—all chasten'd now—and striving still
By winning accents to disclose the will!
"Forgive my foolish *pride!*"—The husband saw
Relenting spring the frosts of winter thaw.
In mutual sympathy express'd his joy,
And lived in future bliss without alloy—

Juvenalis Junior.

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* The Plate in which the Sabbath collections for the poor are made, all over Scotland, with the exception of a few Presbyteries bordering upon, and unhappily in this respect adopting the manners of, England.

STANZAS ON AN INFANT.

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
WORDSWORTH.

The rose-bud, blushing through the morning's tears,
The primrose, rising from the brumal waste,
The snow-drop, or the violet, that appears
Like nun within the myrtles' shadow placed,
Wear not a smile like thine, nor look so chaste,
Fair Innocent! that, from thy mother's knee,
As yet by Earth's despoilment undefaced
Smil'st, and unheeding what the fates decree,
Dream'st not of hapless days, that yet will frown on thee!

Say, o'er thy little frame when slumbers steal,
And watch above thy cradle seraphs keep,
Do they, in love, futurity reveal,
That thus thou sweetly smilest in thy sleep?—
Thy pure blue eyes were sure ne'er form'd to weep;
Those little lips to breathe the sighs of woe;—
Alas! in life it may be thine to steep
Thy senses in nepenthe, glad if so
Thy memory may the dreams of wretchedness forego.

For passion is a tyrant fierce and wild,
Leading the thoughts from Virtue's pure career;
And spirits, in their natures calm and mild,
Are duped by Flattery, or subdued by Fear;
Love, that with promise to illume and cheer
The path of life, oft lures us to betray;
And hopes that, robed in iris hues, appear
When the heart swells in Youth's exulting day,
Dreaming sweet dreams alone, in darkness melt away!

Sweet child, thy artlessness and innocence
Kindle deep thought, and cause my heart to bleed;
For even to the best the Fates dispense
Sorrow and pain, nor are the happiest freed
From ills, that make existence poor indeed;
Sadness doth of its lustre rob the eye;
And those who ever, in the hour of need,
To mitigate our griefs were kindly nigh,
Like shot stars, one by one, all disappear and die!

Earth is at best a heritage of grief,
But oh! fair cherub, may its calm be thine;
May Virtue be thy solace and relief,
When Pleasure on thy lot disdains to shine!
There was a time, when being was divine,
No sin, no sorrow,—paradise the scene;
But man was prone to error, and his line
In frailty like their sire have ever been;—
How happy mightst thou be, were Eden's bowers still green!

Ah! may I guess, when years have o'er thy head
Their passage winged, maturity thine own,
How may on Earth thy pilgrimage be led?—
Shall public cares, or privacy alone
Thy life engage? or shall thy lot be thrown
Where timbrel, horn, and martial drum inspire?
Or, soothed to softness, and a holier tone,
Draw down aërial spirits to thy lyre,
Or call upon the muse to arm thy words with fire?

Thy flaxen ringlets, and thy deep blue eyes,
Bring to my mind the little God of Love;
The last outvie the azure of the skies,
The first are like the clouds that float above
The Spring's descending sun. The boy whom Jove
Wrapt from the earth—fair Ganymede—to dwell
Above the realms where Care has wing to rove,
Thy cherub features may betoken well;
Or if the one excell'd, perchance *thou* mightst excel.

Even now, begirt with utter helplessness,
'Tis hard to think, as on thy form I gaze,
(Experience makes me marvel not the less,)
That thou to busy man shalt rise, and raise
Thyself, mayhap, a nation's pride, and praise;
'Tis hard to let the truth my mind employ,
That he, who kept the world in wild amaze,
That Cæsar in the cradle lay—a boy,
Soothed by a nurse's kiss, delighted with a toy!

That once the mighty Newton was like thee;
The awful Milton, who on Heaven did look,
Listening the councils of Eternity;
And matchless Shakespeare, who, undaunted, took
From Nature's shrinking hand her secret book,
And page by page the wondrous tome explored;
The fearless Sidney; the adventurous Cook;
Howard, who mercy for mankind implored;
And France's despot chief, whose heart lay in his sword!

How doth the wretch, when life is dull and black,
Pray that he were, pure Innocent, like thee!
Or that again the guileless days were back,
When Childhood leant against a parent's knee!
'Tis meet that Sin should suffer—it must be:
To such as at the shrine of Virtue mock,
Remorse is what the righteous Fate's decree;
On conquest bent, Sennacherib awoke,—
But Heaven had o'er his camp breathed death in the Siroc.

The unrelenting tyrant, who, unmoved,
Lays for a sweet and smiling land his snares,
Whose callous, unimpassion'd heart hath proved
Beyond the impulse of a mother's prayers,
Though not for Beauty's tearful eye he cares,
A tyrant among tyrants he must be—
A Herod with a Hydra soul, who dares
To spill the blood of innocents, like thee,
All smiling in his face, and from a parent's knee!

Adieu! fair Infant, be it thine to prove
The joy, of which an earnest thou wert sent;
And, in thy riper years, with looks of love,
Repay thy mother for the hours she spent
In fondness o'er thy cradle; thou wert meant
To be her solace in declining years;
Raise up the mind, with age and sorrow bent;
Assuage with filial care a parent's fears,
Awake her heart to joy, and wipe away her tears!

Δ

A SPANISH TALE.

The sun was going down upon the ridge of the mountain above Majonte on a fine evening in July, when my honoured master Don Francisco de Almorin, and his valet Tomaso, came in sight of the ferry across the Jucar. There had been some reports of robbers among the hills, and they stopped to see what a crowd was made of, that had gathered on the river's side. They might have saved themselves the delay, for the crowd was nothing worse than the peasantry of the neighbourhood looking on the ferry-boat, which was upset and lying on a little island in the midst of the stream. The next day was to be the fair of Valencia, and heaps of partridges, hams, eggs, and cheeses, lay on the bank, waiting till the flood should pass away. The outcries of the peasants came up to the travellers' ears like the clamour of robbers, and the peasants themselves were still more puzzled by the travellers, who had in their hurry mistaken the road, and were riding within an inch of the precipice.—"Nothing human ever galloped so fast," was one observation of the crowd; "nothing human could ever gallop there at all," was another. The best hunter for twenty miles round acknowledged, that he would as soon break his neck at once as follow bird or goat there; and the priest, taking out his breviary, began the "Exhortation against dealing with the devil." The horsemen had by this time got over the rocks, and plunging into the valley, disappeared. Whatever differences of opinion there might have been as to their appearance, there could be none as to their vanishing. The Alcalde, a man of great gravity, and few words as became him, withdrawing the priest a step or two from the crowd, and holding council with him, returned, and declared, that what they had seen was an undoubted apparition, and that they might expect to hear great news, probably of a battle in Portugal. The priest went round, giving his benediction to the merchandise, and the crowd repeated their Ave Marias with much fervency. Some had seen the spectres disappear in a flash of lightning, others could swear that the hollow in the rock, where they plunged, had grown visibly larger; and one, a pale youth, with a hectic cheek and a sunken eye, who had written the last Christmas carol, and was in fact the village poet, silently followed with a burning glance and an outstretched hand the motion of a small grey cloud that rose from behind the hill, and grew into gold and purple as it met the sun. He afterwards wrote some lines upon it, saying that he had seen the spirits going up in a chariot of fire, and they were often sung afterwards through the country. But a sudden turn of the road let out the horsemen at once, galloping down with whip and spur to the river's side. Then came such a scene of confusion as it would take Lope to describe: Peasants rolling over peasants; the Alcalde in full flight; the priest on his knees, calling on every saint together; and more boar-hams, sheep-cheeses, partridges, and eggs, driven into the stream by the general rush, than I suppose ever floated down a Valencian river before.

The cavaliers were at length recognized to be flesh and blood. The Alcalde gathered his gown round him, and retreated in anger beyond the rabble. The priest put up his breviary in some confusion, and the rabble roared with laughter, and clamoured for news of the heretics and the last battle. The poet, after gazing on the noble figure and handsome countenance of the Don, pointed out the upturned boat, and offered him a bed in the village till the flood should go down. "It is impossible, my friend," said the cavalier, "I must pass the river to-night, for to-night I must be in Valencia. Is there no other boat?"—"No," was the answer; "that was the only one known within memory; the villagers were attached to it; it was probable that they never would have another."—"Is there no ford?"—"None for forty miles."—"Then stand out of my way; farewell." Don Francisco struck in the spur, and with a motion of his hand to his servant to follow, darted forwards amid an outcry of terror from the crowd. The flood was high, and had swelled higher within the last few minutes. It now came down, roaring and dashing sheets of foam upon the shore. The horse

stooped his nostrils to the water's edge, started back, plunged, and wheeled round. Tomaso looked the picture of reluctance. "Stay where you are, sir," said Don Francisco; 'take care of the horses, and follow me when this pestilent river goes down. This is my birth-night—If I do not appear at home, it will be taken for granted that a hundred foolish things have happened to me. Leave the beach clear!" The next instant he sprang off his horse, threw the bridle on the valet's arm, and was rolling away in the waters.

The Don was a bold swimmer, and had once, under the evil spirit of champaigne and a wager, swum with an Englishman from Port St Mary's to the Fishmarket gate at Cadiz, after supper. The Englishman was drowned, and the Spaniard won his wager, and a fever, which sent him to mountain air and the Biscay physicians for six months. Having dared the ocean, he, I suppose, thought he might defy a river; and at his first plunge he rose so far in the stream, that the peasants raised a general shout of admiration. Yet the river was strong, and to reach the opposite side was the matter in dispute between it and the Don. But the river was on its own ground, and, of course, soon had the advantage. The waves seemed to tumble over each other, as if to reach the very spot where the swimmer was whirling round and round like a cork. The admiration of the peasants grew silent; a huge billow, high as the Alcalde's house, and white as all the pigeons that ever covered it, came down thundering and flashing, till every soul left his wares, and ran up the beach. The mill-dam had burst, and on looking back, there was nothing to be seen but sheet on sheet of foam, rolling baskets here and there, a *borrico* snorting and struggling down the torrent, and fragments of mill-spokes, tables, and three-legged stools, which the miller's family had abandoned as ransom for their lives. After much gazing, a cap was seen whirled on the shore, which Tomaso recognized as his master's, and which, with many tears, he put up, declaring that he should preserve it for the old Countess, who would think no reward too high for a relic of her departed son. Night fell rapidly, and the crowd retired, telling stories the whole way of the floods that presaged the plague, and the arrival of the Moors.

Don Francisco had reached the shore. The bursting of the mill-dam had probably saved his life, for in his last struggle with the eddy, it broke the current, in which he would infallibly have gone whirling to the ocean, dead or alive, and dashed him on the bank, some miles down the ford.

For the first few minutes he was totally insensible to his escape. He had felt the rush of the waters over him; his ears had been filled with a roar, and his eyes covered with a darkness, till all passed away. His first sensation on the bank was that of being able to struggle, and he flung his arms round him on the billows of a bed of the thickest thistles that ever grew under a Spanish sun. With eyes still closed against the waters, and ears filled with their horrible hissing, he was at last convinced that he had changed his element, and with hands and limbs stung by a million of thorns, he sprang on his feet. The night had fallen, and the sky sparkled through the branches of the wilderness. But neither cottage lights, stray peasants, nor wood-tracks, would come for his calling. The thought of the *tertulia* in his family mansion came into his mind. He thought of the boleras and the quadrilles, the music and the supper; and himself, the honour and hope of all, shivering in wet clothes in the open air, thinking of robbers and wolves, with a wilderness on one side, and on the other nothing but a confounded river, that had nearly sent him down for food to the Mediterranean lobsters. A new dash of foam from a passing wave drove him back into the wood, and by the help of a star, that twinkled like a diamond, to guide him over and about the trunks of endless oaks, poplars, and elms, some fallen, some bending to their fall, and others clustered like pillars of a cathedral, he felt his way onwards. After an hour or two of tumbling, struggling, and execrations at the folly of having ever learned to swim, the light, not too good at best, darkened suddenly, and he found himself under a wall. He now called out loudly, but no one answered. He might as well have spoken to the trees, among which he now appeared likely to pass the night. At length, in creeping round the wall, he caught the glimpse of a

lamp through a crevice, and before he could cry out again, a young female glided from an inner door, and took her seat under the lamp, which hung in a kind of rude summer-pavilion. Here he began to think of an adventure. The female might be handsome or not, for her back was turned to him. But to raise his voice would have probably made matters worse, and not to put her to flight became the grand object. Yet, to see her, in his present position, was impossible; the crevice was the narrowest slit that was ever made in a stone wall; to widen it was desperate, for the stones were masses large enough for the foundation of the rock of Gibraltar. The Don, catholic as he was, was once or twice on the point of wishing for the aid of the cloven-footed architect, who had built the bridge of Saragossa in one night, and carried it away in another. The figure of the female was delicate, and some notes of her voice, borne towards him by the echo of the pavilion, pleased him still more. At that moment, he could have sworn by the Santa Casa, that she had eyes as jetty as the locks that hung over them shining in the lamp, rosy lips, carnation cheeks, and teeth that made all the pearls of the earth black in the comparison. The wall was broken into many hollows and corners, like those of the old Moorish buildings, and after a short search, he found a recess which placed him on the opposite side of the garden. A withered vine was his ladder, and he mounted to the top of the wall. The female was young, but she shewed neither the eyes of jet, nor the cheeks of carnation; her head was leant upon a thin white hand, and she was looking intently on a piece of embroidery which lay on her knee. In a few moments she took it up, and began to work at it; but she seemed to be thinking of other things, for, after an effort or two, she sighed deeply, and dropped it once more upon her knee. Then her low, broken song was begun again, and he heard these words, in a very sweet voice:—

"The grave is but a calmer bed
Where mortals sleep a longer sleep;
A shelter for the houseless head,
A spot where wretches cease to weep."

The voice would then sink into a murmur, and after a sigh or two, and a tear hastily swept from the eye, begin again, "The grave is but a calmer bed," and so on. There was not much in this, but the voice was touching, and even the raising of her hand to her head was so full of a pretty tenderness, that the Don began to imagine himself in love.

This was a matter of the greatest astonishment to him. He had been a bold gallant, if the Valencia *Diario de los Amores* was to be believed; but the order to join his regiment before it moved to the Portuguese frontier, had found him able to take leave of the walls of his own native town, and look back towards it from every hill up to Elvas, without more than remembering that there dwelt the lips of the Lady Isadora de Alcazar, or the still more renowned eyes of the Lady Maria de Dolores. How he had escaped from beauties covered with jewels, and tempting him with still brighter glances, to hang upon a wall in a forest, where probably more than one wolf was waiting for his coming down, and all this to look upon a country girl of seventeen, made him feel excessively astonished. He began to think that he was doing something foolish, and was preparing to descend, when the voice murmured through the thicket, and he heard the words, "The grave is but a calmer sleep," for the tenth time, but the sound seemed sweeter than ever. His turning round shook the vines, the singer gave a startled look upwards, and he saw a face of great beauty; a pale forehead, from which locks as black as ebony had been shaken back by her looking up; a cheek, flushed with surprise, and a pair of eyes that, under the lamp, sparkled like a pair of large diamonds. Don Francisco in another step would have crossed the wall, when a musket was fired from behind; the bullet dashed the stone into shivers round his head, his hold gave way, and he found himself buried to the neck in lime, bricks, and bramble bushes. On his winding himself out of this pit, he determined to try the wall again, declare his rank, and make the unknown beauty an offer of the whole Almorin Palace, with all therein. But the lamp had been put out, the arbour was deserted, he could not hear so much as the rustle of a bird; all had disappeared like the money of a fairy tale; and in

a night that seemed doubly dark on purpose to puzzle him, he at length scrambled out of the wood, and, to his wonder, found himself within a short league of Valencia.

The palace was by this time crowded; the *tertulla* was in all its glory. Lemonade and iced waters, Majorca cakes, and Maltese oranges, were making a hundred circles of the ball-rooms; and the lights blazed down from the huge windows on half the populace of Valencia, dancing in the courts below. The Captain-General's ball was nothing to it, though he had brought his first fiddler from Naples, and had produced a famine of ice in the city for a month in the hottest part of the year before. But the Don's mind was changed upon things of this kind, and he would have made his way up a private stair-case, and thought of the evening's adventure in his bed, but for a sudden cry, and the sight of a man rolling from the top of the stairs to the bottom. It was Tomaso, who had been ferried over the river about two hours before, and had come full speed home, with no small doubt of ever seeing him again; but he had found the *tertulla* begun, and he was too much a lover of dancing and eating to disturb them by opening his mind for the night. His cry of surprise brought out the servants. The Don's coming was now known through the house, and as escape was impossible, he gave way to the preparations for his appearance, and entered the state apartment. He was received as sons and heirs of palaces and mines in Mexico always have been, and will always be received. The gentlemen complimented him on his *dia de santo*, the Lady Maria de Dolores chid him openly for coming so late, and two hundred and fifty eyes of the first rate, blue, brown, and black, thanked him for coming at all.

The Don was a handsome man. They say neither man nor woman ever possessed beauty without a knowledge of its value to the smallest grain; but after the first salutations, he felt all that could be said—looked somewhat dull—sleep hung on him, and he sat down in a recess, where the figures of the dancers, and the sounds of the violins and guitars, passed over his senses like the sights and sounds of a dream.

With his elbow on his knee, and his head on his hand, he was going over the occurrences of the night. From struggling through the stream, he had arrived in the forest, and was now, in his wild fancies, leaning on the wall of the old garden. The inlaid floor at his feet looked to him a green turf, knotted and sprinkled with roses. He saw a delicate figure sitting in the shelter of a vine, and all the sounds that reached him from the *tertulla*, only made up the murmur of the words—"The grave is but a calmer bed." He had taken courage, and was just going to make a speech and melt the beauty that sat before him bright as an icicle, when he felt a blow on the shoulder. The forest was gone at once, the chandeliers glared on his eyes, and before him he saw laughing immoderately Alonzo de Pinto, supposed to be the most impudent man south of the Ebro. He had that night waltzed with the Princess d'Eboli, flirted with the French ambassador's wife in the very teeth of his excellency, and put on, for the first time, his uniform as a Captain in the hussars of Numantia. Don Francisco could have flung him through the window, but the hussar would not see his anger, and laughing, till he brought a concourse round them, charged him with little short of sleeping in that illustrious company.

"Awake!" said the hussar, "if you wish to see the most ridiculous sight on earth at this moment—the terror of the old Captain-General for his house, which, unless the Virgin and the winds are merciful, will, he swears, be a cinder by to-morrow." Don Francisco probably wished that some of his mother's guests were there to take their chance; however, he said nothing, and suffered himself to be dragged along. In another apartment, where the windows shewed the whole reach of the Guadalavier from the Serranos bridge to that of the Real, he saw the old man in the middle of his aides-de-camp, making the most extraordinary gestures, running from window to window like a monkey, then flinging himself on a couch, and swallowing cup on cup of coffee, which, he said, were necessary to strengthen his voice in the emergency of the town's being set on fire. There was a good deal of laughing at this comical distress, but the Don, thinking it a matter of politeness under the family

roof, was approaching to inquire how he could assist him, when the hussar, looking him in the face with an affected gravity, said, "I hope, Don, you have a passionate desire to hear the history of O'Reilly's expedition to Algiers?" Now the Don had a particular aversion to this subject; for it had been rhymed on by all the bad poets of Spain, and Heaven be thanked for all its gifts, as old Moretin says, "if they could be eaten, there would be no fear of famine for a long time." It had been turned into a ballad in his regiment by the quarter-master. He had heard it strummed to guitars through the three summer months of his quarters in Leon, and he had seen half-a-dozen tragedies on it damned. But the old officer saw him, and sprang from his couch; Don Francisco followed him to the window.—"See, my friend, see!" said he in a passion, "what your Valencian rascals are doing!" The Don looked up and down the river, but it lay like a sheet of beaten silver, gently waving in the moonlight. The sky was as blue as a violet, and the trees of the Alameda, to the left below, looked like tufts of green feathers scarcely shaking in the light air. "I protest," said he, "I see nothing, but the finest night possible!"—"You are a young man," retorted the Captain-General, in rather a sharp tone, "and can see nothing but what is to be seen; but when you are older, you will be more suspicious of all this security. There are five hundred, ay five thousand incendiaries at this moment, in front of the Villa Real palace;" and at the moment a flame shot up to the sky, and shouts were heard. Don Francisco would have called the domestics, and sallied out at their head, but the old man restrained him. "It does not become your dignity," said he, "or mine, to be seen cutting those villains into fragments. I have already dispatched an aid-de-camp to the hussars at Villfrica, and they will make a supper of them."—"They are coming already, then," said the Don; "I hear the trumpets."—"Impossible! my dear Don," said his excellency, and he looked at his watch; "but you are a young man—young ears are privileged to hear all kinds of things." When his excellency, perceiving that his observations were not well taken, said with a smile of conciliation, "I was once like you, but the night I walked the quarter-deck of the San Stefano off Algiers——" His hearer shrunk at the sound, and the young hussar buried his face in his pocket handkerchief. A red flash rose again over the Villa Real. In a few moments the trumpets of the cavalry were heard, and they came down the quay at full trot, wheeling over the bridge towards the fire. The dancing stopped, and all the company crowded to the windows to see the troops; and indeed they made a showy spectacle, as they came into the moonlight, and passed along by the statues on the battlements, which had often been said to make a little army of themselves; the tossing of plumes, the glittering of sabres, the lifting up of the silver trumpets in the air as they sounded, and the constant motion of all, dazzled the eye, till the very statues seemed to move. I think a painter might have made much of it, if there had been such a thing in Spain, but, as Campo di Verde said, "In Spain the women paint enough for all the nation." I merely repeat what he said, without vouching for its truth.

While his excellency was waiting to hear the effect of his aid-de-camp's expedition across the bridge, and this took up some time, the company continued to gather into the apartment, and began to talk, drink lemonade, and flirt, as is the custom in Spain, especially in summer. But the chief amusement was the old Conde, who ran constantly backwards and forwards between the windows, repeating verses out of the Araucana, for he was a *bel esprit*, and in his youth was supposed to have written some madrigals on the Lady De dos Hermanas, the celebrated beauty, who afterwards died for love of the Infant Don Pablo. All his quotations had a reference to fire, though it was the fire of love, at which some of the ladies laughed immoderately, for he was a remarkably withered, little, old man, with sharp brown eyes, and a voice as shrill and quavering as a *dulzayna*. When his verses were exhausted, he flung himself back again upon the sofa, and putting on a face of the deepest despair, called for coffee. He looked like the caricatures of Frederic of Prussia. At last a noise was heard in the ante-room. "Make way for the aid-de-camp," was the cry. "*Por el amòr de Dios*, make

way," said the aid-de-camp; but the crowd was so wedged together, that one would have thought he was making way through the pass of Salinetas, where they say a mule has three turns to make between his head and his tail. At length he came out of the cloud of silk and feathers, and went bowing towards the Captain-General. "*Cuerpo de todas los Santos*, where did you come from?" said the Conde. The aid-de-camp was a Biscayan, and being too much in a hurry, he spoke half in his own tongue, and half Castilian, so that scarcely a word of what he said could be understood. All they could learn from the midst of a whole history, was "Masanasa, they are going to Masannasa; they are at Masanasa; legions of pikes; rows of poplar trees."—"You're come from Masanasa!" Now every soul in the room knew that Masanasa was a remarkably pretty village within a short league of Valencia, but what had made it the burthen of the aid-de-camp's song, not one could conceive. The old Conde, however, seemed to have conceived it very well, for he danced round the room in a paroxysm between merriment and madness, and after first embracing the aid-de-camp, then calling him all the ill-names in the camp-vocabulary, and they are a tolerable number, ended by throwing himself on his favourite seat, and, in a low voice, repeating the words, "My child, my Rosanna, *querida de mialma*," and a hundred other expressions of sorrow. Don Francisco strove to console him, and the old man thanked him with more civility than usual. "Oh, my friend," said he, "I see you have the true blood of Spain in your bosom. You feel for distress, and wish to console it. On the night of our landing on the Algerine coast, I——" Don Francisco looked up, and could scarcely help laughing in his face, but the Conde's had such an expression of sorrow, that he suppressed his ridicule. The old man pressed his hand, and proceeded—"Yes, the night was just such another as this: The San Stefano lay in close to the shore; the guns were double-shotted; every thing was in readiness for a broadside, that should blow the batteries into the sea, when the General called me over to him. 'Look at that yellow light,' said he; 'it is in the Bey's favourite wife's chamber——'"

Don Francisco's soul died within him at the sound of this eternal story; and he probably wished the tale and the teller of it at least in purgatory. He sprang on his feet, and ran into the midst of the crowd. The first person he struck against was the young hussar. "Don," said he, with a loud laugh, "I have discovered a secret. The old Captain-General has been putting a trick upon all the men of honour in Valencia, for which I am determined to be revenged. I have heard him a hundred times deny that he had a living soul belonging to him. He scoffs at matrimony, as, having tried it, he well may; but to disown his daughter, or to hide her, the worse offence of the two, deserves immediate punishment." The Don scarcely answered him, for at that moment some curious thoughts had come into his mind. Masanasa was certainly on the borders of the forest, where he had been that night—a treasure was hidden there, and he now began to trace, between her features and those of the old man, the kind of resemblance that might be between whimsical deformity and extreme loveliness. But I must pass over the conversation that followed between the hussar and the Don, and the Don and the Conde, because all my young readers will imagine it for themselves, and my old ones will not believe it, though I brought a Carmelite to swear to every syllable. By this time the troopers had returned, carrying with them the incendiaries, who turned out to be nothing worse than the bakers of the Palace-Quarter, making their annual rejoicings in honour of St Joseph, and burning his image, of twice the usual size, in honour of the new Captain-General. The alarm on the side of Masanasa had been of the same kind, and a procession of woodmen from the forest was soon seen coming by the long poplar avenue, with lighted faggots on the tops of poles, and drums, dulsaynas, and songs, which altogether had a very gay effect as they passed over the water to pay their respects in front of the palace. Before the ball broke up, the Conde, having been forced to acknowledge that he had a daughter, had wagered the very sword that Count O'Reilly had given him on the quarter-deck of the San Stefano, against the best set of Segovia mules in the Don's stables, that he would not find out

where his daughter was hid. The wager was accepted at once; wine was drank upon it, and by the time the parting-glass was finished, the Don, inspired by love and the purest *Xeres*, had laid three more wagers that he would not only see her, but get a ring from her, a lock of her hair, and even a promise of marriage. The impudent hussar was astonished at his impudence, and tried to restrain him, but it was impossible, for when love and wine are yoked in the same harness, as that most excellent poet, Pontales, says, "We may as well make them a present of the reins."

It may be supposed that the lover did not sleep much that night, and before twilight was grey, he rose, and was in full consultation with the Hussar. They went out soon after, passing over the Serranos Bridge, and taking their way on horseback by the Murviedro suburb. How they were to get to the forest by that road, is more than I know; but perhaps they took it to escape being followed. They had no attendant but that scapegrace Tomaso, and passed away through the elms like shadows. One moment they stopped to give a look at the Alameda and the river's bank. Every one knows what the famous Fray Cojuello said, "That when the curse was laid on the earth, heaven excepted the five miles round Valencia." But in my mind, the best part of those five miles is no more than a mule's stable to the river's bank above the Alameda; such groves of sycamores, with openings here and there—little gardens, stuffed with tomatos and peaches—such cottages, that for neatness look like birds' nests, covered up to the thatch with rose-bushes, and the whole crowned with that thick row of orange-trees that is in sight all the way from Fontera, and might be taken for a golden crest on a giant's helmet. This sight, by the rising sun, was as pretty a one as lord or lover could have stopped to see. At Masanasa, they found that they were in the right so far, as to know that there was a family in an old Dominican Convent, which the Captain-General frequently visited, but only after dusk; and that but one male domestic was ever seen, and he an old deaf soldier of the Walloons, who came now and then into the village for provisions. The cavaliers had scarcely heard all this, and were pondering over their chocolate how they were to learn more, when the whole village seemed pouring by the Fonda, crying out that a murder had been committed on a Grandee of Spain, by a banditti, and that their captain was taken. The cavaliers were soon in the street, and were much puzzled by the different stories of the engagement. Some said that the famous Montenero de Andar, who had carried the Duke of Medina from his own hall door, a year or two before, was a prisoner; others, that the banditti had come from Arragon, beating all the king's troops by the way, and that there had been a regular battle, in which the officers of the Ronda of Valencia had earned immortal honour; with many other tales of the same kind.

At length the prisoner was brought in sitting behind one of the horsemen of the Ronda, and the air rang with shouts for the valour of the troop. However, his face was soon known, and it turned out that the star of a grandee having been found in the wood, farther inquiry discovered that a shot had been fired by the Walloon in the night, and he was thus impeached of the murder. It was to no purpose that he denied the whole affair; he was thrown into the guardhouse, the women with whom he had dealt for provisions following him, every one in tears. The Don and the hussar went to see him, and, by a *duro* or two, found out all his secrets. They did not amount to much, and the old man could only tell, that the Donna Rosanna was the Captain-General's daughter, and that from her father's fear of the famous gallantry of the Valencian cavaliers, he had, on his coming to the command, purchased the convent, where the young lady was to remain shut up with her Duenna and her women servants, until his return to Madrid, which was to be within two years. As the Don gave his honour that nothing of their conversation should be told, the old man acknowledged that he had, the night before, fired at some marauder whom he had seen on the point of getting over the garden wall. "Now, Don," said the hussar, on the way back to his Fonda, "I suppose, as your curiosity is satisfied, we may ride back to Valencia, and, if you please, we will take the open road like honest men."—"Here, Tomaso," said the Don, as if he had not

heard a word that he said, "take these ten pistoles, and buy me a disguise, beggar, peasant, or gipsy, any thing." Tomaso came back in a few minutes with both his arms full; he had in fact not gone out of the Fonda; for the crowd round the kitchen-stove shewed as curious a collection of all kinds of rags as his heart could wish. As he laid them one by one on the floor, *basquinas, capotes, sombreros, mantillas*, and all, the Don and the hussar could not restrain peals of laughter; for such a collection of sheep-skin patches, bits of woollen and felt, with here and there a stripe of Lyons' silk, stolen from some smuggler's pack, was perhaps never laid side by side since the time of the Moors. Then Tomaso would take them and give a little account of each, shewing them round like an experienced auctioneer, till the noise caught the ears of the crowd, and the passage was thronged with the maid-servants and travellers, roaring with merriment as they heard the comical histories of their clothing. This day was talked of for a long time after in the village. In the course of the evening the old soldier was discharged, as no one came forward against him; and Don Francisco did not let him go home without a parting present.

Next day, when the Lady Rosanna had retired to her *siesta*, she was awoke by her Duenna's tapping at the door to ask, whether she would not see a pedlar, who had brought the most beautiful ribbons and silk-nets in the world. The Lady was rather angry at being disturbed, but the Duenna seemed so anxious, that at length she got up and let her in. "Well, Duenna," said she smiling, and I never remember a sweeter smile than she could put on, "what am I to have from this wonderful merchant for losing my dream?" The Duenna crossed herself, and said, "that dreams were the work of the tempter; and that every dream cost her at least a *peseto* and two *aves*."—"No matter," replied Donna, "we will talk about this another time. But," said she in a low tone, and sighing as she turned away, "all the ribbons in Valencia would not be worth my dream." They were going out of the chamber, when the Duenna suddenly went to the wardrobe, and, bringing out two *mantillas*, threw them over her mistress's head and her own. When they entered the drawing-room, they found the table covered over with the whole contents of the pedlar's baskets; and the Duenna could not help openly wondering at their fineness and bright colours. "How could you escape the officers of the Ronda?" said she laughing; "those custom-house fellows are keen, if they had caught you, their fortunes would have been made, and we should have had nothing but silks and pearls on the heads of every *maraquita* round the forest for a year to come at least."—"Pray, Duenna, don't vex the old man," said the Donna, in a voice like silver; "we have no right to lay trouble on the troubled," and she took up an artificial wreath of white Biscay roses, and waved them backwards and forwards as if to enjoy their perfume. "Will your ladyship please," said the pedlar, "to let me match a wreath with the colour of your hair, which, I will be bold to say, is jet black?" On this he put forward his hand to the edge of the *mantilla*, but the Duenna pushed him back. "So," said Donna Rosanna, laughing, "I am to have neither dream nor roses." The pedlar took out a wreath that smelt as if it had been just plucked. "This," said he, "was made by Tomaso of Figueras, for her Majesty the Queen of both the Spains, but its better fortune has reserved it for my Lady Duenna!" Both the females laughed at his address, but the Duenna, throwing up her veil, went to the mirror, and while her lady was turning over the silks on the table, began to try on the flowers in all imaginable ways. At length she turned round and saw, to her astonishment, her lady's veil off, and the hands of the pedlar actually fastening the white roses in her hair. The man was rather awkward, and, before he could finish his work, the Duenna had seized him like a tigress. To make amends to the pedlar for so much civility thrown away, the Donna made some more purchases, and he gathered up his parcel. "Bless my soul," said the lady, feeling in her bosom with great agitation; "Duenna, have you seen my purse?" The Duenna's too was gone. "*Cuerpo de San Jose*," exclaimed she, "what is to become of me? The three *duros* that I had from my first cousin Antonio, the amulet from Father Joachim, and the medal of his Catholic Majesty's baptism, blessed by his Holiness himself,

all gone. Villain!" cried she, plunging on the pedlar, "give up my money, or I will have you thrown into the Inquisition; you shall be broiled, bastinadoed, and bedeviled for a son of a Jew and a thief as you are." In her rage she tried to pull the hood off his head; which he resisted in part, and made his way to the door, bowing, and protesting his innocence all the time. "I beg of you, fairest of Duennas," said he, "not to take away my character, which is taking away my livelihood. As a proof that I did not commit this offence, I am ready to give you credit to any amount. Will your Ladyship please to accept of this velvet tiara? It becomes a fair complexion, which your Ladyship has." The Duenna took the tiara with a gracious look, and ran back to shew it to her mistress. But the Donna Rosanna had some thoughts passing through her mind that had nothing to do with velvet tiaras, and she asked the pedlar whether he had any relations in Granada. He answered, that he had chiefly lived in Navarre, but had travelled with his merchandize from time to time along the coast, from Cadiz to Barcelona. "It is very well," said she, and then, with a deep sigh, covered her face with her veil, and leaned upon the table. The Duenna gave her some smelling salts, and tried to raise her head, but she continued sighing. "What is life but a dream," escaped her lips.—"He waits to be paid," said the Duenna, "and Saints preserve me if I have a *real*."—"My Lady Duenna," said the pedlar, "it is not my custom to be hard with ladies so handsome as you and your mistress; let me have any token, any ring you can spare, merely as a mark of our bargain, and I will give you a month's time."—"That will do," said she; "I took you for a Jew, I confess, but you have the proper respect for a lady's word." She then took off her ring and gave it to him. "And your lady's too," said he.—"She must not be disturbed now," said the Duenna. But her lady silently took off the ring, and gave it to him, without uttering a word.

The pedlar put his knee to the ground, and kissed the ring, and then, with many low bows quitted the room. The Duenna still stood with one hand holding her lady's forehead, and with the salts close to her in the other. "Did he say nothing at going away?" said the lady, after a silence of some minutes. "No, my lady, but he took leave as gallantly as ever Don Quixote did; and though he did not like to show his face, probably because it is as brown as mahogany, I begin to doubt that he is a Jew. I wish I had my purse, however, with my three *duros*, my—" "You shall have ten in place of them," said the Donna, rather impatiently, "but now help me to my chamber, for I am wondrous weary." And so she was, for before she had gone three steps, she sat down on a couch at the window, and laying her cheek on some vine leaves, that grew into the open casement, seemed to fall into a heavy slumber.

It was the afternoon of the next day when the old Walloon came to inquire whether it was his lady's wish to see any of the tricks of a scholar of the renowned Abuelo, who had stopped at the gate on his way from Granada. "If he comes from Granada, Heaven be praised," said she, "for it is my own country; and I love every branch on its trees." Soon after, the sounds of a pipe and tabor were heard in the servants' hall. "Those will be grand tidings in Valencia," said the Duenna; "Will not my lady consider the matter?" "I will consider nothing," replied the Donna, "I am strangely unhappy."—"Had not my lady better send for the priest, and confess?"—"Can solitude confess?" returned the lady in a deep tone; and then, as if speaking to the clouds that lay like gold piled upon the sky, "What can anguish confess? can the weary life, and the willing death confess? Duenna, there is a load upon my heart, that is sinking me into the grave." And with the word she sank upon her knee, her strength seemed suddenly melted, and with her forehead on her lifted hands, she prayed aloud to the Virgin. Suddenly there came bursts of merriment to the door, and she had scarcely time to throw herself into the great chair, and cover her face with her veil, when the mountebank marched in with the Gitana, who carried his conjuring boxes and other implements. The Duenna kept guard on one side of the chair, and the Walloon on the other, for conjurors are at best but of doubtful honesty;

and all his tricks would not have been worth the repeater at her bosom, or the pearls in her hair. The conjuror was very clever, and made cups and balls, cards and glasses, dance about in a very surprising manner. As the servants were in the passage, crowding round the open door, there was nothing to be seen among them but eyes and hands turned up every moment, with now and then a sharp look for the cloven feet, but the conjuror wore huge horseman's boots, which kept them as much in the dark as ever. At length, after he had devoured several yards of fire, and poured out ribbons to suit every face in Spain, he called the Gitana, and bade her sing a ballad. She was a tall, dark complexioned girl, with a handsome countenance, a crimson cheek, and an eye that, when she began to sing, sparkled like polished jet. The conjuror tuned his *rebeck*, and the Gitana sang two or three pretty *seguidillas*, chiefly in praise of Valencia, at every one of which the servants applauded loudly, but the Duenna, as became her station, only bowed. "Duenna," said the lady Rosanna feebly, "that girl sings well, but I am not so much charmed with her subject as you seem to be. Did you not tell me they knew something of Granada?" The Duenna replied by a sign of affirmation. "Well then, let me hear a Granadian song. But let the Gitana sing alone. I have heard enough of the *rebeck*." The girl gave an arch look at the conjuror, and tried to restrain her laughing, as he, evidently chagrined, slowly put up the *rebeck* in its case. But the lady ordered him a *duro*, and he seemed not a little pleased with his mortification. "What will your illustrious ladyship choose," said the Gitana. "Will you have the loves of Maria de Fonseca and the noble cavalier Delpinos, or the fair Moresco's escape from her cruel father, or the song of the Caliph as he went down the Alpuxarras, or the life and death of Juan the flower of Granada, or the death of the Abencerrage—or—" "I protest," observed the Duenna, "this girl has a marvellous memory. I don't think I could ever repeat three verses of the Asno de Plata;" and she walked away a few paces, counting them on her fingers. "Sing," said the Donna Rosanna, "something about the *Maestranza*, if you have any ballad of that kind." The girl took out a small *theorbo*, and throwing back the thick hair from her forehead, and fixing her eyes on the western sun as it shone through the trellis, sang, in a sweet, deep voice, the following stanzas:

Lady, if you love to hear
  Tales of lofty chivalry,
Stealing Beauty's sigh or tear;
  List not, lady sweet, to me.

But there is a gentle sight,
  Roselike, always born with May,
Full of arms, and glances bright,
  'Tis *Granada's* holyday!

Twilight on the west was sleeping,
  Stars were sliding down the sky,
Morn upon the hills was peeping
  With a blue, half-opening eye.

When a silver trumpet sounded,
  And beside the castle-wall,
Many a ribbon'd jennet bounded,
  Sparkled many a lance-head tall.

In the plain, balconies proud,
  Hung with silk and flowery chain,
Like a statued temple, shew'd
  Rank o'er rank the dames of Spain.

Soon the tapestried kettle-drums
  Through the distant square were pealing,
Soon was seen the toss of plumes
  By the Viceroy's palace wheeling.

Then, before the portal arch,
  Ev'ry horseman check'd the rein,
Till the rocket for their march,
  Flaming up the sky was seen.

Like a wave of steel and gold,
  Swept the lovely pageant on;
Many a champion young and bold
  Bearing lance and gonfalon.

At their sight arose the roar
  From the people gazing round—
Proudly came the squadrons four,
  Prancing up the tilting ground.

First they gallop where the screen
  With its silken tissue hides
Fair Valencia's jewell'd Queen,—
  Helmless every horseman rides!

Round the barrier then they wheel,
  Troop by troop, and pair by pair;
Bending low the lance of steel
  To the bowing ladies there.

Hark! the trumpet long and loud,
  'Tis the signal for the charge!
Now with hoofs the earth is plough'd,
  Now are clash'd the lance and targe.

Light as roebucks bound the steeds,
  Sunny bright the armour gleams;
Gallant charge to charge succeeds,
  Like the rush of mountain streams!

Noon has come—the warriors rest,
  Each dismounting from his barb;
Loosening each his feathery crest,
  Weighty sword, and steely garb.

Then are shewn the lordly form,
  Chesnut locks and eagle eyes,
Cheeks with tilting crimson-warm,
  Lips for lovers' perjuries!

As they wander round the plain,
  Sparkle cross and collar gemm'd,
Sparkle knightly star and chain,
  On their tunics golden-seam'd.

Till again the trumpets play,
  And the mail again is worn;
And the *ring* is borne away—
  And the Moorman's *turban* torn.

Closes then the tournament,
  And the noble squadrons four,
Proudly to the banquet-tent,
  March by Turia's flowery shore.

Lovely as the evening sky,
  Ere the golden sun is down,
March Granada's chivalry,
  Champions of the Church and Crown!

"I protest," said the Duenna, "it is a very pretty tune, and I have heard a worse voice."—"Tell the Gitana to come near me, and the servants to close the door," said the Donna in an under tone.

The girl came near, with her eyes cast on the ground.

"Where did you learn that song, Gitana?" said the lady; "I have a great wish to know the name of the composer—or is it indeed your own?"

The girl courtseyed.

"You lead a dangerous life, Gitana," said she; "with your taste for music, and your appearance—you may spend many sorrowful years for some delightful days."

The Gitana coloured, but said nothing.

"I like your modesty," continued the lady; "and, if you have no better prospect, will take you into my service. You will be useful to my spirits with your sweet voice and your theorbo, and I will not be ungrateful."

The Gitana knelt and kissed her hand, with an ardour that made the Donna blush.

"These are the wild manners of your mountain life," said she, raising the Gitana; "but, Duenna, you will teach her moderation."

This she said with a faint smile, and the Gitana, flinging her scarlet mantle round her shoulders, hastily withdrew to consult her father, the Conjuror.

"Do you know," said the Donna, throwing herself back into the chair and reclining her head over its arm, as if she were reading something on the carpet, "that girl pleases me extremely."

She then spoke no more for a minute or two, but continued humming the tune that she had just heard. The Duenna stood by in silence, not knowing what turn all this might take, and perhaps not much pleased at her lady's new liking.

"I say, Duenna, this same Gitana would make a useful assistant to you." The Duenna was silent.—"Not, of course," continued she with some emphasis, "as a Duenna."—"Heaven forbid!" said the Duenna, "she would make a strange protectress of your ladyship from the snares of Satan; she will, if I am not much mistaken, have enough to do to take care of herself."—"Why, yes," replied the lady, and sunk into a reverie. Then after a sigh or two—"I should have asked her whether she had ever been in love."—"The Saints defend us," cried out the Duenna, "of what is my lady talking?"—"I see no crime in it after all," suddenly observed the lady Rosanna, raising her head, with both her hands on the arm of the chair, and fixing her eyes on the Duenna's countenance; "it may be sorrow; it has often been ruin—but it may be virtue, honour, and happiness." This she pronounced in a lofty, melancholy tone; the Duenna reckoning her fingers over rapidly. "Eighteen this month," she murmured, "eighteen—not an hour more. What will the Captain-General say? the next news will be, I suppose, that the rock of Aranjuez is blown away." She rang the bell—"What's the matter now, my dear Duenna?" said the lady, fondly catching her gown.—"I must go to confession," was her answer.—"Then take something more to confess, and tell the priest that you think me in love."—"Can that be possible?" cried the Duenna, startled, and taking out her rosary.—"I don't know but it may," sighed the lady, and again buried her face in her hands.

Before the Duenna had gone through above ten beads, a low tap was heard at the door, and the Gitana came in, to say that her father could not spare her for the present, as he was engaged to be in Castile by the Fair of San Ignacio, but that in a month he should be passing back by Valencia, and then—"And then," said the Donna hastily, "I may *certainly* expect you." The Gitana took out a little tablet and wrote her name, and under it the words, "*Fiel a la muerte.*" She then put it to her lips, and kneeling, would have given it to the lady Rosanna; but the Duenna snatched it from her, and, taking it to the window, held it up to the light from side to side, as if she suspected something concealed. "I am perfectly astonished at you, Duenna," said her lady, suddenly rising, and taking the tablet from her hands; "this suspicion is offensive to my feelings of propriety. I dare say by this, you have known something of clandestine correspondence, and that the cavaliers of Segovia did not find you altogether intractable." The Duenna looked as if a thunderbolt had fallen beside her, when she heard the voice of contempt and authority in which these words were expressed, and saw the beautiful figure of her mistress, with her veil up, the white wreath on her head, and her pale cheeks at once glowing with the colour of vermillion. "Leave the room, Duenna," said she; but the Du-

enna sat down at a distance, and burst into tears. "Well, well," continued the lady, "I am tired of all this, you are forgiven." Then turning, and taking the *theorbo* from the Gitana, she walked towards the casement, to recover her agitation, and ran her fingers over the strings. As she drew back her head from the wind, which blew the ringlets in wild clusters over her beautiful face, she made a sign to the Gitana, who had, however, been on the point of following her, but for the Duenna's actually seizing the corner of her mantle. "I find," said the lady holding out the instrument, "I have lost my practise. Take it, Gitana, and let me hear that song of the *Mæstranza* again." The girl obediently went through the ballad; the Duenna sitting with her back to them, and now and then putting both her hands to her ears. "It is well sung," were the only words of the lady for a while, and looking at the Duenna's posture, she smiled to the Gitana, throwing up her fine eyes in pity of the old woman's idle resentment. "I think, Gitana," she at length remarked, "that your song sounded sweeter than before, and yet your voice seemed to tremble a good deal, particularly towards the close, though, perhaps, that timidity makes a song more touching." She laid her fingers lightly on the girl's arm, who, indeed, trembled more than ever, drew the edge of her mantle deeper over her forehead, and with her eyes cast on the ground, half whispered, "I had forgot, there are two stanzas besides." "I could hear them if they were a hundred," exclaimed the Donna with delight, and drawing the girl towards her chair, sat down, apparently that she might enjoy the song more deeply. The Gitana retuned the *theorbo*, and after one or two attempts to clear her voice, thus sang:

"One still linger'd, pale and last,
By the lonely gallery's stair,
As if there his soul had past,
Vanish'd with some stately fair.

Who the knight, to few was known;
Who his love, he ne'er would tell;
But her eyes were—like thine own,—
'But his heart was,—Oh, farewell!'"

The last verse could scarcely be called singing, for the voice was little better than a murmur. But as the lady Rosanna heard it, deep sighs swelled her throat, and tear upon tear stole down her cheeks. At length she started up, and saying, "This is magic, this is madness!" walked hastily two or three times from end to end of the room. As she passed by the table the last time, she flung her purse upon it for the Gitana; but the girl stood, without stirring a step, and with her head stooping over the *theorbo*. "You refuse it," said the lady, suddenly stopping before her, "you dare refuse it! Yes, I knew you would, everything thwarts me. I am the most miserable creature alive; day and night, night and day, sorrow and disappointment, no sleep, no quiet, no hope. There must soon be an end of this. I must die."—She at once turned as pale as the handkerchief in her hand, and tottered against the tapestry. The Gitana threw down the instrument, and with the help of the Duenna placed her in the current of air. This soon recovered her, and she said in a rather fretful tone. "So, Gitana, you refuse my present."

"I would rather," replied the girl, "have one of my lady's raven locks, than a chain of diamonds."

The Duenna lifted up her hands and eyes. The Lady said nothing; but drawing a single, white finger across her forehead, spread out the ringlets for her choice.

"I vow," said the Duenna, as she took out her scissars and rubbed them on her sleeve to brighten them, "she is as gallant as any cavalier of them all."

The Gitana was long in choosing, and tried every one of the ringlets in turn—fixing her deep black eyes on the Lady Rosanna's. Two or three times the Duenna insisted on it, that she should cut off the lock and have done. But her Lady commanded that she should not be hurried, and stood patiently. It was at length taken off, and the Gitana rolled it up carefully in silver paper, and put it in her bosom.

"Now, farewell, Gitana," said the Donna, "and remember."—"I am bound to you for ever," said the Gitana, retiring a few steps, and gazing all over the lovely lady; then with a lofty tone and solemn gesture, as if she was raising some spell, exclaimed, "Neither the wild winter nor the summer's storm—neither the mountain ridge nor the trackless sea—neither chance nor time, shall divide

me from you, Lady of Beauty;" and then pressing one hand on her bosom, and with the other pointing upwards to the sun, "By the glory of that light, I will return—true as honour, faithful as friendship, and fond as love."

The Donna Rosanna stood, with her breath checked, as people do at the sight of something beyond belief. She then waved her hand for the Gitana to approach, and hastily pressed her lips two or three times between the girl's eyes, who soon left the apartment. The Lady then sat down by the casement, and continued counting the jessamine blossoms up and down. At length the Duenna muttered, "All this is very strange—very surprising—very strange;" and this she repeated for at least five minutes, holding up her embroidery to the light, and then laying it down again, glancing towards the chair.—"Of what are you talking now?" said her Lady at last.—"I was only," replied the Duenna, "thinking where this Gitana could have got her compliment. Unless I am much mistaken I have read it in the *Academia de Cortesia*."—"It is impossible," said the Lady.—"It may be so; but it is, I think, true, nevertheless," rejoined the Duenna.—"Duenna," retorted the Lady, "I have a great mind to send you back to Segovia."

The Duenna was now silenced. But in about a quarter of an hour after, when the storm seemed to be blown over, she observed, as to herself, "What will the Captain-General say to all these pedlars and Gitanas?"—"That you are a suspicious old woman," pronounced the Lady Rosanna, as quick as lightning. This was more than any woman could well bear, and peculiarly a Duenna.—"I thank heaven," said she, squeezing up her embroidery into her hand, and pushing back her chair, as if she were going out of the room at the instant, "I was never in love, however. I know nothing about love."—"From my soul I believe you," said the Lady, with a look at the Duenna's withered physiognomy; and then at once turning away, and with her handkerchief to her eyes, she went into her chamber. The Duenna went to the mirror.

What passed during the next day I cannot tell; but I suppose there was not much time for talking of love affairs; for about noon the Captain-General came galloping into the court with half a dozen aides-de-camp at his heels; and he had scarcely sat down, before every servant in the Convent was summoned to tell what could be told of the Pedlar, the Conjuror, and the Gitana. But all that was told was but little; or, as the servants thought, much to their honour; for besides giving them very pleasant entertainment by their tricks and gaiety, they had refused to take a *peseto* from any of them, and had even given away several Estremadura watch-chains and hair-nets, besides two of the best mock topaz necklaces that had been seen since the fair of St Ines, to the waiting-maids of their Lady and the Duenna. The Captain-General only knit his brows the more; and an aid-de-camp was dispatched to bring the strangers from the village. I have often thought that it was the Duenna who had sent for the cunning old man; and that afterwards she was not much pleased with her work, for he scolded her in the most provoking manner.

The aid-de-camp returned late that night without any intelligence. No one had seen either pedlar, conjuror, or Gitana, for the last fortnight; and it was notorious that all that tribe had gone to the north and Madrid for the season. The Lady Rosanna remained shut up in her chamber. A second and a third day passed, probably in the same way; the Captain-General running about the house, despatching aides-de-camp to the villages in the neighbourhood, and now and then making a *sortie*, as he termed it, to reconnoitre the corners and crevices of the wall. Nothing could be more hateful than this life to the Duenna, who felt all her authority taken out of her hands, and had nothing to do but to see her lady one while reading some volume of poetry, as if her soul were at her lips, then throwing away the book, and hanging over a drawing, and then, as if she were bewitched, taking her harp, and singing the *Maestranza*. The Duenna was almost tired to death of this song, and on the third evening prevailed on her lady to walk in the garden. It was by this time twilight, and the new moon was rising over the mountains, with the evening star just below it, like the diamond spark hanging from a huge pearl

our-ring. The ground was extensive, and was planted with vines, and an abundance of other garden trees, some in blossom, and some hanging down to the grass with fruit, and through these sweet scented walks the house was now and then seen at a distance, with all the long, old casements open for the night air, and the servants hurrying backwards and forwards, in their gay dresses, with lights, preparing to lay the tables for supper. I think the whole might have been like a stage-scene, looked at through the large end of a telescope, or a feast in the land of the fairies.

After they had lost the sounds of the house, "I wonder," said the Lady Rosanna, "whether we shall ever have wings?"—"Bless me," exclaimed the Duenna, making the sign of the cross upon her forehead, "what would your ladyship do with them?"—"Duenna," sighed she, "I may have them before you are aware; there is not a star above us that I will not visit; I will look for some bright, quiet spot, into which no memory of this world can reach, and there——"—"In the name of the Virgin, of what is my Lady dreaming?" said the Duenna. But her Lady heard nothing, and with her eye fixed on the heavens, seemed talking to some invisible thing. The only words that could be heard were—"Where all tears are wiped from all eyes." They had not gone above a dozen yards farther, when something dark flew through the air, and dropped at their feet. There it lay, but neither of them had power to touch it. At length the Lady Rosanna gathered courage, and took up the packet, notwithstanding the Duenna's terrors, who declared it to be some new device of the tempter. "If it be," observed the Lady, with a faint laugh, "Duenna, you are undone, for to you this temptation will be irresistible." And she held out to the Duenna her large velvet purse, who found its contents safe, and kissed every *duro*, one after the other. The Donna Rosanna's purse next came forth. "I vow," exclaimed the Duenna, "those are the most gentlemanlike thieves I ever met with. I have heard of such things, but it was in the *Historia de la Lealdad*, and the like stories of times and people, that, on my conscience, I believe never existed."—"My ring, my ring!" cried out the Lady Rosanna, with a voice of agony. "Are the ducats all right," interposed the Duenna, taking the purse, and pouring out the gold into her open hand. "I'll be sworn that not a piece has been lost."—"Would to heaven," wept the Lady, "all had been lost, and my ring left. My precious ring!"—"Mere emerald," muttered the Duenna. The Lady Rosanna cast her bright eye in every corner of the path, saying, as if without knowing she spoke, "It was never off my finger till that day, that unfortunate day. I wore it on the night of the *Maestranza*. It was touched by his hand, it was pressed by his lips. It has been for two long years my companion, my delight, my misery! Still she searched through every tuft of the flowers that had in this farther part of the garden overgrown the path. At once she stopped, listened for a moment, and then sprang away like a startled fawn. "Bless my soul," said the Duenna, as she fought her way through the thicket, that seemed to have an ill-will against her, for she no sooner pushed one of the bushes out of the way than a dozen flew into its place, "Bless my soul, but those young girls are all flint and steel;—mad passions from top to toe. And here am I, at this hour of the night, without cloak or comfort, netted like a wild beast among these brambles." The last idea struck strongly on her fancy; and as she had heard of the traps laid for some foxes, that had been lately in the grounds, she cried aloud, but all the world seemed to have grown deaf. However, she at length saw a glimpse of light through the branches; it was the lamp of the pavilion, and after a few struggles more and an *ave*, she made her way to the building. She there found the Lady Rosanna clinging to one of the pillars, like a fair statue carved of its marble. Her hands were stiff, and as cold as ice, but her lips burned and quivered, and her eyes flashed with spiritual brightness. The sound of some instrument was heard, and the Duenna looked round for an apparition of at least a dozen cavaliers muffled up to the eyes, with flapped hats, hanging feathers, and every man a sword or guitar in his hand; but she could see nothing more than the huge old vine waving in the moonlight, with all its leaves as if turned to silver. The sound came from beyond the garden wall, and she caught the closing words.

But her eyes were like thine own.
But his heart was—Oh farewell!

"My curse light on the *Mantrana*, and all the makers and singers of such villainous tunes," exclaimed the Duenna; "I have been doing nothing but dreaming of it these three nights. For the *Virgin's* sake, my Lady, leave this damp place, and come into the house at once." She tried to remove her from the spot, but she might as easily have moved the pavilion. There the fair creature stood in wild and delicate beauty, with her small, white arms clung round the pillar, among the clusters of roses; her face upturned, pale as ivory in the moonshine, and her rich, raven curls flung back from her ears, listening like an enchanted being. In a minute or two some loud talking, followed by a clash of swords, was heard; she gave a shriek,—her arms sank from the pillar,—and, after a few loose and headlong steps towards the sound, she fell on the turf without motion.

What happened for the rest of the evening, I could never learn, nor how the Duenna contrived to carry her unfortunate young mistress into the house, for she could not be much under sixty, though she confessed only to forty, and never exceeded that age in my memory. The Lady Rosanna was, however, carried into her chamber, and there was great disturbance in the house for some hours. It was said that there had been an attack of banditti, of which the Captain-General had information, that some had been killed, and others taken in chains to the Corregidor in Valencia. At all events, about midnight the Captain-General set off for the city at full speed, leaving all his servants armed, with strict orders to keep watch. "Is my father gone?" said the Lady Rosanna, as the horse's heels echoed down the court-yard. These were the first words that she had uttered to any living soul from the time of her swoon. The Duenna, who, though she was a hard-featured woman, was not without affection, threw her arms round the Lady, and, bursting into tears, thanked all the saints in the calendar for her recovery. "The Captain-General is gone," said the old woman; "but why does my sweet young lady ask that question?" The Lady Rosanna returned no answer, but, rising from her bed, began to bind up the long tresses that hung over her beautiful bosom, like wreaths of black satin. She then took from a secret drawer a small diamond-hilted dagger, drew it out of the sheath, looked at it two or three times before the lamp, then kissed it, and, putting it in the sheath again, hid it in her bosom.

The Duenna saw all this going on; but through astonishment and fear did not speak a word. At length her Lady went to the mirror, and gazing at herself for a moment, (and the Duenna afterwards said, that from what reason she knew not, she had never seen her look so beautiful,) turned away with a melancholy smile, as if she had taken a last farewell of her loveliness,—threw her *mantilla* over her head,—and, with a motion of her hand for the Duenna to stay behind, went down stairs.

The old woman afterwards said, that she had no power to follow her; but that, for a while, something like a cloud came over her mind, and she thought that she had seen a departing angel. She was roused by a glare of light through the chamber; and, on going to the window, saw a crowd of the servants with torches round the Walloon, who was bearing something in his arms, and forcing his way up to the hall. Altogether, they made a great clamour. She threw on her *mantilla*, and went down. By this time the Walloon had made his way in. The first object she saw was her Lady, in the midst of the crowd, standing beside the great table; and, with a face as pale as ashes, slowly raising the cloak off the face of what seemed one of the dead banditti. For half-a-dozen years after, the Duenna was famous for telling the story of that night;—how grave and calm her Lady looked as she gazed on the countenance;—how she took the ring from his finger—the emerald ring—and holding it up to Heaven, as if in token of marriage, kissed it, and put it on her own;—then, cutting off the longest of her own ringlets, laid it on his bosom;—how a blush, like fire, covered her face and bosom when she turned round, and saw that the room was full.—"If I had minded her then," said the Duenna, "I should have gone away with the rest, for she waved her hand, as if there were a sceptre in it. I would not, however, leave her with a corpse, but staid watching near the door. I believe that, as I stood in the shade, and made no noise, she thought I had gone away; for then she flung herself upon the body, weep-

ing bitterly, and saying a thousand strange things; from which I learned, that she had met him at the Mæstranza masquerade in Granada, when he had given her the ring, though he had not seen her face: that she had been unhappy ever since: that she thought she had seen his spirit some evenings before, and felt herself under a fate to follow him,—with many more wild speeches of the same kind. At length I saw her kneel down, and, after a prayer, draw the little poniard from her bosom. As she raised it up, I knew it by the glittering of its hilt—and ran forwards with an outcry. She was probably frightened by the noise, for she dropped the weapon on the floor, and fell into my arms. I was then in a comfortable situation, with a dead man before me, and a dead woman hanging over my shoulder. However, the Virgin and San Iago, the gentlest couple among all the saints, protected me, and I had scarcely cast my eye from my Lady on the bandit, when I saw the colour come into his lips,—then came a deep sigh; and before I could stir a step, with the weight upon me, he opened his eyelids and stared full in my face. I protest I thought I should have died. But here again I was mistaken." The Duenna's story ended in her leaving the bandit, Don Francisco, to tell over his adventures to Donna Rosanna;—how he had seen her in the garden;—how he had obtained admission as the pedlar;—how he and the hussar had acted the *Gitana* and the *Conjuror*;—how, on his last serenade, he had been taken for a robber;—and how he was to win the Captain-General's sword, on her promise of marriage. Whether the lady refused to help him in his wager, I leave to be decided by all the black-eyed and rosy-cheeked girls on both sides of the Pyrenees. For my part, I have nothing more to say, than that I am ready to agree with the decision of the prettiest, whatever that may be; and that I thank all the *Senors* present for the condescension with which they have listened to an old man's old tale.

"SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY IS THE EVIL THEREOF."

Oh! by that gracious rule,
  Were we but wise to steer
On the wide sea of thought—
What moments trouble-fraught
    Were spared us here!

But we, (perverse and blind!)
  As covetous of pain,
Not only seek for more
Yet hidden, but live o'er
    The past again.

This life is called brief—
  Man on the earth but crawls
His threescore years and ten,
At best fourscore—and then
    The ripe fruit falls.

Yet, betwixt birth and death,
  Were but the life of man
By his thoughts measured—
To what an age would spread
    That little span!

There are, who're born and die,
  Eat, sleep, walk, rest between,
Talk, act by clock-work too,
So pass in order due
    Over the scene.

With whom the past *is past*,
  The future—*nothing* yet—
And so from day to day
They breathe, till call'd to pay
    The last great debt.

Their life in truth *is* brief—
  A speck, a point of time—
Whether in good old age
Endeth their pilgrimage,
    Or in its prime.

But other some there are,
  (I call them not more wise,)
In whom the restless mind
Still lingereth behind,
    Or forward flies.

With *these*, things pass away,
  But past things are not dead—
In the heart's treasury,
Deep, hidden deep they lie
    Unwithered.

And there the soul retires
  From the dull things that are,
To mingle oft and long,
With the time hallow'd throng,
    Of those that *were*.

There, into life start out
  The scenes long vanished;
There we behold again,
The forms that have long lain
    Among the dead.

We feel their grasp of love,
  We meet their beaming eye,
We hear their voice—ah, no!—
'Twas our own murm'ring low,
    Unconsciously.

The years shift on and on—
  Years rapidly pass by—
And now, sad watch we keep,
When in disturbed sleep,
  The sick doth lie.

We gaze on some pale face,
  Seen by the dim watch-light;
Shudd'ring we gaze, and pray,
And weep, and wish away
  The long, long night.

And yet, minutest things
  That mark time's heavy tread,
Are on the tortured brain,
With self-protracting pain,
  Deep minuted—

The drops, with trembling hand
  (Love steadied) poured out,
The draught replenished,
The label, oft re-read
  With nervous doubt—

The watch that ticks so loud,
  The winding it for one
Whose hand lies powerless—
And then—the fearful guess—
  "Ere *this* hath run—"

The shutter, half unclosed
  As the night wears away,
Ere the last stars are set,
The few that linger yet
  To welcome day.

The moon, so oft invoked,
  That bringeth no relief,
From which, with sick'ning sight
We turn, as if its light
  But mock'd our grief—

Oh! never after dawn
  For us the east shall streak,
But we shall see again,
With the same thoughts as then,
  That pale day break—

The desolate awakening,
  When first we feel *alone!*—
"Dread memories" are these!
Yet who for heartless ease
  Would exchange one?

These are the soul's hid wealth—
  Relics embalm'd with tears—
Anon her curious eye
Searcheth futurity,
  The depth of years.

And *there*, in early youth,
  Enchanted land she sees;
Blue skies, and sun-bright bowers
Reflected—and tall towers,
  On glassy seas.

But heavy clouds collect
  Over that bright blue sky;
And rough winds rend the trees,
And lash the glassy seas
  To billows high.

And then, the last thing seen
  By that dim light, may be
(With helm and rudder lost)
A lone wreck tempest tost
  On the dark sea.

Thus doth the soul extend
  Her brief existence here,—
Thus multiplieth she,
(Yea to infinity,)
  The short career.

Presumptuous and unwise!—
  As if the present sum
Were little of life's woe,
Why seeketh she to know
  Ills yet to come?

Look up, look up, *my* soul!
  To loftier mysteries—
Trust in His word to thee,
Who saith "All tears shall be
  Wiped from all eyes."

And when thou turnest back,
  (Oh! what can chain thee *here*?)
Seek out the spots of light
On "Mem'ry's waste," yet bright:
  Or if too near

To desolate plains they lie
  All dark with guilt and tears,—
Still, still retrace the past,
Till thou alight at last
  On life's first years.

There not a passing cloud
  Obscures the sunny scene:
No blight on the young tree:
No thought of "what *may* be,"
  Or what *hath* been.

But all is hope—not hope—
  For all things are possess'd,—
No—peace without alloy,
And innocence and joy,
  In the young breast.—

And all confiding love,
  And holy ignorance—
Thrice-blessed veil! soon torn
From eyes foredoom'd to mourn
  For Man's offence.—

Oh! thither, weary spirit!
  Flee from this world defiled,—
How oft heart-sick, and sore
I've wish'd I were once more
  A little child!

C.

THE ANGLO-FLORENTINE.

How agreeable are the sensations of an enlightened Englisman as he approaches Florence, the Athens of Italy —the centre of *gusto*—of lounging refinement and elegant ease! No sooner does he enter it, than he feels himself in another world; and absorbed in the blissful novelty of his situation, he every now and then mentally exclaims, "So! I am now in Florence." His soul is elevated within him; and he looks around with a face brimful of complacent satisfaction. By and bye, the stirrings of a noble ambition are at work; and a notable change in his manners and habits ensues. He is now evidently trying *to catch the air of the place;* grows "more melancholy and gentleman-like;" and, at length, in his own conceit, he breathes, moves, and looks the Florentine.

There are not a few well-disposed but rather timid English travellers, who, though greatly inclined to follow his example, hesitate, from supposing that the object in view is of difficult attainment. In order to remove their apprehensions, and to assist them in their efforts to acquire that desirable finish, *the true Florentine cut,* I beg leave to propose to them a few simple rules, which were communicated to me by a gentleman distinguished for his tact and closeness of observation, and who has for a long time been a resident in Tuscany.

RULE I.

The dress of the aspirant ought to be *recherché;*—due allowance being made for a certain classical negligence.

II.

Travellers are very apt of a morning to wear the black silk neckcloth—a usage for which I am well aware they have very great authorities. I am notwithstanding of opinion, that the black silk neckcloth ought now to be discarded, as an article by far too ordinary and vulgar. A light orange-coloured silk handkerchief, or a fine muslin one, delicately spotted, may be worn in its stead.

III.

The white neckcloth exhibited at all times, tied neatly, or in a *negligé* manner, may be reckoned a very safe and appropriate wear. It is in perfect keeping with the localities; and is more suitable perhaps than any cheque handkerchief that can be devised.

IV.

Certain ingenious and enterprising Anglo-Florentines have proposed that the neckcloth should be laid aside; and, that both as a street and *conversazione* usage, the shirt-collar should be worn as the sole covering of the neck. The idea is a classical one; and the aspirant ought to know, that though, as a mode, it has not hitherto been countenanced to the extent its partisans had hoped for, he may still legitimately practise it, as often as he pleases, in his own apartment, looking out at his window, or leaning over his balcony with a friend. In the last situation, particularly, he may frequently introduce it with very considerable effect.

V.

The hat should be worn slightly inclined to the one side of the head—a position indicative, it is generally thought, of *dilletante* shrewdness and penetration.

VI.

Short coats being a distinguishing appendage of the base mechanical, or sporting traveller, it necessarily follows, that long coats, or frocks, can alone be tolerated.

VII.

A quizzing-glass, or spectacles, are absolutely indispensable. An aspirant may as well have no eyes at all, as appear unprovided with the one or the other of these necessary adjuvants of vision.

VIII.

The demeanour ought to be studiously bland and courteous, with a slight demonstration of conscious dignity; and all intercourse, even with the lowest persons, should be marked by a certain suavity of tone and expression. Consequently, in passing rencounters with Florentine abigails and *soubrettes,* the small endearments of a gentle smile, and the innocent epithet *cara,* may be conferred upon them. Any farther notice of them,

however, would not only be improper, but highly unbecoming an aspirant after the honours of classical *gusto* and refinement.

IX.

All violent emotions, excepting those of admiration, ought to be carefully suppressed.

X.

Loud laughing is highly indecorous; nor should the features ever be relaxed into a broad expression of mirth. On the other hand, smiles of urbanity, and the delicate ironical sneer, are conceded *ad libitum*;—nay, their frequent, or habitual assumption, is strongly recommended.

I farther recommend, as important subjects for study and practice,

XI.

The fixed *conoscente* stare. When duly executed, the eye-brows are at the same time knit, or the skin of the forehead elevated into wrinkles. In the former case, a more intense perception and a more decided spirit of investigation are indicated. In the latter case, the attention seems less strongly awakened; but much that is delicate in remark, and nice in appreciation, may be going forward.

N.B.—It ought not to be forgotten, that the corrugation of the brow, in the second case, is susceptible of ambiguous interpretation; for many ignorant persons mechanically practice it after entering an exhibition-room, and while under their first feelings of stupid indiscriminate amazement.

XII.

The *conoscente* peer.

It is performed by first nearly closing the eyes, and then quickly reopening them.

When the aspirant repeats the peer three or four times in rapid succession, while continuing to look at one particular object, he rarely fails of doing himself an infinite deal of credit with the uninitiated by-stander.

XIII.

The close compression of the lips, or the fast setting together of the teeth—the mouth being opened so as to shew them; the shutting of the one eye, while the entire *onus* of examination devolves upon the other; the presentation to the open eye of one or both hands rounded into the form of a hollow tube; one of the hands held up arch-wise before the eyes, so as to regulate at pleasure the admission of light and various other *conoscente* motions in almost constant requisition during a critical survey, ought to be quite familiar to the aspirant; and, in order that he may learn to execute them with a graceful dexterity, it were right that he should practise them before a mirror for two or three hours every day.

XIV.

Fits of pensiveness or abstraction.

Those of a lighter description, easily put on and off, and never degenerating into the deep brown study of the mathematician or politician, are extremely graceful in certain situations. Some skill and address are required for their proper management.

During their continuance, the eyes may be thrown upwards to the heavens, straight forwards, or downwards. If the eyes be fine, and of a clear liquid blue, they are much better in the first of these directions. If of a piercing black, they may be thrown into the second. If of an ordinary colour, and without much expression, they may be turned downwards.—It is advisable also, to place the fore and middle fingers of the right hand along the right temple; or, to rest the head gently between the thumb and first and second fingers of either hand, placed in the middle of the forehead. Some persons are in the habit of applying the fore-finger of the right hand along the right side of the nose; but this is injudicious, and ought on no account to be imitated.

XV.

Humming two or three bars of an Italian air.

There are few occasions where it may not be happily introduced. It amply supplies the lack of conversational talents, and of most others natural or acquired. A person, therefore, who possesses in but a passable degree this exquisite accomplishment, may fearlessly present himself in any given circle of the *beau monde*. I need hardly add, that some at least of the notes to be sung should be given *strisciando*—that is to say, sliding and softening them elegantly into each other.

XVI.

There ought always to be lying in the parlour of the aspirant, handsomely bound copies of Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, and Alfieri; the lives of the Italian painters; descriptive catalogues of museums, &c. &c. It is absolutely necessary that he pretend a keen relish for the two authors first mentioned; and whether he ever read them or not, he ought frequently to be found by his visitors with the one book or the other lying before him.

XVII.

But here let me caution him against devoting himself exclusively to particular kinds of *virtu*; let him become neither an absolute man of letters, nor an antiquarian, nor a picture-hunter, nor a collector of statues. For, by so doing, he will render himself incapable of acquiring that composite airiness, those multifarious tints of attic brilliancy, that impalpable varnish of comprehensive but indefinable *gusto*, which form the essential constituents of the Anglo-Florentine character.

Keeping aloof, therefore, from the dust of old lumber rooms, from the contamination of rusty antique armour, oil-paint, and stucco, let him nevertheless decorate his apartments with neat casts of the Venus de Medicis, the Apollo Belvedere, and the Torso, and let him scatter around it a few mosaic *bijoux*. It will also be of material advantage to procure one or two small pictures by eminent masters. These, if too dear for purchase, may be hired perhaps for the occasion; but instead of being hung upon the walls, so as to advance the common and vulgar claim to notice, let them be laid down with a seeming carelessness upon a table, or set upon their ends, or placed over the chimney with the back, not the forepart of their frames turned towards the spectator: let them, in short, be disposed in that manner, which appears least to court, while it the more effectually excites curiosity.

XVIII.

The Italian language must of course be an object of peculiar predilection, and when English is spoken, it ought to be used merely as the external frame work, or setting, for enchasing the more precious jewellery of Italian terms or phrases.

In certain cases, however, it were perfectly irregular not to employ the Italian exclusively, even when the person spoken to is an Englishman. Thus in the case,

1st, Of swearing.

Should the aspirant be inclined to this practice, let him take heed how he indulge in English oaths: *per Bacco! cospetto! diamine! Dio Santo!* &c. will be found infinitely more harmonious and appropriate.

2d, Of exclamations in general.

These must invariably be vented in Italian. Thus, grief may be announced by an *ohime!* approbation and delight by a *bravo!* silence enforced by a *zitto!* and folly reprimanded by a *che bestialità!*

3d, Of salutations.

Nothing can be more wretchedly tame than to accost an Englishman in Florence with a good morning, and how do ye do: the *buon giorno*, and *come sta*, have from time immemorial been established in their place.

XIX.

An essential grade in the progress of the aspirant consists in his admission into a certain number of *conversazioni* and *accademie*, and though his intercourse with the Florentine *beau monde* may still be very limited, it is incumbent on him to represent himself as *fort repandu* among its best and highest circles.

The *conversazione* is the grand theatre of the Anglo-Florentine's display. There he is to be seen standing with submissive softness of manner, tempered by occasional gleams of recollected confidence: his body swayed with an almost imperceptible bend forwards: his eye taking in with mild but quick and comprehensive glance the whole of the congregated guests; resting next, with a fixed but modest earnestness on a fair *Signorina*, until, a mutual recognition having taken place between them, it drop with ambiguously recondite meaning on the ground. Gradually he moves himself from his position, and gliding to another part of the room, begins to involve himself with a happy ubiquity in each particular set of the company. He listens to *il Signor Abbate*, who, after detailing some threadbare anecdote of Dante or Machiavelli, announces the intended publication of a volume of sonnets by a literary friend. He requests the

Abbé would receive his subscription. He accosts with a becoming freedom *il Signor Conte*, draws him upon the important subject of his approaching *villegiatura*, hazards some questions upon the management of his vineyards, and the game produced on his estate, and finishes by requesting his acceptance of an English new patent fowling-piece. He arrests the regard of *la Signora Marchesa*, proceeds to eulogise her bonnet or her shawl, and even descends to her shoes; and as she answers him, feeds on the musical vacuity of her replies. He stumbles on a natural philosopher, and having heard from him a disquisition on the merits of Galvani and Volta, and having assented to their praises, is gratified in return with a mawkish encomium on Newton and Davy. He approaches a young lady eminent (by report) as a musician, a painter, and an improvisatrice; he observes a chair unoccupied near her, and with a tacitly bowing apology, and smile ineffable, immediately fills it. This is the pearly moment, the radiant triumphant period of Anglo-Florentine enjoyment. Viewing her at first unobtrusively, his head towards her in profile, it moves a little more round, a little more yet, and presently it nearly meets her *en face*. His eyebrows are slightly knit, then elevated. His head is thrown back, is now reared up. Now his chin is pushed forward. Now are his eyes rapidly cast round the room, reverting almost immediately upon the prime object of his attention. They do not fix upon a particular feature, or a particular region of her person, but go coursing up and down the whole of it; they are now at her elbow, the next moment at her feet, and from thence they shoot up suddenly to her face. His countenance in the mean time assumes a smile of celestial good humour, the expression of which is modified at times by a curling down of the lips as if in playful archness. But is he silent on this occasion? oh no! at a little distance, it is true, you only see his lips move, but go nearer, and their *piano* accents may be heard. Accompanying them with a fluttering of his perfumed handkerchief, and a slight flourishing exposure of his diamond ring, he continues to prattle on in a current of small neatly pointed questions, mingled with scintillations of petty remark and diminutive criticism, and variegated by the florets of a superficial but ornate adulation.

When the Anglo-Florentine has begun to identify himself with the native inhabitants of the place, and even some time before the period of his supposed naturalization, he must have become the zealous advocate of Italian, and the opponent of English character, manners, and customs. He must have laboured to acquire the smoothness, the reflective *finesse*, the apparent humility, and absence of selfishness discoverable in his adopted countrymen. He must have become the devoted admirer of the peculiar *tournure d'esprit* possessed by the Italian female, and must unceasingly be drawing comparisons between her unaffectedness, extraordinary candour and *naïveté*, warm sensibility and natural *gusto*, and the cold unmeaning reserve, odious prudery, defective feeling, and glaring awkwardness, of the Englishwoman. Having advanced thus far in his probationary career, he may be pronounced duly qualified for attaining a chief object of his ambition, and by many regarded as the *summus honor*, the *apex* of Anglo-Florentine dignity,—I mean the enviable office of *cavaliere servente*.

STEFANO MEIKLE.

SEA-SIDE SKETCHES.

THE SHIPWRIGHT'S YARD.

Near these a crew amphibious in the docks
Rear for the sea, those castles on the stocks:
See! the long keel, which soon the waves must hide,
See! the strong ribs, which form the roomy side,
Bolts yielding slowly to the sturdiest stroke,
And planks, which curve and crackle in the smoke:
Around the whole rise cloudy wreathes, and far
Bear the warm purgence of o'er-boiling tar.

CRABBE'S *Borough, Letter I.*

THERE was always something that took my fancy, even from my childhood, in a shipwright's yard. It is a combination of picturesque materials, and I am a dear lover of the graphic art. It is a busy cheerful scene, and so much of the valetudinarian has always hung about me, that objects from without, capable of enlivening the spirits, have never been unwelcome. It is generally a healthy spot; for, whether the effluvia of boiling pitch have or have not the anti-hectic properties which have been attributed to it, yet, at least, it acts as a corrective of many worse sorts of *aroma*, which float around the outlets of every town; and at all events the detergent tide washes the base of the yard at its regular periodical visit, twice every day, bringing with it that delightful feeling of freshness which so peculiarly belongs to every portion of the ocean. It is an eligible place for resting at the end of a walk, since a seat is always at hand within its circuit,—a block of wood, an old windlass, the heel of a piece of timber, a prostrate mast or spar, a boat past service, and now turned upside down, or any other of a long list of sea-side *et cetera*. It is, too, a fit and fertile station, in which one may indulge one's musing mood; the things which present themselves are capable of supplying matter for thinking down hours to moments, if he who sits there have but "the vision and the faculty divine," and be also in the cue for bringing them into play. What more pregnant hint for reflection, than those inhabitants of the sea, manufactured from the produce of our feudal forests, and which are here in embryo? The sight of them suggests the far-off countries, the lone and long-stretching coasts, the wide watery wildernesses, the uncouth nations and languages, which those "gay creatures of the element" may visit, the perilous "path in the great waters" which it may be their hap to traverse; the strange, and to landsmen almost unimaginable, disasters which they may be destined to encounter; a thought also is likely to arise of the singular life of seamen—never a day hardly in the same spot of the globe, and yet always cooped up in the same narrow dwelling—rovers, yet always at home—visitors of the whole world, and yet never out of their own microcosm—surely, if we chew the cud upon these topics, here is full occupation for a vacant half hour or so, and no unpleasing vehicle for the spirit's shorter excursions;

"——while fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home."

And I, too, may as well return more immediately to the subject before me. The yard with which I have been most familiar is a comparatively small one, on the southern coast of Hampshire, and planted at the foot of a borough town, which is built beside an inlet from the sea. Its most magnificent effort has never aimed at more than the construction of a brig for the coal trade; and even the building of a ship of this size has always been an uncommon occurrence in this unambitious establishment. Sloops, cutters, yachts, and other one-masted vessels are the more usual occupants of the stocks, where they "rise like exhalations from the formal heaps of planks and beams which are piled around the premises; while an undergrowth of boats is continually going forward in the less ostentatious parts of the yard, from the slim fish-like wherry down to the shapeless punt with neither head nor stern. Indeed, our estuary itself admits not of the larger kinds of shipping—

"——these are the craft our humble river shows,
Hoys, pinks, and sloops, brigs, brigantines, and snows."

This is the unpretending spot I mean to lead you to—not but that a similar concern of a far loftier kind is easily within reach, where many a sovereign of the sea has heretofore occupied its cradle. The establishment adverted to lies on a small river, into which the salt water flows far up towards a village called Beaulieu. If you should be tempted to go beyond the station of ship-building, and visit this village, the reality will not disappoint the anticipation which rises at such a name as Beaulieu, given, doubtless, while Norman-French was the language of the land, for it is a place of antiquity. It is seated where the river curves and spreads into a bay—oaken coverts feather down to the water's edge—relics of an abbey are on the bank—the prior's house is still habitable, and still retains its monastic look of seclusion: for walls heavily loaded with ivy still girdle it in; and the visitor is still admitted through a cautious-looking postern in a venerable outer lodge. A mile or more down the water is Bucklershard, and whenever a launch took place there, the place was a focus of attraction for miles around, and the day a noticeable one with those to whom sights were dear.

Four or five of our largest men-of-war have I seen taking their first steps upon the waters from that spot. Our journey to the scene of action was of some eight miles' length; and was, perhaps, not the least delightful part of the day's recreation; although it may very well have happened, that the eagerness of boyish impatience did not reckon it at all in the account. The way lay along the skirts of the New Forest; and, throughout, we were within view of the Solent Sea, as the channel which divides the isle of Wight from the main land was formerly called. Spithead, and the Mother-bank near Portsmouth, gleamed, in the pearly distance to the east, a thousand times the rendezvous for our fleets before they have gone forth to battle.

After two-thirds of our drive were accomplished, we passed St Leonard's—the ruined grange of Beaulieu Abbey—in which just enough of the features of Gothic architecture peeped out from under the net-work of ivy, to remind the traveller that it was not a mere secular farm in the olden time.

To Bucklershard we came at last, (I speak of youthful feelings,) after being almost in despair of reaching it, and quite weary of seeing oak after oak fringing the broad green-sward, which is so amply conceded on either hand of the public roads made in the neighbourhood of our royal forests. A crowd was there before our arrival. The bustle of preparation shewed that something was going forward. The noise of the mallet and the axe rose above the hum of the throng. The glorious spectacle, which was the cause of our visit, towered in solemn grandeur over all the inferior enticements for curiosity, and was now right before us. The soft flowing tide was watched with much anxiety; and the moment duly came at which it rose to its appointed height. Then was the instant of intensest interest. At the first suspicion that the massive fabric was believed to move, the hush was simultaneous. But it is as well for me not to attempt to express the sensations of those few seconds, while the paragraphs of Mr Campbell, in which he speaks of witnessing "the spectacle of the launching of a ship-of-the-line," are within my reach. "Of that spectacle, I never can forget the impression. When the vast bulwark sprang from her cradle, the calm water, on which she swung majestically round, gave the imagination a contrast of the stormy element, on which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle and nights of danger she had to encounter—all the ends of the earth which she had to visit—and all that she had to do and suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before my mind; and when the heart gave her a benediction, it was like one pronounced upon a living being."

Those, however, were the sights of a few high-days and holidays, rememberable as epochs in one's mind, like a victory, a bridal, or a birth. It is not very likely that any of us should see many more launches of line-of-battle-ships; and I am past the age when the sight would strike with the force it did upon the youngling imagination. The war is over, and the first start of a new national bulwark of heart-of-oak, must be, under present circumstances, a rare incident.

But the activity of the less pretending spot to which I now proceed to conduct you, is not diminished by the peace. My business lies with things of more "common growth" than se-

venty-fours and three-deckers. Let us return to the shipwright's yard, at my native place, where the well-timed strokes of the alternate hammers are hardly ever silent; and although they be not engaged in fabricating an object of surprise or of such stupendous magnitude as shall engage our thoughts for a longer time than we stay there, yet we shall see enough to reward attention for the brief space we devote to the observation of them.

Come sit down beside me on the inviting bend of this piece of seasoned timber. I am not going to talk learnedly of maritime architecture—do not expect that I can enter upon the mysteries of *triangular trussing* and other astute inventions to ward off the danger of *hogging*; nor can I explain the different parts and uses of a ship's skeleton, nor of its equipment when its thews and sinews are complete—for, woe is me! never was there a native of the sea-shore who knew less of naval evolutions or of the sailor's vocabulary. I have been indolently

"Contented to enjoy
The things which others understand."

A shipwright's yard is not a school where I advance in science;—but it is to me a mere moving picture; a scene of active animal life, which gives a fillip to the spirits; a net of old associations, which catches and detains my thoughts till I let them fly at liberty again; a sober sort of peep-show, into which I am by sufferance allowed to gaze idly, while I sit and regain breath, and rest my feet, a little wearied by their previous ramble.

What then have we now before us? The centre of the piece is a half-finished yacht, about which the workmen are swarming like bees—there is one descending by that pliant board, to which, with a sailor's looseness of tread, he conforms his footsteps, by tripping with the regular rise and fall of his vibrating pathway. Our music is the reciprocal clink of hammers driving in the treenails which fasten on the outer planks, with a low under-song from yonder shingle-roofed saw-pit, where the trunk of a tree is treated much as a loaf is, when it is metamorphosed into a plate of bread and butter. To the right there squats a low building, which is almost all chimney—it has indeed a most wide-throated vomitory, to be sure, for so tiny an edifice; its back is towards us, otherwise we should discern that it is merely a fire-place for heating pitch, which even now is reeking—the cloud wafts itself hither, and brings what Crabbe denominates "the pungence of o'erboiling tar." This to many noses is as fragrant as "the flowers Proserpina let fall." If ever we should possess a classified *nasology*, my nose must be ranked in the *order*, *genus*, and *species*, which shall comprise the *pitch-delighting* olfactories. What tumbling confusion of materials for a rich foreground! but above all the jumble, rises a most venerable windlass. Look, how the veteran is scarred, and seamed, and bleached, by many a year's exposure to beam and blast—it would supply an excellent study for a painter; all edginess, all stiff perpendicularity, all rawness of tint is gone—it looks scarcely as if it were fixed there by the hand of man, but rather as if it were the bole of some mighty tree, still anchored in its original site by still-existing roots, but whose body was felled at mid-height full a century ago. A figure-head or two past service, mutilated anchors, well-japanned tar barrels, buoys, blocks, and other wrought and unwrought wood in all its shapes, may be combined as you please, for they meet the eye in profusion on all sides. At our back (but we may turn round, for our accommodating seat admits of any posture) is the old work-shop of the place, in which the frame of some superior kind of boat cumbers the mid-floor. Its exterior is just what the Flemish school of artists would have liked. The shape is of that unformal character which results from there having been sundry additions made to a main building, jutting here and there just as convenience prompted, while, in the question of their erection, symmetry was allowed to have no vote; the roof too has stooped a little with the weight of years, and no longer has either ridge or eaves in perfect parallel with the horizon. The bricks of which it is built betray their long stay near the salt water, for they have imbibed their full dose, and are crumbling under its operation; meanwhile, it has mellowed their hue into one of sober warmth, and in perfect harmony with the accompaniments. Without quitting our station, we can see the inside

of the building through the open doors and unglazed windows. The walls are loaded with more tools than I can give names to, with models for the proper curvatures of different descriptions of craft, with cordage, iron-work, and other stores, besides being well furnished with lock-up receptacles for more portable and perhaps more valuable articles of the ship-carpenter's trade. Here and there too, on some smoother slab of this wainscotting, (if such it may be called,) may be discerned some humble essays in the art of design touched off in chalk, in tar, or by a more venturesome hand—in the paint of which some gay boat was defrauded—a ship (that prime object of the sailor-draughtsman's attempts)—the union flag—an anchor—or perhaps a first flight in portrait, where Jack's pig-tail is the best part of the resemblance. In a rude frame there is nailed up a specimen of sea-port pleasantry, a printed sheet of "Rules for the Lazy Club,"—no ill-humoured piece of banter on those *professores emeriti* of naval science, whom one meets on every quay and wharf along our coast—jolly, comfortable-looking *ci-devant* watermen, who, by means of "Trinity-money," and other windfalls, happen to be in easy circumstances, and who are, therefore, not pressed by need to tug at the oar, and so lounge about with their pipes as lookers-on, but must not, if the "Rules" speak true, do aught useful or laborious, lest they be ejected from the fraternity.

I think we have sat still long enough, and, as I am going to speak of my recollections, we may as well walk about and talk, (though I am candid enough to confess that I have the lion's share in the confab,)—here is an open space where we may feel the mild sea-breeze. Perhaps of all the operations carried on in this homely arena, careening and pitching a ship is the most striking, particularly if the work be carried, as I have witnessed it in this place, far into the dusk of evening. A bonfire on land, with its busy figures passing and repassing in well-defined shapes of blackness, if they be in front,—or whose hands and faces are lighted up and glimmer through the smoke, if the flames be interposed betwixt them and the spectator,—will always catch the attention of him who arrives within view of it. But how tame is it to the splendour of the process we allude to, if one can get an unobstructed sight of it from an opposite bank! The huge black vessel, looking still more vast in the indistinctness caused by the smoke and the night-gloom, is the background which sets off the Rembrandt glow of the lustrous part of the picture. The workmen are on a floating raft or stage—ever and anon, faggots of furze, "soon kindled and soon spent," are raised to where the brush is busy with the half-melted pitch, and the rapid blaze which spires upward or spreads in lambent flames upon the surface of the ship, helps to give fluidity to the tenacious varnish that it may be evenly spread. But how striking is the instant of combustion!—how singular the illumination!—the conflagration is at the very edge of the water, so that there is a double glory. Not only have we the steady beauty of the reality in the scene upon the raft, but a more dazzling spectacle in the flickering and vision-like reflection from the tide, whose waters give the firelight back, but not unaltered. For though one flash of brilliance quivers with not many breaks immediately beneath the busy raft, yet around is a circle of receding corruscations dancing and twinkling on the tips of the restless ripple. I have watched the proceedings till nought but a few sparkles was visible in the little stove on the floating stage; their horizontal motion and the sound of a dipping pole would then warn me that the workmen were pushing for the dock, and had suspended their labours for the night.

An incident happened in my presence in this very yard which cannot easily be forgotten by me, for terror intruded itself where only the gaiety of a spectacle was thought of by the beholders. It was at the launching of a two-masted vessel destined for the coal-trade. Contrary to the custom in this part of the kingdom, she was rigged upon the stocks, as I understand is commonly done in the north of England, and so like Minerva from the brain of Jove sprang forth full-armed—or if that is too bellicose a simile, let us say, that like a butterfly she issued forth with wings ready for unfurling and for proceeding on an immediate excursion. She went off in good style, amid the cheers of as large an assemblage as our little town could

muster, and with not a few men and maidens embarked in her. She glided down—the temporary cradle accompanying her and disparting on all sides after the plunge, and rising to the surface in many a junk—and the ship was now apparently triumphant and out of peril in the midst of the river. In order to try how she balanced herself, the crew on board began to rock her by running, all hands, from side to side,—this was persisted in too long, particularly as she was found to be what is called here lop-sided,—for at last a rush made her heel so much on the faulty quarter, and carried her so far over that the keel throughout was nearly seen, (some said it was quite,) and the masts lay nearly parallel with the sea-wall on the opposite shore; and thus she hung unmoving I know not exactly how long—but in such a crisis moments are important portions of time—and then, as if relenting, she swung slowly back and recovered herself, to the great satisfaction of the adventurers within her, who had no farther inclination to make another such perilous trial of her want of equipoise. "Who'd have thought," said an old shipmaster at my elbow, "that she'd have righted? I declare my heart was up in my mouth, all the time she hung back." I doubt whether I have so distinct a recollection of the other grander launches I have spoken of, as the consternation of the minute still causes me to have of this. Had she been swamped, and a few hundred weight would have turned the scale, many lives would probably have been lost.

Now then I have had my walk and my breathing time—I have introduced you to the old spot, with which I have many associations of pleasurable hours. I have had all the talk to myself (perhaps this may be more literally true than I could wish)—so I think we will now leave the Shipwright's Yard.

R.

CALCUTTA.

Chapter I.—The Landing.

Boatswain.—Down with the topmast, yare; lower, lower, bring her to try with main course.

Tempest.

In the year 1818, being ordered from Madras to Penang, we stood out to sea with the S.W. monsoon, which blows for one half of the year in those seas. For the first two days we got on smoothly enough, but towards the morning of the third the wind began to increase, and at eight bells of the morning watch, it blew half a gale. Top-gallant sails, royals, and sky-scrapers, had been taken in during the watch, and a single reef in the top-sails had made the ship snug for the time; but the sky looked still so threatening, that the master, a cautious old Scotchman, brought up in the Baltic trade, hinted that it might be as well to close reef top-sails and courses, and stand by for the gale that was apparently approaching. The Captain, however, who had never learned to discriminate between caution and cowardice, swore that she shewed as little *muslin* as the weather required, and what she could not carry she might drag. About half an hour after this doughty bravado had been uttered, she had to drag her mizen top-mast, which gave way before a sudden gust, not uncommon in these latitudes; the main top-sail at the same instant was split from clue to earing, and shaken to shreds before it could be unbent. Whilst laying nearly on her beam ends, a heavy sea struck her on the starboard quarter, broke completely over her, and carried away one of her quarter boats. The helm was put a-weather, and we bore up to repair damages. On sounding the well, we found much more water in the hold than had been anticipated, which induced us to suspect that we had sprung a leak. This disagreeable surmise was fully confirmed by finding, that, by the most laborious pumping during the half of the watch, we could barely keep the ship free. Under these circumstances the Captain deemed it expedient to run for the Hoogly, and we shaped our course accordingly.

When we arrived abreast of the Black Pagodas, we found that the pilots (as usual) had run in on the approach of the gale. As the leak was hourly increasing, we were at a loss

how to act, but the master, who had been inside the Sand Heads before, thought he could run the ship up till we fell in with a pilot schooner. We stood on under easy sail, heaving to occasionally to sound; a practice highly commendable when a ship is groping her way near the land in the dark, or in waters where she is but imperfectly acquainted, but which seems to have gone out of use of late among the nautical officers of the Hon. India Company's service.

Early in the morning we descried a vessel a-head, which on coming up proved to be a pilot schooner (by the bye, pilot *schooners* here are all *brigs*,) who sent a pilot on board to take charge of the ship, and by ten A.M. we we were safely moored at the new anchorage off the island of Saugur. All hands were now turned to, to find the leak, and as in the course of the search it was discovered that right under the counter dry rot had commenced its ravages, it was resolved to proceed to Calcutta with as little delay as possible, and I was ordered off to prepare accommodations for the crew while the ship might be in dock.

On the pilot's coming on board we were most anxious to obtain intelligence of the result of the Marattah campaign, which (though we were not aware of it) had been brought to a most successful termination by the political and military skill of the Governor-General. But I had ever found pilots miserably deficient in news, and those of the Ganges, though better appointed, do not in this respect excel either their sable brethren of the West India Islands, or their silent sulky tenbreeched compeers of the Scheldt or Helder.

In answer to our queries he said, that he had heard there had been sights of fighting up about the hills, but whether the Goorkah, or Garrow, or Rajmaul hills, he could not take upon himself to say. That his Lordship had beat *Blacky* all to nothing, and was now returning to Calcutta, where, it was said, that the people were a-going to present him with a sword, or an address, or a speechification, or something of that nature. Some said too, that there was a-going to be a praying match in the churches about it, but for himself he did not mind such things much. I observed, that from what I had heard, *that* was the last demonstration of satisfaction I should have expected from the Calcutta folks, as I understood that they had but few prayers to spare upon any occasion. "Why, master," said he, "that there might have been the case once, but all that is changed now; for some time back they had got out a bishop, and a bishop's mate, and a second mate, and a Scotch padré, and what with them, and the missionaries who had come out to convert the black fellows, the people are like to become a d—d sight too sacreligious, (sanctimonious?") But notwithstanding this good gentleman's opportunities of information, and the number, zeal, and talents of their spiritual instructors, I did not quit Calcutta with any violent apprehensions of its worthy inhabitants falling into the sin of becoming righteous overmuch.

As I knew nothing of the country, I repaired on board the pilot vessel to obtain information how to proceed, and had the good luck to find three young gentlemen who had been on a cruize for the recovery of their health. They were just sitting down to tiffin, (a meal which corresponds to our lunch) and if I might judge from their appetites, had perfectly obtained the purpose of their voyage. Two of these were young civilians of the Honourable Company's service, called writers; the third was a mercantile man, who, from his Israelitish cast of features, I took for a Jew, more particularly when his companions addressed him by the style and title of Moses. But on hearing his voice, I immediately recognised the tones of my own country. It was only my ignorance of the country that could have excused this blunder as to the gentleman's nation. In Calcutta, there are no Jews (by birth,) but they are not missed, as their functions are most ably performed by the native Sircars —— and European agents.

These gentlemen received me with the greatest politeness, and on hearing my errand, told me, that if I would stay and tiff with them, they would be happy to take me over to Kedgeree in a fishing-boat they had detained for that purpose, where they said they had a bungalow or budgerow, or some name of that kind, that would take us to Calcutta; after expressing my obligations, I sat down and made a meal, that, but for its name, I should have supposed to be a dinner.

The company, besides ourselves, consisted of several pilots of different ranks in that service; their acquirements seemed to be much upon a par with those of the worthy whom I left on board the frigate, except one, a tall young man, whose conversation and manners shewed that his opportunities had been much superior to those of most of his brethren, and he seemed to be perfectly conscious of that superiority. After tiffin, we proceeded across, and I found the thing of which they had spoken to be a large decked boat with a round-house abaft, which furnished most comfortable accommodations. We were hardly on board of her, when a native servant came off with his master's *salaam*, requesting our company to dinner. We immediately accepted, and were conducted to the house of Mr Harton of Kedgeree-park, who received us more with the cordiality of an old friend, than the civility of a mere stranger; and we soon found ourselves seated at an excellent dinner. Here we met with a jolly old parson, who had come down to the sea-side to recover the effects of a bilious attack, and taken up his abode with Mr Harton. We found him a most valuable acquisition—he was quite the life of the company. As he had come late into the vineyard, and "had been a soldier in his youth," he was more a man of the world than most clergymen I have met with. It was probably owing to this circumstance that he wanted that austere and dignified carriage, so peculiarly becoming a minister of the gospel, which a residence in a university, where the highest veneration is always shewn to exalted piety and superior learning, (added, perhaps, to a strong inward consciousness of possessing in an eminent degree these good gifts) is said to have bestowed on some of his superiors in the Indian church. Notwithstanding this deficiency, however, he is a most benevolent man, and did great good among a most neglected class of his countrymen in the east, whose lowness of worldly and spiritual estate, and vulgar and disgusting vices, throw them very properly without the pale of the charity of more dignified and orthodox churchmen. We at least found the reverend gentleman a most agreeable companion; he told the drollest stories with such imperturbable gravity of countenance, that, but for "a roguish twinkle in his eye," one might have supposed that he did not participate in the merriment which every sentence he uttered never failed to create. I since saw him in London, reading a lecture on propriety of conduct to an inebriated exquisite in the theatre, who was disturbing some ladies in the same box with him. His eloquence (though powerful) might have been unavailing, had he not concluded his homily with a gentle hint, that, in case the annoyance was repeated, he should be under the disagreeable necessity of tossing the cause of it into the pit. This argument seemed to have a wonderfully sedative effect on the rising passions of the spirited dandy.

After dinner he took off a wig, the episcopalian dimensions of which were reduced to suit it the better to the climate in which it was destined to flourish; and, hanging it on the back of his chair, he took his claret with right good will. After a very liberal allowance of which we rose to depart, but our host protested against it, as he said it was a flagrant violation of the laws of his house, informing us at the same time, that he had got beds prepared for us. To this, however, my companions objected, (much to my disappointment) that they were obliged to hurry on to Calcutta. He said, that as that was the case, he would not detain us; but, as the tide would not serve for two hours to come, it was needless to go on board yet; and, upon the word, a devill'd turkey was produced, which, after having washed down with a modicum of brandy and water, we repaired on board, feeling remarkably comfortable.

I cannot take leave of mine host, distinguished as he is for hospitality even in that hospitable country, without expressing my thanks, and those of all my messmates, for the unremitting kindness and attention he shewed us, all the time we were in the river. I may never have the happiness of expressing what I feel to himself personally; but if by any chance I should ever catch him in Rothsay, if I don't bouse up his jibb with whisky toddy as taught as any private gentleman could desire, "then am I sous'd grunet." We arrived at the Chandpaul

Ghaut next morning after breakfast, and one of the young civilians procured me a hired palanquin to take me to the different offices where my business lay, and sent a servant (called a *spoon*, I think) to conduct me to those, and, after my business was over, to his house, where he insisted I should remain till I was provided with one of my own.

Chapter II.—Writers and Writerism.*

Their only labour was to kill the time;
And labour dire it is, and weary woe:
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow.
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours, they sighing, lie reclined,
And court the vapoury god soft breathing in the wind.

Castle of Indolence.

After going through all the offices, public and private, to which my business led me; and from the accommodating and obliging character of the gentlemen with whom I had to deal, particularly the agents, who, with one exception, were extremely polite, (that one, I am sorry to say, was a Scotchman, and the head of a Scotch house—a silent, sulky, morose, old savage; who, though I had particular claims on his attention, never even asked me to sit down,) I got over all I had to do much sooner than I expected, and proceeded towards my temporary home.

As I had, in the course of my peregrinations, been shewn an ill-proportioned row of houses, forming one side of a large square, under the title of the Writers' Buildings, I thought this might be my destination—but in this I was mistaken. These houses, though quite as good as any single man can require, are not deemed sufficiently stylish by the majority of the class for whom they are intended, so are generally given up by them to people of inferior rank, (officers on furlough, for instance) and they take up their residence in Chowringhee, or Garden Reach, (the genteel suburbs of Calcutta) where they occupy a house at a rent not much exceeding the amount of their whole income. To a very handsome house of this description I was carried, and arrived about midday, where I found a party of young civilians endeavouring to kill the enemy, until the hour of tiffin should put an end to their troubles, and, as they say, the day together; for after that hour they can fill up the time which has hung so heavily on their hands during the forenoon, with occupations genial to their dispositions, till bed-time. By that meal alone—spun out as it is by hookah smoking, beer drinking, and chatting—they contrive to consume from one o'clock till between four and five, when the labours of the toilette come into their aid till near six. Then comes the display of all this adornment, heightened by the eclat of equestrian or charioteering adroitness on the course for two hours longer; after which, dinner, and its accompanying hearty drink, (by much the preferable pastime to my mind,) till bed-time.

These, with an assembly or play once a-fortnight—a rout or masquerade once a-year, and a race and a gallop after a pack of wretched hounds, in pursuit of a jackall, during the cold weather, (which is the season of festi-

* This word is not to be found in either Johnson's or Grose's classical Dictionaries, but borrowed, by analogy, from one Jerry Bentham, a Long-shore lawyer about London, who has written some books, the object of which seems to be to supersede the ancient slang of the venerable biographer of the vulgar tongue, and his elegant and accomplished modern commentator, Peirce Egan, Esq. and to substitute his own vile jargon in its stead. But he wants ability to revolutionize the time-honoured phraseology of the flash world. It may happen, that out of so numerous a body as your readers, some may not be acquainted with the functions of a Long-shore lawyer. He is a Wapping solicitor, who, plying about the pot-houses of that respectable part of the metropolis, encourages men to make unfounded complaints against their superiors—instructs them how to keep on the windy side of the law—and creates mutiny that he may profit by it.

vity in Bengal,) form the total of the whole, as Dr Hume hath it, of the domestic life of a Calcutta writer.

While these gentlemen are amusing themselves as best they may, with eulogiums on their steeds, complaints against Dr Lumsden for not allowing them to quit college before they have learned any thing they have been sent there to learn; admiring drawings, or rather daubs of horses and dogs by a Hindoo Stubbs, and French prints of a less innocent nature, I shall endeavour to give you the natural history of the animal called a writer.

Writers are the sons of families in the higher and middle ranks of life, who have interest sufficient to procure them their appointment, and in this interest consists their great, if not sole qualification, as they take their station among their brethren of the same year, according to the seniority of the director by whose patronage they were placed there; and no inattention or misconduct, short of what is sufficient to remove them entirely, can depress them one step in the books of the service; and conversely, no ability, however splendid, no assiduity, however unwearied, no conduct, however irreproachable, can raise them in the comparative scale in which they are unalterably fixed.

After spending a year or two at a catch-penny school, which they dignify with the title of a college, and learning *not* enough of Hindoostanee to hold the commonest conversation in that language, they are shipped off for the higher college of Calcutta, with this animating assurance, that they have only to behave themselves tolerably, and live long enough to arrive at the highest offices in the Honourable Company's service. A voyage of half-a-year's duration, spent in total idleness, and under no superintendance or control, to a young man, emancipated for the first time from discipline, and the salutary awe inspired by a consciousness of being in some degree under the eye of his parents and guardians, with a prospect of pleasure uncontrolled by any of the checks that thwarted them at home, forms the most appropriate prelude for their life in India. There the languor induced by the climate, and the want of incitement to industry, soon inclines them to indolence; and the example of their superiors, and approbation of their equals, confirm this disposition into a habit. Add to all this, an unlimited command of money—the opinions of society forming no check upon the indulgence of the passions—the total want of religion as a guide of moral conduct; for in India it either falls off into apathy and scepticism on the one hand, or assumes the form of the most disgusting bigotry and fanaticism on the other; and the wonder will be, not that they are thoughtless and dissipated, but that they are not wholly profligate and worthless. Yet such is the power of early instruction, that I must do them the justice to say, that though prudence and propriety are rarely to be found in the list of their virtues, I have never known or heard of a single instance of one of them being guilty of a mean, dishonourable, or ungentleman-like action.

Could the honourable Court of Directors be brought to lay these truths to heart — could they be brought to sacrifice the interests of the few blockheads the service contains to the general good of the whole—could they be got to forego the unenviable prerogative of making dulness and stupidity supersede genius and intellect, and make rank and emolument the certain reward of conduct, abilities, and application, there can be no doubt that they would make the civil service of India, excellent as the materials are they have to work upon, equal to any body of men on the face of the earth.

When tiffin was announced, an immediate change took place in the visages of my friends, from languor and ennui to life and gaiety. It is not to be supposed that they were particularly hungry, but any one who has been so long at sea as I have, must know that eating supplies occupation, and drives away the listlessness of inaction; and in a country like India, where our pleasures of every kind are so very limited, those of the table, which can be enjoyed equally well as in a better climate, form a most prominent part. To this cause the tendency to gormandism, so generally observed in gentlemen long resident in the east, is to be ascribed, rather than to what people are facetiously pleased to denominate the *luxuries of India*; a term which must be applied in irony, as any luxuries I have ever seen there, are only

bad substitutes, procured at great expence, for what every one enjoys at home for nothing.

During the meal we had a deal of lively rattling talk, which could not be called conversation, but is to me as pleasant, and, I am ashamed to say, sometimes as edifying. The truth, since I must own it is, that I have had but few opportunities of witnessing that "sharp encounter of the wits," which Dr Johnson is of opinion can alone be dignified with that title, except at the Circuit, where I once had the happiness to listen to a good deal of it, from some young Edinburgh lawyers. The subject was either politics or literature, and alternate orations, of from five to fifteen minutes duration, were made by the Whigs or Tories, much as in the House of Commons. I no longer wondered at the unrivalled eloquence of the Scottish bar, when I found that such was their zeal to acquire that talent, that even the convivial board, where others waste their time in idle chat, and heedlessly blunder out whatever comes uppermost, was by the processes of their well-disciplined minds—by weighing carefully every sentence before they uttered it—by using no arguments but those which, by having stood the test of ages, have come to be considered self-evident axioms—converted into a gymnasium, to train them by (wordy) warlike exercises for the real conflicts in which they were to be engaged as the champions of some oppressed client in the lists of the Parliament House.

There is another cause, I have been informed, from which this superiority arises—their early education in the Edinburgh Speculative Society, a debating club where questions are given out for discussion, and parties appointed to support and oppose them after the manner in which the men of Kent make up a match at cricket. This gives them a habit of making long speeches whether they have any thing to say or not, an immense advantage in an argument, as those who have not listened (and who can command attention for three hours together) cannot impugn the reasoning. It also begets a sturdy pugnacious temper, highly conducive to logical attainments, and as the impertinent suggestions of their reason (if any they might happen to have) would incline them more to one side than another, the indulgence of such improper feelings is checked in the bud, and the use of brains in forming an opinion for ever after set aside.

But though I was lost in admiration of the brilliant things they uttered, so defective is my taste, that I received no great pleasure from "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul." In fact, it was like treating a ploughman to claret and olives, whose taste being brutalized by ale and gingerbread, thinks these higly flavoured luxuries insipid and nauseous. But habit reconciles every thing; and should it ever be my good fortune to reside in Edinburgh, I have no doubt but that, by a daily dose of such fare, I may come to relish it mightily, as acquired tastes are always the strongest.

But to return from this digression, on rising from the table, the company retired to sacrifice to the graces. My oblations to these goddesses taking but little time, I contented myself with bathing, and exchanging my heavy uniform for a suit of light muslin, with which one of the gentlemen was kind enough to accommodate me. But the process was by no means so simple with my friends, for on returning to the large hall where we had dined, I had full three quarters of an hour for meditation before they were ready. At last they entered in all the conscious splendour of hunting frocks, striped waistcoats, cord breeches, and top boots, which, with their well-stiffened *starchers* and *ear-cutters*, were in a style of ultra dandyism, most probably copied from the caricatures of the day, and stylish enough, but not, I should suppose, the costume the best calculated in the world to yield comfort in a climate +95° of Farenheit.

They in one breath pressed upon me the means of any mode of conveyance I might prefer. One recommended his horse Knocknagrogherry, who, he assured me, being naturally endowed with a sweet disposition, and having arrived at the years of discretion, could be ridden by a child. Though my fears prevented me from accepting him on this occasion, I was under great obligations to that good-natured steed, and his equally good-natured master, during my stay in the coun-

try, as, from reasons which will appear in the sequel, I thought myself much safer on his back than at the tail of many a more spirited charger. Another said he would *tool* me in his curricle; a third recommended his dennet, as the most *varmint*; and a fourth, whose offer I accepted, pressed me to take the lower cushion of his tandem, which he assured me he could *fan* along with any man on the course. So off we set for the evening parade of Calcutta.

The City of Palaces really deserves that appellation. Nothing can be more imposing than the splendid houses of Chouringhee, viewed from the course, which is a broad carriage road on the esplanade of Fort William, adjoining the race course, from which, I presume, it derives its name. I think I have heard Edinburgh also called the City of Palaces, but the title does not apply nearly so well. There a number of houses form a grand architectural mass—great when taken as a whole, but comparatively diminutive in its parts; and by the regular recurrence of street doors, you have it continually obtruded upon you that the habitations of a great many individuals are clubbed, without consulting either their individual taste or convenience to produce the effect. The Chouringhee houses generate a perfectly different feeling—each stands solitary, surrounded by its own garden and court yard, and each is approached through large folding doors, in the dead wall in front, like the houses of the richer nobility in London.

These houses are of brick, flat roofed, and ballustraded, but covered with a composition that may easily be mistaken for Portland stone. The front is of great extent, and wings are often added. In the centre there is a pediment, supported by pillars of anomalous orders, within which is the front verandah. Though the details of all this are apt to be in the most barbaric architectural taste, the *tout ensemble* never fails to exhibit an air of grandeur I never saw equalled elsewhere.

After driving for nearly a mile along the front of a succession of these splendid residences, we suddenly turned to our left into a crowd of carriages of all descriptions, such as you may have seen of a Sunday at one of the gates of Hyde Park, which, from the multitude of that elegant but unsafe vehicle which crowds its entrance, has of late received the appropriate and descriptive appellation of *Tilbury Fort*. Here, I perceived for the first time, to my no small alarm, that my friend was not "his crafts master" as a whip. His shaft-horse, probably unaccustomed to that duty, was by no means free to the road; and to remedy this defect, the only shift his driver could fall upon, was to push the leader, who, by that arrangement, had not only to drag the carriage, but his unwilling yoke-fellow also, so that, though we came on but slowly, it was by no means surely. By great good luck we got through the throng without doing or receiving much damage; and, as we were clearing it, the young gentleman began to flourish his whip and square his elbows with considerable address; but his triumph was only of short duration; for, in attempting to turn at the end of the fashionable part of the drive, the leader alone came round, and that with a jerk, so that both horses were brought to a stand-still, looking each other in the face, as if engaged in earnest conversation.

This unexpected manœuvre put our Jehu rather to a non-plus; but as the good people seemed to mark us out as fit subjects whereon to exercise their wit, he adopted the most spirited course, and laid in the *silk* profusely on both steeds. This only made bad worse, for the shaft horse lashed out, and the leader bolted, and nearly capsized us. We found ourselves now under the necessity of alighting, and by the assistance of the native grooms, who very properly attend their masters on such occasions, we succeeded in placing the horses in a longitudinal direction; and my friend not being anxious to receive the condolence and congratulations of his acquaintances, proceeded round the course, and so home, without encountering any one who was aware of our disaster. Once safely landed, I made a resolution never again to sport my figure in such a conveyance; and, though not a better horseman than most gentlemen of his Majesty's navy, I ever after stuck to Knocknagrogherry.

The dinner was splendid—the table groaned under a profusion of dishes—

and the wines were excellent and abundant. I found, however, that this was only of a piece with other people's *sets out;* for, in Calcutta, a man can hardly go amiss for a good dinner, and it is a toss up whether the best is to be found at the Palace of the Governor-General, or the house of a tradesman.

The whole of the young civilians at table bore a strong resemblance to each other in manner and appearance, and, making allowance for circumstances, had much the air of young men of equal rank at home; but I particularly remarked two who formed a kind of species to the genus. The first of these was Mr Tudor Anson, who seemed to rise much above his brethren; he had the same dandyism which all affected, but it was quite clear at the first glance that there was more in him. Through that cover flashes of genius burst, which, "like unexpected light," surprised us, as a dandy is the last man on earth from whom we expect intellect. And so he seemed to think; for, though obviously superior to the surrounding mass, he waived his claim on that account, and rested it solely on his excellence in the science of the toilette, a ground where there was some chance at least for his competitors. I have since seen a little burlesque essay of his on tying neck-cloths, written while at college, which would have done credit to an older man, and gives great promise of excellence as a writer, if he will only bestow as much attention on the style of his future performances as he does on the precepts of his past.

The other was a gem of a different kind—a rough diamond, in short; his name was Whitebrook, but his companions addressed him by the familiar diminutive of Jemmy. He was fat and indolent in his appearance; and, except in offering me the use of his horse, I had not before heard the sound of his voice. After dinner, he sat and smoked his hookah, with his chin resting on his breast, and seemed, after every monosyllabic reply extorted from him, by the interrogatories of his friends, to express, by his manner, "leave me, leave me to repose;" however, he by and bye was forced from this state of stupor by repeated contradictions, and then he seemed a new man; his face, which before seemed to realize the idea of "fat contented ignorance," became animated, and he expressed himself with fluency and to the point, displaying an acuteness which I little expected from so heavy an exterior. He brought forcibly to my mind what Dr Johnson might have been, when girding up his loins for a controversy. I found he had been educated at Oxford, and had made a good use of his opportunities; he was, out of all comparison, the most intelligent of his class I ever met with.

After the cloth was removed, the gentleman, in whose company I had suffered the martyrdom of "the world's dread laugh," was much quizzed by his comrades for his want of skill, but he soon silenced them, by quoting worse blunders of theirs; indeed, few nights pass without some such catastrophe as I have described, so that such a joke against one man has soon to make room for a similar one against another.

Conversations among men engaged in the same pursuits, and often in each other's company, are apt to run into localities. Every body of men, "however high their rank, or low their station," have their own particular slang, and allusions to their own particular jokes, which are unintelligible to strangers, and the writers of Calcutta certainly do not prove this rule as exceptions. I found, also, that in many instances their habits of acting had given a wrong bias to their habits of thinking, and some opinions sported with perfect confidence, and admitted as established beyond question, struck me, as not a little at variance with my preconceived opinions of the moral fitness of things.—One of these was, that a young gentleman mentioned, who had been an unusual length of time in college, and from indolence had never been able to pass his trials, had, on that account, a strong claim for a good appointment—this appeared to me to be a *non sequitur;* but prepared me for another not unlike it, viz. that those who studied diligently to get through their probations, and lived within their means to keep out of debt, were a mean, despicable set, who made use of unworthy artifices to ingratiate themselves with their superiors, and to get over the heads of better men. So true is the observation of the most moral of our modern poets, the epigrammatic force and justice of whose verses always atone for the carelessness of their composition—that

"Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,
And these reciprocally those again."

A great many stories were told, too, of the feats performed by these worthies against their professors and creditors, two classes of men whom they seemed to look upon as their natural enemies. One of these being characteristic, I shall repeat it.

In the college there were two young gentlemen of the name of Whitebrook. Jemmy (my fat friend,) having got some hundreds of rupees in debt to a livery-stable keeper, a writ was issued and served against him. The bailiff found him reclining on a sofa, smoking his hookah, and administered the tap on the shoulder, said to produce an electric effect on unfortunate gentlemen. Jemmy responded to the well known symbol, by asking at whose suit? and, on being informed, "with infinite promptitude," told the *grab* he had mistaken his man, as it was the other Whitebrook who owed the money, and, at the same time, called to his servant to run to his name-sake, and warn him of his danger. Off set the servant, and the *nab-man* at his heels; and Jemmy, following at his usual moderate pace, shut the door and secured it, while they were competing for the honour of being the first to arrive at his friend s house. A proper vidette was then posted, and the minions of the law kept at staff's-end till Jemmy could make an arrangement with his agents.

The party bantered a Mr Fanning most unmercifully, about his having been that morning *jewaubed*—a phrase which was explained to me to signify, refused by a young lady. He admitted the fact; but said it was a matter of total indifference to him. Some one hinted that he had not shewn the same philosophical composure when he received the lady's note. This he also allowed; but said, that it was the manner, not the matter of it, that offended him, as it was written on *China paper*—an insult, in his eyes, equivalent to sealing with a wafer, in those of the pompous peer in Miss Edgeworth's tale of Patronage.

It may perhaps shock the delicacy of your fair readers to hear of such a tender subject being discussed in such a style in India; but let them remember, that in that country, marriage is a much less romantic arrangement than here—one great and understood object of it, on the lady's part, being an establishment; and that *there*, mammas and aunts fish for husbands to their daughters and nieces—a practice which, as it never obtains in Edinburgh, will, I fear, gain neither forgiveness nor belief.

Mr Odoherty says, that the present is a delicate age. In this instance, either the walking cornet, *more patriæ*, has been speaking without reflecting—out of the face, as he himself would term it—or does not display his usual acumen. I do not think this a more delicate age than that of Queen Anne. Equal indelicacy of matter is allowed; all the difference is, that we have got a neater mode of saying it. So far as my limited opportunities have gone, I would say, that nothing indelicate, in the present day, ever will be tolerated, that is not delicately expressed.

Some elderly single gentlewomen rated me soundly, t'other day, for mentioning Adam Blair in presence of their nieces. What is improper in it I know not; but those who have been in the habit of looking for that sort of game, acquire a faculty of finding it inconceivable to the unpractised; as I have seen a sly old poacher discover a hare lurking in her form, where the less experienced sportsman could only see a bunch of withered fern. "It may be doubted, however," as Mr M'Leod says, whether those who have swallowed the camel so often when lubricated by the oily sophisms of Tom Moore, shew much consistency in straining at the gnat, because it wants such a luscious condiment.

C. B.

Bute, 1st April, 1822.

LETTER FROM ODOHERTY.

Thursday Morning.

DEAR KIT,

WILL the inclosed be of any use to you? If it will, print it—if not, use it for any other purpose found agreeable or necessary. You see it is a squib about the "clever old body," your friend Jeff. It is quite a good-natured affair, which I am sure his Lowness would wish very much to see.

I wrote it last night at Ambrose's, after a few tumblers. I intend to open for you a series of poems on various subjects—chiefly, however, badgering Old Blue and Yellow. I mean to tip off this evening another imitation of Horatius Flaccus, in his rather blackguard song about poor Lyce, and his Uxor pauperis Ibyci. I think they are rather pat towards the present old womanish condition of our old acquaintance. You may, if you like, call the series Odoherty's Night Thoughts. One Young, you may have heard, wrote rather a passable book with this title, but it is full of humbug—there shall be none of that commodity in mine, you may take your oath. Yours, during duration,

MORGAN ODOHERTY.

C. NORTH, Esq.

HOR. Od. 25. Lib. i.	ODOH. Od. 1. Night i.
Lydiæ jam vetulæ amatoribus carenti insultat.	*Quizzes Frank Jeffrey on his being universally sneered at in his old age.*
Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi, Nec tibi somnos adimunt; amatque Janua limen,	Jeffrey, your yellow-backed twaddle, in truth, my dear, Is at present but little disturbed by us * youth,† my dear; Seldom we see the dull book upon one's table— But closely it clings to the counter of Constable;
Quæ prius multum facilis movebat Cardines: audis minus et minus jam, "Me tua longas pereunte noctes, Lydia, dormis?"	Whence its copies once swarmed, thick as pigs from a piggery, Over the land to the joy of Old Whiggery. Seldom you hear, though to hear it you're willing, Sir— "Hand me a number, and here's your six shillings, Sir."
Invicem mœchos anus arogantes Flebis in solo levis angiportu, Threcio bacchante magis sub interlunia vento;	You're grown quite an old woman (to speak without flattering), And every one dozes or laughs at your chattering; While, blowing great guns, with a thundering twist, over Your unfortunate pate comes the voice of old ‡ Christopher.

* Falstaff! hem!!

† *Teste*, the author of the hymn—nobody reads them now save *awfully ancient old women*. By the bye, who wrote that hymn? I am told Doctor Parr.—M. O. Mum!—C. N.

‡ Christopher North, Esq.; a well-known and respected character in this city—M. O. But not so old neither—say fifty-seven; or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore.—C. N.

Cum tibi flagrans amor, et libido
Quæ solet matres furiare equorum,
Sæviet circa jecur ulcerosum;
Non sine questu,

Yet still for suitors, old rogue, you are clamorous,
Looking most Whiggish, and priggish, and amorous;
Moaning the manifold slights of all tribes to you,
But moaning much more that no mortal subscribes to you;

Læta quod pubes hedera virenti
Gaudeat pulla magis atque myrto:
Aridas frondes Hiemis sodali
Dedicet Euro.

For every young person of wit, taste, or quality,
Rejoicing in North, that prime patron of jollity,
Scorns your dry leaves as dull, low, and ridiculous,
And sends the concern right a-head to old Nicholas.

MR ALLAN'S PICTURE OF THE DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP SHARPE.

THIS fine picture having attracted a great deal of attention when it was exhibited in London last year, and having been shewn during some weeks this last winter in Edinburgh, at the shop of Messrs Hill and Co. we need not say anything by way of attracting notice to its merits. It is possible, however, that many of our readers may not be aware of its being now in the hands of Mr James Stewart of this city, for the purpose of being engraved in the same style with *the Circassian Captives*. The print after that beautiful composition, by the same hand, is allowed by the connoisseurs to be such as would have done honour to any artist in London, and is, without all doubt, the finest specimen of the art ever executed in Scotland. The Death of Archbishop Sharpe, not only as being a picture quite equal in all the excellencies of composition and colouring to *the Circassians*, but as possessing the high additional merit of being the finest painting ever executed on any subject of *Scottish history*, will, we doubt not, receive at least as flattering patronage at the hands of Mr Allan's countrymen. The delineation of Scottish character in the physiognomy of the Covenanters has a truth which cannot be mistaken, while the landscape and sky, and all the accompaniments, are conceived in a way that proves the artist to have the purest and most poetical feeling for natural beauty and grandeur.

Mr Allan's new picture of *the Broken Fiddle*, is a piece of quite a different cast from anything he had formerly attempted. It is a highly humorous composition, and the glow of colouring is such as perhaps Wilkie himself never surpassed. But we have no doubt our London correspondents will do it better justice than we could. It cannot fail to be considered as one of the chief ornaments of the approaching exhibition at Somerset House.

Since we are upon this subject, however, we may just as well state what is our candid opinion as to the course this great artist ought in future for his own sake to pursue. The *Broken Fiddle* is a charming picture, and quite worthy of hanging by the side of *Pitlessie Fair* or *the Blind Fiddler*. But Wilkie is before Allan in this walk, and even if the latter were acknowledged to produce as good comic Scots pictures as the former, he would never obtain the same high character of original genius by doing so.

He has a field of his own—and we think he would do well to stick by it. In the great line of *Scottish domestic pathos*, nobody comes near to him—and after *the Death of Archbishop Sharpe*, what subject is there, either of *the terrible* or *the sublime*, which he need fear to grapple with? We have heard that he has some thoughts of painting *the Confession of Adam Blair*, and we have many doubts whether he could fix upon any subject more adapted to the display of his own noblest talents. In the Archbishop's death, he has already found an opportunity for pourtraying with the hand of a true master the effects of the stern old spirit of Presbyterian fanaticism. Perhaps it were but fair to do as much for the benign and compassionate feelings which have never ceased to temper the austerities of our ecclesiastical discipline. The absence of any female figure would, however, increase very much the technical difficulties of a picture on this subject. If so, Mr Allan could be at no loss, by turning over our Acts of Assembly, to find some other event in which similar circumstances must have agitated the feelings both of men and of women.

ON THE DRAMA.—DUCIS' SHAKESPEARE, AND JOUY'S SYLLA.

Could we exclude from our thoughts all the literatures that are or have been in the world, and might we be allowed to imagine, in the fond prospective of our country's glory, an ideal literature, the most excellent for it to realise, the product of our imaginations would, we rejoice to think, but wander a little beyond existing reality. Indulge us, gentle reader, in half a column of castle-building:—we will suppose our embryo literature, a tract to be occupied—a Parnassus, if you please; and we will have it bounded, not by a circle, for we hate mathematical precision, but circularly, obedient to natural and pleasing variety. We should ordain several internal and similar lines, dividing our ideal domain into compartments, the outer assigned to general and vulgar taste, the inner to the refined and ennobled, with the intermediate of course allotted according to their proximity to the limits or the centre. Thus having arranged what mere earthly architects call their ground-plan, would we proceed to distribute the genius that should occupy the space. First, we should take—from the moon, the sun-beam, or wherever such things are engendered—two or three master-spirits, very giants of intellectual might; and we would have them, colossal-like, extend themselves from the centre to the extreme verge, that there might be established a few strong links or bonds of union between all the future tastes of our empire. Having completed this great task, we may suppose ourselves somewhat exhausted, and inclined to repose; nevertheless, our leisure should be employed in peopling the outward limits with neat, dapper, little wits, elegant in form, and fashion, and contour, but without that might and sublimity of intellect, which would be uselessly expended on the confines of literature. Then for a time would we (*tel est nature*) take our ease, whilst the pigmy race lately propagated, multiplied even to swarming, rousing us at length to exertion by its monotonous murmur. Upon this would we lustily set about finishing the good work, and would send to the east and the west, to the beauteous regions of the rising and the setting sun,—to the sixth heaven, where the most filtered spirits dwell, and we would create a duad or a triad of lofty intellects to occupy exclusively the sacred spot, that should be as a shrine around the centre:—in the breathings of their genius there should be nought intelligible to vulgar souls, and the inhabitants of the more remote regions should admire and ridicule them alternately, not knowing of what nature or species they were. But there the while would we preserve them separate in the midst, for the illumination and delight of the chosen few, and there would we betake ourselves at times, to listen and to love, to pray in poesy,

"And feast upon high thoughts."

This precisely is the statistics of English poetry. Milton, Shakspeare, Spenser, extend their mighty forms athwart the entire region; in them the school-boy may discover the terseness, the rhyme, the declamatory ardour that enchant him—from them the *blue* may pick out the similes, the *points*, "the charming passages," that seem to it (for it is of the neuter gender) the infallible tests of poetry—while the critic and philosopher may feast their seventh sense in their pages without prejudicing the adorations of inferior votaries. Next, lie on the borders, yet firmly entrenched within the limits of the poetic region, Pope, Dryden, Goldsmith, Campbell, Moore, and a thousand others,—those affable Muses, whose wings are visible to all the world, and beyond whom seven-eighths of that world fancy that there is nought but unfathomable space. Nevertheless, in that space, supposed unfathomable, are the mightier thrones and bowers of intellect, open only to the select, the beloved of the Muse. Few are the thrones yet occupied, but can still be distinguished through the misty halo that obscures and glorifies the region, seated aloft, the Bards of Christabel and the Excursion. But a truce with these visions,

"That do haunt
Man, still the idle marshaller of fame,
Which mocks his ordination, and obeys
By turns oblivion, and by turns the gust
Of mode—the call of pedant, or of fool."

The great difference between France and England, with respect to taste and letters, is, that the latter possesses two literatures, the former but one. Our

mighty poets seem, like the Egyptian priests of old, to have made use of two species of symbols, and to have instituted two modes of worshipping the Divinity, of whom they were the ministers. They not only indulged in those bursts of poetic spirit, that address and subdue the universal heart of man, but they also scattered here and there the traces of an exclusive and remote spirit. They held not only the general clue to the heart, but likewise a thousand others more individual and delicate, which they could pursue without losing sight of the grand one; they wielded not only the thunder that strikes and convulses the whole earth, but also the subtle and electric flashes, that scan or illumine a particular spot. Their minds were, like Dante's Hell, depth within depth, abyss within abyss, of the profundity of which even themselves were unconscious. Hence, in the knowledge of them there are degrees, and those who strive to know them, penetrate, each to the depth that his capacity allows; and all, at their unequal heights, shout to one another through the abyss in which they are lost, and marvel, and grow cholerous, that his fellow sees not as he does himself. In France there is nothing of all this—Blaise enjoys, and catches all the beauties of Racine, fully as much as the spectacled critic in the orchestra; and if men have different opinions of the author's merits, it takes rise in the prosody, never in the thought. Our great poets, as we have said, extend along our two divisions of literature: the shilling gallery weeps over Hamlet and Othello,

"But unto us they have a spell beyond,"

aye—even beyond the tear of sympathy, and the agony of a too intense interest. We associate ourselves with the poet—we enter into the mechanism of the spirit that produced so glorious a scene—we imagine anew the thing, and are not content to perceive, but create it afresh. We enjoy the shades, the niceties, the purposes, the crannies of the human heart, into which the master-spirit pierced, the thousand beauties that must have dropt unconsciously from his genius:—while the tragedians act Hamlet, we act Shakspeare, and, identified with the bard, we produce, as it were, a second birth of his stupendous offspring. But no such spiritual alchemy could take place, while listening to the amphibrachic verses of French poetry,—which march like a horse that had lost one leg, and strove to canter on the other three:—How identify ourselves with poets who cut out their verse with a pair of scissars, and whose reign over thought is limited to the polishing of rhymes, and the arrangement of cæsuras—fellows of no physiognomies, no characteristics, no distinguishing features, save that one files his lines twice as carefully as the other?

The colour and stamp of a national literature will always be found to depend on the balance between the active and passive powers of intellect—between genius and taste. And as possession, we know, is half the law, the first of these which leaps up and assumes the pre-eminence, will be apt more or less to preserve the ascendancy during the whole course of the literature. Civilization demands taste, and creates the vague feeling, which is the foundation of that faculty, even before there exists an object that can employ it. If this civilization be the first in the world, or, what is the same, appear to itself the first, as was the case with ancient Greece, the craving of taste—of that passive faculty of apprehending and enjoying beauty, having no precedent, no model, no substratum to exist by, calls upon the active power of genius to give it food, and to bestow upon it the matter and form of life. In this case genius and taste spring up together, like twin-sisters, and soar hand in hand to perfection. This phenomenon, for in our world perfection is the greatest phenomenon, could never have taken place, but in the peculiarly formed state of society that arose among the early Grecians. It was first of all necessitated to be original in its judgments and ideas; it was limited and compact, and the cry of applause or condemnation, even when directed to the most trivial effusions, was that of a whole people; it was roused by all the excitative passions of human nature; but above all, its civilization was so rapid, owing to these circumstances, that neither power of the intellect had time to start beyond the other.

In all the subsequent formations of

society, the vague craving of taste, which we think universally the *primum mobile* of literary undertaking, was not constrained to call upon its own or its country's exertion—it had wherewithal to gratify itself: the Roman satiated this rising sentiment in the productions of Greece, the modern Italian in those of Rome. Hence, the infant taste, which is, as it were, the first lever to be used in raising a nation's literature from the dust, instead of being made to rest on a national *fulcrum*, lost all its powers when founded on a foreign basis. Thus put into action, it might raise up a literature, but never a national one,—a literature, which, created upon an imitative and ideal basis, can have no influence or empire but upon those who are initiated into it,—who have gone through a probation of study, and have metamorphosed themselves into those anomalous monsters, that filled the ranks of defunct criticism; whose souls were in the pages of Aristotle, and whose language was the cant, without the ingenuity of the schools. These became the body, to which literary productions were to be addressed—these few hundred pedants became the *populace*, the *tiers etat* of literature, and the rights of the people, in taste as in politics, became usurped by an impertinent aristocracy.

We have thus far supposed, that, in the view of European society, taste was self-created and mature—ready to call forth the active power, ere the ancient writers were offered to its avidity. This is not at all correct, nor is the contrary so—that the ancient writers first awoke dormant taste. The rays of classic literature struggled but with partial success to break through the clouds of ignorance that enveloped the middle ages—we were going to say, that ancient literature had been sifted for the use of the learned of Europe; if so, it was the bran that was handed to them, and the flour that had been laid up. The Greek was not at all known, and the Latin but little—One of the most curious considerations in these matters is offered by the acquaintance of the middle ages with the events of the siege of Troy, so modified through a thousand compilations and translations, that the original story of Homer becomes utterly invisible. The fathers of Italian poetry were early versed in the beauties of the rude Provençal Muse, and the greatest misfortune that ever befel modern literature, is that they were not permitted to perfect that exquisite and original vein of poesy; and this they would have done, we have no doubt, but for the confounded classical knowledge that was flung upon Italy, and which all the world seems to thank for the revival of letters—for our part, we curse it, as the inhumation of European originality in works of genius for ever. And if we in future make use of this term, or of its synonyme, *nationality*, it must be in a comparative sense;—to be original is henceforth denied to nations as to individuals; the veil has been removed from the past, and it hangs palpably over the present and the future, inevitably overshadowing the genius of mankind.

Whilst modern societies were yet young, while they were yet alive to the traditions and prejudices of their ancestors, and ere the classical taste had spread so far as to destroy all native attempts at literary exertion, there yet remained hopes of escape from thraldom, in the chance that a being of genius would start up amongst the ranks of society, and erect by his powers the national body of feeling into an independent empire of taste, classic of itself. The three nations with which we are best acquainted, afford examples of the different degrees of success attendant on this struggle. France was sterile in poetic genius; her civilization demanded taste, and having no productions of her own to erect it on, she was compelled to borrow it completely and altogether. Hence, to the eyes of remote ages France leaves a blank in the literary map of Europe. Posterity will go to the fountain-head of every thing, and her voluminous riches will necessitate her confining herself to the fountain-head alone:—she will read Sophocles, and having done so, will not commit the tautology of reading Racine. In Italy, the event of the strife is doubtful; it was a drawn battle; the classics and romantics are still in active opposition, and although the chief compartment of literature, the dramatic, with her presents as yet but a void, the future genius of the country possesses a vista in her romantic taste, through which she may look to possess an independent

theatre.* From political causes this is not likely, but there are hopes—the French have none. In England, the spirit of independence has overcome in every point,—religion, politics, literature: the latter is completely founded on a modern at least, if not altogether on a national basis, and the little of ancient sentiment that exists compounded with it, is not more than what has naturally become current throughout all ranks of society. Hence, to enter into the penetralia of our poetry, to render the taste for it exquisite, it is necessary to read but itself—it is not over Pantheons or classical dictionaries that we must prepare ourselves to enjoy it—but in cultivating our own English mind, simply English in this, that to a superior degree it is reflective, deep-thoughted, and moral. To recapitulate our system, taste, or the passive faculty of the mind, has been in France always predominant over genius or the active faculty. The latter has been but a consequence of the former, and has been dragged after it, like a cock-boat in the wake of a vessel of war. In Italy, they have been balanced pretty nearly. But, in England, genius has always led the way; and taste, confined to its proper limits, is but an adjunct of it—a polypus adhering to its mass, and assimilating itself to the varying colour of that on which and by which it exists.

The discovery of the art of printing, which is considered to have extended the sphere of literature, has had really the opposite effect, at least with respect to works of imagination. These, as long as they were oral, were necessarily national; the *jongleurs* and *menestrels*, although they might reckon a few lords and princes among their ranks, were in general from the lowest order of the people; their chant was addressed not to the nobles alone, but to chiefs and vassals united, to the mingled assemblage of the feudal hall. There could be nothing exclusive in taste—one single feeling animated all ranks of society—the rudeness of vulgar life was to be found in the habits of knights and dames, while the chivalrous feelings of high birth were communicated to the followers and vassals. When manuscripts became numerous, the learned began to separate themselves from the nation, and even poets, affecting to avoid vulgarity, began "to powder their talk with over-sea language." But when the art of printing came into use, literature completely separated itself from vulgar feeling—which, after all, is the only national one; and thenceforward, tales and epics struggled to erect themselves on a fantastic basis neither foreign nor domestic. The scenes were laid in a fancied region, of which the customs, the terms, the atmosphere, suited the preconceived ideas of no living person. The poet reckoned on a limited class of polite and idle readers, who were willing to step beyond their natural and habitual feelings for the sake of enjoying novel imaginations. The mass of a nation will not take this trouble, even if they be called upon to do so; they cannot dispense with the atmosphere of nationality that involves their taste—and 'tis well that they cannot; if they could, then would be an end of nations. Thus the produce of imagination, as soon as it comes to exist otherwise than orally, contracts itself from its former expansion over the whole people, and tends to centralize itself in a kind of literary aristocracy. To this there is one great check—one grand and noble link, to unite and reclaim literature to its original sense of national feeling—this link is *the Drama*. The Drama is a poetry which, in its legitimate scope, must be addressed to all ranks of society—must wear the common garb, and speak the common language of all. It is the forum, where all ranks meet, and are but equals; where the base of mankind unlearn their ferocity, and divest themselves of their callousness; and where,

* This sweeping clause is perhaps unjust. The Filippo and the Conspiracy of the Pozzi, by Alfieri, are exceptions to his rigid reverence for the antique; in the former, which was his first, there is a tenderness and passion in the loves of Carlo and Isabella, which the poet never condescended to in his subsequent pieces. His other tragedies on modern subjects, *Don Garzia*, and *Maria Stuarda*, are among the worst of his productions. We shall change a word one day or another with Mr Cam, respecting his contempt for Alfieri's most original and Aristophanic comedies.

likewise, the noble and gentle must dispense with artificial feelings, and know, that whatever be the shell, the kernel is at best but a man.

A literature, in order to be any thing—at least any thing more than a shadow or an imitation—must be national: and to be national, it must establish as its basis, that part of itself which embraces and spreads its roots amongst the entire mass of the people. Of old, this part was its oral verse, and at present, we may repeat, this part is still its oral verse—its drama. It would be superfluous here to inquire, whether the poets of the present day are proceeding right or wrong, or to censure them for building a superstructure, while they neglect the foundation. Let them proceed, each to fulfil that to which he was called; it is a fruitless endeavour to turn the stream of Helicon, nor would it be to much advantage to divert from their employment the adorners of an edifice, or the workers in stucco, and compel them to apply their finican hands and utensils to the laborious task of rearing a foundation. All we would hint to those worthy bards, who have been so successful in the walks of narrative and monologue, is to beware entering upon the Drama with the confined and individual character which they have developed, and certainly perfected in their other undertakings. The Drama does not deserve to be put off with a jaded muse, or a second-hand style, worn out in the service of tale and song. One of ye, my worthies, has tried and failed—he is as talented almost as any among ye; 'twere well not to imitate his fall—a dramatist may rise when ye are no more; and 'tis far more honourable to be reproached with neglect as to the stage, than to be convicted of a failure. Besides, success even is a dishonour in the present state of our theatres:—do not the plays fabricated in Cockaigne live—ay, live three whole nights ere they expire? and shall you, ye heroes of the Muse, but walk by their sides, and live and die the ephemeral space allotted to such caterpillars?—

——"What! die!
Be decently interred in a churchyard
With stinking rogues, that rot in winding sheets,
Surfeit-slain fools, the common dung o' the soil."

A dramatic genius, take our word for it, must be a dramatic genius, and nothing else. Melpomene is enough for any one gentleman, and he who will coquet with half-a-dozen muses, may make up his account to be jilted by all. Byron will never write a tragedy, though he sent ten *dialogisms* to the Albemarle-street Press in a twelvemonth—"hot and hot," as he said himself on a memorable occasion. Scott will never write a tragedy, for all Mr Jeffrey's exhortations; the worthy poet has been for these many years fairly up to his neck in prose, and Heaven keep him there. Besides, we know what abortions are produced by these god-fathering sort of commendations. Sheridan told Miss Edgeworth to write comedies—that it was just the path that would suit her—and she produced, wonderful to relate, as stupid a volume as ever issued from the back settlements of Paternoster-Row. There is but one literary counsellor in the world worth attending to, superior to all the Reviewers and Magazinists, from John o' Groat's to the Land's End—*id est*, in vulgar phraseology, the Maggot. When he bites, obey him, and when he does not, why, e'en let the world go its own way, in God's name.

We have defined the Drama, in its original scope, as oral verse. The more it retires from answering this definition, the more does it cease to be dramatic; and what is a drama that is not dramatic? Ask Lord Byron and his non-descript *talks*. A poet that writes to be read may become unmindful of his readers—he is independent of them in a manner—he disunites them both in time and place as to the act of passing judgment upon him. Even of the few that read, there are but fewer still whose taste and prejudices he is bound to consult. Since he addresses himself to individuals, solitary individuals, it is but individual originality he need aim at; originality on the broad basis of general or national feeling would be too weighty a task. To write for the stage, if that stage be what it should be, free and popular, is a more serious undertaking; it will not be sufficient in this case to deal out an affected vocabulary to a narrow class, or to cater to the prepared appetites of a few delicate-nerved gentlemen. The production will be represented before a section of

the country, before the vulgar as well as the refined, neither of which classes will sanction what is out of the line of their comprehensions, whether it be above or below them. The poet cannot plead that he is of this school or of that school; his Lakeism or his Satanism will not save the piece from being damned, if it be stupid; and all those pretty affectations that mark the *petit-maître* versification of the day, and that go off very well over a tea-table, pass for nothing in the huge ear of a theatrical assemblage. It is nonsense to say, that a writer should consult but his own taste; it must be influenced, be it ever so unconsciously, by floating opinion, and the more secluded he lives, the more will he be influenced by the little he does hear. The more general the opinion that modifies and directs a poet's taste, the more original will he be:—there never has been tale or epic since the world began, so original as our early dramas, which were composed imperatively for success and bread, and, consequently, kept ever in view the taste of the auditory. But people at present fancy that the only entrance to originality is through the narrow duct of their own egotistical spirit, and that to wing their way through the free and open space of general sentiment, would be but to follow a beaten path. It is just as if a carpenter or a blacksmith were to attempt perfecting himself in his trade by chiselling or hammering his own nose instead of the wood or iron, which are his natural materials. The human mind certainly contains a world of poesy; but it is not any individual mind, far less a Cockney, or even a Byronic one, that can be said to contain this. It is an arrogant trick of both these last-mentioned schools and their scholars, for each to set himself up as a type, as a representation of the human race—a poetical Anacharsis Clootz. Those fellows have their eyes for ever turned inwards upon themselves with an egotistical squint—they assume their own pineal gland to be the world, and the two-legged images that float therein to be mankind.

There can be no stronger sign of the decay of literature, than to see its spirit thus ensconced within itself, and our poets creeping about, lonely and separate, like so many snails, with their habitations, food, family, and feelings, all packed upon their proper shoulders. We hate all this—we abhor selfishness—we lament to see men for ever fishing in their own little selves, and angling, as it were, for gudgeons in a pool. We had rather see the line flung abroad into the ocean, and hawling up the monsters of the deep. We like a bold, open game, such as a whole nation can play at, but anatomy or dissecting rooms give us qualms—we are tender-hearted, so is John Bull, and we earnestly entreat the poets of the day to keep their stomachs to themselves for the future, and not to be so confoundedly kind and communicative, as to disgust us every now and then with a view of their very entrails. It is butchery, not poetry.

You perceive, my public, the difference between sense and nonsense. As long as we utter our own sublime philosophy and abstract criticism, and as long as we speak of the worthy elders of literature, the purest stream of prose flows from our pen. But the moment, the cursed moment, in which we first make mention of Cockaigne or cotemporaries, we lose all command of ourselves, we wax angry, foam at the mouth, grow hysterical—in short, pour forth a deal of nonsense, at times, indeed, almost as disjointed as table-talk. But where were we?

Dramatic authors are, as we have observed, necessarily subservient to general feeling; they may change or influence it, but this must be by degrees. A series of dramatic writers, were they kept up, would be the literary history of a country—"they shew the body of the time its form and pressure"—and an age that is without them has in reality no literature properly its own. It is by this dependence on popular taste that the Drama has existed and flourished, and if at present we have no Drama, the reason is simply, that we endeavour to elevate it on exclusive taste—on that of our numerous schools. We do not mention the pieces that strive to live by scenic effect, clap-traps and appeals to the galleries alone—they are too wretched; but they deserve to be as successful as those which are addressed to the three front rows of the pit, such as Mirandola, &c.; these we might call pit-plays. A man may write a poem to please three hundred friends, but a tragedy cannot be

created for so limited an end; and if in his tragedy an author wishes to cater to the delicate palates of his refined friends, those touches should be, as in Shakspeare, altogether subordinate; they should keep up with beautiful insignificance merely, like violets among the loftier and more robust flowers that characterize the work. *Ex pede Herculem*, is fair reasoning for a critic, but to carve a foot and call it Hercules—to write a *prettiness*, and call it tragedy, is but an indefinite mixture of blunder and impudence.

In the annals of stage history, we always find the drama dependent on the audience before whom it was to be represented; and proportionably as that audience was free, mixed, and popular, we find the drama to have been grand, sublime, and original. Every one's knowledge will here fill up a paragraph for itself concerning the Grecian and Roman stage. In Italy, the audience of tragedy became soon confined to the learned, owing to the musical and operative propensities of the people, as well as to the mental thraldom imposed by religion. The tragic pieces from Trissino to Maffei are nothings—absolute nothings; they addressed an assembly of learned and tasteful churchmen, whose vein was ridicule and raillery; and who could tolerate serious feeling, only when it was cold; and even then, but for form-sake. Alfieri arose late, and having no audience but an imaginary one to look to, he wrote a second edition of the Grecian Drama, to which he hoped the Italians would suit themselves—till that distant day, his works may remain in the closet. In France, the ruling audience of tragedy was the Court. A new piece was first brought forward there, and the smile or frown of the monarch passed a judgment without appeal. To this smile the drama adapted itself, and became what it is—utterly contemptible for any one that has a thought beyond his ears. In England, thanks to the Reformation, the theatre became free, and obedient solely to a public audience; where, we may be sure, the blunt English yeoman exercised his full share of influence. We see the consequence; the world has never had, and never will have, such a theatre. The puritans overturned the stage; and when it was revived, the court and cavaliers sought to take possession of it, in imitation of the French. Then commenced the reign of the pit and the *beaux-esprits*; and, from that day, the drama fell.

We are, like Lord Byron,* aristocrats by birth and feeling, but we have a drop of the *tiers etat* in us, and grow republican at times; nowhere more so than in a theatre. We forget the garter beneath our knee, and the ribbon in our button-hole—the Golden Fleece and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour become invisible on our generous swelling breast—we look up and around with a sentiment of fraternity, and with proud humiliation rejoice that so many are in one respect almost as great as ourselves.

> "One touch of nature maketh the whole world kin."

How beautiful the line! How trebly beautiful, had not the Cockneys bequoted it! Who can doubt that it was not in his theatre Shakespeare conceived the thought and moulded the verse? It must have been so—we have felt the sentiment there a thousand times, and should have built the very line ourselves, in this very article, had not the poet had the impudence to write it before us.

Vulgarity is the essence of the dramatic genius—not conventional vulgarity or cant, but vulgarity, properly so called—the current sentiments—the unsophisticated passions—the simple, straight-forward language of vulgar life. To write an epic, or to found a school, we may refine upon refinement—we may create supererogation of gentility and heroism—and idle folk may be found who will educate their hot-bed sympathies for the prepense enjoyment of such imaginations; but let these never be embodied in a tragedy. Antithetic characters, unintelligible

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* *Query.* Was Lord Byron born an aristocrat?—If we mistake not, neither he himself, nor his friends, could have had expectations at the hour of his birth, that he would ever enjoy a title. And had the aristocratic baby of an hour old—had the little gentleman titled hopes, how does that make him an aristocrat? "Un lord disoit spirituellement:" relates Madame de Stael, "Je ne puis pas devenir aristocrate, car j'ai chez moi constamment des representans du parti populaire; ce sont mes fils cadets."

passions, wire-drawn sentiments, may be unravelled in the closet; and the nonsense of these too may be exquisite, like Coleridge's ignorance, and may well repay our trouble; but, on the stage, this is misplaced—it is all High Dutch to John Bull. The passions and characters of the acting drama must be from the staple ones of humanity—they must be drawn from observation as well as from egotism; and no one, be he ever so talented, ever so finely organized, can expect that an audience will listen to a five act panorama of his thoughts, hopes, and opinions. Indeed we prophesy that our next great dramatic genius must spring from the lower ranks of the people.

And here we approach the very core of the subject. The sign of decay, in all literature, has been peculiar and exclusive attention bestowed on language. A more advantageous effect certainly could not be brought about, than that of stablishing language, and rendering it pure and permanent. But however noble and praise-worthy the endeavour be in itself, it is by no means the way to elevate a dormant or a fallen poetry. What is chiefly admired in our ancient dramatists, is the simple, strenuous, natural style; it is therice concluded that we should take them as models, and adopt their manner and phraseology. This would be well, if the nineteenth century were the same as the sixteenth. But as there exists a material difference between them, the language that appeared simple, natural, and strong to the people of that day; and which appears possessed still of the same qualities to the critics of the present, who have no objection to transport themselves a couple of centuries back;—this same language is to the common audience of the year eighteen hundred and twenty-two, neither simple nor natural, but, on the contrary, pedantic, extravagant, and, for the most part, nonsense. The metaphors, the phrases, the turns of expression then used, founded, as they were, on the current conversation of the day, struck, with full force, on prepared and familiar ears; but to us it is a foreign tongue, and, with all its boasted simplicity and nature, I defy a country gentleman, or a city one either, to understand one continued speech couched in its language. These ancient masters are worthy of being imitated,—true, but not servilely imitated. Their noble and distinguishing qualities are to be adopted, but not transplanted, thought, language, and all, into a modern soil. Third-rate borrowers commit desperate blunders; they are never satisfied, and are so eager to grasp, that they steal the first thing that comes in their way, and, if it be a mill-stone, endeavour to carry it off;—this has been the case with some of the Cocknies. The rising race of dramatists, have, in *my humble* opinion, been led astray, when they were induced to steep their souls, pens, and tongues, in these ancient worthies. They have been put on the wrong scent, and look, at this present moment, extremely like a baffled pack of beagles, howling here and there, and running after their tails for lack of legitimate game. How much Christophorus Northus has been to blame in this case, we won't determine—forbid, all powers propitious! that we should trouble the conscience of a gouty Sexagenarian. As to Mr Lambe, he deserves to be hanged for wasting talent, like the Schlegels, in making silk-purses out of sows' ears. And as for the Edinburgh Review, who moped after those dashing sons of genius, and took up the theme at second-hand, like a cur hastening to mumble the bone just dropt by the mastiff, we leave the old woman to her quarterly task of gleaning.

(Impudence will have a fall, and mine has already dissolved my prerogative of plurality.) I have a great mind to belabour some of the old English dramatists. It would, indeed, be a charity to abuse them, for since every museling has taken to imitate them, we shall soon think their free verse as hackneyed as Pope's couplet. I love them all dearly, therefore will run a tilt at them some of these days;—look to your new editions, Mr Gifford, at which I intend to fly, not, however, I trust, to break my shins over them, as did Mr Jeffrey. It is time for the world to hear the other side of the question. Every one has been heard in their favour; Mags, the Quarterly, "the Monthlies, the New and the Old," the Edinburgh Review, and the Cocknies, have all bellowed forth their pleadings, and not a tongue has wagged in contravention. And even should my apostrophes fall foul of Mr North's great toe, what care I? Doth not the ocean roll between me and his crutch?

Besides, did not the worthy ancient grant me full liberty of opinion? and were not his last words to me, as I departed for the Grand Tour, these: "Lad, go thine own way; be any thing but a Jacobin or a Cockney?"

Enough of startling opinions, however, have been advanced for one number. The Drama is allowably in a rotten condition, and we must probe to the bottom of the evil; it is of the utmost importance that sound principles should be ascertained, applicable to this, the royal compartment of literature. There exists no living dramatic genius, as yet displayed, notwithstanding the late publication of many exquisite closet-dramas; but a great spirit may daily, hourly arise, and the great dread should be, that this critical age doth not mislead or neutralize the talent newly generated. All other poetry may be permitted to amuse or betake itself whither it pleases; but the drama, like the history and the language of the country, should be an object of anxious and universal consideration. Materials for comparative judgment are most copious, even in our very volumes; and if Blackwood's Magazine contains nothing else than its articles of, and on the drama, they would be sufficient alone to render it worthy of its estimated value. The Teutonic drama we have introduced to the world; and, though we do not love the classic stage of France and Italy, we will yet expend some time and pages upon them. Moratin, the living comic writer of Spain, is at present engaged in writing the dramatic history of his country, which will afford new lights and further means of comparison. He promised us an article, but since the fever burst forth in Barcelona, his place of residence, we have not heard from him. His "*Yes of the Maid*" is a delightful comedy, and shall, please the fates, make one of our *Horæ Hispanicæ*. With the Dutch we are engaged; in spite both of our exhortations and subsidies, they will act French plays; and Holland is to the French actors what America is to ours—by proceeding thither, they fill their pockets, and whet the appetites of audiences at home by their absence. Now, we tell the King of the Netherlands flatly, that while his theatre is French, his nation will be so; nor is it a joke to declare, that the battle of Waterloo and the fortresses of Flanders are but straw bulwarks, as long as a Flemish pit enjoys the tragedies of Racine and Corneille.

The three great French dramatic writers, in tragedy at least, have one disadvantage, viz. that every foreigner knows something about them, and yet few know any thing substantial. A page or a passage of Shakespeare, even if but half understood, is sufficient to impress the mind with a deep feeling of admiration; but the French dramatists, indeed French verse, if not taken in the *ensemble*, is nothing. Not that they wanted feeling, but their feeling is marked more by phrase than thought. "Les vers français sont à la fois ce qu'il y a de plus facile et de plus difficile à faire. Lier l' un à l' autre des hémistiches si bien accoutumés à se trouver ensemble, ce n'est qu'un travail de memoire; mais il faut avoir respiré l'air d' un pays, *pensé, joui, souffert dans sa langue*, pour peindre en poesie ce qu'on eprouve." "To have thought, rejoiced, and suffered in the language," as de Staël so beautifully expresses it, is necessary not only for writing, but for reading its poetry. The French think, rejoice, and suffer in language, as we do in thought. With them, as with the more southern nations of Europe, words are things; and being, therefore, to speak metaphysically, independent essences, they have expressions supplementary to the thought. But even in this supplementary expression, the French tongue is so meagre, as to appear nothing to the full-cloyed ears of the south. Thus they are between two foes, and they prop themselves on either when attacked by the other. In arguing with an Italian on the beauty of their respective poetries, a Frenchman will rest on superior thought in his native verse; in arguing with an Englishman, he will rest on superior tone. There is, however, one overwhelming objection to all that French vanity can plead, their verse is utterly untranslateable—there is nothing in them; and, for experiment sake, the very first sheet we can spare for Balaam, shall be occupied with a literal translation of Racine's "Phædre."

Thanks to the labours of Ducis, it is now easy to institute a comparison between French and English tragedy. That poet has re-written in his native language, for it would be unjust to say translated, most of the dramas of

Shakespeare.* The Macbeth and the Othello of Ducis are by no means inferior to any, even the best pieces of Racine and Voltaire, but that they fall immeasurably beneath their great originals, we need not add. Here we have an intermediate standard, to which both dramas may be applied, and by which we may ascertain, almost to mathematical precision, their relative merits. A tithe of the poetry which abounds in the originals, is sufficient to animate the French plays;—feeling, imagination, character, are all reset on a minor key, to suit the squeamish tastes of the Parisian audience; and the heroes of Shakespeare make their appearance, as after a long consumption, apparently sweated down, like jockies, to the dapper weight required by the laws of the course. Extracts or translations we dare not offer to our readers, for fear they should accuse us of being profane, in uttering paraphrases of the bard divine; but we shall offer analyses of the three best of Ducis' performances—the Hamlet, the Macbeth, and the Othello. By the alterations which the scene and action undergo, our readers may judge what the spirit of the poetry itself must have suffered.

Hamlet was the poet's first essay, and it was represented for the first time in 1769. The piece commences with Claudius consulting Polonius, his confidant, as to his projects, yet *in futuro*, of marrying the Queen, and assuming the crown to the exclusion of Hamlet. Then follows a scene between Claudius and Gertrude; it represents the latter, repentant for having participated in the murder of her husband, and ends with her ordaining the coronation of Hamlet. As the first act commenced between the King and his confidant, the second opens between the Queen and hers, (Elvira;) this lady has overheard sufficient to render her suspicious; and in this scene Gertrude confesses her crime. (It is to be remarked, that in the French paraphrase the guilt of Claudius is diminished, by supposing him to have been a victorious warrior, envied and disgraced by his brother; and the queen is made to excuse her crime, by averring that she assisted to poison the king, in order to save the life of her lover.) The queen begs Norceste to restore the spirits and mind of the young prince. Hamlet rushes in, exorcising the spectre—"Fuis, spectre epouvantable;"—then addressing the by-standers,

"Eh! quoi, vous ne le voyez pas,
Il vole sur ma tête, il s'attache à mes pas:
Je me meurs:"

This is describing a ghost à la Française with a vengeance. Only imagine the ghost flying over the head of Hamlet, instead of preserving the awful, still, imperturbable demeanour, which characterizes it in the original. Hamlet at length becomes calm, and *relates* to Norceste the appearance, words, &c. of the spirit. (In this recital, the author, for the first time, makes use of the exact language of Shakespeare.) He gives as his reason for not killing Claudius, the love he

* Shakespeare has been translated into Italian by Leoni, with partial success. The Romeo and Juliet is thought to be the best rendered. The whole version is in verse, our poet's prose dialogues as well as his others. The Leonis are two brothers, resident at Florence, and are continually occupied in translations from our tongue. Milton has also issued from their hands, but not well performed—except the Allegro and Penseroso, which are said to rival their originals.

The best French literal translation of Shakespeare is Letourneur's; he was aided by Fontaine, Malherbe, and the Count de Caticàlan, who had long lived in England. Guiyot has published a later translation. The merits of which are well summed up by Jouy, in one of his critical essays.

"On remarque que Letourneur ne cherche jamais à se mettre á la place du grand poete qu'il traduit, qu'il ne veut pas faire l'écrivain, il se content d' être naturel et vrai, et n'aspire qu'à bien faire connaître son modèle. Les nouveaux traducteurs de Shakspear n'ont pas toujours suivi cette route, ils veulent briller aussi; le style doctrinaire se glisse à chaque page, en courant après la concision, en procédant par les généralités, les traces du poete sont toujours presque effaçés, et le prosateur ambitieux surgit de ce fratas enluminé, et place son ombre entre le poete et lui."

Jouy follows this up with quoting Mercutio's description of Queen Mab, which he calls *marivaudage*. It certainly cuts a strange appearance in French prose.

bears his daughter Ophelia; and engages Norceste to go to the King, and relate to him the assassination of the English monarch, for the purpose of observing what effect it would produce on the royal conscience. The third act commences between Polonius and Claudius, (whom we have perhaps prematurely called king,) plotting to prevent the crowning of Hamlet. The second scene of the third act answers to our play-scene; and is exceedingly meagre and wretched, the relation of the English king's death being substituted for our episodic drama. At the end of the act, Ophelia appears, and informs the Queen, that love for her is the cause of Hamlet's madness. The fourth act opens with Hamlet's soliloquy; it is interrupted by the appearance of Ophelia, who, not very delicately, acquaints the prince, that she has disclosed the secret of their loves, and settled the affair with the Queen. He answers very ungallantly,

"Le bonheur quelquefois est plus loin qu'on ne pense."

The scene, though one of the best in Ducis' play, shows manifestly that the author was as incapable of comprehending, as of imitating, the beauties of Shakespeare. Hamlet expresses his intention of killing Claudius, and Ophelia appeals to his love to spare her father. Ducis has made her the daughter of Claudius, not of Polonius. This affords a struggle in the mind of Hamlet between love and duty—that common-place contrariety of interest, which the French so gladly lay hold on. The catastrophe is somewhat reversed. Claudius besieges the palace—threatens Hamlet's life—but is killed by that prince. The Queen kills herself; and Hamlet concludes with,

"Mais je suis homme et roi: reservé pour souffrir,
Je saurai vivre encore; je fais plus que mourir."

The "Macbeth" of Ducis made its appearance in 1790; and is further removed from the spirit of its original, by the political allusions, which were necessary indeed to the success of any piece at that period. It is nevertheless far superior to his "Hamlet." The first scene is very fine and spirited, and takes place between King Duncan and Glamis, the supposed heir to the crown. Duncan, it seems, has visited the forest in which the scene is laid, for the purpose of consulting a sage old man, who is to acquaint him with important tidings. He mentions the rebellion of Cador, against whom Macbeth conducts the royal army, and indulges in presentiments and fears of ill fortune and an untimely end. Ducis is extremely fond of the prophetic mental horrors of the German school. From the second scene, in which the old man appears, we learn that Duncan has committed, secretly, his son Malcolm (supposed dead) to the care of this old man, (Sevar,) that he may be out of the reach of Cador. Duncan inquires of the character and education of his son;—this is a poor and useless imitation of the original scene between Macduff and Malcolm. At the end of this act is a *Variante*, to be used or not, *ad libitum*; in which the three witches make a brief appearance, and hint at the conflict then engaged. The second act takes place near Macbeth's castle, which "doit être d'un caractere terrible," as we are informed. Except one or two scenes of little import, it passes between Macbeth and his lady, (Fredegonde.) The former has just returned; he relates his having met with the witches, to whom the poet, in obedience to the usual bad taste of the French with respect to imaginative propriety, gives a classic and incongruous occupation.

"Dans les flancs entr'ouverts d'un enfant égorgé,
Pour consulter le sort, leur bras s'etait plongé."

He could not understand a Scotch witch, without metamorphosing her into a Roman augur. Fredegonde tempts Macbeth to aim at the crown. In the last scene of the act, Duncan and Glamis enter, and are conducted to their apartments. Act the third, Fredegonde urges Macbeth to murder Duncan, saying, that she had consulted Iphyctone, who declared he should be king. They do not know Malcolm to exist, but suppose Glamis alone between them and the throne. Fredegonde still urges Macbeth—the dialogue between them is very fine, and literally taken from Shakespeare. He is about to perpetrate the crime, when interrupted by the cry of "To arms! Cador has attacked the castle!"

Act fourth commences between Macbeth and Fredegonde, after the murder of the King. The people enter, and

offer the crown to Macbeth, but with the proviso then fashionable,

"Que tu n'es rien ici qu'un premier citoyen."

Then follows an imitation of our banquet scene. Macbeth sees the ghost of Banquo—becomes distracted—and his lady disperses the company. Sevar introduces Malcolm as the son of the late king. The fourth act concludes with a soliloquy of Fredegonde, meditating the destruction of the new-found Malcolm.

Act 5th—Macbeth soliloquizes—is repentant, and professes his intention to restore the crown to the young prince. Fredegonde walks in her sleep, and reveals her criminal acts and purposes. This scene is supposed to be one of Mademoiselle George's finest pieces of acting. There are two catastrophes to the play, which the actors may choose between;—in one, Macbeth confesses the King's murder, and restores the crown; while it appears that Fredegonde, in her sleep, has stabbed her own son, mistaking him for Malcolm;—in the other, assassins, employed by Fredegonde, are made to fall into a similar mistake, and stab Macbeth for Malcolm. O' my faith, were the French versifier living, we should indite him on the Maiming Act. The Irish never houghed cattle in a more cruel style than Ducis does Shakespeare.

The "Othello," which is the *chef d'œuvre* of Ducis, was first acted in 1792. It is accompanied by a preface, which we should at first suspect to have been addressed to his countrymen in a tone of bitter irony; but upon examining it, we find it merely to consist of stupid flattery. It tends to illustrate the natural tenderness of French hearts, and the impossibility of their sitting spectators of the cruel and ferocious Othello. Unluckily, this was written in 1792. They who could bear and enjoy the cold-blooded massacre of two millions of their fellow-countrymen, could not sit to behold Othello! They who——but we must not grow angry. One of the men of taste of that day, who was also, by the bye, an Academician, wrote a pamphlet, in which he proposed a vast saving to the nation. The proposal was, that the human carcases daily butchered should not be thrown to waste, but should be broiled and distributed for the food of the poor—yet these men could not tolerate Othello. The preface speaks of the tragedy of Shakespeare as "une des plus touchantes, et plus terribles productions dramatiques qu'ait enfanté le génie vraiment créateur de ce grande homme. L'execrable caractére de Iago y est exprimé surtout avec une vigueur de pinceau extraordinaire." This is another sign of French taste. The character of Iago is understood and appreciated; but, as we shall see, that of Othello is apprehended by the imitator not a jot farther than its coarse outline. None of the fine shades of the high-minded and passionate soldier are caught by the imitator—the broad features are given, and indeed are quite sufficient, more than sufficient, for the French muse; but all that we esteem the characteristic beauties of Othello—of that noble ideal of a soldier, is lost upon the perceptions of Ducis—they were to him "mere leather or prunella."

The tragedy opens by an officer relating to the Doge (Moncenigo) the conquest of the rebellious Veronese by Othello. Odalbert (Brabantio) rushes in, plaining the loss of his daughter: Othello soon after enters. The scene is beautifully written, but Othello assumes a pathetic tone of expostulation, which is a poor substitute for the mild yet manly tone of the soldier of Shakespeare. The account of his courtship is closely and beautifully imitated. This act does not depart much from the original, except that Othello and Hedelmone (Desdemona) are not yet married. The second act commences between Hedelmone and her nurse; the former confesses the feeling of presentiment which we have mentioned as a favourite with Ducis. Loredan, son to the Doge, and an old suitor to Hedelmone, is introduced. He requests of her to obtain permission for him to accompany Othello to the war. He also acquaints her, that her father is engaged, from resentment against Othello, in a plot against the state—she entreats Loredan to watch over her father's safety. Towards the end, they are observed by Othello and his friend Pezare. The poetry of the scene between these two is very fine, and altogether original. The following description of the government is much esteemed by the French critics:—

"Dans tous les lieux, sans cesse, ouvrant l'œil et l'oreille,
En paraissant dormir, le gouvernement veille,
Ténébreux dans sa marche, il poursuit son chemin;
Muet, couvert d'un voile, et le glaive à la main,
Il cache au jour l'arrêt, la peine, la victime,
Et punit la pensée aussi-tôt que le crime.
Ici, dans des cachots, l'accusé descendu
Pleure au fond d'un abime, et n'est point entendu.
D'un mot ou d'un regard l'Etat ici s'offense,
Et toujours sa justice a l'air de la vengeance.
Un homme peut périr, la loi peut l'égorger,
Sans qu'un pere ou qu'un fils ait connu son danger.
La mort frappe sans bruit, le sang coulen silence;
Et les bourreaux sont prets quand le soupçon commence, &c."

In the third act, Odalbert having learned that his daughter is not married, endeavours to induce her to leave Othello; Loredan, the son of the Doge, he declares, can alone save him from the punishment due to his treason, and that Loredan demands Hedelmone's hand as the only price of her father's safety. After much reluctance she signs a promise to bestow herself upon him, and also gives to Loredan her bandeau of diamonds, in order to procure food and necessaries for her fugitive father. This is all very lame—in the last scene of the act, Othello drags Hedelmone away.

Act fourth commences between Othello and Pezare. Loredan has interrupted the secret marriage ceremony between Hedelmone and his rival. Pezare, the Iago of Shakespeare, is much softened down in Ducis, his diabolical purposes not being suspected by the audience until the *denouement*. Then follows a scene between Othello and Hedelmone—he begs her to accompany him to the war—she pleads the necessity of watching over her father. Othello's rising jealousy is but poorly copied from Shakespeare. Pezare declares to Othello the infidelity of Hedelmone, and produces for proof the billet and bandeau found on Loredan, whom he has killed. Hedelmone enters, brought by the boisterous imprecations of Othello, who ironically conveys to her his suspicions.

Act the fifth represents the *chambre à coucher* of Hedelmone; it is, in one Variante, much the same as in Shakespeare, but much curtailed, hurried, and vastly inferior in effect. Hedelmone sings the Willow song, which was a singular innovation for the French stage. The other Variante ends happily, and makes the discovery of Pezare's treachery be announced as Othello's hand is raised to give the fatal blow. Othello "is one of the best of French tragedies," and after the foregoing analysis, many will be tempted to add—bad is the best. It possesses, nevertheless, much vigour and beauty of versification. Ducis has also written Lear and Romeo and Juliet, besides the original pieces of "Œdipe chez Admete," and "Allinfar, ou la Famille Arabe."

We cannot quit the subject of the French drama without noticing the new tragedy by Jouy, which, in our theatrical phrase, has had such a *run* in Paris. The title, *Sylla*, sufficiently announces the gist of the piece, and saves us the trouble of an analysis. It is rich in all the beauties that French versification allows of; it is melodious and pointed, and strong in allusion at least, if not in passion. There is no plot—Sylla appears in the commencement, dressing his lists of proscription, and openly acting the tyrant. Upon the expostulation of Roscius, who upbraids him with his tyranny, and says "For what crimes, Sylla, punishest thou the Romans?"

Sylla replies, "For accepting the chains that I give, for daring to hope from me pardon for their servility. Thou knowst me not, Roscius; I see that my soul is as yet a mystery to thee. The liberty which I destroy, has ever been my dearest idol; for it have I combated in the senate, the forum, on the plains of Cheronæa, and the sands of Arpinum. I wished it for all, but in Rome saw not one save myself, who wished or who dared to be free, &c." —— "I scaped from the axe of the lictor; proscribed I fled, and return dictator; what should I consult in these degenerate times, but my contempt for mankind? What plea have the Romans to aught but my hate? In spite of them I'll break their chains. Ye crouching citizens! 'tis slavery ye seek!—— I judge ye worthy of a nobler fate. Ye ask of me chains, and I answer ye, death."

The catastrophe of the piece is simply the abdication of Sylla, which is represented in the frontispiece—the figure which purposely resembles Napoleon more than Talma, exclaiming in the words of the piece "J'ai gouverné sans peur, et j'abdique sans crainte." The reader will have perceived that the great interest of the tragedy lies in Napoleon being shadowed forth in Sylla, nor is the resemblance at all covert—Jouy's preface contains a comparison between the Roman and the French dictator.

"Children of their own deeds, both ardent partizans of liberty before their individual elevation, both thought they had purchased at the price of victory the right to enslave their countries. One laid violent hold of power, the other received it as a deposit, and used it as an inheritance, &c. The systematic coldness of the two men was in each the result of different principles—in one it was the egotism of vengeance, in the other the egotism of grandeur. The craving after renown which devoured them both, entirely withered up the soul of Sylla; that of Napoleon still remained accessible to the pure pleasures and sweet affections of domestic life. Napoleon introduced severity in manners; Sylla's power on the contrary was wasted in debauch, &c. Sylla abdicated the empire, Napoleon lost it. Sylla terminated his days peaceably at Rome, which he had bathed in blood, and in the midst of a people whose fathers he had prescribed. Napoleon died a prisoner to the English, on an isolated rock in the ocean, where he himself marked out the space of his tomb."

Talma, we all know, is not unlike Napoleon, but in Sylla the actor has rendered the resemblance most striking, by imitating the bearing, dress, &c. of the late Emperor. His hair is arranged for the same effect, with the top of the head bald—the peculiarity which gained for Napoleon among his soldiery the pet name of "*notre petit tondu*,"—and with the solitary lock lying sideways across the forehead. Another allusion is the character of Roscius introduced into the piece, and Talma is even called Roscius in the preface; his familiarity with the dictator, and the good offices thereby performed, bear a striking and honourable resemblance to the great living actor.

It is curious to observe the attempts of the French dramatists to escape from the critical despotism that hems them in like another *cordon sanitaire*, and drives them back to rot one upon the traces of another. The translated drama of Falkland, successful this season, was somewhat new. But the very principle of Sylla is a daring innovation, evidently taken from our present taste in literature. "Hitherto," says Jouy, "the pathetic and the terrific have been excited in tragedy by the combat of passions or the fatality of events; I have attempted for the first time to make them spring from the energy of a single character, and to open to the spectator the abysses in the spirit of a superior mortal, and from this solely to derive all the interest of my performance." To this the critics exclaim, "These are not the elements of tragedy, but of biographia dialogue, divided into scenes and acts. You must make choice, M. Jouy, and be either a dramatic historian, or a tragic poet."

Jouy is a *liberal*. He wrote for the *Minerve*, and writes at present for the *Miroir* and *Constitutionel*—these tendencies, of course, bring down upon him the old school in politics and literature. From this we prophesy much advantage; the revolution and the upset of opinions preceding and subsequent to it, created a new order of judgment and taste, with respect to every thing, but poetry—every other compartment of literature was regenerated. And the regeneration of the muse might perhaps have followed, had not Buonaparte stepped in, and completely shut up her temple. But if liberality in poetic criticism should come to be united, through the zeal of opponents, with liberality in political bias, the consequence will be (a consummation devoutly to be wished for) that originality and unfettered passion will become popular in verse, as well as independent principles in prose. Too much stress on both sides has been laid on the *unities*—a decent observation of them never shackles a poet of genius: it is not the confining of the tragic muse to the unities that cripples her, it is the confining her to generalities, and forbidding her to represent individual passion.

The preface to Sylla sets out, by way of precaution, in protesting against the dramatic taste of the English and

German schools; as this is merely a *ruse* to deceive his readers into enjoying the very thing which he abuses, we pass it over, merely applauding the author for his ingenuity. But the classification of the French drama is too interesting to be omitted.

"With us, the only people who are *elèves* of the Greeks, the drama is naturally divided into three classes: *manners, intrigue,* and *character.* And this classification, so simple, so real, is no less applicable to tragedy than to comedy. The comedies of *manners* are, *Turcaret,* the *Femmes Savantes,* the *Precieuses Ridicules,* the *Philosophe sans le savoir, &c. &c.;* the tragedies of *manners* are, the *Orphelin de la Chine, Bajazet, Britannicus, Alzire,* in which Racine and Voltaire had for the principal object to paint the manners of the people, amongst whom passed the action of the drama. The *Marriage de Figaro* is the *chef d' œuvre* of the comedy of *intrigue;* the tragedy of *intrigue* has for its single example the sublime enigma of *Héraclius.* Voltaire has infused all the ardour of the passions into *Zaire* and *Tancrède,* which are but tragedies of *intrigue,* happily modified by a slight delineation of *manners.* The comedy *of character* is the highest of dramatic conceptions; hence the *Tartuffe* and the *Misanthrope,* in which the genius of Moliere has surpassed the very summit of his art, remain above all comparison. To seize a character in its *ensemble,* to drag, in the forcible expression of Locke, the monster from his cavern, to sound the human heart, and develope it in a single character, under all its phases, in its force, and in its weakness, in its pride, and in its shame—what a task—what a glory for a poet to fulfil!

"The tragedy of *character* has been half intended, dimly shadowed forth by Racine in the person of Nero,—nevertheless there is but a trace, an exquisite sketch, in the midst of a composition of altogether another order. The *Mahomet* of Voltaire might also be considered as a tragedy of this class, if historical truth had not been sometimes sacrificed to high philosophic thought in this admirable representation. The character of Auguste, in the tragedy of *Cinna,* is mere historical; but in the midst of the passions and events, of which Auguste is the pivot, though not the cause, Corneille reserved but a single monologue to the developement of this character."

There could not well be devised a more pernicious classification, and it proves that the originality and freedom of this author in the drama, is more owing to his genius than his taste. First of all, we exceedingly regret to be informed, that the *chef-d'œuvres* of the French stage, the *Orphelin de la Chine, Bajazet, Britannicus,* and *Alzire,* have, for their principal object, to paint the manners of the nations in which they pass—if this be the case, the tragedies must be intolerably stupid: Sir Walter himself could not compose an interesting *romance* even, if manners were not a very subordinate object in the performance. In the second place, how inadequate must be the classification, that excludes *Zaïre* and *Tancrède,* and leaves them between two kinds, neither one thing nor the other. From what the author says about the comedy of *character,* and the momentary burst of eloquence which he indulges in on the subject, we instantly see, that *there* is the point of perfection for the French drama—that the flow of the poetic tide has stopped *there,* and has not yet reached what he calls the tragedy of character:—in short, from this sentence, as from a free confession, we learn that the French have no great tragedy. This is a truth, which however convinced of we were ourselves, yet certainly we never expected to see it thus leap, as an inevitable corollary, from the sentence of a French critic. He allows that the French possess no tragedy of character, and consequently in the consideration of the minor species, the comedy of character, he expends the *acmé* of his panegyric. Further, we perceive from the passage quoted, that they are not only without tragedy of character, but without even an idea of what it is, or should be—historical truth, and consequently subservience of imagination, being considered the grand requisite, for failing in which even the "Mahomet" falls under the critical ban. We (or more properly I) entered upon the study of the French drama with an ardent wish to bestow upon it an admiration equal to that paid to our own—I swallowed an immense dose of anti-prejudice, which went further than mere neutralizing its opposite, for it became in itself a prejudice, and a strong one—

but it was in vain. From the French criticisms, and panegyrics of French poetry, is to be learned simply this—that there is no such thing.

We conclude this article, already too much extended, with an extract from an essay on "Sylla," by M. Le Brun. From this, it will be seen with pleasure, that there does exist in French criticism some germes at least of independent feeling in poetic and dramatic taste:

"There are many fine and beautiful characteristics in the composition of "Sylla;" but it is the *exposition* chiefly that is remarkable. The most important part of a dramatic work is the *exposition*. It is on the manner more or less forcible with which the spectator is first stricken, that depends the greater or lesser degree of interest he will take in the action throughout; the poet must transport his auditor at once into the midst of the time, place, manners, and characters he has to paint, and metamorphose suddenly the Parisian into a Greek, a Roman, or what he will. Such a sudden and complete illusion can never be produced by a simple recital. The framers of dramatic rules have forgotten to establish this grand one, that all exposition ought to be in action. In our theatre there is little exposition that can be cited. The English and Germans understand this far better than we do, and, above all, the Spaniards. Lopez de Vega, often so barbarous, might, in this respect, serve as our master. In the management of this, Mr Jouy is deserving of much praise. The interior of the mansion of Sylla,—the silence of the night,—Rome slumbering, while proscription wakes,—the lamp that glimmers on the table,—and around, the familiars of the dictator, who pass from hand to hand the fatal list, and pause to add to it the names of their enemies,—and last of all, Sylla himself, in his terrible simplicity, now pacing up and down, now seating himself, and, with a dash of his pen, negligently distributing life and death—all this is so full of truth and interest, that it prepares admirably for what is about to follow. We tremble for the events of the day, that succeeds to such a night," &c.

"They have exclaimed against the work, that it is *romantic*. I cannot think that those who make such frequent use of this word, are well acquainted with its meaning. There is nothing definitive about them but their intention, which is to defame. They will not allow the poets of their country, under any pretence whatever, *to get out of the wheel-track*. They compel us to march rank and file, one after the other. And when one diverges a little from the line, or advances some steps in front, the whole troop cry out after him, and overwhelm him with the epithet of *romantic*. They could not fail to bestow upon Mr Jouy this compliment of an injury. What a pity that this name *romantic* was not invented when Corneille wrote the *Cid!* When he sought in that *chef-d'œuvre* to liberate himself from the laws, not of the great masters, but of Jodèle and Garnier! What a noble rallying word would it have been for the cabal! What a lucky hit for Mr the Cardinal, and Mr de Chapelain! Who knows what would have happened, if these gentlemen, together with the Academy, had not succeeded in checking the free genius of Corneille—perhaps we should at this moment possess, what we do not, a theatre truly national; for that poet had attempted in the *Cid*, a drama different from that of the ancients. He endeavoured to enlarge the narrow circle of the unities, for the purpose of introducing subjects of modern history. But the Cardinal-author did not wish this; and the powerful genius of Corneille, like a tree checked in its natural growth, shot forth in the only direction allowed. Forbidden to be the creator of a new drama, he has at least raised the ancient so high, that, astonished at its elevation, we are induced to regard as blasphemy, any desire towards a more independent species. But for all this, it is not less true, that had our genius of old been left to its free exertion, our theatre would be greater than it is; it would be more modern, more national, more romantic, if you will, that is, more in concordance with our manners, our times, our institutions, our creeds, and even our passions. To seek, then, to introduce modern forms upon our theatre, is not to imitate the English, the Spaniards, or the Germans; it is to remount to the brilliant period of our *Cid*, and to follow the precepts and example of our great Corneille!"

We cannot close without expressing our admiration and esteem for the critical genius of Mr Le Brun.

C. N. *the Younger.*

CRITIQUE ON LORD BYRON.

"Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt."—VIRG.

So the Public at length is beginning to tire on
The torrent of poesy pour'd by Lord Byron!
Some guess'd this would happen:—the presage proved true.
Then now let us take a brief, rapid review
Of all, or at least of each principal topic,
Which serves as a theme for his muse misanthropic.
First, note we the prelude, which sung by the Minor,
Gave promise of future strains, bolder and finer;
Though the bitter Scotch critic loud raised his alarum,
And swore men and gods could not possibly bear 'em!*
To the fame of the bard *men* have given a shove—
Whate'er may be judged of his merits *above*.
Thus stung, did the youngster assail, we must own,
Some names which his fury had well let alone;
As a colt, who a thistle beneath his tail feels,
At all things around madly launches his heels.
Yet blithely, though sharply, the young minstrel caroll'd,
To Reviewers and Bards, ere he croak'd with Childe Harold,
That wight, who, in endless Spenserian measure,
Roams through the wide world without object or pleasure;
Till at last, we find out, with the pilgrim proceeding,
That we gain no great object nor pleasure in reading!
But, first, with what glee did all palates devour
The fragments, which bear the strange name of the Giaour?
'Tis a tale full of pathos, and sweet is the verse:—
Would some pains in connecting have render'd it worse?
Then next was our caterer pleased to provide us
With an exquisite treat in the Bride of Abydos;—
Zuleika, so lovely—so simple—so tender—
Yet firm,—from her purpose no danger could bend her.
Sour critics may say, all this praise duly granting,
There seems in the plan probability wanting.
By what happy means could these lovers contrive,
With Giaffer's suspicions so warmly alive,
Of the Harem's strict bondage to lengthen the tether,
And so pleasantly take their amusements together?
Of Eastern seràis, though not versed in the fashions,
We've heard, in those climates, where boil all the passions,
No youth could approach, howe'er prudent they thought her,
The sacred retreat of his own father's daughter.—
Such objections are dull;—'tis a pity to show 'em,
If adherence to fact would have spoil'd a good poem.
Now swift in his bark sails stout Conrad, the Corsair,
To surprise Seyd Pashà, with his three tails of horse-hair.

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* The Edinburgh reviewer, who vainly attempted to crush Lord Byron at the commencement of his poetical career, thus began his animadversions: "The poetry of this young Lord belongs to the class which neither men nor gods are said to permit: His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level, than if they were so much stagnant water." Having made this estimate of the noble poet's powers, which, however justified by some of the Minor's Hours of Idleness, must preclude the Northern Seer from all pretension to the gift of second sight, he adds the following wholesome advice:—

"Whatever success may have attended the peer's subsequent compositions, it might have been followed without any serious detriment to the public. We counsel him that he do forthwith abandon poetry, and turn his talents and opportunities to better account."

But the destinies order—unlucky mishap!
That Conrad, not Seyd, should be caught in the trap.
Those minds must be steel'd with an apathy rare,
Which mourn not Medora, nor sigh for Gulnare.
Medora, soft Queen of the Island of Thieves,
Whose heart, too susceptible, bursts as it grieves!
The woes of Gulnare, too—we feelingly share 'em—
The pride, though the cold passive slave of Seyd's harem:—
But touch'd by the robber, she mounts to the class
Of dames whose whole soul is inflammable gas.
Though caught was the Corsair, the fates had decreed
That this foe, though in chains, should be fatal to Seyd.
Ah! sensitive reader, 'tis hard to persuade ye,
That man could be cool to so kind a fair lady—
When he knew her warm heart, of his terrible fate full,
Risk'd all for his safety—'twas somewhat ungrateful!
And since such great hazard she ran for his sake,
Could his fancy prefer writhing spik'd on a stake,
To giving—(but Poets are full of their fibs)
The savage Pasha a deep thrust in the ribs!
Such delicate scruples we prize at a high rate—
They seem rather squeamish, perhaps, in a pirate!
Quick vanishes Conrad:—bold rover, adieu!
But who is this Lara, that starts into view?
If Conrad thou art, as some people suppose,
Gloomy chief, thou'rt less qualmish with friends, and with foes!
If strong were the "stuff o' thy conscience," oh say
How was Ezzelin so snugly put out of the way?
We see, too, the spirit and warmth of Gulnare in
That feminine page, so attach'd and so daring;
And we shrewdly suspect that the small crimson spot
On her amason forehead is nearly forgot.
'Tis true, when the Corsair old Seyd's palace saw burn,
The Queen of his harem had ringlets of auburn;—
That the page's are black contradicts not our guesses—
Since ladies sometimes change the hue of their tresses.*
Then tack'd to this story, strange mixture, are seen
Those dullest of stanzas yclep'd Jacqueline.
Alas! for poor Rogers—'twas certainly hard
To be made, as a compliment, foil to a bard
Who needs no such foil—so unapt too to flatter!
'Twere better have borne the worst lash of his satire!
Yet of high-season'd praise he is sometimes the organ,
This Shelley can witness, and eke Lady Morgan.
Shall Rogers's name be inscribed in this set
Whose former bright laurels none wish to forget?
But Jacqueline sues for the garland in vain,
For Memory here brings us nothing but pain.
Can the laud be much relish'd by Gifford and Crabbe,
Which is shared by the crazy-brain'd muse of Queen Mab?
Would Dryden or Otway, or Congreve, or Pope,
Sweet Burns, or the Bard who delights us with Hope,

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* The Poet in describing the faithful attendant on Count Lara, did not perhaps exactly recollect his former account of Gulnare's person—

> That form of eye so dark, and cheek so fair,
> And *auburn* waves of gemm'd and braided hair.

Dealers in fiction, both in verse and prose, require good memories. Whether this solution, or the suggestion in the text, best meets the difficulty, the sagacious reader will determine according to his fancy.

Be flatter'd to find they were join'd in this *melée*,
And placed cheek by jole with dame Morgan and Shelley?*
Next scowls the fell wizard, hight Manfred the bold,
Who broods over sins which wont bear to be told.
'Tis a drama repulsive, but still it has force.—
How well does he paint the sharp pangs of remorse!
That quill which seems pluck'd from the wing of a raven,
Gives a touch almost worthy the poet of Avon.
Are the pictures from fancy?—fictitious or real?
Surely Satan himself is the bard's *beau ideal!*†
Yet 'tis strange that each image that glides through his lanthorn
From Juan, whose joy is on husbands to plant horn,
Who views with delight tears of damsels deluded,—‡
To the wretch who hates all things, himself too included,—
All in some striking feature each other resemble,
As in Hamlet, or Rolla, we still saw John Kemble.
If the draughts smack of nature, we care not a straw
Where he finds the dark model he chooses to draw.
Of smaller effusions I pass over loads—
The Family Sketch—Hebrew Melodies—Odes;—
Sad Tasso's Lament—soft occasional Verses—
And levell'd at Elgin stern Pallas's curses; ||
Mazeppa's long race, that intrepid rough-rider,—
And adieus to a Lady, whose Lord can't abide her.
Within two blue paste-boards what contraries meet—
The fragrant, the fetid, the bitter, the sweet:—
Like a garden neglected these fences enclose
The violet, the nettle, the nightshade, the rose.
But amongst these sarcastic and amorous sallies,
Who marks not that effort of impotent malice,
Aim'd at worth placed on high—nay, the most lofty station,
Whose strongest, best guard, is the love of a nation.

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* The noble Baron, in his appendix to the Two Foscari, is pleased to call Lady Morgan's Italy "a fearless and excellent work." The world in general will be more ready to subscribe to the first than the last half of the panegyric. In the same place he tells us that he "highly admires Mr Shelley's poetry, in common with all those who are not blinded by baseness and bigotry." It might be wrong to advise readers to have recourse to Mr Shelley's works and judge for themselves. Those who desire to see specimens, and to compare Lord B.'s opinion with that of other critics, will do well to consult the Quarterly Review, in which work may also be seen some useful remarks on the fearless Lady Morgan's literary labours.

A few of the poets of former and the present times are here noticed as having the good fortune to receive honourable mention from Lord B.; a glory they enjoy in common with the Hibernian Lady-errant, and the poetico-metaphysical maniac. David long ago designated the atheist as a fool; it is more charitable to consider him as a madman.

† Mr Southey has conferred the appellation of "the Satanic School" on a certain class of poets. The idea is as obvious as that of calling Venice the "Rome of the Ocean"—Let the worthy Laureat, however, have undisputed claim to the original invention.

‡ Mrs Joanna Baillie has illustrated different passions by a tragedy and a comedy on each subject. Lord Byron has also thus drawn a double representation of human depravity. In these, Don Juan performs the part of first Buffo, whilst Manfred leads those who are invested with the serious buskin.

|| Much abuse has been lavished on Lord Elgin for having sent to this country the spoils of the Parthenon. If this celebrated temple could have remained in security, the removal of its ornaments might have have been called a sort of sacrilege. But it is well known that a Turk, who wants to white-wash his house, makes no scruple of destroying the finest remains of ancient art for that ignoble purpose. Was it not, therefore, better to place these precious relics under the protection of Britain, where they will be admired and appreciated, than to let them remain in the power of barbarians, who might speedily reduce them to dust in a lime-kiln?

Far wide from its mark flew the shaft from the string,
Recoils on the archer, but wounds not the King.—
He smiles at such censures when libeller's pen 'em—
For Truth bids defiance to Calumny's venom.
We know 'tis the nature of vipers to bite all—
But shall Byron be preacher of duties marital?
Now to poems we turn of a different nature,
Where harangues Faliero, the Doge, and the traitor.
The Doge may be prosy:—but seldom we've seen a *
Fair Lady more docile than meek Angiolina.
Yet to move us her griefs don't so likely appear, as
The woes the starved Poet has made Belvidera's.
I'm far from asserting we're tempted to laugh here;—
But the Doge must be own'd not quite equal to Jaffier.
These ancient impressions the fancy still tarries on,
When forced with old Otway to make a comparison.
Oh! best, tuneful Peer, shone your genius dramatic
Ere your Muse set her foot on those isles Adriatic!
Let her shun the Rialto, and halls of St Mark,
Contented with Manfred to rove in the dark.
On the banks of Euphrates you better regale us,
With the feasts and the frolics of Sardanapalus.
Philosophic gourmand!—jolly, libertine sage!
Only Pleasure's soft warfare determined to wage,
With goblet in hand, and his head crown'd with roses,
He teaches that death everlasting repose is.
The tenet may fairly belong to the story;
But here we perceive that 'tis preach'd *con amore*.
This volatile heart Grecian Myrrha could fix,
Though he laughs at her creed about Pluto and Styx.
His love she returns when his virtues she conn'd over,
And was true, e'en to death, when she found him so fond of her
But the sot whom his subjects had rated at zero,
Bravely fights, and then dies in a blaze like a hero!
You can next (for stage magic you're ne'er at a loss) carry
Your friends back to Venice, and show them the Foscari.
To these luckless isles we're transported again!
Lo! a youth harshly judged by the Council of Ten,
Most wilfully rushes on horrible tortures,
Lest in some foreign clime he should take up his quarters!
His hatred invincible tow'rds all the men is,
But he doats with strange love on the mere mud of Venice.
For the Doge—there is no known example will suit us;
His phlegm patriotic out-brutuses Brutus.
In his chair, whilst the rack's wrenching torments are done,
He watches the pangs of his innocent son.
His nerves such a spectacle tolerate well;
Yet he dies by the shock, when the sound of a bell,

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* The ending of the first line of this and the following couplet is designed as an humble imitation of the manner in which Lord B. sometimes closes his lines in serious, as well as ludicrous poetry, in blank verse, as well as in rhyme. In compositions of humour it may be allowable to disjoin words at pleasure, and finish a verse with a most feeble termination; but the licence granted to Beppo or Don Juan would be thought unreasonable in works of a graver character. Whoever takes the trouble of examining Sardanapalus, the Foscari, and the Mystery of Cain, will find that the lines are very differently constructed from the practice of the best preceding writers. The Italian poets may have adopted some such mode in their stanzas; but the following this example will not improve the majestic *inceding* step of the English Muse, as exemplified by Shakespeare and Milton.

On a sudden, to Venice announces the doom,
That another mock-sovereign reigns in his room.
Now last, though not least, let us glance at the fable
Your Lordship has raised on the murther of Abel.
But chiefly that wonderful flight let us trace,
Which Lucifer wings through the regions of space;
Where with speed swift as thought with his pupil he runs,
Threading all the bright maze of the planets and suns;
And lectures the while all these objects they're viewing,
Like a tutor abroad, who leads out a young Bruin.
Thus, Satan exhibits preadamite spectres,
And lays down his maxims there free from objectors.
How we turn with disgust, as we listen'd with pain,
From the vile metaphysics he whispers to Cain!*
Fit talk for the fiend and the fratricide felon,—
But this is a subject too hateful to dwell on;—
A lash light as mine, grave offences can trounce ill—
Then here let me end with a short word of counsel:—
'Twould be wrong, noble Bard, Oh! permit me to tell ye,
To establish a league with Leigh Hunt and Bysshe Shelley;†
Already your readers have swallow'd too much,
Like Amboyna's swollen victims when drench'd by the Dutch.‡
The world cries, in chorus, 'tis certainly time
To close up your flood-gates of blank verse and rhyme.
Hold! Hold!—By the public thus sated and cramm'd,
Lest your lays, like yourself, stand a chance to be d—d!

PALÆMON.

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* The demon's insinuations, tending directly to an object the reverse of that which Pope aims at in his Essay on Man, the present being evidently designed to make man doubt the benevolence and goodness of his Maker, might justify harsher terms than are here employed. Instead of vile metaphysics, they might have been termed horrible blasphemies. Let not the noble author shelter himself under the example of Milton. The author of Paradise Lost displays want of taste in making the Almighty argue like "a school divine," as the artists of the Roman Catholic Church have done in representing him under the form of an old man with a long beard; but neither the poet nor the painter intended to commit an irreverend insult. Milton's devils talk and act sufficiently in character, but they are kept within decent bounds. Belial himself, however qualified "to make the worse appear the better reason," is not suffered by the poet to practise his arts on the readers of his divine epic.

† This alludes to a rumour in the newspapers of an intended triple alliance between these three personages, for the amusement and edification of mankind.

‡ The Island of Amboyna, one of the Moluccas, was formerly occupied jointly by the English and Dutch. In the year 1622, the Hollanders feeling the superiority of their numbers, which was about three to two in their favour, conceived the design of making themselves masters of the whole island. For this purpose they pretended to have discovered a plot contrived by the English for their expulsion. Many of the English settlers were accordingly arrested and exposed to torture, in order to enforce a confession. Amongst the methods employed, was the extraordinary one here alluded to. The accused was fastened to a seat, in an upright posture, with a piece of canvass fixed round his neck, extended above the head in the form of a cup. Water being repeatedly poured into this receptacle, it was necessary to swallow the liquid to avoid suffocation. Under this infliction, the bodies of the sufferers were said to be distended to double their ordinary size.

LETTER FROM PADDY.

Dublin, March 17, 1822.

"Ahi Pisa, vituperio delle genti
Del bel paese là, dove'l si suona," &c.
Dante Inferno, Canto 33.

By my conscience, Christopher, I do believe that the late Editor of the Examiner was right, when he proclaimed Byron to be one of those weak mortals—one of those *adjectives*, that, in grammatic phraseology, are unable to stand by themselves, but are influenced and propped by any individual intellect that happens to be near them. Every year, every new poem from the noble pen, but serves to prove this lamentable truth, that the mighty spirit of Byron, so much lauded and so much vaunted, is nothing, but when elevated on the principles or the taste of others. The only poems of his Lordship, that can lay the least claim to originality, are the Hours of Idleness, and the two first cantos of Childe Harold;—the intervening one of the "English Bards," being, even to the most wretched point of its rhyme, most grossly and manifestly borrowed. Now, his most ardent enthusiasts must allow, that throughout the whole of his Hours of Idleness, there is not one spark, not even the slightest promise of poetry. In the two first cantos of Childe Harold, there appears to my search but two passages that are at all above mediocrity:—one, the "Good Night," we all know, is borrowed, and that at the second hand—the other, the "Address to the Skull," is certainly beautiful and happy; but what versifier has ever existed, that in two long cantos of Spenserian verse would not have made the lucky hit of one beautiful and original passage. I need not call to your mind, how "flat, stale, and unprofitable," are those parts of the poem which relate to Greece:

"Oh! who is so brave as the dark Suliote,
With his snowy camese, and his shaggy capote,"

which, if translated into a Christian tongue, what would it be, but

"Oh! who is so brave as the dark Kerryote,
Widout e'er a chemise barring an ould frize coat."

Indeed, I borrow this from the translation, which obtained the prize from the Cork Literary Society;—an admirable translation it is, and, like Coleridge's Wallenstein, far above the original. But my business is with Byron; and I will uphold, that no unprejudiced reader can peruse the first and second cantos of Childe Harold, in which the poet rests upon his own powers—and afterwards peruse the third and fourth cantos of the same poem, in which he rests altogether on the principles of the Lake School,—I say, that no one can read and compare these two divisions of the same poem without being at once compelled to acknowledge, that of himself, and standing on the basis of his own mind, the noble poet was utterly incapable of a poetic feeling towards nature or antiquity, and that all his sublimity and beauty is centered chiefly in informing the inanimate world with one animate spirit, which principle he *stole*, unacknowledged, from the Lakers he has so much abused. In a very sublime and elegant essay, which I have on the stocks for Maga, concerning "The Originality of Modern Characters," I have deduced the Byronic character with great felicity. It would be an injustice to anticipate, but the outline is this:—Lord Byron in literature has imitated Buonaparte in manners. The sympathy of his Lordship for every thing in the world that was ever insolent, tyrannic, and aristocratic—for Venice and Napoleon, is well known and evident; and an unlucky note which slipped from his Lordship's pen, and was taken up by the Quarterly Review, respecting the sneers and carelessness for humanity in Napoleon, betrays from what source the poet took his affectations of misanthropy. Discontent and ennui are neither very poetic nor very original, but affectation would make them so; and it must be confessed, that the success is not difficult; for, thanks to national politeness and good breeding, *the ridiculous* is at present very original. Let any one read Madame de Staël's account of Buonaparte, and then read Lord Byron's account of himself, and I defy him not to acknowledge, that the Anglo-Italian Lord has borrowed from the Italian-

French Emperor, those feelings which the former describes in poor, prosaic verse, as

"That untaught, innate philosophy,
Which is gall and wormwood to an enemy."

But the blunder of Lord Byron is this, that he has borrowed and taken for his mental and real character, what was merely a mask with Buonaparte. The poet is not contented to wear the harlequin's coat as a fancy dress, but he walks forth in it upon all occasions, and the dullest spectator may see each time that it in no way suits or belongs to him. Lord Byron is no such Bonassus, no such outlandish animal as he would have us think—he is a decently-born, well-bred, and ill-behaved young nobleman, who wrote bad original verses in his youth, and good borrowed ones in his manhood—and good only as much as they were borrowed. His very affectation even is not original. As to his prototype, Napoleon, whatever of his manner was original and misanthropic (and this has chiefly attracted the imitative senses of his Lordship) arose from his want of good-breeding, and his constant endeavours to conceal that want under the cloak of ill-assumed indifference and apathy. But as Byron apes Buonaparte, Buonaparte aped Frederic the Great, who aped the French philosophers, who strove to imitate our English moralists, and never were able. It were to be wished that his Lordship would fill his pitcher at the source, and he would be much the more elegant gentleman, the more original poet, and the more happy man.

Byron attempted to acquire a knowledge of German, but never could. Nevertheless he was not unacquainted with the *diableries* of that country—Lewis read them in English to him. Whatever influence they may have had, Milton's Satan certainly was the chief mould, in which he chose to cast his poetic spirit—it was at first but a plaster cast. As Paley is said to have set divinity to a familiar key, Byron has thus used its opposite—he took the sublime of ill, struck out by the creative spirit of Milton—he brought it down to earth, kneaded with it a *quantum sufficit* of love and tenderness, and sent it forth drest in the pointed couplets of Pope for the benefit of young ladies and circulating libraries. 'Tis well for his Lordship's fame, that his object was thus humble; for had he at once attempted to rival Milton (as he has done since in that stupid thing called "Cain") on his own free ground, he would not have had more readers than Hunt, nor even as many. He may well take up the cudgels for Pope; for had he not made his debut in that Frenchified and peddling school, he would never have gained readers for his more abstract works—had he not written the Corsair, he would have never sold a second edition of Childe Harold.

Well!—while he was proceeding in this happy strain of elegant and tender ferocity, and charming young damsels with heroes in blue eyes and black mustachios, lo, and behold!—Coleridge's "Christabel" falls into his hands, and upsets the whole train of his ideas. To the inspiration of Coleridge's Muse, we are indebted for The Siege of Corinth, The Prisoner of Chillon, &c, &c. To his Lordship, Coleridge was, what he will be in ten thousand years to come, the entrance and introduction to the arcana of poetic feeling, in vulgar language, to the Lake School, and in his Lordship ventured. So thunderstruck was he, so overwhelmed with the novel splendour that burst upon him, as soon as he entered that region, that at this time he declared his intention of never writing poetry more. I give his Lordship just credit for this humility—it was a worthy sentiment, similar to that of Boccacio, when he flung all his manuscripts into the fire upon perusing the Sonnets of Petrarca. And here was an end of his Lordship as a poet, when the Devil or his Muse (*unus et alter idem*) put it into his head to quarrel with his Lady. *Indignatio fecit versus*:—the spirit heaved and forced the pen to relieve the imagination of the load of poetry which it had gathered from the recent study of the Lake poets. Thus his Lordship composed in a moment the third canto of Childe Harold, the most splendid of his works, and which from beginning to end is Lakeism—rank Lakeism. When Byron recovered his senses from the scolding match with his Lady's *femme de chambre*, he found to his great surprise that he had written a third canto of the Childe; and, upon looking at it, found to his greater surprise that it was borrowed, stock, lock, and barrel, from Wordsworth and Coleridge:—since that day he has

never forgiven either, and has never ceased to abuse both.

Manfred, every one knows, was borrowed from Goëthe—Beppo and Don Juan from the Italian rhymists, because Italians only were around him. When Moore was with his Lordship at Venice, the noble poet set about writing songs; of which one bad one is published. When Cam Hob. was with him, he wrote radical and canting notes and dedications. Since Shelley has been with him, he has written "Cain." And now Leigh Hunt is about to join him, I'll lay a guinea to an apple-paring, that his Lordship sets up an Examiner, or writes a Cockney poem, commencing,

> "Lack-a-day! but I've grown wiser,
> Since Mister Hunt has come to Pisar."

No one can deny Byron's powers; his genius is a sappy, generous twig—which, grafted upon one crab-stock or another, is sure to produce rare and well-flavoured fruit; but which, if stuck in the earth to take root of itself, would never bring forth aught worthy of being shaken from the tree.

I agree with you completely, my honest Christopher, in the opinion that *Satanic* is no epithet that will *stick*. If it be necessary that the name of his Lordship's school should be chosen from the assembly of the fallen inhabitants of Pandemonium, I think that an inferior devil might have been found, more appropriate in speech and principle, and more a-kin to the genius of the noble Peer, as expounded by himself.

Southey is right enough in the supposition that our poetic Satan was the model proposed; but, as luck would have it, the imitator fell short into Beelzebub. Milton, with true tact and feeling, put no metaphysics into Satan's mouth. There is no querulousness—no sneaking doubts—no petty reasoning, in the "Archangel fallen." It is a fine, blunt, sublime, characteristic defiance, that reigns throughout, and animates his character; the spirit is still of celestial birth; and all the evil of his speech and act is utterly neutralized by the impossibility of *man's* feeling any sympathy with it. The Satan of Milton is no half-human devil, with enough of earth about him to typify the malignant sceptic, and enough of heaven to throw a shade of sublimity on his very malignity. The Lucifer of Byron is neither a noble-fiend, nor yet a villain-fiend—he does nothing, and he seems nothing—there is no poetry either of character or description about him—he is a poor, sneaking, talking devil—a most wretched metaphysician, without wit enough to save him even from the damnation of criticism—he speaks neither poetry nor common sense—Thomas Aquinas would have flogged him more for his bad logic than his unbelief—and St Dunstan would have caught him by the nose ere the purblind fiend was aware. That an Oxonian should have waxed wroth at such a publication as "Cain," is to me astonishing; for, by mine honour, I think there is more genius in Carlisle's pamphlets, and a drama of Hone's or Cobbett's were worth ten dozen of it. Tell me honestly, worthy Oxonian, is there one single objection or insinuation against religion to be met with in "Cain," that has not occurred to every school-boy that ever read the first part of Genesis, and that has not been bandied about, scouted and forgotten in every obscure pamphlet for these eleven centuries past? Have we not had volumes written controversially on the first breeches of fig-leaves, and the particular sort of apple which Eve plucked? Have you ever read the Cosmogony at the commencement of the Universal History? and have you not split your sides with laughing at the grave discussions it contains? And, pray, did such discussions, or such laughter, ever shake your faith in the Christian religion? All this is very true, say you; but *Cain* is written with a manifestly bad intention. And what matter is a bad purpose to any one, when stupidity in the production neutralizes it? Is there a single student in your university that would not wrangle better than Byron's Lucifer? or that would not be able to bring more serious arguments against religion? If there is, he ought to be whipped out of his college. Are there three lines of poetry in Cain, to gild its bitter pill of casuistry, or to induce young or old to a second dose of its vulgar dialogue? I defy Leigh Hunt, the existing ambassador of Cockaigne at Pisa, to shew me one line in The Mystery above the sublimity of Catherine Street. And as to the verse, Webb's Sonnets are melody compared with it.

Fouché, speaking of the assassination of the Duc E'Enghien, said, with characteristic morality, "'Tis worse

than a crime—'tis a blunder." So the egotistic sect may say of "Cain."—It is a confession of faith and of purpose; but if it were intended for the advancement of that faith and purpose, it is but a retrograde step; it is a kind of hostile *vidette*, that fires his squib and runs off; it has given warning of an approaching foe, and, please the fates, we'll all rise, *en masse*, to break the fellow's head. I'm myself armed with a pitch-fork; for I should disdain to use a sword against such a blundering marauder. All the friends of the poet dissuaded him, it seems, from publishing it; yet he would persevere.

"Quem deus vult perdere, prius dementat."

And the same hand that sent the tyrant of the French to perish amid the snows of Russia, sent the versifying enemy of religion to flounder in the depths of metaphysical dulness.

I have said that Byron aimed at Satan, but fell short into Beelzebub. Open the Second Book of the Paradise Lost, and judge for yourself—am I not right? The school can have no pretensions to assume the arms and bearing of the king of devils; who, "though fallen, yet gave not heaven for lost.' Satan is there the sublime ideal of evil; but of an evil so celestial, that scarce any portion of it strikes us but the sublimity. We cannot enter into the spirit of his hate and rebellion against the Most High—we are without the premises to arrive at such a conclusion; therefore, our feelings are those of admiration, not sympathy. The pride and malice that form the leading features of the character, are of a spiritual essence, and in this the genius of Milton is most remarkable; he had bestowed on the infernal chief the extreme of spiritual crime; and, to characterize his satellites, he did not make them, as a blunderer would have done, inferior in crime, but marked their respective grades in baseness, by adding to each the several degrading qualities of earthly, of mortal, propensities. Satan is at least free from the taint of gross and gloating lasciviousness; nor does he descend so low as to declare with Mammon,

"That for a good old gentlemanly vice,
He thinks he must take up with avarice."

Nor do I think that Moloch could afford a title more suitable than Satan. "His sentence is for open war;" and breathes throughout a martial spirit, very much opposed to that of the noble pilgrim, who, as he contemplated in Spain the armies of his country battling gallantly for their own liberties, as well as for those of Europe, could afford them no sympathy, save,

"There let them rot—ambition's honour'd fools."

But every one to his peculiar heroism. Some silly people think their's to exist in dying gloriously for their country; others, perhaps more rationally, fancy themselves quite as heroic in swimming across a canal.

From Moloch we proceed to Belial,* whose Epicurean doctrine and advice is "more germain to the matter." Mammon, however, comes nearer, for many reasons, and his counsel

"To rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves,"

is certainly a very kindred sort of egotism. But nothwithstanding these various points of similitude, Beelzebub answers far the best; he who shrewdly discovered that there was such a being in the universe as man, and that it would be a great alleviation of their misery, could they bring it about, that the human race should become partakers of their wretchedness.

"There perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset; either with hell-fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants; or, if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and, with repenting hand,
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original and faded bliss,
Faded so soon."

* Further points of similarity have struck me since I have again perused the preface to Cain, the letters on the subject, &c. The insidious mildness, the deprecating of wrath, the wish confessed, without the courage to offend, are Belialic qualities, I could not have expected to meet in him, whom Cocknies call,

"Lord of the proud patrician lip."

But why confine ourselves to Milton? Calibanic is, after all, perhaps the best title; for Caliban was a bit of a wag, and being merely an ideal, not an historic or scriptural dæmon, the use of the title will be more decorous. It is not proper, begging Dr Southey's pardon, to be bandying about the name of Satan in discussions merely critical; we should not wear off the awe of such names, nor degrade the terrors of religion into common-place epithets of abuse. The cant of piety best prepares the way for the cant of infidelity, by vulgarising and dragging down into the common arena those sacred names and tenets, which the latter would not dare to lay hold on, while left sacred in their proper sanctuary. We advise the worthy Laureate to restore the word *Satan* to its proper place, and that the next time he seeks for a stone to fling, he may search for it in some other magazine than the Bible.

But really Byron has nicknamed himself so often and so variously, that one should think it needless to swell the catalogue. Altogether, we take too much trouble about him; and if critics would hold their tongues, three months would see Byron's poems by the side of Campbell's, elegantly bound in the boudoir-shelf, merely opened by the young masters and misses of the family. For as to what his Lordship will write hereafter, it is all prunella—his account with the muses is closed, at least in English; he has become Italian in body and in soul, and seems to have been drained of every drop of British blood, that was wont to form the eloquent tide of his poetry. He seems to write for none but slaves and debauchees. There is beauty, I would say genius, in Don Juan; unluckily for my health and character, I am able to judge of it; but certainly no one can, that has not been a few years *on the town*. His dramas are evidently written for an Italian audience; —like Alfieri's, they involve for the most part a political interest, which the degraded hearts of southern climes (in whom all private or domestic virtue is rotten,) can alone elevate their sympathies to. A play, inculcating the nobleness of liberty, possesses always an interest for slaves—but here our political rights are so freely, so vulgarly enjoyed,—they are blessings we are so sure of, and so confident in, that to talk of them to us from the stage is nonsense—it is tautology and insipidity. The cant of liberty, freedom, &c. &c. which Moore and Byron deal in, may go down very well with Parisian or Pisan audiences—but in England all this smells of the shop. An Englishman prating of liberty, is like a lawyer talking of Coke, or an apothecary of the *materia medica*. The word was poetry to the Greeks and Romans, but we have realised the dream—we have it solid and substantial; and versifiers may as well celebrate the beauties of roast-beef and plum-pudding, as prate of the freedom which every one feels every moment that he uses his tongue or his pen. His Lordship's vows for freedom, at the same time that he publishes libels against the powerful, the talented, the virtuous of the land; at the same time, that to the utmost of his small means, he ridicules the religion of his country, put me in mind of a passage in one of our old dramatists;—

> "Freedom, what is't? I understand
> The smile of favour, or oppression's rod,
> But this same sightless, subtile God ye preach,
> This unsubstantial shade, I know it not.

His Lordship is a Dydimite in politics and religion; he believes nothing that he is not made to feel; he must put forth his finger to touch, ere he be convinced. I will not say that this is impious—that would delight his Lordship. But I say, that his professions make the very converse of a poetic and independent spirit. The poet recalls to my mind an automaton that I saw for sixpence in Paris, that upon any words being whispered in his ear, opened a huge mouth, agitated violently a pair of wooden arms, and poured forth extempore a torrent of verse, half ruggedness, half rhyme, laudatory or abusive, according to the hint of the whisperer. The mirth of the figure had something diabolical in it, but I remember its fury was most ludicrous, and withal well worth the sixpence.

PADDY.

P.S.—Print this, *sine demur*. But as you value the preservation of Maga from the bottomless gulph of the Bathos, issue a decree, forbidding all contributors, whosoever or whate'er they may be, to discuss the merits or demerits of Lord Byron, for the space of nine calendar months from the date of this Number. Do, for novelty's sake, give us some respite.

HINTS FOR A YOUNG AUTHOR, FROM A VERY OLD ONE.

[THESE hints reached us after the last Number of the Magazine was printed off. We insert them now for the sake of the person, whoever he be, to whose work they refer—*Audiat vocem* ULTIMI ROMANORUM!—C. N.]

ADAM BLAIR.

THIS is a work of real genius. There is much nature and pathos in it. There is also novelty in the plan of the story, not dealing in high sentiment or romantic adventures, but in the walk of ordinary life, and among persons of middling rank; an example more applicable from these circumstances, than those high-toned narratives, which do not speak to the business and bosoms of ordinary persons.

There is poetical justice, and perhaps something more in the punishment of vice, if vice it may be called, which is only *one* lapse from virtue, not premeditated, or concealed, but the effect of accidental circumstances occurring unexpectedly, of delirious passion, of the senses excited by agitation or by wine. This lapse, this momentary lapse, (as it may be called) is followed by a long track, almost a life, of bitter and agonizing remorse, remorse of the inward man, not sharpened by the taunts of irreligious scoffers, or the shame of exposure to the world.

—Admirable character of the old Elder, John Maxwell, and we believe not at all uncommon in Scotland, where education being accessible to all, even the very poorest of the people, those of humble life learn to read, to think, to value religious comforts, and to rest upon its assurances of a happy eternity, to balance many privations in this life.

—*Lady Semplehaugh* is also a most amiable character, of the same serious cast, religious without fanaticism, and charitable and forgiving to the failings of others, though pure and virtuous herself.

—Redundant and diffuse in many parts where the narrative should be compressed and rapid. The descriptions of natural objects are well delineated, but are not always necessary to any purpose in the story, and but slight adjuncts to it. Moral reflections and abstract principles also seem too frequently introduced, and too much expanded;—they are anticipated by the reader, instead of being suggested to his mind, which takes away that interest which is always created by the discovery, or supposed discovery, of the reader himself.

But the most striking fault, is the seemingly unintentional indelicacy of some parts of the story; the loose dress, and the almost nudity of the heroine, Mrs Campbell, should not have been once mentioned in the strong colours which the author uses; but its frequent repetition is offensive, and lowers the character of Blair, as if corporeal, not mental, or moral attractions, were congenial to his nature. Something of the same kind may be remarked in the catastrophe of Blair's seduction, which is brought about by the action of wine, and seems an imitation of the contrivance of *Lot's* daughters, but without the apology which the supposed failure of the human race made somewhat excuseable in them.

A prominent error, in what may be called the chronology of the story, is the Chapter containing an account of Blair's journey to *Uigness;* the subsequent meeting between Captain Campbell and Strahan, and the voyage of Campbell to Argyleshire; and we are sure will be found so on counting the days and hours in which the different incidents are made to happen. Though a story may be altogether fictitious, (this, however, gives itself out for being true), yet verisimilitude should never be lost in the narrative; it offends us immediately as impossible, when the space allowed for events is not reconcileable to the circumstances attending them.

The character of the old clergyman, *Dr Muir*, which at first is harsh and unamiable, improves in its progress, and at last is a favourite with the reader. It is not the *Bourru bienfaisant* of the French comedy; and it is somewhat inconsistent as a whole: yet the close of his life, and the benevolence of his dying scene, wipes off our recollection of his former harshness and severity of sarcasm, peculiarly censurable in the sacred character.

We lose him at last as a friend to man, whom we had found at first an envious misanthrope.—Nor is the character of Mrs C. altogether uniform. We expect her at one time to be more virtuous, at another time less virtuous than we find her.

The character of the Edinburgh writer, Strahan, is too coarse for a knave of that sort, in circumstances like his; he should not have been made so vulgar a villain and ruffian as he is represented; it would have been much more pleasant, as well as natural, if his libertinage had been made to arise from aping some of his *buck* or *dandy* clients.

The circumstance of Blair's horror on being laid, when thought to be dying, on Mrs Campbell's bed, is natural and striking; but it, too, may perhaps be censurable as indelicate.

It is no doubt a great beauty in writing, especially in the pathetic, when more is understood or felt than expressed; but there are some passages in this story, where, we think, the reader will not be quite satisfied with the silent symptoms of emotion. In the last scene between Blair and Captain Campbell, in which the latter melted into compassion, by the feeble and death-like appearance of the man who had injured him, forgives the injury, and assures him not only of his pardon, but of his good offices. To all this Blair makes no reply; and the agitation which caused his silence is well enough described. "Mr Blair shook from head to foot, &c. without being able to say a single word,"—but this mere passiveness of expiation was hardly enough for the occasion. There should, we think, have been some action to shew his sense of the depth of the injury, and the value of the forgiveness,—he should have thrown himself at Campbell's feet, and sobbed out his sense, though it did not rise into words, of the wrong he had done him.

On the whole, we consider the author of this little work as one who is likely to rise into eminence in the department of letters, to which he has devoted this (we presume) his first production. We are persuaded that its reception will encourage him to proceed. Let him only remember that it is not enough to possess genius or invention, without cultivating the one, or regulating the other. Let him, as the constructor of fable, look carefully on it as a whole, and not be satisfied if it give room for introducing brilliant or interesting parts, if they offend against the probability or interest of the work. In description, whether of natural scenery, or of other objects, let him be aware, that though *particularity* in detail is highly pleasing, yet *prolixity* fatigues the reader. Two of the greatest masters in this line, *Richardson* and *Marivaux*, have frequently gone beyond the bounds of the first, to wander in the indulgence of the latter; and the French, in the vivacity of their imagination, and the aptness of their language, have coined a word to designate the fault to which we allude, derived from the name of the celebrated author above named, "*Marivauder.*" Let the author of Adam Blair avoid this in future, by making his pictures of still life, or his minute delineations of character, always such as belong to the story, not brought in from a distance. The French have another word expressive of a talent particularly useful to the novelist, *tact*, viz. a delicate sense of propriety. This is most perfectly acquired by mixing with the world, but may also be attained by the study of the best models. We solicit our author's attention to it.

We venture these suggestions in perfect good-will to the ingenious author. We consider that species of novel, of which he has given so favourable a specimen, as one of the most useful as well as the most pleasing sort; that which walks in the paths of ordinary life, and delineates character in the middling classes of society. It is equally useful as affording example or warning; in the virtues which it exhibits for the imitation, or in the worst weaknesses which it exhibits for the avoidance of its readers.

DOMESTIC POLITICS.

The old brilliant reputation of Parliament as a place of intellectual distinction, has past away since the war, and the Legislature is now taking the features of the time of Walpole. It was said of that minister, that he knew nothing but finance and peace. He was fitted for his time. He was the ablest talker upon the heavy questions that plod over taxes and counting-house returns; and when the House had become a committee of burgomasters, he had a natural right to the easy chair. He fell as became him; and the minister perished in a tumult about beer. We have now come once more to questions of ledgers and workhouses; a disbanded clerk raises the might of Opposition; and midnight debates bustle about five shillings lost or won to the purse of the nation. In short, and to express the whole humiliation in the most comprehensive phrase, we have sunk into the twilight of the Humes and Creeveys and Bennets. The battle dies along their little querulous line. The stronger heads have turned away half in scorn and half in despair. Brougham, the most contemptuous man alive of every living man, is no longer to be retained even by the gratification of perpetual railings. Popularity has passed away from him and his, and he now wisely thinks of making his bread. He has gone upon circuit. *Denman*, whose feebler understanding, but more boyish sincerity, made him a party in the miserable Queen's quarrel, where prudence and his profession would have made him merely an advocate, and a swallower of all the fees that he could grasp, has at length given up the chase, and is now canvassing the "most sweet voices" and pleasant rotundities of the Common Councils and other rabble authorities for the place of Common Sergeant, a kind of deputy to the Recorder. This is the finale of puffing and pretension throughout the whole history of partizanship. *Maberly*, the financier of the "Rejected," looks upon himself as having completed his Parliamentary life by his last calculations, to prove the impossibility of carrying on the transfer of the five per cents; he has retired to take care of nearer and dearer interests, and lives in hope, that having done all in his power to render an Opposition finance speech matter of perplexity and terror to the national eyes, he may now lawfully occupy himself in unravelling the difficulties of a kind of finance on which he naturally sets a more intimate value. His life is henceforth appropriated to cheques and steeple chases. Bennet and Creevey remain the solitary supporters of the good cause, and of Hume. With that illustrious calculator they can sustain no comparison, but the safety of their position compensates to such men the loss of their dignity. They are eclipsed, but they are protected by the magnitude of his blunders. Their fortune, when they have adventured alone, has been too inauspicious for even their presumption; and Bennett and Creevey may now be left to their recollections of the contemptuous laceration inflicted on them both by Mr Canning.

Time, and the Secretary to the Admiralty, have stripped Mr Hume's plumage. His topic was lucky; with common conduct he might have exalted himself into the highest reach of his ambition, the rank of a demagogue. The period was as lucky as the topic—all the aspirants were now silent—some had been consigned to jail for different terms—some were preparing for it—others had been flung back to their counters—and others had been so trampled on, and broken down into a common ridicule, that whether they sat inside or outside of St Stephen's, was known to little more than their own souls and the messengers.

Into this gulph of the Opposition Forum, Hume leaped, harness and all, with his reputation for squabble fresh from the India-House, and his train, a turbid accumulation of Hone, Hunt, and Cobbett. But the old miracle disdained to be tampered with—the vacancy yawned as formidably as ever—and the modern *Curtius* stood only in a more prominent position for burlesque. His errors in matters of common arithmetic have been the laugh of the Common Council, and contempt cannot descend lower. But for these, he may find the excuses of inability to master the computation of the public returns. This inability shewed him altogether unequal to his task of Financier; but still he might mean well. A blunder in calculation, however prodigious, only proved that he was not to be trusted where figures were in question; and the popularity of retrenchment might have wrought out

some kind of oblivion for his offences against the Rule of Three. It is right that all possible retrenchment should take place—that the public purse should not be dipped into by the silken hands of parasites—that offices and pensions should not be accumulated on the heads of a dancing, bowing, well-dressed, smooth-tongued generation of effeminate sycophancy. But all, that is to be well done, must be done in a spirit of honour. Whether it was wise in an Administration that had pledged itself to retrenchment, and had even marked out its line, to suffer this source of popular respect to be defiled by the busy and incapable hands of mob-patriots, is yet to be decided. Mr Hume was as incapable of restoring the decayed virtue of official appointments, as any artificer who should come to his work without hands. He was ignorant of his material; and, if he had understood it, his objects degraded his pretensions. It was palpable from the beginning, that to be huzzaed by the mob, addressed by petty provincial authorities, and ballotted for at Brookes's, were his golden visions. His popularity, if it ever existed, has been stricken at the root, for he has been openly charged with disingenuousness, and has made no defence. His blunders in arithmetic, and his mistakes in public statements, were trivial, compared to the fact of his pledging himself to the memorable charge of the military commissions. On this charge he had thriven—had eaten and drank—had harangued and triumphed, and had even made it a figure of his speech, until within five minutes of Sir H. Hardinge's answer. His refutation by Mr Croker was most pointed, lively, and cutting; but his overthrow on this occasion was crushing and complete. He is beyond all hope of rising from the ground.

In the interval of politics, the town has been a good deal interested by some discussions relative to the late King's monument. In this affair a great deal of effort has been used to do a great deal of mischief to an honourable and ingenious individual, embarked in a spirited and patriotic enterprize. The late King's death produced but little of what has a right to be termed national sorrow. The unhappy state of his mind for many years had made his decease almost the object of a humane wish, that he should be relieved from the burthen of life. But his death still struck the public mind as an event worthy of a feeling of melancholy reverence, and as the appropriate period for a tribute to his life of persevering integrity. The public sentiment was sincere and universal; and yet, by some singular chance, no attempt was made to give proof of this respect. An etiquette is said to restrain the royal family on those occasions, and no monument was voted by Parliament, or proposed among the numerous charities or public bodies which had been protected by the King. The matter seemed to have perished away from the public mind; when, after a year's expectancy, it was taken up by Mr Wyatt, the artist who had sculptured the cenotaph of the Princess Charlotte. This individual, as the son of the celebrated architect to the late King, and as having received personal kindnesses from him, might have been induced to exert himself in doing honour to his memory, even without the stimulant of profit or fame. The feeling is so natural, that the only matter of surprise was that its expression had lingered so long. He proceeded with great form and propriety—first made his proposals known to the royal family, then to men of rank, the old friends of his late Majesty, and having obtained their sanction to his project, and to his model or design for the monument, proposed a public subscription. The circumstances attendant on this proceeding are detailed so minutely in one of the speeches at the late meeting of the subscribers, that it may stand for the authentic history of the whole transaction.

Mr Kerr, M. P. having moved resolutions approving of Mr Wyatt's design, and of his whole conduct in the matter, the Reverend George Croly seconded the motion and said, "My Lord, after the clear and manly account of the proceedings given by the Earl of Blesinton, and the intelligent speech of the honourable mover of these resolutions, I am unwilling to trouble your Lordship with many observations. I rise chiefly for the purpose of discountenancing the offensive imputation of a job, which has been invidiously and insidiously thrown on this business.—From this slander I shall strike away every foot at once. My Lord, if a public contribution previously raised, or a Parliamentary grant placed in the hands of a body of men, had been lavished on the artist, there might be some ground for this vulgar sus-

picion. But in the present case the whole proceeding was conducted with a fairness, a regularity, an honourable, constant reference to public opinion, that would almost justify the idea that the individual in question had investigation perpetually before him. But the simplicity of honour is more provident than the cunning of fraud. He took no advantage of the burst of regret for the death of his late Majesty; he anticipated no artist; he made himself master of the passes of the public heart by no sudden and dexterous manœuvre. From the common reports it might be thought that he had assailed the national feeling in that first disturbed and unprepared moment, while it had scarcely bequeathed the sacred body to the tomb. Look to the dates. He suffered an entire year to elapse before he made his appeal to the public. On the 29th of January, 1820, his late Majesty died. On the 29th of January, 1821, the advertisement announcing the intention of erecting a Monument was first published in the newspapers. In this advertisement the nature of the *Design* was distinctly stated. By a Resolution bearing date February the 3d, only a week after, to which Lord Blesinton's name appears as Chairman, it was determined that the *Design* on the full scale, as drawn by Mr Wyatt, should be opened to the public at his house. A sketch of the design on a small size, with Mr Wyatt's name under it, as the inventor, was engraved on steel, and distributed to the amount of many thousands. The whole subject came into discussion with those journals which interest themselves in the arts; a wood engraving and a description appeared in *The Literary Gazette*, a journal of extensive circulation; and the proposal and the design were universally commented upon as Mr Wyatt's, without any concealment of name or circumstance, or ascription to any other individual. The sketch was posted in the subscription books at the Bankers, where no man could put down his contribution in ignorance of the artist or the design; we all know the difficulty of preserving secrecy in public matters; but here was an actual desire to be known, a plain and zealous solicitation of publicity. There was so little of dexterous anticipation in the artist, that he suffered six months to elapse even before he took a single private step. He found that no movement was made towards paying a tribute to the memory of his Majesty; that Parliament had not stirred; that the public feeling had not stirred; that no artist had stirred; and it was then, my Lord, that Mr Wyatt, actuated, no doubt, as he had a right to be, by views of professional distinction; but not less actuated by a spirit of loyal and grateful attachment to the memory of a Sovereign and master, who had honoured him with personal kindness, and had been the patron of his family—a spirit which he has had the gratification to find acknowledged in the most condescending terms by his Royal Highness the Duke of York—took upon himself the honourable duty of proposing a monument to the King. My Lord, the artist has received the thanks of his Royal Highness for loyal zeal. I think that he deserves the thanks of the country for national vindication. Without him we should have had no expression of our gratitude and reverence; without him, no hope of a monument would have existed. The artist then proceeded in the plain, customary manner; he addressed his proposal with a description of his design, to his Royal Highness, as the first subject of the Crown, and the son of the late King. This communication was made June the 3d, 1821; to this no hurried answer was returned, for it was only on the 21st of the same month, three weeks after, that his Royal Highness was pleased to announce his "pleasure in patronizing Mr Wyatt's work," and even to enter into it so markedly, as to express his wish that the similitude of feature should be observed. An application was then made to the other branches of the Royal Family, and the artist was honoured with their names as Patrons and Patronesses of his designs. Copies of the letter to the Duke, and his answer, were forwarded to different persons of rank; of those a Committee of Patrons was formed, on their full approbation of the proposal and the description of the design. The measure was now in a shape sufficiently forward to submit it for his Majesty's sanction; and on October 7, 1821, four months from the application to his Royal Highness, it was communicated to Carlton-House, through the kindness of a distinguished personage. The private answer was, that the plan had his Majesty's entire sanction and approbation; but that as his Royal Highness was already the Patron, his Majesty could not appear without interfering with his Royal Highness, but that *he nevertheless wished it every success.* This communication, gratifying and advantageous as it must have been to him, the artist did not publish with his other documents, purely from not having been directed to do so. My Lord, I have gone into this statement for the purpose of rooting up altogether the contemptible rumour of a job. The dates, the documents, the publicity, the manly and natural course of the proceeding, overthrow all suspicion. The subscription was now begun, and it went on and prospered. His Royal Highness had set down his name for a hundred guineas, mentioning that sum as the limit for the Members of the Royal Family, that their contributions might all be equal, but distinctly stating that this was not to preclude the higher subscription of persons of rank or wealth, not of the Royal Family. All now lay fair before the undertaking; there was no disapproval—no hesitation; all was solidly founded on the firmest security.

The artist stood fortified by the condescending favour of his Majesty, both as his King and the illustrious patron of the arts—he stood fortified by the patronage of the Duke of York and the Royal Family—his work was under the protection of a body of the Nobility attached to the memory of their late Sovereign. No competition had started up in the course of an entire year—not a whisper of it was heard. Why, my Lord, if there ever was a man entitled to be clear of all charge of presumption, anticipation, or duplicity, it was the man who had thus proceeded, and was thus honoured. It has been lately said, my Lord, that the subscription did not increase with an auspicious rapidity. Let it be remembered that twelve months had passed away, a long period for the enthusiasm of public sorrow. The reverence for the King's memory had not perished, but the voice of lamentation had been extinguished in the course of nature. That year, too, was crowded with a tumult of events, which, for the time, swept away all gentler traces from the public mind. But, notwithstanding this difficulty, the subscription, in little more than two months, amounted to about two thousand pounds. I look upon this as a great contribution, under the circumstances. The proposal was from an individual, and urged almost by his individual spirit; there had not been time for it to penetrate the mass of the country—none of the great corporate bodies had been called on—none of the great agents of public munificence had been set in motion. A certain tardiness, too, was natural to a subscription for a purpose of this order; the work was to be a work of years. My Lord, the feverish excitement of the national mind during the years of our generation, has exalted and deranged all the natural scale and course of public contributions. We have been accustomed to sudden and splendid bursts of munificence, until we cannot reconcile ourselves to the reasonable light. The time and nature of the subscription took it out of the classes of this overwhelming generosity. It appealed to us not by one of those wild and imperious cries that had become so fearfully frequent to our ears; those cries that must be answered at once, or answered never. It was not the cry for charity to the famishing lips and naked sides of the multitude, nor the cry of unhoused disease that delay might aggravate into pestilence; it was not the voice of the widow and the orphan supplicating for the sole, melancholy, and imperfect compensation that could be given for the blood that bought your victory; nor was it, when in the fulness of time it was decreed that England should be glorious, and close the troubles of the world, the acclamation of an empire eager to lavish its gratitude and its wealth on the heroes that had brought home triumphant peace. It was, my Lord, a summons to the solemn, decessous, silent feeling of a loyal people to come each after each to pay the last homage, and in their own good time to throw their mite of honour into the deep and unrefunding treasury of the grave. But now, for the first time, one of the more prominent customary modes of public subscription was about to be adopted. A dinner was announced for the 4th of June, the late King's birth-day. You have the card of the Stewards before you; and I will not hesitate to say, that so distinguished and numerous a list never honoured a public celebration before. There was scarcely a name of eminence for official rank or public talent, or personal distinction in town, that was not to be found among the patrons of that day. The Duke of York was applied to to take the chair, and he graciously and unhesitatingly complied with the invitation. Up to that hour there was no mention of competition. The proposal and the design, the commencement of the subscription and its progress, were allowed to be all equally the work of Mr Wyatt. This splendid list was formed without invoking the aid of competition. But within three days of the dinner, my Lord, it was privately urged on his Royal Highness that the Monument ought to be an object of rivalry among the British Artists, on the ground, as I understand, that it being a national memorial, it ought to be open to a general contest. His Royal Highness unhappily listened to those suggestions, and intimated to the Committee for managing the celebration, that as the doubt was started, it was his wish not to commit the question, by having it made a topic during the day. Now, my Lord, far be it from me to speak lightly of his Royal Highness's hesitation. I would be the last man to doubt that he acted in this luckless contingency in the spirit of that public care and unstained honour which has characterised his official life. He, however, continued his personal patronage and subscription, and took the chair. He acted in the whole transaction in the spirit of a judge. He allowed the verdict to pass, but reserved the point. I must now observe, that the ground of opposition to Mr Wyatt's undoubted and exclusive right has been since shifted. At the time of the dinner, it was the nationality of the object; at the time of the late meeting, it was the lingering state of the subscription; and this change of ground shews at once the miserable duplicity, and the conscious weakness of this secret and whispering animosity. All that had been done had been done without competition. This vulgar auxiliary, which now makes their main battle, had never been called into the field. Was it the struggle of rival artists that originated the design, or excited the lingering enthusiasm of the empire, or created the subscription? Had the undertaking required, for a single step, the crutch of competition to lean upon? Had the fallen monument required to be lifted up by the

machinery of competition?—Nothing of this!—all had begun well, gone on well, and was going on well. The projection was complete, without calling in the help of their devil. Now, my Lord, I will let you and this meeting into the secret. The splendid patronage of the dinner was too splendid. The subscription might have dragged on its slow Alexandrine length for a century, and it never would have startled this virtuous indignation—this hostility would never have wasted a lance upon it. But the suggesters saw it suddenly assuming a distinct and vigorous shape; they saw something about it of opulent promise, and they resolved that it should not escape from them, if hints and whispers could keep it within their grasp. "*Inject scrupulum*," is the saying of the slave in Terence; and when the scruple was cast in, he rightly looked upon the business as done. And, my Lord, this casting-in of scruples has been the habit and the success of every slave since his time. I have it on the authority of one of the most illustrious men of this empire or of Europe, that the official friends and servants of his late Majesty—the men highest in authority at this hour—were coming down to the dinner *in shoals*—I use his own words—but that they were stopped by what—was it by the sudden passion for competition? No, my Lord, it had not entered into their humble understandings. They were kept back by its being suggested that there was to be no celebration at all. Now, after this, are we to look farther for the shock received by the subscription. Public munificence is a willing, but a nervous thing. Nothing is more easily alarmed. It was enough for the generality to hear that a hesitation existed. Men will not subscribe but to a definite object: the certainty was shocked, and with it the subscription was paralysed. Let it be remembered too, that this occurred at a time when men of rank were preparing to leave town, on the eve of the long vacation; and that since, up to this period, the country has been pressed and pained by he calamities of a large and most interesting share of its population. On that day, by those whispers, the subscription was actually amerced in a sum, of which no man can calculate the value. It is a notorious fact, that individuals attended that dinner as proxies, with unlimited orders to subscribe. From the names which came and were coming, the usual sums appended to those exalted and opulent names, and the eminently solemn, grateful, and impressive nature of that day's purpose, I cannot think that they go too far, who calculate the defalcation at twenty thousand pounds. I will not plunge deeper into the motives of those *suggestions*. They are better known than commemorated. There is no vice or folly—no vulgar vindictiveness, and no unfeeling malignity, which may not find its hot-bed in personal jealousy and wounded official pride. Now, my Lord, the evil suggestion has taken another form. It now says, your subscription is languid; revive it by throwing open the project to competition. The old idea of nationality had done its work, and the cause is to be ruined on another count. To this the answer has been justly given. Your interference has been the only mischief. Hesitation has been injurious; let us adhere to certainty. It is your pernicious quackery that has laid the strong man upon his bed; and now you would pretend to revive him with the same quackery. This is the burlesque of Rabelais: "*Assignare, ensuite assignare, postea assignare.*" The proposal of competition is altogether unjustifiable when we consider that but for Mr Wyatt the subject would not have existed in any shape whatsoever; but even were it justifiable, I can see in it nothing but another name for the distraction and delay, the bitterness, and above all the uncertainty of any final decision, that are the death-blow of a subscription. With the strongest reach of my mind, I can grasp at no connexion between competition and subscription. Has the public expressed its displeasure at the design? This I cannot discover. I find his Royal Highness most candidly and honourably expressing his satisfaction with the Artist and the design, and adding his peculiar acknowledgments for the zeal in which the conception originated. Where public disapprobation exists, I know nothing less tardy or equivocal than its language. But I cannot degrade my mind to the folly of magnifying wretched whims and whispers into the public judgment, of mistaking the nods and winks of withered, rejected, malignant connoisseurship, for the plain-spoken and manly sentiment of taste and genius. If shrugs were to be criticism, there is no man whose reputation might not and would not, be shrugged away. The public Journals have, in general, treated the design in another manner, with discussion more interesting and minute than usual; and the great majority that I have happened to see, have spoken of it in terms highly flattering to the inventor. For my own part, if I might venture to give the judgment of one, a great deal of whose research, such as it is—whose most delightful research has been given to the arts, I have seen nothing fuller of the conception of a great artist than that design; nothing in the old monumental sculpture of England—nothing in the bold and decorated magnificence of Rome—nothing in the pure, lofty, and almost hallowed trophies of the Grecian chisel. I will confess, my Lord, that the comparison of the fragments before us has shaken my faith in the superiority of Grecian art to the capabilities of English genius. I give up my old idolatry with reluctance, but I feel that it has been stricken, and that it must at length be aban-

doned. But is the artist capable of forming this design yet incapable of its execution? He has given proof of his powers. He has at the present moment standing in his house, finished for Westminster, the Cenotaph to the memory of the late Princess Charlotte—a work of singular force, and, what is a still rarer felicity, of singular feeling. That monument, my Lord, would place any artist in the foremost ranks of sculpture. I know not where to look for a more masterly combination of vigorous thought and professional skill; it is among the noblest history pieces of national sorrow.

The remainder of the speech went into observations on the injustice of retarding the artist's progress, thereby throwing a stain on his professional character, and actually defrauding the public feeling of its only tribute for the secret object of patronizing inferior abilities.

The question was carried triumphantly in Mr Wyatt's favour.

The fact seems to be, that the artist's spirit and activity in the production of the Cenotaph, a work of very striking beauty, has raised paltry professional jealousies, and his having begun and completed his undertaking without asking permission of some of the official regulators of taste has given offence. If he had taken out his privilege at their *boutique*, no difficulty would have occurred, but his independence is an evil precedent, and the man who seeks no patrons but the public, must expect this little, sly opposition of the backstairs. The subscribers, however, have now placed him firmly on his limbs, and to judge from his models of some parts of the monument, which were shewn at the General Meeting in contrast with the Venetian bronze horse of Lysippus, and the horse's head from the Parthenon by Phidias, his performance, when complete, will be among the finest works in Europe.

LETTER TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ. FROM A VOLUNTEER.

SIR, *April* 12, 1822.

I congratulate you on the late trial at Lancaster, in which the bearer of the Black Ensign, who (obscure as he was in his proper station, might be called the conspicuous *Gonfalonier* of sedition at Manchester) sued for damages against the Commander and others of the gallant Yeomanry, for doing their duty. This cause has exhibited the events of the 16th of August, 1819, most clearly to the public eye. All men of reflection, who were not blinded by party prejudice, were already convinced of the prudence and good conduct of the Magistrates who anxiously watched over the fate of Manchester; and not less so of the Yeomanry and other troops who executed their orders. They observed with satisfaction, that the Regent and his Government bestowed due approbation on their salutary though painful efforts. Many honest persons, however, averse to the trouble of much thinking, are more disposed to be moved by clamour, than to listen to the quiet voice of reason; these either doubted of the propriety of those decisive measures, or conceived that the peaceable champions of Reform, with a multitudinous assemblage of their innocent wives and children, had been causelessly and cruelly cut to pieces by the citizen soldiers, or by the other military force, which they were pleased to denominate "Waterloo Butchers." The witnesses for the defendants on this trial have given the most clear demonstration of the intentions and actions of this desperate mob, and of the views of their Orator and Leader. The public will see the arduous duty, and high responsibility, which, in such circumstances, devolved on the Magistracy of that part of Lancashire, and the judicious manner in which they preserved the opulent town of Manchester, of whose safety they were the guardians. Having been made acquainted with these facts, a degree of compassion may still be felt for those victims among the misled populace, who were hurt on this occasion; but who can sympathise with those tender-hearted philanthropists, who have loaded the table of the House of Commons with petitions to abridge the term of imprisonment of the Demagogue who seduced them, and who would have effected still greater mischiefs, had he not been so firmly and so ably resisted?

In addition to these observations, Mr North, I will beg leave to offer to your Magazine a tribute to that gallant corps, which was written towards the close of the year 1819. As the late trial has turned the public attention once more to this subject, you may perhaps think it worthy a place in your widely-ranging columns. I remain, Sir, your very faithful Servant,

A VOLUNTEER.

TO THE YEOMANRY CAVALRY OF MANCHESTER.

Yeomen! your grateful country's pride,
Though slander'd, wrong'd, and vilified,
Accept the praise your merits claim,
Sent by a bard without a name.
When o'er your agitated land,
Sedition shook her flaming brand,
And Faction's trumpet, long and loud,
To mischief woke the giddy crowd,—
When ev'ry moor, and heath, and hill,
Witness'd the secret nightly drill,—
When your rich town with terror view'd
This demi-martial multitude
By thousands march in dread array,
Who eyed her as their destined prey,—
Treason stalk'd forth in thin disguise,
To hold his bloody sacrifice.
'Twas yours to mar the Dæmon's feast,
And from his altar snatch the priest.
The scatter'd limbs when lost the head
As by galvanic process fled.
A few plain doggrel lines shall tell
The ills which on that day befell.
They fled: but first these scoundrel foemen
Threw stones and brick-bats at the yeomen,
And here and there was fir'd a pistol;
With these, perhaps, the caitiffs miss'd all,—
But showers of broken bricks and stones
Will bruises give, and fractured bones.
The gallant Yeomen, taking this ill,
Scotch'd a few arms which hurl'd a missile,—
Then sent the raggamuffins packing,
And Manchester was saved from sacking.
Now Calumny, with monstrous lies,
Crams Madam Rumour as she flies;
Who tells how *patriots* met their fate,
Striving, *in peace*, to mend the State.
In that red field she paints a flood
Of mothers' and of infants' blood!
Could she, when other methods fail,
Obtain her ends by such a tale?
Can there a British heart be found,
Whose hand would helpless females wound—
That dear, beloved, bewitching sex,
Which every manly arm protects?
No!—Even those dæmons of the storm,
Profaning woman's lovely form—
Who Treason's satellites advance,
Bearing the blood-red cap of France—
Sav'd by that form so much adored,
Arrest the soldier's lifted sword.
But if some Amazon's strong breath
Was in this struggle stopp'd by Death;
No sword her corse on earth extended,
But cogent pressure from the men did—
A fate no gipsy-sibyl thought on,
To sing to these bold nymphs of cotton!
Now, be it known to traitors male
Who dare the nation's peace assail,
If arm'd with pistol, club, or pike,
They at the Constitution strike,
Whatever tempting devil stir 'em,
Hunt, or some flaming speech from Durham—
If male or female arts entice 'em,
The Yeomen's sword again shall slice 'em.

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. II.

(Scene—*The little wainscotted room behind—a good fire—a table covered with books and papers, decanters, and glasses.* Time—*Nine o'clock in the evening:—a high wind without.*)

Present—Mr Christopher North, *and* Mr Buller *of Brasennose* (*seated in arm-chairs at the opposite sides of the fire-place.*)

MR NORTH.

So—Mr Buller, you've been reading Henry Mackenzie's Life of John Home. What say you to the book? I am sure your chief objection is, that it is too short by half.

MR BULLER.

It is; for, to tell you the truth, I know very little about the characters with whom Mr Mackenzie seems to take it for granted that every body is as familiar as himself. Do you remember John Home?

NORTH.

Perfectly. I remember going out to his farm-house, in East Lothian, and spending two delightful days with him there, so far back as the year seventy-seven. I was then a very stripling, but I can recal a great deal of what he said quite distinctly. After he came to live in Edinburgh, I was not much in Scotland; but I once called upon him, and drank tea with him here, I think about the 1807 or 1808—very shortly before his death. He was, indeed, a fine highly-finished gentleman—and bright to the last.

BULLER.

What sort of looking man was he?

NORTH.

A fine thinking face—extremely handsome he had been in his youth—a dark-grey eye, full of thought, and, at the same time, full of fire—his hair highly curled and powdered—a rich robe-de-chambre—pale green, if I recollect, like one John Kemble used to wear—a scarlet waistcoat—a very striking figure, I assure you.

BULLER.

He had been a clergyman in his early life?

NORTH.

Yes, and, you know, left the kirk in consequence of a foolish outcry they were making about his Douglas. I remember him sitting in their General Assembly, however, as an elder—and once dressed in scarlet; for he had a commission in a fencible regiment.

BULLER.

Dr Adam Fergusson, too, was in the church at first, I think?

NORTH.

He was—and he went out chaplain to the 42d, in the Seven Years War. Colonel David Stewart tells a fine story of his heroism at the battle of Fontenoy. He could not be kept back from the front line.

BULLER.

Ἱερευς μεν αλλα Μαχητης, like somebody in Homer—The Scotch literati of that time seem to have been a noble set of fellows. Good God! how you are fallen off!

NORTH.

We may thank the Whigs for that—*transeat cum ceteris.*

BULLER.

I don't exactly understand your meaning. Do you allude to the Edinburgh Review?

NORTH.

Certainly, Mr Buller. They introduced a lower tone in every thing. In the first place, few of them were gentlemen either by birth or breeding—and

some of the cleverest of them have always preserved a sort of plebeian snappishness which is mighty disgusting. What would David Hume, for example, have thought of such a set of superficial chattering bodies?

BULLER.

David Hume appears in a very amiable light in this volume. He was, after all, a most worthy man, though an infidel.

NORTH.

He was a man of the truest genius—the truest learning—and the truest excellence. His nature was so mild that *he* could do without restraints, the want of which would have ruined the character of almost any other man. I love the memory of David Hume—the first historian the modern world has produced—*primus absque secundo*, to my mind! His account of the different sects and parties in the time of Charles I. is worth all the English prose that has been written since. At least, 'tis well worth half of it.

BULLER.

Why are not his letters published? The few that have been printed are exquisite,—one or two very fine specimens in this very volume—and what a beautiful thing is that notice of his last journey to Bath by the poet—a few such pages are worth an Encyclopædia.

NORTH.

What a sensation was produced in England when that fine constellation of Scotch genius first began to blaze out upon the world! You thought us little better than Hottentots before.

BULLER.

And yet Dr Johnson always somehow or other kept the first place to himself.

NORTH.

He could not, or would not, make so good books as other people, but God knows there was a pith about old Samuel which nothing could stand up against. His influence was not so much that of an author as of a thinker. He was the most powerful intellect in the world of books. He was the Jackson of the literary ring—the judge—the emperor—a giant—acknowledged to be a Saul amongst the people. Even David Hume would have been like a woman in his grasp; but, odd enough, the two never met.

BULLER.

Your Magazine once had a good essay on Johnson and Warburton.

NORTH.

Yes; I wrote it myself. But after all, Warburton was not Johnson's match. He had more flame but less heat. Johnson's mind was a furnace—it reduced every thing to its elements. We have had no truly great critical intellect since his time.

BULLER.

What would he have thought of our modern reviewers?

NORTH.

Why, not one of the tribe would have dared to cry *mew* had he been alive. The terror of him would have kept them as mum as mice when there's a cat in the room. If he had detected such a thing as Jeffrey astir, he would have cracked every bone in his body with one worry.

BULLER.

I can believe it all. Even Gifford would have been annihilated.

NORTH.

Like an ill-natured pug-dog flung into a lion's cage.

BULLER.

He did not like your old Scots literati.

NORTH.

He hated the name of Scotland, and would not condescend to know what they were.—Yet he must have admired such a play as Douglas. The chief element of John Home's inspiration seems to have been a sort of stately elevation of sentiment, which must have struck some congenial chords in his own great mind.

BULLER.

What is your opinion of John Home as a poet?

NORTH.

I think nobody can bestow too much praise on Douglas.—There has been no English tragedy worthy of the name since it appeared. 'Tis a noble piece—beautifully and lofty written; but, after all, the principal merit is in the charming old story itself. Douglas is the only true forerunner of the Scotch imaginative literature of our own age.—Home's other tragedies are all very indifferent—most of them quite bad. Mr Mackenzie should not have disturbed their slumbers.

BULLER.

The natural partiality of friendship and affection—

NORTH.

Surely; and it is most delightful to read his Memoir, simply for its overflowing with that fine strain of sentiments. He is like Ossian, "the last of all his race," and talks of his peers as they should be talked of. One may differ from his opinions here and there, but there is a *halo* over the whole surface of his language. 'Tis to me a very pathetic work.

BULLER.

Mackenzie is himself a very great author.

NORTH.

A discovery indeed, Mr Buller! Henry Mackenzie, sir, is one of the most original in thought, and splendid in fancy, and chaste in expression, that can be found in the whole line of our worthies. He will live as long as our tongue, or longer.

BULLER.

Which of his works do you like the best?

NORTH.

Julia de Roubigné and the story of La Roche. I thought that vein had been extinct, till Adam Blair came out. But Nature in none of her domains can ever be exhausted.

BULLER.

But an author's invention may be exhausted, I suppose.

NORTH.

Not easily. You might as well talk of exhausting the Nile as a true genius. People talk of wearing out a man's intellectual power, as if it were a certain determinate sum of cash in a strong box. 'Tis more like the income of a princely estate—which, with good management, must always be improving, not falling off. A great author's power of acquisition is in the same ratio with his power of displaying. He who can write well, must be able to see well—and his eyes will feed his fancy as long as his fingers can hold the pen.

BULLER.

At that rate we shall have three or four more new Waverley Romances every year?

NORTH.

I hope so. There's old Goethe has written one of the best romances he ever did, within the last twelve months—a most splendid continuation of his William Meister—and Goethe was born, I think, in the year 1742. I wish Mackenzie, who is a good ten years his junior, would follow the example.

BULLER.

Voltaire held on wonderfully to the last too.

NORTH.

Ay, there was another true creature! Heavens! what a genius was Voltaire's! So grave, so gay, so profound, so brilliant—his name is worth all the rest in the French literature.

BULLER.

Always excepting my dear Rabelais.

NORTH.

A glorious old fellow, to be sure! Once get into his stream, and try if you can land again! He is the only man whose mirth exerts the sway of uncontrollable vehemence. His comic is as strong as the tragic of Æschylus himself.

BULLER.

We are Pygmies!

NORTH.

More's the pity. Yet we have our Demi-gods too. In manners and in dignity we are behind the last age—but in genius, properly so called, we are a thousand miles above it. They had little or no poetry then. Such a play even as Douglas would, if published now-a-days, appear rather feeble. It would be better as *a play* certainly—but the *poetry* of Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth, would be in men's minds, and they would not take that for poetry, fine though it be.

BULLER.

What would people say to one of Shakespeare's plays, were it to be written now?

NORTH.

The Edinburgh Reviewers would say it was a Lakish Rant. The Quarterly would tear it to bits, growling like a mastiff. The fact is, that our theatre is at an end, I fear. A new play, to be received triumphantly, would require to have all the fire and passion of the old drama, and all the chasteness and order of the new. I doubt to reconcile these two will pass the power of any body now living.

BULLER.

Try yourself, man.

NORTH.

I never will—but if I did, I should make something altogether unlike any thing that has ever been done in our language. Unless I could hit upon some new—really new—key, I should not think the attempt worth making. Even our dramatic verse is quite worn out. It would pall on one's ear were it written never so well.

BULLER.

Why? Sophocles wrote the same metre with Æschylus.

NORTH.

No more than Shakespeare wrote the same blank verse with Milton—or Byron, in the Corsair, the same measure with the Rape of the Lock. Counting the longs and shorts is not enough, Mr Batchelor of Arts.

BULLER.

You despise our English study of the classics. You think it carried too far. I understand your meaning, Mr North.

NORTH.

I doubt that. I suspect that I myself have read as much Greek in my day as most of your crack-men. In my younger days, sir, the glory of our Buchanans and Barclays was not forgotten in Scotland. In this matter again, we have to thank the blue and yellow gentry for a good deal of our national deterioration.

BULLER.

They are not scholars.

NORTH.

They scholars! witlings can't be scholars, Buller. Knowledge is a great calmer of people's minds. Milton would have been a compassionate critic.

BULLER.

Are you a compassionate one?

NORTH.

Sir, I am ever compassionate when I see anything like nature and originality. I do not demand the strength of a Hercules from every man. Let me have an humble love of, and a sincere aspiration after what is great, and I am satisfied. I am intolerant to nobody but Quacks and Cockneys.

BULLER.

Whom you crucify, like a very Czar of Muscovy!

NORTH.

No, sir, I only hang them up to air, like so many pieces of old theatrical finery on the poles of Monmouth-Street.

BULLER.

But to return to John Home and Henry Mackenzie—I confess, I think the History of the Rebellion in 1745 is a far better work than it is generally held to be.

NORTH.

Why, any account of that brilliant episode in our history must needs be full of interest, and Home being concerned so far himself, has preserved a number of picturesque enough anecdotes; but on the whole, the book wants vigour, and it is full of quizzibles; what can be more absurd than his giving us more pages about the escape of two or three Whig students of Divinity from the Castle of Doune than he spends upon all the wild wandering of the unfortunate Chevalier?

BULLER.

The young Pretender.

NORTH.

The Chevalier—the Prince, sir. My father would have knocked any man down that said *the Pretender* in his presence.

BULLER.

Ask your pardon, Christopher. I did not know you were a Jacobite.

NORTH.

Had I lived in those days I should certainly have been one. Look at Horace Walpole's Memoirs, if you wish to see what a set of paltry fellows steered the vessel of the State in the early Hanover reigns. It is refreshing to turn from your Bedfords, and Newcastles, and Cavendishes, to the Statesmen of our own times.

BULLER.

Wait for fifty years till some such legacy of spleen be opened by the heirs of some disappointed statesman now living.

NORTH.

There is something in that, sir; but yet not much. Sir, nobody will ever be able to bring any disgraceful accusations against the personal honour and probity of the leading Tory statesmen who now rule England. They are all men of worth and principle. They have their faults, I believe, but no shameful ones.

BULLER.

Whom do you place highest?

NORTH.

Lord Londonderry without question. He wants some of the lesser ornaments which set off a public man—I mean in his style of speaking—but sense, sir, and knowledge, and thorough skill in affairs, are worth all the rest a million times over; and he has something besides all these, that distinguishes him from everybody with whom he can at present be compared—a true active dignity and pith of mind—the chief element of a ruling character, and worth all the eloquence even of a Burke.

BULLER.

His fine person is an advantage to him.

NORTH.

The grace of the Seymours would be an advantage to any man. But just look at the two sets of people the next time you are in the House of Commons, and observe what a raffish-looking crew the modern Whigs are. I'm sure their benches must have a great loss in the absence of George Tierney's bluff face and buff waistcoat.

BULLER.

What manner of man is Joseph Hume?

NORTH.

Did you never see him? He is a shrewd-looking fellow enough: but most decidedly vulgar. Nobody that sees him could ever for a moment suspect him of being a gentleman born. He has the air of a Montrose dandy, at this moment, and there is an intolerable affectation about the creature. I suppose he must have sunk quite into the dirt since Croker curried him.

BULLER.

I don't believe anything can make an impression on him. A gentleman's whip would not be felt through the beaver of a coal-heaver. Depend on't, Joseph will go on just as he has been doing.

NORTH.

Why, a small matter will make a man who has once ratted, rat again. We all remember what Joe Hume was a few years ago.

BULLER.

A Tory?

NORTH.

I would not prostitute the name so far: but he always voted with them. As a clever poet of last year said—

> "I grant you he never behaved, anno 12, ill—
> He always used then to chime in with Lord Melville.
> There were words, I remember, he used to pronounce ill;
> But he always supported the orders in council.
> At the Whigs it was then his chief pleasure to rail—
> He opposed all the Catholic claims, tooth and nail;
> Nay, he carried his zeal to so great an excess,
> That he voted against Stewart Wortley's address;
> And while others were anxious for bringing in Canning—
> His principal point seem'd to be to keep Van in."*

BULLER.

What a memory you have! Joseph has not so good a one, I'll swear, or he would not look the Tories in the face after such a rotting!

NORTH.

Why, no wonder than he hates the Tories. They never thought of him while he was with them—and now the Whigs do talk of Joe as if he were somebody. But as John Bull says—

> "A very small man with the Tories
> Is a very great man 'mong the Whigs!"

BULLER.

If you were to rat, North, what a rumpus they would make about you! Why, they would lift you on their shoulders, and huzza till you were tired.

NORTH.

That would not be long. Away with stinking breath, say I.

BULLER.

At first they pretended to say you were dull. But that was soon over. Jeffrey persuaded them that would never pass, I am told.

NORTH.

I can believe it. Jeffrey is a king among the blind.

BULLER.

I suppose he hates you cordially, however.

NORTH.

No doubt, in a small toothy way: just as a rat hates a terrier. But what makes you always speak about him? I'm sure you don't mind such folks.

BULLER.

Not much; but, next to abusing one's friends, what, after all, is so pleasant as abusing one's enemies?

NORTH.

Try praising them, my friend: You will find that embitters them far more fiercely. There's an air of superiority about commendation which makes a man wince to his backbone. The Whigs can't endure to be lauded.

BULLER.

That's the reason you always lash them, I presume.

NORTH.

Me lash them! I would as soon get on horseback to spear a tailor. I just tickle their noses with the tip of my thong. Put me into a passion, and I'll shew you what lashing is.

BULLER.

I have no curiosity, Christopher. I'll take it all upon trust. When you cock your wig awry, you look as if you could eat a Turk.

NORTH.

I would rather eat any thing than a Whig. When you cut them up, 'tis all stuffing, and skin and gall.

BULLER.

They cry each other up at a fine rate.

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* See *Letter to a Friend in the Country.* London, Triphook. 1821.

NORTH.

Why, I believe there is but one animal who may, in a certain sense, commit *all* crimes with impunity, and its name is WHIG. To have been detected in the basest embezzlement of money would not hinder one of them from being talked of as the light of the age. I suppose the next thing will be to have some habit and repute thief or house-breaker proposing a reformation of the criminal code. A Whig is never cut by the Whigs. Fox and Tom Erskine stuck by Arthur O'Connor to the last, and *swore* that they believed him to have the same political principles as themselves. I suppose, in spite of his behaviour to Mackerrel, Brougham could get a certificate! Even Bonnet is something with them still!

BULLER.

Not much. 'Tis a fine thing to be Whig, however. How the Chaldee would have been praised had it been written against the Tories!

NORTH.

Why, the English Tories would have laughed at it, and the Scotch Tories would have joined trembling with their mirth—and Jamie Hogg would have been dinnered to his death, poor fellow.

BULLER.

I have a sort of lurking hereditary respect for the name of Whig. I can't bear its having come to designate such people.

NORTH.

What stuff is this? You might as well wax wroth because *a cicerone* is not the same thing with *a Cicero*, nor *a bravo* the same thing with *a brave man*.

BULLER.

Why is it that the Whigs attack you so much more bitterly than they do Gifford?

NORTH.

Why, Mr Buller, the crow always darts first at THE EYE.

BULLER.

Their attacks on you are as zealous as their laudations of themselves.

NORTH.

And as ineffectual.

"Talk and spare not for speech, and at last you will reach,
And the proverb hold good, I opine, sirs,
In spite of ablution, scent and perfume, pollution
Show'd still that the sow was a swine, sirs."

BULLER.

What is that you are quoting now?

NORTH.

Aristophanes—Mitchell, I mean. I think the verses are in his version of The Wasps.

BULLER.

I have not seen his new volume yet. Is it as good as the first?

NORTH.

I don't know. The dissertations in the first volume were the most popular things in it, and there are no dissertations in this; but 'tis full of capital notes, and the translation is quite in the same spirited style. Nothing can be more true, I imagine. I am quite sure nothing can be more spirited or more graceful.

BULLER.

That's high praise from a Cynic like you, Mr Christopher. I suppose 'tis the first thing of the sort in our language, however.

NORTH.

Oh! most certainly it is so. None of the ancient dramatists have ever had any thing like justice done them before. There is so much *poetry* in some of the passages in this last volume, that I can't but wish Mitchell would take some of the tragedians in hand next. What a name might he not make, if he could master Æschylus as well as he has done Aristophanes? or perhaps some of Euripides' plays would fall more easily into his management. I wish he would try the Bacchæ or the Cyclops.

BULLER.

Spout a little piece more of him, if you can.

NORTH.

I will give you part of a passage that I consider nobody has so good a right to quote as myself; for *I* am the true representative of the *Vetus Comœdia*—

"When the swell of private rage foam'd indignant, that The Stage
Dared upbraid lawless love and affection,
And will'd our poet's speech, (guilty pleasures not to reach)
Should assume a more lowly direction:—
Did he heed the loud reproof? No—he wisely kept aloof,
And spurn'd at corruption's base duress;
For never could he chuse, to behold his dearest Muse,
In the dress of a wanton procuress."

BULLER.

Why, this certainly looks as if it had been written since Rimini and Juan.

NORTH.

Listen, man—

"When first the scenic trade of instruction he essay'd,
Monsters, not *men*, were his game, sirs;
Strange Leviathans, that ask'd strength and mettle, and had task'd
Alcides, their fury to tame, sirs!"

BULLER.

The Shepherd of Chaldea may hold up his head now, I think.

NORTH.

Hush—

"In peril and alarms was his prenticeship of arms,
With a SHARK fight and battle essaying,
From whose eyes stream'd baleful light, like the blazing balls of sight
Which in CYNNA's (*query, Jeffrey's?*) fierce face are seen playing.
Swathed and banded round his head, five-score sycophants were fed—
Ever slav'ring, and licking, and glueing—(*young Whigs to be sure,*)—
While his voice scream'd loud and hoarse, like the torrent's angry course,
When death and destruction are brewing.
Rude the portent, fierce and fell, did its sight the poet quell,
Was he seen to a *truce* basely stooping?
No; his blows still fell unsparing that and next year, when came warring
With foes of a different trooping."

BULLER.

No! Nobody can say that of you, Christopher.

NORTH.

There's another passage—a semi-chorus of *Wasps*, which I must give you. It seems as if I heard a certain "CLEVER OLD BODY" singing in the midst of all his *disjecta membra*.

"O the days that are gone by, O the days so blithe and bland,
When my foot was strong in dance, and the spear was in my hand;
Then my limbs and years were green, I could toil and yet to spare,
And the foeman, to his cost, knew what strength and mettle are.
O the days that are gone by, &c.

MR AMBROSE (*enters*).

Mr Tickler! [*Enter* MR TICKLER.

TICKLER.

Ha! Buller, my dear boy—may you live a thousand years.

BULLER.

Allow me to congratulate you on your marriage. I trust Mrs Tickler is tolerably well—not complaining very much?

TICKLER.

No bantering, you dog—I might marry without losing any good fellowship, which is more than you can say, Mr Brazennose. Why the devil don't you all marry at Oxford? What could be more interesting than to see Christchurch Walk swarming with the wives, children, and nurses of senior fellows?

BULLER.

Spare us, Tickler, spare us. What are you about? Not a single article of yours has gladdened England for a twelvemonth.

TICKLER.

I am engaged on the Pope Controversy. My work will embrace three

quarto volumes. I begin with pointing out the difference between nature and art, which has been often written about, but never understood. Do you know the difference?

BULLER.

No!—confound me if I do.

TICKLER.

Take an illustration. Mr Bowles walking to church in a suit of black—with a gown, bands and shovel hat—is an artificial object, though he may not think so; and therefore, according to his own principles, an unfit theme for the highest species of poetical composition. So is Mr Bowles in his night-shirt and night-cap—but Mr Bowles going in to bathe in *puris naturalibus*, is artificial nomore—he is a natural—and, as such, a fit subject for the loftiest song.

NORTH.

Very well, Tickler—but I love and respect Bowles.

TICKLER.

Very well, North—but I love and respect Pope. And of all the abject and despicable drivelling, ever drivelled by Clerk or Layman, is all that late drivelling about the eternal principles of poetry, and the genius of the Bard of Twickenham. Why, there is more passion in that one single line of Eloisa to Abelard, "Give all thou can'st, and let me dream the rest," than in all the verses Mr Bowles ever wrote in his life, or Mr Campbell either.

BULLER.

Wordsworth says Dryden's Ode is low, and vulgar, and stupid.

TICKLER.

Wordsworth is an ass—that is, as great an ass as Dryden. Pray, is his poem of Alice Fell worth a bad farthing? Only think of the author of the Lyrical Ballads sitting by himself in a post-chaise, driving like the very devil into Durham. No poet ought to have made such a confession. Besides, it is well known that it was a *return*-chaise, and I question if the post-boy "who drove in fierce career," (such are the Bard's absurd words) gave his master the coin, I shrewdly suspect he fobbed it.

NORTH.

Stop, Tickler—you are becoming personal. I discountenance all personalities, either here or elsewhere.

TICKLER.

I beg your and Mr Wordsworth's pardon. I mean no disrespect to that gentleman—but as long as my name is Tickler, he shall not abuse Dryden without getting abused himself.

NORTH.

Why, Tickler—many of the poets of our days are, with all their genius, a set of enormous Spoons. Wordsworth walks about the woods like a great satyr, or rather like the god Pan; and piping away upon his reed, sometimes most infernally out of tune, he thinks he is listening, at the very least, to music equal to that of the spheres, and that nobody can blow a note but himself.

BULLER.

Ay, ay, Mr North—there is Satan reproving sin, as you presbyters are wont to say. Believe me, you have never yet done Southey justice in your work. He is a splendid genius. His mind has a high tone. Southey, sir, is one of the giants.

TICKLER.

Why, the Whigs, and Radicals, and Reformers, abuse Mr Southey, I observe, because, when an enthusiastic youth, soon after the French Revolution, he spoke and wrote a quantity of clever nonsense; and twenty years afterwards, when a wise man, he spoke and wrote a far greater quantity of saving knowledge.

BULLER.

Just so; you could not state the fact better, were you to talk an hour.

TICKLER.

Pray, North, are you for pulling down Lord Nelson's monument?

NORTH.

It is no great shakes of an erection; but I would let it stand.

TICKLER.

If Lord Nelson's monument is to be pulled down, because a better one might be built up, then I have a small proposal to make, namely, that the whole New Town of Edinburgh shall be pulled down. Does there exist in Europe—in the world—a more absurd, stupid, and unmeaning street than George's Street? Why, this very tavern of Mr Ambrose, admirable as it is beyond all earthly taverns, ought on the same principle to be pulled down. But may I never live to see that time! [*Much affected.*

BULLER.

You will pardon me, my beloved and honoured friends, but do you not think that the "Modern Athens," as applied to the good town of Edinburgh, is pure humbug?

[TICKLER *and* NORTH *rising from their chairs at once.*

BOTH.

Humbug! aye humbug, indeed, Buller!

BULLER.

I wish to hear Mr Tickler. He is the elder.

TICKLER.

No, sir, I am no Elder. I never stood at the plate; but young as I am, I am old enough to recollect the day when such an impertinence would not have been tolerated in Auld Reekie. In the days of Smith, and Hume, and Robertson, we were satisfied with our national name, and so were we during a later dynasty of genius, of which old Mackenzie still survives; but now-a-days, when with the exception of Scott, yourself North, myself, and a few others, there is not a single man of power or genius in Edinburgh, the prigs call themselves *Athenians!* Why, you may just as appropriately call the first Parallellogram, that shall be erected on Mr Owen's plan, the Modern Athens, as the New Town of Edinburgh.

BULLER.

Excellent, excellent, go on.

TICKLER.

Where are our sculptors, painters, musicians, orators poets, and philosophers?—But give me my tumbler of gin-twist, for I am sick.—(*Drinks and recovers.*)—The ninnies have not even the sense to know that our Calton-hill is no more like the Acropolis, than Lord Buchan is like Pericles, or Jeffrey like Demosthenes. It is the Castle rock that is like the Acropolis, or may be said to be so; and if the Parthenon is to be built at all, it *must* be built on the Castle-rock. This is the first egregious blunder of our Modern Athenians.

BULLER.

Take another tift—now for blunder second.

TICKLER.

It is all one great, big, blown, blustering blunder together. We are Scotsmen, not Greeks. We want no Parthenon—we are entitled to none. There are not ten persons in Edinburgh—not one Whig I am sure, who could read three lines of Homer "*ad aperturam libri.*" There are pretty Athenians for you! Think of shoals of Scotch artisans, with long lank greasy hair, and corduroy breeches, walking in the Parthenon!

BULLER.

Spare me, spare me—not a word more.

TICKLER.

Nay, we are to have the Kirk of Scotland in the naked simplicity of her worship, put under the tutelary power of the Virgin Goddess. Will the Scottish nation submit to this?

NORTH.

How fares the subscription for this Parthenon?

TICKLER.

One parish has subscribed, I understand, about nine guineas—Aberdour, I think. One old farmer there, has come forward with a sixpence for the Grand National Monument; but perhaps he has not yet advanced the sum: It is only on paper.

NORTH.

It seems to me, that if the people of Scotland really desire a National Mo-

nument, they will build one. They are not building one—*ergo*, they do not desire one.

TICKLER.

Michael Linning goes incessantly about poking the public on the posteriors, and pointing to a subscription paper, but the public wont stir. Such conduct is very teasing in Michael Linning, and should not be permitted.

BULLER.

Well, let Michael Linning go to the devil.—But I wish to know what all the young Whigs are about. I see none of them!

TICKLER.

Look into a ditch in dry droughty weather, and you will behold a sad mortality among the tad-poles. The poor Pow-heads, (see Dr Jamieson) are all baked up together in a mud-pie, and not a wriggle is in the ditch.

NORTH.

Why, Buller, in other times these tad-poles shot out legs and arms, and became small bouncing frogs. Their activity was surprising, and their croak loud. But the race is nearly extinct, and in a few years must be entirely so; for the old frogs don't spawn now—very seldom at least; and when they do, the spawn is either not prolific, or immediately destroyed. Now and then a young Whig or two comes forth, nobody can conjecture whence; but we either take him and throw him aside, or he leaps off himself into some crevice or cranny, and is no more seen.

BULLER.

I cannot agree with you, Tickler, in thinking Jeffrey a poor creature.

TICKLER.

I don't think him a poor creature—I never said so. But I think he is a small-minded man. His ambition is low. He talks about it—and about it—and about it. He is contented to be a critic—that is, a palaverer. His politics are enough to damn him for ever, as no Scotchman. But he is not worth talking about. He is just like a small black-faced mountain-sheep, who, spying a gap in a fence, bolts through it with his hinder clooties jerked up pertly and yet timidly in the air, and is immediately followed by all the wethers and ewes, who ask no questions at their Leader, but wheel round about upon you with spiral horns, and large grey glowering eyes, as much as to say, "What think you o' that?" We think merely, that they are a set of silly sheep, whose wool is not worth the clipping,—but that do very well *when cut up*.

BULLER.

I observed t'other day an article in the Edinburgh Review, in which Oriel College was described as a sink, into which ran every thing vile and loathsome, and Copplestone sneered at as a pompous Ninny. In the next number, Oriel College was said to be the most distinguished in Europe, I believe, and Copplestone one of the most illustrious writers of the age. Must not Jeffrey, if a gentleman and a scholar, or a gentleman and no scholar, which I believe is the case, feel ashamed of such childish and beggarly contradiction as this? What right has he to make a fool of himself to that extent? Is not Jeffrey an Oxonian?

NORTH.

Upwards of thirty years ago, he remained for a few weeks in a small garret in Queen's—does that make him an Oxonian?—But enough of this little personage. Tickler, start a new subject.

TICKLER.

I hate novelties. Is the prosecution-mania about to subside, think you? Now-a-days, every word is said to be actionable. You cannot open your mouth, or put pen to paper, without feeing a libel-lawyer. An Edinburgh Whig, and really some of the London ones seem no better, is an animal without a skin. True, he is often covered over with long shaggy hair, and he roars like an absolute lion; but the instant you give him a kick, or stir him up with a long pole, he begins to yell out in the most piteous strain, and you tremble lest you have killed him. You then perceive that under this formidable-looking hair, the creature's body is quite raw, and that a prick with the point of the pen gives him intolerable anguish. Nay, if you but turn the round nose of a quill towards him, he bellows; and more than once have I put him to flight with my "keelie-vine."

NORTH.

What is the world saying now about me, do you think, my Tickler?

TICKLER.

They flatter you so in all directions, that you must become a spoiled child. A few weeks ago I met an elderly young woman in a coach going to Glasgow, who could not speak of you without tears. She said you were the most pathetic man she had ever read. The coach was crowded—there were seven of us inside, for we had kindly taken in a grazier during a hail-storm near Westcraigs, and there was not a single dissentient voice.

NORTH.

Did the grazier entertain the same sentiments as the lady?

TICKLER.

He said, with a smile that would have graced a slaughter-house, that it was not the first Stot you had knocked down. The lady seemed to understand the allusion, and blushed.

NORTH.

Did you proceed to Glasgow?

TICKLER.

Yes; I had been elected an honorary member of the "Oriental Club of the West." I went to take my seat. They are a set of most admirable despots. We all sat cross-legged like Turks or tailors, as if Glasgow had been Constantinople. I will give you a description of us for your next Number.

NORTH.

Do so. But then the London people will say it is *local*. And why not? London itself is the most provincial spot alive. Let our Magazine be read in the interior of Africa, along with either, or both of the two Monthlies, and which will seem most of a cosmopolite to the impartial black population? Ebony. The London people, with their theatres, operas, Cocknies, &c. &c. are wholly unintelligible out of their own small town. The truth must be told them—*London is a very small insignificant place.* Our ambition is, that our wit shall be local all over the world.

TICKLER.

It is so. It is naturalized in all the kingdoms of the earth. What can *John Bull* mean by saying he does not understand many of your allusions? He is mistaken. John Bull understands every thing worth understanding—and therefore, his knowledge of Ebony is complete. But even if he did not, is it not pleasant sometimes to see things under a tender, obscure, and hazy light? John Bull's notices to correspondents I do not always thoroughly understand; but I read them with delight: and I never lay down a No. of his paper without repeating that wise saw of Hamlet, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in my philosophy."

NORTH.

It is not at all like *John Bull* to accuse us of laughing occasionally at the Quarterly Review, "because there has been a quarrel between Blackwood and Murray." What do we care about Blackwood or Murray? Not one sous. But when, how, why, or where, did these mighty personages quarrel? I never heard of it before last Wednesday.

TICKLER.

Don't you recollect, North, some years ago, that Murray's name was on our title-page; and that, being alarmed for Subscription Jamie, and Harry Twitcher, he took up his pen and scratched his name out, as if he had been Emperor of the West, signing an order for our execution. The death warrant came down, but we are still alive.

NORTH.

I do indistinctly remember reading something to that effect in a Whig newspaper, but of course I supposed it to be a lie; but, if true, what then? Are we angry now with a gentlemanly person like Mr Murray, for attempting to cut his own throat some years ago? Too absurd a great deal.

TICKLER.

Certainly. John Bull himself knows that we laugh at the Quarterly Review, only when it is laughable. He knows we admire it, and say so, when it is admirable. Of all the Periodicals now flourishing or fading, BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE IS THE MOST IMPARTIAL. Yes, its illustrious Editor

despises all the chicanery of the trade. Trojan or Tyrian, that is, Murray or Constable,—Longman and Rees, or Taylor and Hessey,—Richardson of Cornhill, or Ollier of Bond-street,—with you they are held in no distinction. Their good books you toss up to the stars, and their bad you trample down to Tartarus.

NORTH.

John Bull also says, that the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews are works of a *higher class* than Blackwood's Magazine. I am truly vexed to differ from him here. They are works of an older, thicker, and heavier, but not of a higher class. A review is not necessarily a higher work than a magazine—any more than a magazine is necessarily a higher work than a weekly newspaper—or a weekly newspaper than a daily one. Genius, learning, and virtue, constitute the only essential difference between work and work; and in these, we never heard it whispered, that this Magazine is inferior to any work, living or dead.

TICKLER.

John Bull may be right after all. He is an incomprehensible mortal.

NORTH.

The John Bull Newspaper is a chariot armed with scythes—The Morning Chronicle is a market cart, out of which a big empty turnip or cabbage keeps trundling ever and anon against honest people's legs; but a dexterous turn of the ankle shys it into the kennel, and no harm done.

TICKLER.

However, in sober seriousness, you are an almost universal favourite. You burn like a gas-light among oil-lamps. The affection felt for you is a mixture of love, fear, and astonishment,—three emotions that play into each other's hands. The sex regard you with a mixed passion, of which the fundamental feature is love. Fear is the chief ingredient in the ruling passion towards you of literary gentlemen under fifty—and with Grey Bennet, and old women in general—astonishment.

BULLER. [*Yawning.*

Would you like to marry an actress?

TICKLER AND NORTH.

Whom are you speaking to?

BULLER.

To any body.

TICKLER.

Not for my first wife. After a private spouse or two, I should not so much care for marrying a pretty young actress to rub my bald pate in my old age; at the same time, a man should consider his posthumous fame. Now, if your relict, before you are well warm in your grave, marry an Irishman forty years younger, and three feet broader across the back than you her late dearly beloved husband, your posthumous fame receives a blow that demolishes it at once irretrievably—that should be considered.

BULLER.

Why, I begin to get drowsy—was I snoring?

TICKLER.

Like a trooper. Ring the bell, my buck.

[*Enter* Mr Ambrose.

NORTH.

What's to pay?

MR AMBROSE.

I beg you won't mention it. I am so happy to see Mr Buller in Scotland again, that I cannot think of making any charge for a few hundred oysters, and a mere gallon of gin.

NORTH.

Assist me on with my great-coat—there—there—easy—easy. Now, my cane. Give me your arm, Ambrose—am I quite steady?

MR AMBROSE.

As steady as York Minster, sir.

 [*They vanish into thin air.*

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Bracebridge Hall; or, the Humourists. By the author of the Sketch Book.

Belshazzar, a Dramatic Poem. By the Rev. H. H. Milman.

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Preparing for the press, Isn't it odd?

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Will appear in a few weeks, a Translation of the Abbe de Pradt's Work on Europe and America in 1821.

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EDINBURGH.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

EDINBURGH.—*April* 10.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.. 31s. 0d.	1st,...23s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 6d.	1st,.....17s. 0d.
2d, ...28s. 0d.	2d, ...20s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.	2d,.....15s. 0d.
3d, ...24s. 0d.	3d, ...17s. 0d.	3d,.....14s. 0d.	3d,.....14s. 6d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 8 : 2d. per boll.

Tuesday, April 9.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 3½d. to 0s. 6d.	Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 9d. to 0s. 0d.
Mutton	0s. 4d. to 0s. 7d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 4d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per stone	16s. 0d. to 18s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter .	5s. 0d. to 6s. 6d.	Ditto, per lb. . .	1s. 0d. to 1s. 3d.
Tallow, per stone .	7s. 6d. to 8s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen .	0s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—*April* 12.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ...30s. 0d.	1st, ...21s. 6d.	1st; ...16s. 6d.	1st, ... 13s. 6d.	1st, ... 14s. 0d.
2d, ...26s. 0d.	2d, ...19s. 0d.	2d,.....15s. 0d.	2d, ... 11s. 0d.	2d, ... 11s. 0d.
3d, ...24s. 0d.	3d, ...17s. 0d.	3d, ...13s. 0d.	3d, ... 9s. 0d.	3d, ... 9s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 7s. 2d. 7-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended April 6.

Wheat, 45s. 8d.—Barley, 18s. 10d.—Oats, 16s. 1d.—Rye, 21s. 4d.—Beans, 21s. 6d.—Pease, 22s. 2d.

London, Corn Exchange, April 4.

	s.		s.		s.		s.
Wheat, red, new	28	to	34	White ditto .	21	to	23
Fine ditto . .	36	to	42	Ditto, boilers .	24	to	26
Superfine ditto	44	to	48	Small Beans, new	23	to	26
Ditto, old . .	48	to	57	Ditto, old . .	25	to	29
White, new .	32	to	36	Tick ditto, new	17	to	19
Fine ditto . .	40	to	50	Ditto, old . .	21	to	23
Superfine ditto	54	to	56	Feed oats . .	12	to	15
Ditto, old . .	48	to	64	Fine ditto . .	15	to	17
Rye	20	to	22	Poland ditto .	15	to	17
Barley . . .	14	to	17	Fine ditto . .	18	to	20
Fine ditto . .	18	to	21	Potato ditto .	17	to	21
Superfine ditto	22	to	24	Fine ditto . .	22	to	23
Malt	38	to	45	Scotch . . .	24	to	—
Fine	48	to	50	Flour, per sack	45	to	50
Hog Pease .	19	to	20	Ditto, seconds	33	to	42
Maple . . .	21	to	22	North country	35	to	38

Seeds, &c.

	s.		s. d.		s.		s. d.
Must. White, .	6	to	10 0	Hempseed .	34	to	40 0
— Brown, new	10	to	16 0	Linseed, crush.	40	to	44 0
Tares, per bsh.	3	to	4 0	— Fine . .	52	to	60 0
Turnips, bsh.	36	to	38 0	Rye Grass, .	18	to	35 0
— Red & green	28	to	36 0	Clover, red cwt.	26	to	65 0
— Yellow,	18	to	24 0	— White . . .	30	to	60 0
Caraway, cwt.	65	to	70 0	Coriander . .	12	to	16 0
Canary, per qr.	36	to	38 0	Trefoil	5	to	28 0

Rape Seed, per last, . £51 to £55.

Liverpool, April 5.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.					
Eng. Old	8	6	to	9	6
New .	5	6	to	8	6
Foreign . .	4	0	to	5	0
Waterford	5	0	to	6	4
Limerick	5	0	to	6	4
Drogheda	5	3	to	6	8
Dublin	4	9	to	5	4
Scotch .	6	9	to	9	0
Irish Old .	7	0	to	8	6
Barley, per 60 lbs.					
Eng. . . .	3	0	to	3	9
Scotch . .	3	0	to	5	6
Irish . .	2	8	to	3	0
Oats, per 45 lb.					
Eng. pota.	2	7	to	2	10
Irish do. .	2	7	to	2	8
Scotch do.	2	8	to	3	0
Rye, per qr.	26	to	28	0	
Malt per b.					
— Fine .	7	0	to	7	6
Beans, per q.					
English .	27	0	to	29	0
Irish . .	25	0	to	26	0
Rapeseed, p. l.	£28	to	30		
Pease, grey	20	0	to	23	0
—White .	32	0	to	35	0
Flour, English,					
p. 240lb. fine	36	0	to	37	0
Irish . .	27	0	to	31	0

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Amer. p. 196 lb.					
Sweet, U.S.	—	0	to	—	0
Do. in bond	25	0	to	27	0
Sour do. .	34	0	to	35	0
Oatmeal, per 240 lb.					
English	24	0	to	25	0
Scotch . .	22	0	to	23	0
Irish . . .	21	0	to	22	0
Bran, p. 24 lb.	10	to		1	0

Butter, Beef, &c.

Butter, p. cwt.	s.	d.		s.	d.
Belfast, new	71	0	to	75	0
Newry . .	70	0	to	72	0
Waterford .	66	0	to	67	0
Cork, pic. 2d,	72	0	to	75	0
3d dry	65	0	to	66	0
Beef, p. tierce.					
— Mess	85	0	to	95	0
— p. barrel	50	0	to	56	0
Pork, p. bl.	—	0	to	—	0
— Mess .	48	0	to	52	0
— Middl. .	46	0	to	47	0
Bacon, p. cwt.					
Short mids.	30	0	to	32	0
Sides . .	28	0	to	—	0
Hams, dry,	50	0	to	56	0
Green . .	30	0	to	—	0
Lard, rd. p. c.	47	0	to	49	0
Tongue, p. fir.	—	0	to	—	0

Course of Exchange, April. 9.—Amsterdam, 12 : 7. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 12 : 4. Rotterdam, 12 : 8. Antwerp, 12 : 3. Hamburgh, 37 : 3. Altona, 37 : 4. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 40. Ditto 25 : 70. Bourdeaux, 25 : 70. Frankfort on the Maine, 154. Petersburgh, per rble. 9 : 3. *Us.* Vienna, 10 : 10 *Eff. fo.* Trieste, 10 : 10 *Eff. fo.* Madrid, 37. Cadiz, 37. Bilboa, 36¾. Barcelona, 36. Seville, 36¼. Gibraltar, 30¼. Leghorn, 47¾. Genoa, 44. Venice, 27 : 60. Malta, 45. Naples, 40. Palermo, 118. Lisbon, 50½. Oporto, 50½. Rio Janeiro, 46. Bahia, 51. Dublin, 9¾ per cent. Cork, 9¾ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½d. New Doubloons, £0 : 0 : 0d. New Dollars, 0s. 0d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11½d.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d March, 1822.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	250	—	—	—
3 per cent. reduced,	79⅝ ¼	—	—	81⅜
3 per cent. consols,	79 8⅝	78⅝ ⅞	79⅛ ⅜	80⅛ ⅛
3½ per cent. consols,	90⅛	—	—	—
4 per cent. consols,	97⅝	—	98¼	99⅛
5 per cent. navy ann.	102¾	102⅝	102¾	104⅛
India stock,	87⅛	—	—	—
—— bonds,	40 pr.	55 pr.	48 pr.	55 pr.
Exchequer bills, 2d.	7 pr.	2 pr.	3 pr.	5 pr.
Consols for acc.	79⅝	79¼	79¾	80⅛
Long Annuities	20 11-16	—	—	—
French 5 per cents.	90fr. 60c.	89fr. 40c.	88fr. 95c.	89fr. 95c.
Amer. 5 per cent.	97	98	95	98

PRICES CURRENT, *April 6.—London*, 2.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
SUGAR, Musc.				
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	57 to 60	54 58	54 56	57 60
Mid. good, and fine mid.	70 82	59 68	57 74	62 70
Fine and very fine, . .	80 82	70 82	75 78	72 87
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	130 145	— —	— —	— —
Powder ditto, . .	100 110	— —	— —	— —
Single ditto, . .	88 102	98 110	— —	— —
Small Lumps, . . .	86 90	88 92	— —	— —
Large ditto, ...	82 86	80 85	— —	— —
Crushed Lumps, . .	44 56	82 86	— —	— —
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	28 —	27 28	— —	— —
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.				
Ord. good, and fine ord.	105 110	103 110	102 115	102 114
Mid. good, and fine mid.	110 120	112 122	116 130	118 136
Dutch Triage and very ord.	— —	— —	85 105	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	120 135	— —	106 117	110 119
Mid. good, and fine mid.	135 140	— —	118 128	124 138
St Domingo, ...	122 126	— —	100 106	— —
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	9 10	— —	9 —	— —
SPIRITS,				
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 0d 2s 2d	1s 8d 1s 10d	1s 10d 2s 0d	1s 11d 2s 1d
Brandy, ...	4 3 4 6	— —	— —	3 6 4 2
Geneva, ...	2 0 2 3	— —	— —	1 2 1 7
Grain Whisky, . .	6 4 6 6	— —	— —	— —
WINES,				
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	45 55	— —	— —	£20 £60
Portugal Red, pipe.	32 45	— —	— —	30 34
Spanish White, butt.	31 55	— —	— —	— —
Teneriffe, pipe.	28 30	— —	— —	— —
Madeira, ...	45 65	— —	— —	— —
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£7 7 7	— —	9 15 10 10	£10 0 11 0
Honduras, ...	— —	— —	10 0 10 15	10 10 11 0
Campeachy, ...	8 —	— —	10 10 11 0	11 10 12 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	7 8	— —	9 0 9 10	7 10 9 10
Cuba, ...	9 11	— —	12 15 13 10	8 0 12 0
INDIGO, Caracca fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d	— —	9 6 10 0	9 0 11 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 8 2 2	— —	— —	— —
Ditto Oak, ...	2 9 3 3	— —	— —	— —
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	1 10 2 0	— —	— —	— —
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 0 1 6	1 2 1 8	0 11 1 0	0 10 1 0
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 6 2 8	1 6 3 0	1 5 2 0	1 6 1 10
TAR, American, brl.	20 21	— —	14 0 15 0	16 0 —
Archangel, ...	16 17	— —	— —	17 —
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10 11	— —	— —	— —
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	— —	53 54	48 —	— —
Home melted, ...	— —	— —	— —	— —
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	— —	— —	— —	£50 —
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	52 53	— —	53 —	48 —
FLAX,				
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	52 53	— —	— —	£55 57
Dutch, ...	50 90	— —	— —	45 47
Irish, ...	— —	— —	— —	— —
MATS, Archangel, 100.	85 90	— —	— —	90 100
BRISTLES,				
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	13 10 14	— —	— —	13 15
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	45 46	— —	— —	—
Montreal, ditto, . .	48 —	46 47	45 —	42 46
Pot, . .	34 35	36 38	36 37	34 —
OIL, Whale, . tun.	L.22 —	21 10 22	— —	21 10 —
Cod.	— —	20	— —	21 —
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7½ 8	7½ 8	0 6 0 8	0 7d 7½
Middling, ...	6 6½	5½ 6½	0 4½ 0 5½	4½ 5½
Inferior, ...	5 5½	3½ 4	0 2½ 0 3	0 3 0 4
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	0 8 10	0 7½ 0 10½	— —
Sea Island, fine, .	— —	1 8 1 10	1 6 2 0	— —
Good, . .	— —	1 4 1 6	1 1 1 3	— —
Middling, . .	— —	1 2 1 4	1 1 1 3	9½ 1 0½
Demerara and Berbice,	— —	1 0 1 1	0 9½ 1 1	0 8½ 9½
West India, . .	— —	0 9 0 11	0 8 0 9½	0 8½ 0 9½
Pernambuco, .	— —	1 0½ 1 1½	0 11½ 0 11½	1½ 1 0½
Maranham, .	— —	1 0 1 1	0 10½ 0 11½	— —

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Mar. 1	M.35	29.746	M.45	SW.	Frost morn.	Mar. 17	M.37	29.744	M.45	SW.	Fair day,
	A. 41	.799	A. 44		rain even.		A. 42	.690	A. 45		rain night.
2	M.33	.884	M.44	SW.	Fair, with	18	M.35	.956	M.46	W.	Frost morn.
	A. 41	.884	A. 44		sunshine.		A. 42	.670	A. 45		fair day.
3	M.36	.701	M.45	SW.	Ditto.	19	M.32	.728	M.50	NW.	Fair day,
	A. 44	.619	A. 47				A. 49	.799	A. 47		cold.
4	M.41	.583	M.48	SW.	Dull, but	20	M.33	.860	M.48	NW.	Fair day,
	A. 48	.340	A. 46		fair.		A. 45	.809	A. 48		but dull.
5	M.35	.452	M.44	S.	Fair foren.	21	M.35	.692	M.51	W.	Dull, with
	A. 39	28.557	A. 43		h. rain after.		A. 50	.592	A. 46		showers.
6	M.32	.557	M.45	NW.	Dull with	22	M.36	.72[illegible]	M.47	NW.	Fair, but
	A. 43	.584	A. 41		showers rain.		A. 46	.78[illegible]	A. 47		cold.
7	M.31	.722	M.40	NW.	Dull, with h.	23	M.34	.407	M.51	W.	Day fair, cold
	A. 38	.722	A. 37		sh. hl. & snw.		A. 47	.103	A. 48		rain night.
8	M.29	.999	M.34	Cble.	Frost, with	24	M.32	28.999	M.47	W.	D. morn. hail
	A. 30	.857	A. 35		hail & snow.		A. 39	.999	A. 51		& snow day.
9	M.28	29.107	M.38	W.	Fair foren.	25	M.28	.999	M.41	SW.	Snow foren.
	A. 37	28.948	A. 40		rain aftern.		A. 34	29.125	A. 40		fresh aftern.
10	M.35	.619	M.47	NW.	H. shrs. of	26	M.29	.521	M.40	W.	Dull, with
	A. 44	.619	A. 40		hail & snow		A. 38	.616	A. 48		slight shrs.
11	M.29	.999	M.39	NW.	Frost sn. for.	27	M.46	.639	M.48	SW.	Dull, but fair
	A. 36	29.741	A. 38		fresh aftern.		A. 48	.501	A. 49		
12	M.29	.905	M.40	W.	Fair & fresh.	28	M.42	.532	M.50	SW.	Dull foren.
	A. 39	.914	A. 43				A. 35	.492	A. 49		rain aftern.
13	M.29	.650	M.45	W.	Fair, with	29	M.36	.701	M.49	W.	Dull, with h.
	A. 45	.435	A. 45		sunshine.		A. 44	.621	A. 48		showers.
14	M.34	.522	M.48	SW.	Fair foren.	30	M.32	.216	M.44	Cble.	H. rain. forn.
	A. 45	.640	A. 49		rain aftern.		A. 38	.315	A. 43		fair aftern.
15	M.40	.740	M.49	SW.	Dull morn.	31	M.30	30.206	M.40	Cble.	Fair, but
	A. 46	.550	A. 48		fair day.		A. 35	.244	A. 44		cold.
16	M.39	.353	M.50	SW.	Fair foren.						
	A. 50	.499	A. 49		h. rain after.						

Average of Rain, 2.464 inches.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of Feb. and the 20th of March, 1822, extracted from the London Gazette.

Alwin, R. P. Elm-street, Gray's-Inn-lane, brewer.
Andrade, A. Lancaster, banker.
Andrade, A. and T. Wordswick, Lancaster, bankers.
Ansell, J. Filkins, Oxfordshire, miller.
Armstrong, J. Reading, linen-draper.
Atkinson, T. Manchester, shopkeeper.
Atkins, J. Hamstall Redware, Staffordshire, miller
Avison, J. Aldwick, Yorkshire, butter-factor.
Bishop, J. Cheltenham, tailor and draper.
Blyth, G. W. and F. Birmingham, merchants.
Brewer, S. Alderton, Suffolk, coal-merchant.
Boucher, C. Cheltenham, cabinet-maker.
Brett, W. Stone, Stafford, grocer.
Burton, G. Nottingley, Yorkshire, vessel-builder.
Button, W. Bicester, Oxford, innkeeper.
Butler, P. Little Bolton, Lancaster, manufacturer.
Byrne, P. H. Bucklersbury, Manchester, warehouseman.
Cater, S. Rattlesden, Suffolk, grocer.
Child, J. Aldermanbury, hosier.
Chittenden, E. Ashford, Kent, ironmonger.
Clough, R. Sharples, Lancashire, calico-printer.
Colley, B. Posenhall, Shropshire, farmer.
Congdon, T. Torquay, Devonshire, merchant.
Copland, W. Holt, Norfolk, miller.
Copley, B. and W. Hirst, Doncaster, iron-founders.
Cossart, J. I. and P. Clement's-lane, wine-merchants.
Cotton, W. Castle Donington, Leicestershire, baker.
Dark, S. W. Red Lion-square, picture-dealer.
D'Almaine, G. Chandos-street, Covent Garden, embroiderer.
Day, H. and H. Holmes, Tottenham-court-road, linen-drapers.
Davidson, W. Philpot-lane, merchant.
Dove, F. Berkeley-square, auctioneer.
Edwards, G. H. Craven-street, wine-merchant.
Earle, W. Church-street, Rotherhithe, victualler.
Early, W. Winchester, grocer.
Failes, J. Upwell, Norfolk, farmer.
Field, S. Richmond, wine-merchant.
Finch, T. Hammersmith, brewer.
Froggatt, J. jun. Burslem, druggist.
Glover, E. Hardshaw within Windle, Lancaster, shopkeeper.
Griffiths, H. Swansea, linen-draper.
Handford, W. Tavistock, Devonshire, linen-draper.
Harbin, T. H. Mainhead, Devonshire, tailor.
Hardy, M. and J. Dale, Manchester, warehousemen.
Hargraves, J. Liverpool, miller.
Hedley, J. and T. F. Will, Sunderland, ship-owners.
Hembrey, M. Lambeth-road, victualler.
Herbert, E. T. Fetter-lane, oilman.
Herbert, P. late Master of the E. I. ship Thalia, merchant.
Herbert, R. and W. Buckmaster, St Mary Axe and Ware, merchants.
Hornblower, W. Brierly-hill Iron-works, Staffordshire, iron-masters.
Hort, J. Great St Helens, coal-merchant.
Hoyle, T. and J. Lord, Whalley, Lancashire, calico-printers.
Joseph, A. Magdalen-row, Goodman's Fields, merchant.
Judd, G. Farringdon, cordwainer.
Keene, W. C. Mary-le-bone-lane, farrier.
Kenyon, T. Brestwich, Lancashire, flour-dealer.
Ketcher, N. Bradwell, Essex, shopkeeper.
Kirkland, I. and Badenoch, I. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturers.
Knight, J. Halifax, merchant.
Larbalestier, J. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, wine-merchant.
Lea, P. H. Prior-place, East-lane, Walworth, grocer.
Ledden, W. Liverpool, merchant.
Leppingwell, K. Croydon, linen-drapers.
Lewis, P. R. Bath-place, New-road, fringe-manufacturers.
Lightfoot, I. Eccleston, Lancashire, miller.
Lord, J. J. Plymouth, spirit-seller.

Maddock, R. and Sweed, J. Rosemary-lane, timber-merchants.
Mann, G. and J. Chapel-street, Edgeware-road, bricklayers.
Maydew, T. Colbridge, Staffordshire, blue-manufacturer.
May, W. Newgate-street, victualler.
Maullin, T. Dudley, Worcestershire, nail-ironmonger.
Miller, R. Minchinhampton, Gloucester, banker.
Milthorp, I. Poole, Yorkshire, maltster.
Moorson, W. Scarborough, banker.
Morton, T. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer.
Mounsher, J. Leonard-street, Finsbury-square, merchant.
Miller. C. Abchurch-lane, merchant.
Otley, G. New Bond-street, tailor.
Parker, T. Carincot Mill, Somerset, mealman.
Parsons, J. Swaffham, Norfolk, linen-draper.
Pearson, J. Manchester, joiner.
Petitpierre, L. and E. South-street, Finsbury, merchants.
Pitts, T. and Collison, T. Beverley, York, woollen-drapers.
Poole, R. Leeds, grocer.
Pottes, B. Charlton-row, Manchester, cotton-spinner.
Raine, W. Padstow, mercer.
Reed, W. Little Queen-street, oilman.
Richardson, M. Kirkoswald, Cumberland, butcher.
Rickards, J. Dursley, Gloucestershire, clothier.
Rile, T. Ashton Keynes, Wilts, tallow-chandler.
Rose, I. Ibstock, Leicester, grocer.
Rose, M. Berry Hills, Leicester, farmer.
Ross, J. Charlton-street, Somers town, baker.
Russell, J. Rochester, wine-merchant.
Saintry, T. Cottenham, Cambridgeshire, dealer.
Salter, T. Geist, Norfolk, farmer.
Savage, J. Broadway, Worcestershire, pig-dealer.
Searth, W. Morley, York, merchant.
Seandrett, W. Worcester, glover.
Scott, W. jun. Norwich, confectioner.
Sherwin, W. T. Paternoster-row, bookseller.
Simkins, I. Store-street, Bedford-square, tailor.
Smith, J. North-street, Westminster, tailor.
Sowerby, P. and P. Liverpool, provision-merchts.
Squire, L. Earith, Huntingdon, tanner.
Steel, J. Emscott, Warwick, timber-merchant.
Stevens, W. Northumberland-street, Strand, baker.
Stevens, D. G. Harlow, Essex, linen-draper.
Swift, J. and T. Huddersfield, merchants.
Taylor, W. Great Yarmouth, surgeon.
Thomas, R. S. Hanbury, Worcestershire, tanner.
Thomlinson, J. and Jos. High Hesket, Cumberland, innkeeper.
Thompson, J. South Shields, ship-owner.
Tickell, T. West Bromwich, Stafford, iron-master.
Traer, W. Exeter, factor.
Tucker, J. H. Jermyn-street, chemist.
Turton, W. West Bromwich, Stafford, coal and iron-master.
Vall, W. jun. Brookworth, Gloucestershire, corn-dealer.
Vertue, S. Yarmouth, merchant.
Weeks, J. Exeter, currier.
Wood, J. Rugely, Staffordshire, miller.
Woodburn, J. Birmingham, provision-merchant.
Woolcock, J. Truro, draper.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th March, 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Brown, Hugh, merchant and coal-master in Saltcoats.
Brown, Wm. of Lawhill, merchant in Saltcoats.
Brash, James, iron-monger in Edinburgh.
Drysdale, John, grocer in Glasgow.
Ferguson, Peter, jun. slater in Glasgow.
Gardiner, William, spirit-merchant in Glasgow.
Hill and Pattison, spirit-dealers in Glasgow; and Neil Hill, spirit-dealer there.
Mitchel, Wm. grocer and spirit-dealer in Maybole.
M'Alpine, James, general merchant and trader at Corpach, near Fort-William.
Macarthur, George, grocer in Glasgow.
M'Lean, A. of Mark, cattle-dealer and grazier.
M'Queen, Lachlan and Donald, cattle-dealers at Drumournie.
Sorley, John, jun. iron-monger in Glasgow.
Wilson, Richard, merchant and grain-dealer in Glasgow.
Wood, William, sen. ship-owner and trader in Limekilns.

DIVIDENDS.

Braidwood, Francis, tacksman of Collalo quarry, and stone-merchant, residing in Edinburgh; a second dividend after 16th April.
Coats, John, manufacturer of muslins, Glasgow; a final dividend after 3d May.
Craig, Robert, the Company concern of, millers and grain-dealers in Partick; a dividend on 7th May.
Ferguson, James, banker and writer in Stewarton; a second dividend on the 20th April, to be paid in John Shaw's, vintner, Stewarton.
Hunter, Burt, and Marshall, late calico-printers at Cromwell Park, near Perth; a dividend after 16th April.
M'Farquhar, Campbell, and Co. merchants in Glasgow; a dividend after 17th April.
M'Intosh, Arthur, bookseller in Inverness; the first dividend on the 13th April to the creditors who have not already received it, but no second dividend.
Saunders, James, printer and writer, Dundee; a dividend after 13th April.
Wotherspoon, David, sometime merchant in Perth; a second and final dividend after 2d May.
Young and Gordon, drapers and merchants in Dundee; a first dividend after 27th April.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet Lt. Col. W. *Count* Linsingen, Col. on Continent of Europe 28 Feb. 1822.
12 L. Dr. Cornet and Adj. Sidley, rank of Lieut. 21 do.
J. G. Evered, Cornet by purch. vice Daubuz, 10 Dr. 14 do.
Lieut. Vandeleur, Capt. by purch. vice Wallace, ret. 28 do.
Cornet Weight, Lt. by purch. do.
J. C. Lett, Cornet by purch. do.
Lt. *Hon.* G. R. Abercromby, from 3d Dr. G. Capt. by purch. vice Erskine, pro. 14 Mar.
13 Assist. Surg. Shean, from 34 F. Assist. Surg. vice M'Gregor, dead 28 Feb.
Gren. G. W. O. Stanley, Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Tinling, prom. 14 Feb.
Lt. and Capt. Thornton, Capt. and Lt. Col. by purch. vice Hodge, ret. do.
Ens. and Lt. Greville, Lt. and Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. *Visc.* Chetwynd, from 52 F. Ens. and Lt. by purch. do.
1 F. Lt. Blake, from h. p. 37 F. Paym. vice Daniel, dismissed 14 Feb.
2 —— Nunn, Adj. vice Hunt res. Adj. only 21 do.
4 W. W. Barrow, Ens. vice Loraine, dead 28 do.
Hosp. Assist. Parry Assist. Surg. vice Morrah, dead 7 Mar.
5 Bt. Maj. Culley, Maj. vice Col. Copson, dead 9 Jan.
Lt. O'Dell, Capt. do.
Ens. Wyatt, Lt. do.
10 R. Kelly, Ens. by purch. vice Le Marchant, prom. 7 Mar.
20 Lt. Urquhart, from h. p. Rifle Brig. Lt. vice Sutherland, 92 F. 21 Feb.
26 —— Kyle, Capt. by purch. vice Brooks, ret. do.
28 Capt. Barclay, Maj. by purch. vice Lt. Col. Ross, ret. 7 Mar.
Lt. Hill, Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Browne, Lt. by purch. do.
R. Gibson, Ens. by purch. do.

30 Lt. Tompson, from h. p. 20 F. Lt. vice Sutherland, 41 F. 26 Feb.
34 —— Huddleston, Capt. by purch. vice Maj. Fancourt, ret. do.
Hosp. Assist. Teevan, Assist. Surg. vice Shean, 13 Dr. 28 do.
Cornet and Sub-Lieut. Locke, from 1 Life Gds. Lt. by purch. vice Huddleston 7 Mar.
36 Ens. Graham, Lt. by purch. vice Peacocke, prom. 28 Feb.
T. Alcock, Ens. by purch. do.
37 Capt. Valiant, Maj. by purch. vice Barwick, ret. 24 Oct. 1821.
Lt. Hay, from 12 Dr. Capt. by purch. do.
38 Assist. Surg. Thomson, from h. p. 60 F. Assist. Surg. vice Shanks, 82 F. 7 Mar. 1822.
41 Lt. Col. Smelt, 2 Ceylon R. Lt. Col. 25 Feb.
Ens. Armstrong, Lt. do.
Lt. Briscoe, from h. p. 96 F. Lt. 26 do.
—— Sutherland, from 30 F. Lt. do.
—— Waters, from h. p. 59 F. Lt. do.
—— Norman, from h. p. 2 F. Lt. do.
—— Gray, from h. p. 104 F. Lt. do.
—— Hume, from h. p. 100 F. Lt. do.
—— Ferrer, from h. p. 60 F. Lt. do.
—— Vincent, from h. p. 37 F. Lt. do.
—— Russell, from h. p. 48 F. Lt. do.
H. E. Copson, Ens. vice Armstrong 28 do.
Assist. Surg. Perrott, from h. p. 3 Vet. Bn. Assist. Surg. do.
52 R. D. King, Ens. by purch. vice *Vise.* Chetwynd, Gren. Gds. do.
55 2d Lt. Daniell, from h. p. Rifle Brig. Paym. vice Fisher, superseded 14 Mar.
57 Paym. Green, from h. p. late Corsican Rang. Paym. vice Shafter, h. p. 25 Dec. 1821.
59 Lt. Penefather, Capt. vice Halford, prom. 7 Mar. 1822.
Ens. Chichester, Lt. do.
J. M. Drummond, Ens. do.
60 Serj. Maj. Wolff, Adj. and Ens. vice Adams, dead 25 Dec. 1821.
66 Lt. Kingsmill, Capt. by purch. vice Jordan, ret. 21 Feb. 1822.
Ens. Wardell, Lt. by purch. do.
T. H. Johnston, Ens. by purch. do.
73 Ens. and Adj. Russell, rank of Lt. 28 do.
75 Gent. Cadet R. B. Phillipson, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Hepburn, 83 F. 21 do.
Quar. Mast. Serj. Dandy, Quar. Mast. vice M'Phail, dead 7 Mar.
79 Ens. A. Cameron, Lt. vice E. Cameron, dead do.
—— Boates, from h. p. Ens. do.
82 Assist. Surg. Shanks, from 38 F. Assist. Surg. vice Milligan, h. p. 60 F. do.
83 Ens. Hepburn from 75 F. Lt. by purch. vice Gascoyne, 1 Ceylon R. 21 Feb.
92 Lt. Sutherland, from 21 F. Lt. vice E. Campbell, dead do.
1 W. I. Reg. Capt. Ford, from Colon. Comp. at Mauritius, Capt. vice Gordon, cashiered 7 Mar.

Cape Corps.
Inf. Ens. Fraser, from h. p. 79 F. Ens. vice Fleischer, res. 21 Feb. 1822.

London and Westminster Light Horse Volunteers.
Cor. Drummond, Lt. vice Merry, res. 21 Feb. 1822.
J. N. Collyer, Cor. do.
Capt. Travers, recruiting for the East India Company's service to have temporary rank of Capt. 7 Mar. 1822.
Charles Chaplin, Esq. Professor of Military Drawings at the East India Company's Military Seminary at Addiscombe, to have the local rank of Capt. and Adj. during the period of his being employed with the Company of Cadets there 28 Feb.
The undermentioned Cadets of the Hon. the East India Company's service to have the temporary rank of 2d Lt. during the period of their being placed under the command of Lt. Col. Pasley, of the R. Engineers, at Chatham, for instructions in the art of Sapping and Mining.
A. C. Peat 28 Feb. 1822.
R. Forster do.
W. Dickson do.

Medical Department.
Hosp. Assist. Munkittrick, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Teevan, prom. 28 Feb. 1822.
—— Morgan, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Walshe, cancelled do.

Garrison.
Maj. Gen. Arthur Brooke, Gov. of North Yarmouth, vice Richardson dead 28 Feb. 1822.

Exchanges.
Lt. Col. Stanhope from 29 F. with Bt. Col. Sir J. Buchan, h. p. Port. Serv.
—— Milling, from 81 F. with Lt. Col. Creagh, 93 F.
Capt. Nestor, from 12 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Forbes, h. p. 19 F.
—— Watson, from 41 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Boulton, h. p. 21 Dr.
—— De Visme, from Cape Corps Cav. with Capt. Langley, h. p. 60 F.
Lieut. Baker, from 5 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Gardiner, h. p.
—— Miles, from 5 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Kennedy, h. p. 7 F.
—— Mairis, from 6 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Brymer, h. p.
—— Chamberlayne, from 12 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Markham, h. p. 72 F.
—— Hilton, from 29 F. with Lieut. Stephens, h. p. 98 F.
—— Hardcastle, from 31 F. with Lieut. Baldwin, h. p. 75 F.
—— M'Donald, from 47 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Swayne, h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol.
—— Morris, from 66 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Murray, h. p. 7 F.
—— Vereker, from 83 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Law, h. p. 62 F.
Cornet Bradburne, from 1 Dr G. rec. diff. with Cornet Smith, h. p. 9 Dr.
—— Wright, from 7 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Cornet Unett, h. p. 2 Dr. G.
Ensign Sunderland, from 52 F. with Ensign Vivian, h. p.
—— Crawfurd, from 70 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Blake, h. p. 84 F.
Paym. Anderson, from 25 F. with Capt. Biddulph, h. p.
Qua.-Mast. Herring, from 3 F. with Qua.-Mast. Coulson, 71 F.
Ass. Surg. Greig, from 4 Dr. with Ass. Surg. Richmond, h. p. 5 F.
—— Duigan, from 89 F. with Ass. Surg. Pope, h. p. 57 F.

Resignations and Retirements.
Lieut. Col. Hodge, Gren. Gds.
—— Ross, 28 F.
Major Fancourt, 34 F.
—— Barwick, 37 F.
Captain Wallace, 12 Dr.
—— Brooks, 26 F.
—— Jordan, 66 F.
Ensign Fleischer, Cape Corps.

Appointment Cancelled.
Hosp. Assist. Walshe, from h. p.

Deaths.
Maj. Gen. Richardson, Gov. of North Yarmouth 25 Feb. 1822.
Major Poe, 50 F. Jamaica, 7 Jan. 1822.
Captain Moore, ret. 4 R. Vet. Bn. Greenwich 15 Feb. 1822.
—— Lenn, h. p. 110 F. Watford 11 Jan.
Lieut. Wardrop, 1 F. Madras 28 Aug. 1821.
—— Seward, 50 F. Jamaica 9 Jan. 1822.
—— Ewen Cameron, 79 F. Mar.
—— Wright, ret. 4 Vet. Bn. Holmes Chapel, Cheshire 16 Jan.

Lieut. Wilmot, h. p. 3 Dr. G. late of 4 Dr. Brighton.
——— Jones, h. p. 62 F. Ennis, Clare 7 Feb.
——— M'Dougall, h. p. 71 F. 12 July 1821.
——— Coote, h. p. 84 F. in Ireland 2 Feb. 1822.
Ensign George Ross, 50 F. Jamaica 6 Jan.
——— Hubbard, h. p. 24 F. Wingfield, Berks 13 Jan.
——— Tydd, h. p. 59 F. 2 Nov. 1821.
Paymaster Abrams, ret. 12 Vet. Bn. Bushey 28 Dec.
Adjutant Adams (Ensign), 60 F.
Qua.-Mast. Brent, h. p. 1 Dr. Ecclas 12 Feb. 1822.
——— Tipson, 3 Lancashire Militia 15 Aug. 1821.
Assist. Surg. Crofton, h. p. 8 F. 25 Feb. 1822.
Commissariat Dep.—Dep. Com. Gen. Jackson, h. p. Genoa 11 Feb. 1821.
Dep. Ass. Com. Gen. Downes, Quebec 2 Jan. 1822.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Sept. 10, 1821. At Nagpore, the lady of John Sawry Impey, Esq. of a son.

16. At Kingston, Jamaica, the lady of Dr Hinton Spalding, of a son.

Jan. 21, 1822. At Malta, the lady of Vice-Admiral Sir Graham Moore, K.C.B. of a son and heir.

March 1. At Toulon, Mrs Campbell Stewart of Ascog, of a daughter.

— At George's Place, Leith Walk, Mrs Young, of a daughter.

— Mrs Clarke of Comrie, of a daughter.

2. At Pickford Cottage, Portobello, Mrs Struthers, of a son.

3. At the West Kirk Manse, Mrs Dickson, of a daughter.

— At Ruchin, the lady of William Baillie of Polkemmet, Esq. of a daughter.

— At Wardour Castle, Wiltshire, the lady of Sir Joseph Radcliffe, Bart. of a daughter.

— At Smith's Place, Leith Walk, Mrs Crichton, of a son.

— Mrs Walter Dickson, Duke Street, of a son.

5. At Longhirst Brocks, county of Northumberland, the lady of William Lawson, Esq. of a son.

— In Charlotte Square, the Hon. Lady Fergusson, of a daughter.

6. At Invermorriston, the lady of James Murray Grant of Glenmorriston, Esq. of a son.

7. Mrs Robert Nasmyth, St Andrew's Square, of a daughter.

— At West Anstruther, Mrs Conolly, of a daughter.

8. At the Mount, Harrow, the lady of Archibald Campbell, Esq. of a daughter.

9. At Kemnay-house, Mrs Burnett, of a son.

— At Newington, Edinburgh, Mrs M'Candlish, of a daughter.

— At Great King Street, Mrs Lang, of a daughter.

— At Hanover Street, Mrs Pringle of Symington, of a son.

11. At 1, Market Street, Mrs Lyon, of a daughter.

12. At Nottingham Place, the lady of R. H. Barber, Esq. of a son.

15. In Dominick Street, Dublin, the Duchess of Leinster, of a daughter.

16. At George's Square, Mrs W. A. Lawrie, of a son.

— At Gilston-house, Fifeshire, the lady of Captain Parsons, of a son.

17. At 105, George Street, Mrs Wardrop, of a daughter.

18. The Countess of Dartmouth, of a son and heir.

19. In Abercromby Place, Mrs Campbell of Possil, of a daughter.

20. At 2, Crown Street, foot of Leith Walk, Mrs Edward D. Allison, of a son.

— At Edinburgh, the wife of Mr William Christie, printer, of a daughter.

— Mrs Patison, Abercromby Place, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, the lady of Robert Montgomery, Esq. of a son.

— At Springfield Cottage, the lady of Alexander Macduff, Esq. of Bonhard, of a son.

22. At Duddingstone Cottage, Mrs Hopkirk, of a daughter.

24. At Fife Place, Leith Walk, Mrs Francis Bridges, of a son.

26. At Montrose, the lady of Captain Hunter, of the Sir David Scott Indiaman, of a son.

— At Tay Street, Dundee, Mrs John Maxwell, of a daughter.

27. At Prestonpans, Mrs Hislop, of a daughter.

29. At London, Lady James Stuart, of a son.

30. At Edinburgh, the lady of William Stirling, Esq. of a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs C. Terrot, of a son.

Lately.—At Edinburgh, the lady of Major Orr (late Royal Fusileers,) of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 18, 1822. By special licence, at Kirk Braddan Church, Isle of Man, Robert Cunningham, Esq. resident Attorney-General, to Margaret, daughter of the late Patrick Macdougall, Esq. of Gallanach.

26. At Glasgow, Mr Duncan Morrison, merchant, to Margaret, only daughter of Lieutenant Charles Park, of the royal artillery drivers.

March 2. At Wallsend Church, near Newcastle, Spencer Boyd, Esq. of Pinkhill, Ayrshire, to Margaret, youngest daughter of William Loch, Esq. of Poinpleasant.

3. At Belvoir Castle, A. R. Drummond, Esq. eldest son of A. B. Drummond, Esq. of Cadland, to Lady Elizabeth Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland.

4. At Douglas, Isle of Man, by special license, John Joseph Heywood, Esq. his Majesty's Judge for the northern district of that Island, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Alexander Birtwhistle, Esq. of Dundeuch, Galloway.

— At Abbots Hall, near Kirkcaldy, Mr George Young, jun. grocer, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mr Robert Tullis, farmer there.

6. At Newton-house, the residence of Alexander Laing, Esq. Mr Alexander Stenhouse, farmer, Whitehill Mains, to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr George Seton, farmer, Sheriff-hall Mains.

11. At Birthwood, Robert Paterson, Esq. merchant, Quebec, to Grace, eldest daughter of H. Denholm, Esq. of Birthwood.

— At Edinburgh, Daniel Vere of Stonebyres, Esq. to Mary, eldest daughter of James Law, of Elvingston, Esq.

12. At Grange, the Reverend Robert Cranstoun, Morebattle, to Elspeth, third daughter of Mr John Clark, tenant of Grange.

13. At Meadow Place, Andrew Fraser, Esq. of the honourable India Madras military establishment, to Isabella, eldest daughter of Archibald Colquhoun, Esq. Calcutta.

14. At Hawthornbank, Thomas Grahame, Esq. W. S. to Agnes, daughter of Robert Vetch, Esq. of Hawthornbank.

15. At Musselburgh, Mr George Reid, potter, Newbigging, to Helen, eldest daughter of the deceased Mr Peter Bourhill, baker in Musselburgh.

— At Edinburgh, John Murray, Esq. Lecturer on Chemistry, to Violet, daughter of the late Mr Alexander Tweedie, merchant in Edinburgh.

21. At Glasgow, the Reverend James Anderson, of Carluke, to Jane, second daughter of Mr Andrew Gardner, manufacturer, Glasgow.

22. At Watson's Place, Leith Links, Mr William Smith, grocer, Leith, to Ann, only daughter of James Watson.

26. At Craigleith-house, Andrew Tawse, Esq. W. S. to Margaret, fourth daughter of the late Alexander Bonar, Esq. of Ratho.

27. At Hatton Chapel, in the parish of Runcorn, Sir James Mills Riddell of Ardnamurchan and Sunart, county of Argyll, Bart. to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Sir Richard Brooke of Norton Priory, county of Chester, Bart.

28. At London, Frederick Francis Thompson, Esq. to Caroline Amelia, daughter of the late Adam Callander, Esq. of New Cavendish Street, and grand-daughter of the late John Callander, Esq. of Craigforth.

Lately.—At Edinburgh, Allan George Field, Esq. to Jessie, relict of the late John Maclean, Esq. of Carriscou.

— At Stoke Church, Dock, Exeter, Mr Edward Roberts, aged 35, to Mrs Anna Gow, aged 77. The bride was obliged to be taken to church in a sedan chair, followed by a juvenile croud, who cheered the happy couple with loud huzzas.

DEATHS.

Jan. 5, 1832.—At Crawle estate, St Thomas in the Vale, Dr James Thomson, physician in Jamaica.

6. At Nightingale Grove, Jamaica, Mr Andrew Stuart.

12. At Kingston, Jamaica, Mr John M'Laren, surgeon, from Edinburgh.

13. At Madeira, Mrs Hay, of Westerton.

14. At St Dorothy's, in the Island of Jamaica, James Reid, Esq. second son of the late Mr Alexander Reid, South Castle Street, Edinburgh.

19. At Badmington, Lord H. Somerset, third son of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort.

Feb. 24. At Ottar-house, Captain Duncan Campbell.

26. At Campbeltown, the infant son of Captain Hugh Stevenson.

27. At Forteviot Manse, Perthshire, the Rev. William Henderson, aged 68 years.

March 1. At Cupar, Mr John Anderson, of Cupar Mills.

3. At Malaga, from the fatal effects of arsenic, given by mistake for a dose of cream of tartar, Frasquita, wife of William Kirkpatrick, Esq. of the same place.

— At Bridgend, Perth, Miss Eliza Helen Campbell.

4. At Bowerhouses, the Rev. Dr Patrick Carfrae, in the 81st year of his age, having been 55 years a minister.

5. At Dalkeith, Mr John Wilson, merchant there.

— At Carrabank, Selkirkshire, the Rev. Walter Grieve, one of the ministers of the Reformed Synod.

6. At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas MacWhirter, writer.

— At Dumfries, the Rev. James Kirkpatrick, formerly minister of the Scots Church, Whitehaven.

7. At Craigenda, John Cuninghame, Esq. of Craigends.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Henderson, late chair-manufacturer in London.

8. At Largo Manse, the Rev. Spence Oliphant.

— At Edinburgh, Elizabeth Matilda Bristow, wife of Mr George Bristow, Broughton Street.

9. At Greenock, Mrs Archibald M'Gown, in the 75th year of his age.

— At Eckford Manse, the Rev. James Young, minister of that parish.

— At his residence in Sion Place, Bath, aged 66, Caleb Hillier Parry, M. D. F. R. S. &c. father to William Edward Parry, commanding the northern expedition.

— At the house of Sir W. Rush, Pall-Mall, the Rev. Edward Daniel Clark, LL. D. Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Cambridge, Rector of Harlton, in the said county, and of Great Yeldan, in Essex, and the celebrated traveller in Russia, Greece, Palestine, Egypt, &c. The Rev. Doctor's remains were interred in the chapel of Jesus College, Cambridge. The funeral was attended by his relatives, some of the heads of houses, the greater part of the Professors, and most of his friends resident in the University; all the members of Jesus College (the College to which he belonged) likewise followed. He was in the 54th year of his age; he proceeded to the degree of B. A. 1790, M. A. 1794.

10. At Buccleuch Place, Peter, infant son of Mr Peter Brown, merchant in Edinburgh.

— At his father's house, in Albany Street, by Leith Fort, Mr Laurence Skeen, jun. shipmaster, in Leith, aged 22, son of Mr Laurence Skeen, shipowner there.

— At Dysart, Mr John Brodie.

— At Knockbrake, Hugh Ross, Esq. of Knockbrake.

12. At Burton Vale, Yorkshire, the Rev. Christopher Wyvill, aged 83.

— At Portobello, Mrs Irvine, relict of the late John Irvine, Esq. of Aberdeen.

— At New Street, Edinburgh, Margaret, third daughter of the late Mr James Lyle.

— At Jessfield, near Newhaven, Mr William Gavin, sen. shipowner in Leith.

12. At Borrowstounness, Mrs Hart, widow of Robert Hart, Esq.

13. Ann, daughter of the late John Watson Esq. writer, Edinburgh.

— Mrs Dalgliesh, 5, Hope Street.

— Major David Wilson, Provost of Dunfermline, and senior agent of the Bank of Scotland there.

14. At the Manse of Cortachy, Mrs Sarah Ann Hunter Gourlay.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Hogg of the Bank of Scotland.

— At Tillicoultry-house, in the 4th year of her age, Elizabeth Dalrymple, only daughter of Robert Wardlaw, Esq.

— At Kirkcudbright, Helen Wight, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr Hamilton, minister of the gospel, at Gladsmuir.

15. At Milton-house, George Moncrieff, Esq.

— At Redford, parish of Madderty, the Rev. James Andrew.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Dunbar, daughter of the late Sir William Dunbar of Hempriggs.

— At 1, Beaumont Place, Mrs Jean Turnbull, wife of W. Wilson, bookseller, Edinburgh

— At Inverary, Mr Thomas Simpson, architect.

— At Banff, John Jeffreys, Esq. Collector of Customs.

— At Edinburgh, Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Stewart, Royal Scots.

— At Kirkcaldy, Mr Robert Russell, merchant.

18. At Newington, Miss Greig, eldest daughter of Captain Charles Greig, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— At Berwick, Mrs Isabella Hope, relict of Mr Adam Douglas, formerly of Ulston, Roxburghshire.

19. At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Robinson, wife of George Robinson of Clermiston, Esq. W. S.

20. At Bath, Mrs Alexander Robertson, daughter of the late James Sinclair, Esq. of Durran, county of Caithness.

— At Liverpool, aged 22, Thomas, the only son of George Rutherford, Esq. Glasgow.

22. At Clerkington, Governor Houston.

— At North Berwick, Mrs Brown, wife of the Rev. George Brown, minister of the Associate Congregation there.

— At Kirkcudbright, John Thomson, Esq. Commissary of the Commissariat of Kirkcudbright.

— At Houghton-le-Spring, near Durham, Chas. Peter Spiers, fourth son of Charles Spiers, Esq. of Elderslie.

23. At Port Glasgow, Captain Hugh Douglas.

24. At Edinburgh, in the 92d year of his age, Mr Hugh Robertson, bagpipe-maker.

25. At her house, India-street, Mrs Clerk, relict of James Clerk, Esq.

— Aged 19, Charlotte Augusta, wife of Even Baillie, Esq. jun. of Dochfour, and daughter of the late Rev. Archdeacon Baillie Hamilton.

— At the Manse of Tranent, Mary Margaret, youngest daughter of the Rev. John Henderson.

29. At Edinburgh, Mrs Trotter, relict of Robert Trotter of Castlelaw, Esq.

— At Stenton, Mr John Begbie.

30. At Stirling, Mrs Mary Wardrobe, wife of Mr Crystal, writer.

— At his house in Bloomsbury Square, Sir John Sylvester, Recorder of London. He attended the King's levee on the 28th, and made his usual report, and on the 29th dined with the Duke of York and party, at his Royal Highness's house in the Stable Yard, St James's, from which he returned about 12 o'clock at night, in good health and spirits, and immediately retired to rest. He was found dead in his bed by his valet: he had been dead for some hours. He had been subject to a spasmodic affection of the chest, and it is supposed that he had an attack in the night and expired. He was near 80 years of age.

31. At Portobello, Mrs Stodart, wife of David Stodart, Esq. late of Tobago.

Lately.—At Southampton, of apoplexy, General Richardson.

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LACRETELLE'S HISTORY OF THE CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY.*

An entertaining and continued history must necessarily be of great importance, since whatever little it may possess of solid merit, it never fails to supersede the dull annals and circumstantial memoirs, which give a detailed account of the same period. If the narration of events be moderately brief and agreeable, the peculiar views or party-spirit of its author will not deter the generality of readers from using the work as their historical textbook; for there are few who have not a sufficiently good opinion of themselves to rest confident, that no sophistry or irony could influence their sentiments. A work's being a continued one, is also a great claim to preference,—people like to make use of the same guide throughout a long journey, and moreover, a consideration that is of very general weight, it is comfortable to know beforehand the exact number of volumes one shall have to read, in order to master the history of a given period. Hume must content those who want the courage to dive into our old chronicles, and we must be satisfied with Gibbon's account of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, unless we wish to devote our whole lives to the study of his references. Robertson is not like his brother historians, indispensable, since he is not continued; and if he rivals them in popularity, it is owing not so much to his narrative, as to his theory, which, by the bye, notwithstanding its great vogue in this country, and its immense vogue on the continent, is far more ingenious than solid. The short chapter towards the conclusion of the Wealth of Nations, gives a much more satisfactory account of the fall of the feudal system, than the rounded periods and ten compact causes of the historian of Charles the Fifth.

The French historians likely to be hereafter in the hands of general readers, are Sismondi and Lacretelle—supposing that time and circumstances allow them to complete their plans. The former has but just commenced with the foundation of the monarchy—he has since, we perceive, been seduced by the example of Sir Walter Scott, to spend his time in the composition of an historical novel, founded on the sterile age of Clovis—we hope, however, to see him return to sterner pursuits, and bring down his history to the period at which Lacretelle commences——the wars of religion. Mr Charles Lacretelle, commonly called Lacretelle Jeune, to distinguish him from his elder brother, the late editor of the Minerve, was well calculated to become the historian of his country, having been an eye-witness of the great conclusion of all its errors and misfortunes. Though

* L'Histoire de l'Assemblée Constituante, par M. Ch. Lacretelle, l'un des quarante de l'Académie Francaise, &c. &c. Paris, 1821.

young at the commencement of the revolution, he early employed his pen against the arbitrary proceedings of the anarchists:

"The most of the errors which I combat to-day," says he in his preface to the *Assemblée Constituante*, "I have attacked during my youth, in 1790, 1791, 1792, in the Journal of the Independents published by Mr Suard, and in the supplements to the *Journal de Paris* then celebrated by the eloquent writings of André Chénier and the bold productions of Mr Roucher —both have since paid for their generous indignation on the scaffold. Although the feeble productions of my youthful pen were little worthy to be placed by the side of those of such writers, I had nevertheless long to dread the same fate; from which I was narrowly preserved by the bold and constant interference of some generous friends, who watched over my dangers in augmenting their own."

After the fall of Robespierre, Lacretelle joined his exertions to those of Morellet, Suard, Fontanes, &c. to repair, as he says himself, in some degree the destruction caused by a licentious press. On the event of the 18th Fructidor, and the triumph of the Directory, when those republican sticklers for the liberty of the press transported one hundred and twenty-eight editors and writers for journals to the deadly climate of Cayenne, he was among the number of those arrested, and condemned to transportation. From this fate he was still saved by some friendly intercession, and his punishment was mitigated into an imprisonment of two years. During his detention he was engaged by Messrs Treuttel and Wurtz, booksellers, to continue the *Précis Historique de la Revolution Francaise*, commenced by Rabaut St Etienne, a member of the Constituent Assembly, whose historical labours had been cut short by the guillotine. Rabaut's work, consisting of one volume, is nothing but a wretched tirade;—indeed we wonder Mr Lacretelle ever condescended to continue such a jejune paraphrase, unworthy even of the modest title of *Précis*. It is curious to observe the blind confidence of those early revolutionists, who, as they precipitated the state, fancied that it would stop its downward progress, as soon as their wills thought convenient. "Notwithstanding some partial commotions here and there," says Rabaut, in the beginning of his volume, "the map of France is settled, the Constitution is established, and the moment is arrived when one may be allowed to write the History of the Revolution." He wrote this in ninety-one, thirty years ago; and the remains of his party, this very day, seem not only to think, but to endeavour, that the whole business be gone over again—rehearsed "ab ovo usque ad mala."

Lacretelle continued the *Précis*, from the commencement of the *Assemblée Legislative* to the election of Bonaparte to the Consulship, in ninety-nine. The work is written in a rapid, desultory style, and is strongly marked with the false and inflated taste of the Revolution, yet is it by no means deficient in acuteness or eloquence. The latter quality, indeed, could scarcely be absent from the pen that pourtrayed the crimes of the Convention,—the sorrows and melancholy fate of Louis the Sixteenth and his family. The three first volumes treat of the Legislative Assembly and the Convention, and afford little to comment upon—there can exist but one sentiment concerning these times amongst all men, to whatever party they may belong. And if we except a strange predilection for Danton, which the author accounts for in a half-expressed plea of acquaintance, he seems to have felt a just degree of generous indignation. His account of the Executive Directory is by no means so impartial—he himself suffered from them, and had his own vengeance to gratify, as well as the interest of Bonaparte, who above all things sought to vilify his former patrons. The latter part of the *Précis* is written in a tone of utter servility to the usurper—but if we censure such things, we must join with the object of reproach the whole mass of the nation. "It is not a people of twenty-five millions one ought to accuse," says Madame de Stael; "'twere as well to quarrel with the whole human race." The period which his history embraces, Lacretelle, with an unfortunate gift of prophecy, characterises as but the troublous interval between one mighty dynasty and another. Nor has he treated the Count de Lille, now Louis the Eighteenth, with much ceremony, although the anecdotes which he re-

cords of this "*new pretender*," as he styles him, attest that the spirit of the Bourbons was not extinct. The noble answers of the present King of France, to the ingrate Venetians, and to the messenger of Bonaparte who came to bargain with him for a resignation of his rights, are still recorded with national pride by the historian.

The next undertaking of Lacretelle was the History of France during the Eighteenth Century—a work every way preferable to his former one, but the merits of which we have not leisure to enter into. Suffice it to say, that those who seek either a literary or a political acquaintance with that period, cannot consult a more satisfactory, or indeed a more impartial work. Having completed this to the commencement of the Revolution, he turned his attention to the wars of religion, and published a History of France during that period; but his purpose of uniting it with his history of the eighteenth century was interrupted, as he informs us, by the assassination of the Duke of Berry, and the other revolutionary movements throughout Europe. These events recalled afresh to his mind the late miseries of his country, to which he had been a witness, and he conceived that it might be of advantage to retrace the commencement of those domestic troubles, which, under the name of liberty, had spilt the blood of two millions of citizens, and delivered the nation to the tyranny of a stranger. Hence we derive the work under review,—it includes that portion before treated by Rabaut, so that, for the present, the historian has united his work on the eighteenth century with his *Précis* of the Revolution. With the latter he is, like ourselves, dissatisfied, and declares his intention to *develope*, that is, write it over again, now that he is unrestrained by the iron censorship of Napoleon, and has acquired materials more ample, and views more matured.

It is of little moment to fix the retrospective period, during which the seeds of the Revolution began to be sown. There have been many circumstances and events assigned; without which, 'tis affirmed, there would have no such thing happened. It was, doubtless, necessary that fathers should have begotten sons—that king should have followed king, in order to the dreadful completion we have witnessed; but if we dignify by the name of causes all the circumstances without which an event could not have taken place, history indeed would be an interminable affair. The disorder of the finances, brought about by an unexampled degree of ignorance,* unsteadiness, and prodigality in successive administrations, was the cause, owing to which the representatives of the nation found themselves collected under the countenance of the royal authority.

This event having once taken place, the dominant principles and sentiments of the body are answerable for all the political consequences of its meeting. There may have been intrigues on both sides—individual ambition—weakness as well as provocation, on the part of the sovereign; but the source of all is to be sought in the spirit that actuated the Members of the Constituent Assembly. We may narrow the circle, for the aristocrats contributed to the Revolution but by their blunders; and the Constitutionalists, deprived of the confidence of either party, were able to bring into effect none of their plans, except those in which they agreed with the Republicans. It was the latter body which directed every decree in the Assembly, as well as every commotion among the populace; and although they marched covertly to their end, they held it not the less in view during the whole of their progress.

Having referred those events to the republican spirit of the Constituent Assembly, we may refer this to the philosophical writings of the eighteenth century; for under this designation the French writers are in general cited, from Montesquieu to Voltaire. There was certainly no need of philosophy to create a strong feeling of discontent.

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* Soon after Sartines was appointed Minister of Marine, M: Necker called on him, and found his room newly furnished with maps and charts of all descriptions: "You see," said Sartines, "what progress I make in my new calling—I can shut my eyes, and put my hand on any quarter of the globe you mention, in yonder map."

Those who had spent the greater part of their lives between Vincennes and the Bastile, had no need of reading the Encyclopædia to hate despotic government; and the lawyers who were exiled and disgraced at intervals for refusing to obey the orders of the court, had stronger reasons for overthrowing the government than the abstractions of Rousseau. But if these authors did not afford them motives of opposition, they at least supplied them with arguments and precepts; and if personal irritation first incited them, as was the case with Mirabeau, they were compelled to find professions at least more disinterested. In fact, those poetic theories and fine-drawn speculations had little influence inside the walls of the Assembly, except indirectly; they were addressed really to the populace, through the medium of the journals that reported them; and as the mob is always most furious in supporting what they but half understand, the re-action of popular feeling on the assembly, effected for its promoters an ascendancy which their eloquence could not directly command. But it must be allowed, that throughout all their principles, speeches, or constitutions, there is nothing with even the merit of originality; they are, for the most part, borrowed from the very worst and most contemptible of Rousseau's works—the *Contrat Social.* Montesquieu was despised by them, because, in the midst of his theories, there were still some vestiges of moderation and common sense.

It has lately been asserted by Lord Byron, that acts, not writings, produced the revolution. To argue with such a random reasoner as his Lordship would be ridiculous; but can any one say, that the acts of Louis XVI. would have produced upon the French people of a century anterior to his reign, any feelings but those of love and gratitude towards their sovereign? It was the spirit, the opinions lately arisen among the people then, that created the change—that made concessions on the part of the government to be construed into treachery, and firmness to be construed into tyranny. And how did the people arrive at this perfection of reasoning? Where did they learn that kings were to be considered as malefactors, be they ever so virtuous—that nobility was a usurpation, and the priesthood an imposture? Their misery, though it might lead them to listen to such doctrines, could never have invented them;—it was from books, and the retailers of books, we aver, that these dogmas became prevalent. Nor can we conceive the mind of a *sans-culotte* to have been at all endowed with that sublime faculty, which the noble poet in question so eminently possesses, of framing and worshipping the mystic abstractions of liberty. But the force of whatever Lord Byron may say, does not lie in his reasoning, which is in general as contemptible as his poetry is sublime,—it lies in his name. And we will oppose to his the name, quite as celebrated, of one who must have known these things much better—no less a man than Bonaparte, whom Madame de Staël records to have said of Rousseau; "C'est pourtant lui qui étoit la cause de la revolution. Au reste je ne dois pas me plaindre, car j'y ai attrapé le trone." But even allowing that oppression might have led the French to rebel against authority, and frame creeds of liberty, what impelled them against religion?—what drove them to hang *à la lanterne* the poor *curés*, who were their very advocates in the *tiers état*? Was it the ratiocination of the rabble that made the sublime discovery that there was no God in Heaven? Had Voltaire and Rousseau no influence in metamorphosing the temple of religion into a shrine where bawds were worshipped, and where the bones of those philosophers were conveyed by the votaries, who considered them the founders of their sect? The journals of Marat and Hebert too were nothing, in which the upright of the nation were calumniated and marked out for proscription, as enemies of liberty—in which weak woman even was not spared. His Lordship forgets;—far from entertaining the same criminal ends, his peevish temper has led him unfortunately into the same vulgar abuse, and he selfishly pleads the cause of the revolutionary incendiaries, because he feels conscious, that he has, perhaps, thoughtlessly imitated them.

But let us consider these portentous *acts* that produced the revolution. The prominent cause of the calling together the States General, was, strangely but allowedly, a pun. There had been no hint, no mention of such a thing either in the parliament or the

nation, till the Abbé Sabatier, more in search of a joke than of his country's ruin, cried out, "Vous demandez, Messieurs, les états de recette et de depense, et ce sont les états-generaux qu'il vous faut." It was a clap of thunder to the parliament, and they sent the punster to prison; but from that day the people never ceased to cry for the *Etats-generaux*. The king was obliged to promise them, and having promised, he certainly could not avoid the calling of them, whatever the Aristocrats may say to the contrary in reprobation of Necker. The fault was not in permitting them to meet, but in permitting them, when met, to assume the menacing attitude they did.

The great mistake of Necker was, that he thought the government and the public-purse synonymous terms. Fully versed in the theory of the pocket, he looked on the world as on a large counting-house: he had no ideas beyond honesty, credit, regularity,—individual ambition, party-spirit, popular commotion, never once entered among his conceptions. He was honest, but unfortunately thought that honesty was all-sufficient, and he flattered himself with being able to govern a mighty kingdom during the momentous crisis which was evidently approaching, by the pusillanimous principle of *laissez faire*. Doubts are entertained, whether Necker should have endeavoured to influence the elections or not; if he had understood the English constitution as much as he admired it, he certainly would have done all in his power to have secured a majority in favour of moderate and constitutional measures. But not only did he keep aloof from meddling with the elections, but even afterwards, when the royal prerogative was menaced with absolute destruction, he refused to save the monarch and the state by bribing Mirabeau—which was then considered and afterwards proved to be feasible. Whether honesty is a match for dishonesty, is a problem in some affairs; but in what are called revolutionary tactics, the former has been proved beyond controversy totally unable to support itself by the rigid principles of defence.

The great object of previous debate was, whether the *tiers état* should be represented by a deputation equal in number to that of the nobles and the clergy? If this was decided in the affirmative, it of course followed, that all classes were to sit and vote together, for otherwise of what advantage was the increased number? The minister, Brienne, had allowed the free publication of all opinions on the subject; and Necker, whose god was popularity, and who saw not the consequence of doubling the *tiers*, sought to gratify the people's wish, yet would he not take the responsibility on himself—he asked the opinion of the Parliament, they declined interfering; he appealed to the Assembly of Notables, they all, except the bureau, presided by the present King of France, expressed a contrary wish. But Necker, like the most arbitrary minister, did not seek to be advised, but to be seconded, and concluded, contrary to the opinion of the Notables, by advising the King to grant the double representation of the commons. Having yielded so much to the popular feeling, then was the time, when the public gratitude was yet warm, to have arranged the mode of voting, and to have established an Upper and a Lower Chamber. Necker was certainly attached to the English constitution; he wished for the two Chambers, but was afraid to ordain them; he knew that he would lose his popularity by the act, and for this cursed love of popularity he sacrificed the nation's peace —*laissez faire* was still his rule for acting. And with the most criminal negligence, which in any other man we would be inclined to call connivance, the Assembly was permitted to meet, the respective rights of its component classes being yet unsettled. This was nothing more than to give to the majority the power of arrangement, which would of course make that majority invincible, nor could it have been at all doubtful which side would preponderate. The deputies of the *tiers* were equal in number, by royal permission, to the clergy and nobles, and from the latter class a large secession to the popular party might be considered inevitable; besides that the nobles of Bretagne had refused to send deputies to what they deemed too democratic an assembly, by which five-and-twenty votes were lost to the cause of the nobility.

The day of meeting at length arrived; the privileged orders assembled by themselves, and the *tiers*, for whom

a hall had been allotted, capable of containing the united bodies, affected to be surprised at the absence of the nobles. They voted themselves the *National* Assembly; and their hall having been closed for a few hours, that a platform might be erected for the royal sitting, they seized upon the pretext to assemble in an adjoining ball-court, where the members took the famed oath to meet in any quarter of the kingdom, however distant, should they then be dissolved. This was at once annihilating the royal prerogative—and in a mode far more audacious than that of the Long Parliament who obtained the King's assent to their bill of indissolubility; yet Necker took no notice of this act, this *serment du jéu de paume*, as it is called, but proceeded to arrange the *royal sitting*, as if nothing had had happened. The States-general were opened the 5th of May, and it was not till the 23d of June that Mr Necker was prepared with his plan of arrangement for the sitting and voting of the respective orders. Madame de Staël states, that the declaration was to have been made immediately after the opening of the States, but her father himself, in his Memoirs, has left proofs, that the plan itself was not at that time digested. The proposition of Necker was, that the classes should vote in common on matters of finance, but separately on matters respecting the constitution and mutual privileges. But even this did not please the Queen and her party; of itself, at this late period, it would most likely have failed, but the meddling of the Queen and the aristocrats gave Necker an opportunity of withdrawing his responsibility, and saving his precious popularity for a few months longer. The 23d of June, the day on which the King made the declaration, founded on the proposition of Necker, but modified by the Queen and her friends, set at once the popular party in direct opposition to the court. The declaration was accompanied with threats—just threats, it is true, but impolitic, that "if they failed him, he would effect by himself the good of his people." The outcry was directed against the whole tenor of the declaration, but it was by no means so enraged, nor in common sense could it be so, against that part of the plan drawn up by Necker, as against the modifications and added threats. In this Mr Lacretelle carries his hostility to the memory of Necker too far; with both eloquence and indignation misplaced, apostrophizes the minister, accuses him of selfishness and want of candour in this affair.

"Le peuple le reconduit jusqu' à son hôtel, et ces cris se prolongent sous ses fenêtres et jusques dans la nuit. Quoiqu'un tel bruit dût borner agréablement un homme trop porté à croire le peuple infaillible, dès qu'il l'applaudissait, je crois pourtant qu'ami de la vertu, il dut se faire dans le nuit de sevères reproches. Ce prétendu code de tyrannie qui avait excité l'indignation de l'assemblée nationale et du peuple, n'était-il pas un propre ouvrage?" &c.

This philippic borders indeed on the ridiculous; for allowing what M. Lacretelle asserts, that the nation and the Assembly were equally enraged with Necker's original proposition as with the modification of it—an assertion manifestly absurd—even allowing this, how could Necker serve the King by sacrificing his popularity at this moment? He did sacrifice his popularity subsequently, both in the cause of his sovereign and of humanity—he may have been weak, misled, arrogant, censurable in a thousand points, but a more disinterested minister, it must be allowed, never entered the councils of a monarch. Mr Lacretelle was a Bonapartist under Napoleon; he may have excuses for supporting such a party under a despotic government, but in the constitutional reign of Louis the XVIII. there is no accounting for his *ultraism*, but in the principle of reaction. "Live, and let live," is a worthy adage. Necker was a republican perhaps, at least a constitutionalist, but the blundering and ignorant aristocracy of France have more of the Revolution to answer for than he—they who refused to form an Upper Chamber through mere motives of negative spite—they who, in the Assembly, joined the bitterest republicans in preference to the constitutionalists—they who voted for every extravagant measure, and carried it in the pernicious hopes of bringing forth good by the excess of ill—they who pusillanimously emigrated, instead of rallying round the throne of their sovereign, and whom the unfortunate Louis in his testament upbraids as the chief, though blind promoters of his

downfall—these, as they were the more interested in the welfare of their country, are certainly the most culpable. These who vacillate between our two great parties, may perhaps merit the appellation of trimmers, but in France, where the leading men are yet at issue about the fundamental principles of society, it must be granted to the impartial to choose between, and, equally avoiding liberal and ultra, to enlist under the banners of Constitutional Royalism.

It is on these grounds that we have almost an equal dislike to the new as to the old principles of Mr Lacretelle. In this country we would unite at once with the highest upholders of government and religion, but we have no love for the dogmas of the ultra school, preached forth at the *Societé des bonnes Lettres;* nor can we keep in with Mr Lacretelle and his brother professors of that society, Mr Raoul—Rochette, &c., that the Reformation has been the cause of all the crimes of the Revolution; and that the only means of regenerating society are to be found in the convents, the Jesuits, and the sixty-six thousand priests, who at present inundate France.

To return from our digression: the effect of the King's declaration on the Assembly was such as might be supposed. They remained for some time in discontented silence, interrupted only by some epigrammatic ejaculations, till they were roused by the voice of Mirabeau. This orator had studied deeply the history of our first revolution; he entered the constituent assembly fully versed in the arcana of revolutionary tactics—no leader ever perceived more instantaneously the exact degree of boldness requisite; and though ready to venture the farthest point if necessary, he still preserved the assembly in its early days (if we except the *serment du jeu de paume**) from the open violence which would have furnished a pretext for destroying it. He had learned from the resolutions of the long parliament about suspicion and malignants, the strength of a vague and ambiguous vote, which roused the populace, while it exposed to the court no expression which could be construed into downright violence or disrespect. Unfortunately, the least menace or murmur of opposition was sufficient to shake the feeble resolution of the king—he commanded the nobles and clergy to sit and vote with the *tiers*. One immediately asks, what bold vote of the Assembly produced this change of measures in the King? this—they simply declared at the suggestion of Mirabeau, that the persons of the deputies were inviolable. No one thought of violating them—the vote had nothing to do with the object of concern, but it hinted to the people that their persons were in danger.

"The majority of the noblesse," says Lacretelle, "obeyed the orders of the king. A minority of the clergy followed their example. The national assembly received with increased pride their new conquests. The nobles and prelates maintained an irritated mien, and the mutual hatred became but the more bitter, when both parties saw each other face to face—the conquered no less proud than the conquerors. We may compare the nobility and clergy to those great rivers of the new world, which, after having traversed so immense a space, cast themselves murmuring into the ocean, where they are about to lose both name and existence, but where they yet preserve for a time the agitation and the colour of their waters."

One of the first and principal accusations of breach of faith made against the unfortunate Louis, is the secret order issued at this time for the approach of the troops to Paris. The measure was rendered manifestly necessary by the insurrectionary movements of the French guards quartered in Paris: breach of faith there was none—impolicy there was much. The monarch should have openly ordered the march of the troops, or have put himself at their head, instead of vacillating at Versailles between the aristocrats, the assembly, and the scrupulous Necker. This minister was, it seems, against the approach of the troops—he was for employing his favourite maxim of *laissez faire* in the matter of insurrections even—notwithstanding our respect for him, it had been well for France, if this honest

* Lacretelle calls this oath a jest, fit to be laughed at;—a pretty jest for a body of representatives to vote themselves indissolvable by the monarch.

banker had been left quiet in his counting-house at Geneva. On Mirabeau's address for the remanding of the troops, when that orator, for the first time, put forth all the powers of his eloquence, the queen and her party could no longer contain their indignation against the want of influence and apparent insignificance of Necker. He received an order from the king to retire secretly, and he honourably obeyed the injunction by setting off at night and reaching the frontier, ere news could be had even of his departure. The news of his dismissal reached Paris July the 13th, and immediately the insurrection burst forth —the green cockade, Necker's livery, was worn, and his bust, with that of Orleans, was carried in procession—the troops in the Place Louis Quinze were insulted, and fired on by the French guards in insurrection—the royalist troops never returned the fire —'tisdifficult to conceive what brought them there. The next day the Bastille was destroyed, and the triumph of the popular party complete. Louis in person acquainted the assembly of his determination to remand the troops, entreating them at the same time to send a deputation of their members to calm the Parisians.

Our readers need not be alarmed—we do not intend troubling them here with a history of the Revolution, but we could not help recapitulating the leading features of its commencement, concerning the causes and errors of which there has been so much controversy. The controversy is necessarily confined to the period of the Assemblée Constituante; for after the disappearance of both *royalist* and *constitutional* party, any friendly sentiments towards one body or another, must be merely comparative. We may pity Condorcet, if we compare him with his Jacobin enemies—we may admire the boldness of Tallien, in the overthrow of Robespierre; but considered as individual men, or single parties, they excite no feeling but abhorrence and disgust. France has of late, it must be confessed, heard strange doctrines from her tribune, but so violently indecorous as to alienate many of the liberal party from their friends. The very day on which a deputation was appointed by the Chamber to attend the ceremonial of the 21st of January—the anniversary of the death of Louis the XVI. Mr Manuel pleaded the cause of the Convention:

"Ne cherchons pas," says he, "à faire de cette discussion une arène pour combattre le gouvernement existant alors, (the Convention), reconnaissons *que ce qu'il a fait, il a pu, il a du le faire.*" Happily for France, these sentiments are unechoed, and there is not in that country, perhaps, another man that would utter them—and aptly they seem to fall from the mouth of him who proclaimed Napoleon the II.

That which was considered the great bulwark against revolutions—their novelty and want of precedent, was the very circumstance which, more than all others, facilitated their completion. The sanguine and confident, a character prevalent in France, remained satisfied that the tendency of things was towards rectitude and order—they considered but as a passing ebullition, what in reality was a rapidly-spreading sentiment, and esteemed it quite unnecessary to put in practice the *defensive* arms of unity and party discipline, which the promoters of anarchy had recourse to for *offensive* measures. The Revolution in England was considered as an exception in the natural course of human affairs, instead of being taken into account as an obvious phenomenon. The Constitutionalists and nobles united, could have at first overwhelmed the Republicans, even before such a hydra had arisen as Jacobinism. It was the want of discipline to the rules of party that destroyed the aristocrats, and consequently the moderate revolutionists; for, notwithstanding the declamations of the ignorant against party and party spirit, nothing great or good can be effected, nor anything destructive prevented without obedience to it. But the laws of popular assemblies have developed themselves—the world is aware of their inevitable tendency, and that no society could exist in the vicinity of such a volcano without establishing checks of one kind or another upon its indomitable spirit. England and France have had their revolutions and their contra-revolutions; and each, though at distant intervals, follows the same path of progression, leaving the popular tendency in active force, but assured of its being ever repressed within its legitimate bounds by one great safe-guard, viz. the dread that every wise citizen must entertain

of seeing it uncontrolled and predominant. "Enlighten the people," cry the revolutionists; and we cry in turn, "Enlighten the people,"—a glimpse, a taste of knowledge, may produce a love of innovation,

"But drinking largely sobers us again."

The world has drunk largely, and we see in Spain the struggle commenced—not as in France, between sage and cunning republicans on the one hand, and blind ignorant nobles on the other; but between parties, who each are expert at every revolutionary weapon—the insurrections of the capital are not confined to the *communeros*; we see the sons of Jacobinism beaten with their favourite weapons, and the Cortes (at least at the moment we write) marching firmly to order. Notwithstanding this, we have little hopes of seeing Spain settled and happy; she has not steered clear of the two great rocks whereon France and England foundered—and she has imitated them unfortunately in the very principles which they have both been since compelled to abrogate in retracing their steps. The first of these is the single Chamber, and the attempt to dispense with an intermediate power between the monarch and the people—they should have considered the consequence of prince and people being thus in tangible opposition—they might have called to mind the situation of the late King of France, when abandoned to his solitary negative voice, for support against a popular assembly. The first time he attempted to exercise this, his only remaining prerogative, the enraged mob burst into the palace of the sovereign, whom they styled by the too just appellation of Monsieur Veto, and, putting a red night-cap on his kingly locks, forced him to recede from his resolution. The other principle of destruction is the non-re-eligibility of the members, somewhat a-kin to our self-denying ordinance, but an exact copy of the vote of the Constituent Assembly, that vote which palpably brought on the reign of terror. The measure of the Constituent Assembly we can account for, mad as it was; it arose from spite against the constitutionalists, much against their measures, but more against their talents; it was produced, as Madame de Staël says, by the league of mediocrity against genius. It is characteristic of the French nation that individual vanity and private envy destroyed the only hopes which the nation had of attaining what it has professed itself most proud to possess—rational liberty. And it will ever be a bitter reproach to them as a nation, that with all their talent, their pride, and their gallantry, they were humbled at length to receive this blessing from the arms of a victorious and a hated enemy.

It is astonishing, that among the numerous memoirs which have laid bare the hidden scenes of the revolution, there should be found no satisfactory accounts of the intrigues of d'Orleans. There is certainly one person living—La Fayette, who could develope them if he would; it is to be hoped that he will follow the example of so many of his companions in leaving memoirs to the world. But it is not likely that he will ever disclose the facts with which he personally reproached the duke, and drove him to England. Madame de Staël, who may be supposed to have known from La Fayette all that ever the general intends to disclose, passes over the criminality of Philip l'Egalité with a very suspicious lenity:

"Le Duc d'Orléans," says she, "fut accusé d'avoir trempé dans la conspiration du 6me Octobre: le tribunal chargé d'examiner les pièces de ce procès ne trouva point de preuves contre lui; mais M. de la Fayette ne supportoit pas l'idée que l'on attribuât même les violences populaires à ce qu'on pût appeler une conspiration. Il exigea du duc d'aller en Angleterre."

It is Madame de Staël herself that could not bear to have the popular violence attributed to a conspiracy, she would have it the simple unexcited *vox populi*; but she never takes the trouble of informing us, by what right or by what authority La Fayette commanded the Duke to take a journey to England. We know from other sources that the meeting between Orleans and the Marquis, was marked with mean submission on the part of the former, and vehement indignation on the part of the latter; and there rests little doubt that La Fayette's promise of everlasting silence was the price of the Duke's departure. The

punishment had more than its proposed effect; it did more than send him to a distance from his party,—it alienated their hopes and affections from him altogether. "What political design could be founded on such a fellow," said Mirabeau, "that permitted La Fayette to drive him into England?" Lacretelle assumes the highest degree of culpability in Orleans, more indeed than can be credited of so weak and so insignificant a character. The crowds that were long accustomed to collect at the Palais-Royal, may be accounted for without supposing that they were bribed to frequent an agreeable place of resort. The *Café du Foy* was chosen by the haranguers of the day to expatiate in, since, by being within the precincts of a royal palace, it was more secure from the interference of the police, and Orleans may have tolerated what he did not actively excite. Besides, as was observed during the late discussion on the press, there were but two journals published at Paris in the year 1789,—the *Gazette de France*, and the *Journal de Paris*, and the difficulty of obtaining these, together with their complete silence as to the debates of the Constituent Assembly, drove all persons to the spot where they were most likely to hear tidings of what was going forwards. Those who came from Versailles, where the Assembly sate, got up of course to tell their news,—those who pretended to have tidings, got up and invented—and from such to passing judgment and discussing the several points under debate, was but a little step. It was a fundamental principle among the followers of the house of Orleans, that a certain degree of opposition to the court was necessary to the greatness and influence of this minor branch of the royal family, and how far the then Duke extended this principle, is a question not easy to be answered. Lacretelle and those of the party which that historian seems at present attached to, seek to throw the blame of the Revolution off the French people in general, and to make Orleans a kind of scape-goat to bear the universal load of horror and of crime. The historian gives a very eloquent and spirited description of the scenes of the 5th and 6th of October; but Mirabeau traversing the ranks sword in hand, and Orleans smiling amidst the groups of his hired assassins, are not borne out by history. Passionate writers are fond of these supererogations of crime—they may do very well in poetry, but the sober prose narration of these dreadful events is horrific enough, Heaven knows, without such strained embellishments.

But we have sufficiently discussed the merits of a history that treats of a period so well known. We have marked the side to which it inclines, and the personages it has pourtrayed with exaggeration;—a cry has been raised against it, much the same as that which in this country assailed the writer "who first dared to shed the generous tear for the fates of Charles and Strafford." In eloquence and in sympathy for misfortune, the historian under review may be said to resemble Hume; but the calm, philosophic spirit, equally at home in feeling or irony, in profound research or elegant *insouciance*, is not to be found in any writer, indeed, on the other side of our Channel. We shall conclude with a sample of the work, in which the author sums up the merits and labours of the Constituent Assembly.

"To avoid continual digressions, I shall describe the political situation of France at the epoch when the Constituent Assembly chose to abdicate its right to conduct that revolution which it had commenced. The constitution which it had created with so much fatigue, and in a manner little worthy of the united talent of the body, met that fate which always attends the testaments of kings absolute during life, but braved with impunity when they are no more. The Assembly became conscious, but too late, of the defects of its handywork. Liberty was by no means established, for authority was no where firm. The throne was stript of all its splendour, all its dignity, of all which awes and captivates the imagination of a people. The monarch, whom it sought to re-enthrone, had undergone a humiliating captivity. Public authority was split and divided among innumerable ministers, independent one of the other, and able to break at will the imaginary links of subordination. The Assembly had detached from the executive power I know not what authority of administration, which was scattered through numerous departments, and separated through a thousand dis-

tricts and municipalities. It had rivals everywhere, arbiters nowhere. To propriety, that principal bulwark of representative governments, there had been offered but an illusive security. There was no constitutional check imposed to restrain the succeeding Assembly, which might be expected to be more ardent than the foregoing—and no rampart against the passions of new men, but the constitution itself, a few insignificant pages, vainly consecrated by the oaths of a frivolous and an impious rabble. It was nothing but an awkward conglomeration of the laws of mixt governments, with the forms of pure democracy ever predominant. All was sovereignty, all was combat. The experience of the dissensions and tumult necessarily attendant on a single Chamber, had not warned them to divide the legislative power. To the monarch they had left, for his portion of authority, but a veto, limited in its institution, unfortunate in its exercise. Nor had he enough of offices in his gift to rally around his throne men of talent and ambition, he had merely the power to bribe the mercenary with the revenue of the civil list, the only point in which the Constituent Assembly had behaved towards him with liberality. And even this gift was fatal, since the civil list afforded an eternal source of accusations on the score of corruption and interestedness against the honest defenders of the constitutional throne. Royalty elevated itself but to become more odious and more humbled.

"This then was the effect, so long in producing and in being vaunted, which France derived from an Assembly, for ever celebrated by an unrivalled union of talents, and even of virtues. It deeply proves, how vain is genius itself in the path of government and politics,—blind, if it outsteps experience—unfortunate, if it disdains it."

SPRING.

The most delightful of all seasons is now rapidly approaching; and after a little coy, reluctant delay in the beginning of the month, seems ready to burst upon us in full glory. An English spring partakes of the national characteristics of our country. She is cold, shy, and reserved, but not, on that account, found less deserving of regard, on more intimate acquaintance; and the value of her warmth of character, when developed, is greatly enhanced by the first impression of her chill exterior.

Our late mild winter has indeed seemed but a continual preparation of Spring; unusual phenomena in the vegetable world have gladdened our eyes throughout that long and generally severe season; and earth has beheld with surprise her forward children "glinting forth" at a time when all nature is usually wrapped in death-like sleep. However grateful we may feel for such a prologue, the appearance of the favourite performer in the full piece is not less rapturously applauded, and Spring's lovely self is hailed by every bosom that has a heart susceptible of pleasurable sensation. When I look around me after a few days of genial weather, I am in perfect astonishment at the change which has everywhere taken place. A fortnight ago, a keen east wind blew bitterly on the birth of the young Spring, and retarded her progress in a manner the most trying to rural patience, when we are anxiously on the look-out for that delicious revolution in the face of Nature which April sometimes brings. This unkind blast threatened ruin to our orchards and gardens; the wall-fruit shrunk and shrivelled beneath its influence; the few adventurous leaves and buds that had left their downy cells, seemed to stand shivering and looking at each other as though they would have gladly retreated again, if possible; reminding one of a knot of shy young ladies hesitating at the door of a drawing-room, and unwilling to encounter the horrors of an entrée. In both instances, after a little previous delay, they suddenly rush in all at once, and I will not venture to say in which case the spectator is most charmed. It is a very delightful circumstance attached to Spring, that however often she visits us, she is perpetually *new*. I have welcomed her return through very many successive years, but yet, many though they be, my enjoyment of the novelty of Spring rather increases than abates. Indeed, the mind that is once sensible to this wonderful transition from the seeming

death of inanimate nature to universal life and joy throughout her several kingdoms, must continue to feel it as often as it returns. Every Winter will give the same degree of preparation to the mind, and it will be in the same state of readiness to receive the balmy influence which the green-robed Nymph will shed upon it. That this familiarity with her charms should not produce indifference, is one of the numerous boons of Providence which need only to be thought of to be duly appreciated; and which, delightful in itself, is the more valuable from being a blessing of such universal diffusion, without distinction of rank or condition.

It has always been the fashion to quiz an Englishman for his perpetual recurrence to the subject of *the weather*. For my part, I consider it one of his many respectable nationalities. It arises, I imagine, from that deeply-seated rurality which is at the centre of every Englishman's heart; and which, trim, shape, and varnish him as you will, will remain inseparably interwoven with his original texture. The weather, with him, is connected with those vital interests of his country with which every Englishman is more or less directly concerned; his feelings are awakened by a thousand motives of interest, profit or pleasure; he feels deeply for the prosperity of those agricultural prospects on which the welfare of the community depends; and it is the privilege of an Englishman to feel sensitively the visitations of what we, in our limited wisdom, are pleased to call bad; that is, as it appears to us, unseasonable weather. Without perhaps an acre of land of his own, he has that intimate connection with *the country*, that his hopes, fears, and sympathies, are excited without proportion to the stake he himself holds. As a sportsman, too, he feels dependent on the weather for the pleasures of the field; and a good or bad season of partridges is with him almost as momentous an affair as the harvest to the farmer. It is the ruling passion with the English to join agricultural pursuits to the more elegant avocations of learning and taste. The highest ranks indulge, without any idea of degradation, this love of rural employments. Our late beloved Monarch, who was himself the purest model of the truly dignified character of an English country gentleman, delighted to forget the *ennui* of state, in the animating occupation of farming. The interests and pleasures, therefore, of so numerous a class of men, will always render the trite topic of the weather interesting. It is quite another affair with a Frenchman. The Grand Seigneur, who receives from his steward his revenues at his hotel at Paris, cares little whether it has rained or shone the whole year round—his gold has not a whit the less lustre. It is true, he likes vastly to walk abroad in fine weather—to call it *superbe—magnifique même*; because it allows him to figure in the Tuilleries Gardens, without risk of the damp relaxing the fierce curl of his moustaches, and to gallant the ladies in an evening excursion, without spotting his silk stockings. I would not be thought a prejudiced Englishman, who could see no merit in men of other countries. I will allow our lively neighbours to shine in their agreeable metropolis—to enjoy their brilliant dexterity of conversation—their polished manners—their *goût de la société*. I envy them not; it is sufficient for me to have been born and bred an Englishman; who, whatever temporary vagaries he may play, will never cease to be at bottom a *rural animal*.

I do not allow the unfortunate class of beings yclept Cockneys to be an exception to the principle I have just laid down; they cannot be said properly to have any country, as they are to be found in the capitals of every nation under the sun, and form a totally distinct species.

Amongst the many blessings I possess, I reckon a fine family of boys and girls not the least of my English comforts; and who, though none of them can be called handsome, have that which with me is an equivalent for beauty—the healthy bloom, the free and open countenance, which testify to their having inhaled, from their birth, the pure air of the country. To these children, indeed, the country is a second mother; and I have accustomed them, from their earliest years, to look for their highest gratifications from that source. Nor are they permitted to be fastidious about seasons; they are not fair-weather heroes, but have learned that every aspect of nature has its peculiar charms. I have, however, invariably found them share, in what I should deem, the univer-

cal partiality for Spring. As it comes on, their little spirits rise—expectation is afloat—and their memories retrace with wonderful accuracy every recreation and indulgence which the season was wont to bring with it. To ramble in the fields and woods is to them the highest felicity; they have learned to explore the stores of nature; I have assisted them to have eyes for every thing; and they are tolerable naturalists for their age, and know something beyond the names of every thing they see. If one of them makes any new acquisition in any department of nature—if they find a flower, a bird, or shell, &c. &c., hitherto unknown to them, the happy discoverer is rewarded by being placed at my right hand at supper; and Columbus himself, when first espying the coast of his promised land, was not more joyful than my little explorer. When I intend a superlative degree of indulgence, I produce my magnifying glass—than which no conjuror's tricks ever attracted more wonder and delight. I never found occasion for any greater degree of punishment amongst my children, (since the dawn of reason in their minds,) than a prohibition to accompany me in my evening ramble; and I consider that education rests on a good basis, when their highest enjoyments consist of simple pleasures, easily and cheaply attained, and which will not grow less pleasant in advancing years. This relish for the concerns of rural life is not derived, as a matter of course, from simply living in the country; but requires to be taught and encouraged like all other knowledge. I often call to mind the ingenious story of Eyes and No Eyes, in that treasure of juvenile instruction, the Evenings at Home; and the truth of the picture has frequently been exemplified to me by persons who confess that they have lived all their days in the country without understanding it, and would be thankful to any one who would teach them how to read the volume of Nature. Now and then I give my children a jaunt to town, on a visit to their uncle, who is a constant resident there. I have a sort of malicious pleasure in observing the effect of the confinement, and different mode of life, on their looks and spirits. They seem to languish like so many flowers plucked from the parent root; they appear listless and not happy, without being aware of the cause. It is with pleasure I hear them murmur at the constraint laid on their liberty, in regard to going out of doors; I gladly see their impatience of being confined strictly to the side of their friends when walking the streets. They lament the absence of the flowers, the birds, and all accustomed objects; and pine for the free air of their bonny meadows, where they have been used to rove unconstrained. All this I enjoy exceedingly—knowing that the temporary privation will enhance their value for the country. When the day of our return arrives, I am still more delighted to watch the exhilaration of their spirits—the heartfelt, unpretending joy with which they again behold the little smiling spot, which has been to them their youthful Paradise—their abode of liberty and innocence. How often am I hastily summoned to see some new wonder which has appeared during our absence! Every flower is pointed out to me, and every budding shrub rapturously announced. Foolish boys and girls! They do not know, that so intimately acquainted is my eye with every individual object in my Eden, that I could shew them blindfold where every wild-flower root would spring—where the earliest violet would grow—and which bank the blue-bells loved best to adorn. But though these sights are better known to me, my pleasure in them is not less keen than theirs.

When I speak of the pleasures of country to my London friends, some of them understand me well; but others have no ideas on the subject, beyond a summer excursion to a sea-bathing place—to which, indeed, perhaps they are led by a kind of happy instinct, as to a purification quite necessary, after so long an imprisonment amid the impure air of London.

These persons seem to have no images of the country, otherwise than as a sort of wild and uncivilized region which they mention with an involuntary shiver—they talk of a visit to the country as an heroic exploit, and assume a tone of benevolent commiseration in speaking of its inhabitants. It has been happily said by those who love the country as I do, and who would give the highest sanction to their taste—that God made the country, but man the town. Surely it must be inexpressibly superior to live

where we are constantly reminded of the goodness of the Creator by every beautiful work of his hand, and where our communion with him is more intimate; than to endure that artificial state of existence which is led in that huge prison of man's construction, where every impediment is offered to the indulgence of calm contemplation, and where the perpetual hurry and dissipation of the mind, and the follies and vanities of the world, must induce indifference, if not utter forgetfulness of that bountiful Creator; whereas, the pleasures of rural life, while they most truly sweeten the *present*, are so far from obstructing our views of the *future*, that they dispose our hearts to aspire after that still better and more beautiful country; and teach us the exercise of those nobler faculties of the soul, which we hope to exert in perfection, in a future state of existence. It is, perhaps, unwise in man to be anxious concerning any of the minor particulars of that last inevitable hour, which, whenever it shall arrive, will have too much of awe to leave room for lesser considerations—but I confess I have an aversion to the idea of exhaling my mortal breath in the close atmosphere of a town—I should almost fancy the soul would with difficulty escape from her confinement in such a situation.—The idea of Rousseau having his window thrown open on the approach of death, recurs to my mind, and appears to me a very natural movement, and I have always felt a strong desire to breathe my last sigh in the bosom of the country, amid those scenes which have made the delight of my whole existence.

The pleasures of the town appear to me to be very happily pourtrayed in the mock festival on May-day, in which the unfortunate race of beings, called chimney-sweepers, perform so conspicuous a part; and in which the union of glitter and dirt, merriment and misery, aptly shew the wretched incongruity of Spring in London. Nothing on earth can be so widely different as the town and country notions of Spring. Let us briefly consider a London young lady's ideas of that season. In the middle of April she begins to perceive an unusual stir around her, as though life had, from some cause, received a new impulse; she sees a prodigious increase of carriages in the streets, of visitors in mamma's drawing-room, a great influx of beaux and belles in the Park—the shops present a lively display of every bright and attractive colour, and *sweet* silks, and *sweet* gauzes, reappear, which have lain dormant during the winter. Once a-week or so, as the weather is remarkably fine, she and a train of younger brothers and sisters are conveyed in mamma's carriage to Kensington Gardens; after a long morning's stopping, they alight, and a little prim procession of masters and misses demurely walk forth hand in hand, the former in dresses with shining buttons, fenced round with stiffly-plaited frills, which preserve the strictest composure during the walk; the latter in nice white frocks, with furbelows round the ankles and borders of the garments—kid slippers and gloves, and each a silk parasol and veil. The eldest demoiselle takes mamma's arm, and if she be not too much fatigued with the labours of the morning, the young lady has the benefit of a detail of her bargains. She remarks to her mother that Spring is certainly come, she notices that jonquil, and even primrose colours, are worn already by several of the fashionables in the Gardens. If any of the little ones is attracted by the sight of the trees or flowers, and is inquisitive of its attendant nurse, "Don't point, Master Henry—go on, Miss Harriett—pray, put down that nasty weed; your mamma don't like you to point or to stand still, and you will quite spoil your gloves." After a few turns, they re-enter the carriage in complete order, and all agree, looking at their slippers, that Spring is the most charming of seasons. Then come panoramas, and exhibitions, and sweet landscapes; such faithful representations of rural scenery! Inimitable Glover! so true to nature! Then such sweet fashions—so new—so charming—dear Burlington Arcade is surely the Arcadia that the poets dreamed of! Such crowds of equipage in the Park the first Sunday in May—the movement so slow—and time so ample, for reconnoitring the tenants of each carriage *en passant*—what variety! and what innumerable ideas gleaned even on Sunday, (when no shopping can be done) for the important science of dress. And then the delightful multiplicity of engagements, dinners, routs, balls, &c. &c. &c. the

meeting with hundreds of dear affectionate friends,—the noise, bustle, and fermentation of spirits—oh, there is nothing can equal London in Spring!

The scene, if you please, gentle Reader, changes to my study in the country—the door of which is clamorously besieged early before breakfast by a troop of chubby-faced youngsters, each laden with some article of wonder from Nature's repository; and a long tale to tell during the repast of what has occurred in the course of the walk. "Oh, Papa, do you know we have found the wren's nest which you looked for yesterday—but we did not touch it, and I called Ellen away, for I saw the hen-bird watching." "Yes, Papa, and there are daffodils and cowslips quite out in blossom, and here's a nosegay I have brought for you and mamma; and I want you to tell me what this is, and this, &c. &c." In the afternoon, when school is happily over, and they are out again, Laura bursts into the room, open-mouthed, her hat flying, and her eye sparkling with animation, to announce to her mamma the arrival of the first butterfly seen that season! Never did such delight brighten the countenance of her cousin in London, even at the sight of a coronetted coach stopping at the door. In the evening the young people may be seen issuing forth a joyous train, busily engaging in the labours of the several gardens appropriated to each, simply clad, unencumbered with gloves, and their frocks perhaps ornamented with a fringe of good garden mould—which with us is considered neither calamity nor crime; and is amply compensated by the first early sallad produced by the young horticulturists. On a May-day, when it has been such as poets love to paint, what a group have I seen carrying the Garland, and how I have followed the steps of their airy dance, with emotions of pleasure, far, far superior to what they themselves felt, or I could have experienced at their age!

Nor is our life so unchequered by events as the gay beings of the town are pleased to imagine. The various changes and additions to the several members of our society are no less interesting, and make quite as much noise with us as the same events in the great metropolis of fashion. We have not to complain of monotony—far from it—and to convince our readers, we will favour them with an extract from

The Rural Chronicle, April, 1822.

Departures.—For the north; —— Frost, Esq. and suite, amongst whom we noticed Messrs Woodcock, Fieldfare, Redwing, &c. &c. &c.

Arrivals.—Early in the month, Mr and Mrs Swallow; family expected to follow soon.—N. B. Mr and Mrs S. go out very little as yet.

The Messrs Blackbird and Thrush have begun to give their annual concerts for the season.

Their respective ladies are "at home."

The musical foreigner of distinction—the Signor Cuckoo—whose favourite cantatas are so repeatedly encored—he is said to be on the look-out for lodgings in the neighbourhood.—Strange stories are in circulation respecting a branch of the *Sparrow* family.

The Widow Nightingale—to her seat in Poplar island.

The Miss Martens for the season.

Dr and Mrs Rook have made great progress in their new dwelling, which is built on the old site.

The Wren family, so famous in the annals of architecture, have lately designed some edifices, which shew them to be as skilful as ever in that admirable art.

Court News.—Gazette Extraordinary.—Yesterday, her serene highness, Queen Flora, held her first drawing-room this season; which was most numerously attended. The court opened soon after sunrise. Mr Sky-lark was in waiting to announce the company.

The Misses Daisy were the earliest visitors, after which arrivals were constant.

Messrs Bugle, Broom, Lilac, Orchis, Periwinkle, Ranunculus, Stellaria, &c. &c. all richly and tastefully attired.

The numerous family of the Anemones paid their devoirs early—these *elegantes* were variously habited. Some wore rich scarlet bodices, others purple and green train. The Misses A., in robes of simple white and green, almost surpassed in beauty their more splendid relatives.

The Miss Violets—on their return to the country—introduced by the Ladies Primrose. The amiable and modest appearance of the former was

much noticed—the costume of each party was thought very becoming, and skilfully assorted to set off the colours and charms of each.

The Miss Blue Bells, robes of azure tissue, much admired for the sylph-like elegance of their forms.

The beautiful Germander family, with their never-to-be-forgotten eyes of heavenly blue, attracted universal attention.

The arrival of the Rose family was anxiously expected.

The Miss Cowslips were presented —it has been the fashion to call them the "pretty rustics;" but they were most graciously received, and the delicate propriety of their dress and manners much admired.

The Lady Cardamines—costumes of the finest *linen*. The simplicity of this novel style of dress was thought very bewitching.

Mrs Tulip—body and train of crimson and gold. This truly grand dress had a superb effect.

Messrs Chesnut, Oak, Birch, Lime, &c. &c. sported new bright green liveries.

Messrs Blackthorn, Pear, Apple, &c. &c. crowded round their sovereign, eager to pay their dutiful homage: they made a magnificent show, in rich suits of white, red, and green.

The company were greatly delighted with a concert of vocal music from a large party of the best performers in the neighbourhood, consisting wholly of amateurs.

In this belle assemblée it has been whispered that radical principles had been very generally disseminated, though studiously kept out of sight.

The good order and obedience to the laws of their Queen, for which the attendants on this court are remarkable, is the best refutation of every calumny. We are happy to add, that though in so large and mixed an assembly, many individuals must have been unavoidably thrown into the shade, yet no umbrage was taken, and the evening concluded with the utmost harmony, the parties continuing together till the shadows of evening; when, having partaken of a few drops of a light and charming beverage, (the receipt for which is not to be found in Mrs Randell), the court broke up; but not before the widow Nightingale (who had joined the performers of the morning) had been entreated to favour the company with a song—that well-bred lady instantly complied, and poured upon the ears of her delighted auditors one of her most heart-thrilling melodies.

M.

SONNET TO ———

The world bursts in between us—we must part!
  Earth is no home for happiness; the dreams
  That lapp'd us in Elysium, were but gleams
Of phantasy, and mock'd the easy heart;—
Ah! never more such landscapes of delight
  Shall spread their bloom around us; never more
  The western sun behold us as of yore,
Nor such a glory gild the vault of night!—

Why should we wish a heritage of years,
  Since joy is but a vision! why should we,
  Children of error, seeing what we see,
Anchor upon an isle that disappears?
  All sublunary things take wings and flee,
Save disappointment, treachery, and tears.

KOTZEBUE'S VOYAGE.*

We have here a splendid instance of the munificence of an individual,—a voyage of discovery, fitted out at the expense of a Russian nobleman (Count Romanzoff,) for the purpose of solving that great geographical problem, the existence of the North-west Passage.

The minute survey of the north-west coast of America, by Vancouver, and the land expeditions of Hearne and M'Kenzie, had demonstrated the non-existence of such a passage to the southward of Bering's Straits, and that any communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, must be sought for in the higher northern latitude.

We are told in the Introduction, that Count Romanzoff had determined to send two expeditions, one from Russia, by the Atlantic, and one from the Pacific, to be undertaken at his expense, by some of the American ships which trade for furs on the north-west coast of America.

The expeditions fitted out by England having rendered the first plan unnecessary, the Count determined to confine his views to the latter. His first intention was to send out a small vessel, in frame, in some of the ships belonging to the Russian-American Company, to be set up at Kodiak or Oonalashka. Want of room in these vessels prevented this plan, and a brig of 180 tons was built for the purpose, and named the Rurick. Lieutenant Kotzebue, son of the celebrated German author, was intrusted with the command, at the recommendation of Captain Krusenstern, with whom he had made the former voyage of discovery in the Nadeshda.

Prefixed to the account of the voyage is an introduction by Captain Krusenstern, and instructions for the astronomical and physical observations, by Dr Hörner; besides which, there is in the original, but not translated, "A View of the Voyages to the North Pole, and for the Discovery of a Northern Passage from the Atlantic Ocean to the South Sea, by Captain Krusenstern." It is short and unsatisfactory, chiefly taken from the superficial work of Forster, and contains nothing new; it is particularly meagre, where it ought to have been fullest, in the account of the northern voyages performed by the Russians.

The Rurick sailed from Cronstedt on the 30th July, 1815; and, after touching at Copenhagen, Plymouth, Teneriffe, and Brazil, anchored in Conception Bay, on the coast of Chili, on the 13th of February, 1816. They remained here till the 8th of March, and, on the 28th of the same month, made Easter Island. Upon attempting to land, a number of the natives prevented them, and attacked them with stones, till several shots were fired, which dispersed the crowd, and enabled Captain Kotzebue to land, for the purpose of looking for the remarkable statues mentioned by Cook and Peyrouse. He could only find a heap of stones, which lay near an unbroken pedestal. Finding, from the threatening aspect of the natives, he could not penetrate into the interior; he re-embarked, but was obliged to fire a second time upon the natives, we are not told with what effect. Nothing but necessity can justify such a measure; and it appears to have been wanting in this case, at least in the first instance, when the natives were fired upon from the boats, in order to clear the landing-place.

Captain Kotzebue ascribes this hostile feeling to an outrage committed upon them by the captain of an American schooner, who kidnapped several of them, for the purpose of carrying on the seal-fishery at Massafuero.

"In pursuance of this wicked design, he landed at Cook's Bay, where he endeavoured to seize upon a number of the inhabitants.

"The combat is said to have been bloody, as the brave islanders defended themselves with intrepidity; but they were obliged to yield to the terrible arms of the Europeans; and twelve men and ten women fell into the merciless hands of the Americans. Upon this, the poor creatures were carried on board, fettered for

* A Voyage of Discovery into the South-Sea and Behring's Straits, for the purpose of exploring a North-East Passage, undertaken in the years 1815–1818, by Lieutenant Otto Von Kotzebue. 3 vols. 8vo. London, Longman and Co. 1821.

the first three days, and not released till they were out of sight of land. The first use they made of their recovered liberty, was, that the men jumped overboard; and the women, who attempted to follow them, were prevented only by force. The captain made the ship lay to, in hopes that they would return on board for refuge, when they were threatened by the waves. He, however, soon perceived how much he had been mistaken; for the savages, used to the water from their infancy, thought it not impossible, notwithstanding the distance of three days' voyage, to reach their native country; and at all events, they preferred perishing in the waves, to leading a miserable life in captivity. After they had disputed for some time as to the direction they should take, they separated; some took the direct way to Easter Island, and the others to the north. The captain, extremely enraged at this unexpected heroism, sent a boat after them, which returned after many fruitless efforts, as they always dived at the approach of the boat, and the sea compassionately received them in its bosom. At last the captain left the men to their fate, and brought the women to Massafuero; and is said to have afterwards made many attempts to steal some of the people from Easter Island. Adams had heard this story from the Captain himself, which was probably the reason he did not wish to mention his name: he assured me that he had been to Easter Island, in 1806, but was not able to land, on account of the hostile behaviour of the inhabitants: he said, that the ship Albatross, under the command of Captain Winship, had met with the same fate in 1809."

On the 16th of April they discovered an island in lat. 14° 15′ 11″ S., and long. 138° 47′ 7″ W. It was named Doubtful Island, as they were uncertain whether it might not be the Dog Island of Schouten. On the 20th, another small island was discovered in lat. 14° 57′ 20′ S., and long. 144° 28′ 30″, and named after Count Romanzoff. Owing to the surf, it was impossible for a boat to land; but a frame was constructed which enabled several of the crew to reach the shore. They traversed the island, and found huts, and other traces of inhabitants, but did not meet with any.

On the 22d, another island, about eleven miles long and three broad, with a lake in the centre, was discovered, and named Spiridoff Island. It lies in lat. 14° 41′ S., long. 144° 59′ 20″ W. They then proceeded to the Palliser Islands of Captain Cook, to the westward of which they discovered one of those chains of islets connected by a reef of coral, so frequent in certain parts of the Pacific Ocean. No traces of inhabitants were observed. The length of the most considerable of the islands, lying at intervals of from one to two hundred fathoms, did not exceed two miles. All of them, even the smallest, were thickly wooded. This group, which is situated in lat. 15° 15′ N., Long. 146° 46′ W. received the name of Rurick's Chain. Immediately to the west, they passed another group, corresponding to the situation of Dean's Island in Arrowsmith's chart; and beyond it a third group, in all respects similar to the first, was discovered, and named after Captain Krusenstern.

On the 30th of the same month, they passed the Penryn Islands. Several canoes came off and traded with them. The natives are said to resemble those of the Marquesas, but are not tatooed, in which respect they differ from the other South-Sea islanders; they understood several of the words of the vocabulary of Cook's Voyages.

On the 21st of May, land was descried from the mast-head, which consisted of several coral islands, and resembled Rurick's Chain. These formed two groups, separated by a channel. They extend about twenty-five miles from north to south; lie in lat. 11° 11′ N., and long. 190° 9′ W. One of the groups was named Kutusoff, and the other Suwaroff.

On the 19th of June, the Rurick anchored in Avatscha Bay, and sailed again for Bering's Straits. On the 15th of July, they passed Bering Island, and landed on one of the islands of St Laurence. Their reception here was more hospitable than elegant.

"While our naturalists were strolling about the mountains, I entertained myself with my new acquaintance, who, as soon as they learnt that I was the commander, invited me to their tent. A filthy piece of leather was spread on the floor for me to sit on; and then they came up to me one after the other—each of them embraced me, rubbed his nose hard against mine, and ended his caresses by spitting in his hands and wiping them several times over my face. Though these signs of friendship were not very agreeable to me, I bore all patiently. To suppress their further tenderness, I distributed some tobacco-leaves, which they received with much pleasure, and were going to repeat all their caresses again. I hastily took some knives, scissars, and beads, and thus happily prevented a second attack. An almost still greater

misery awaited me: when, in order to refresh me, they brought forth a wooden trough of whale blubber, (a great delicacy among all the northern inhabitants of the sea coasts), and I bravely took some of it, sickening and dangerous as this food is to a European stomach. This, and some other presents, which I afterwards made them, sealed the bond of our friendly acquaintance."

On the 30th of July, they entered Bering's Straits, and discovered a small island which had escaped the notice of Captains Cook and Clarke. It was named Ratmanoff Island. They anchored same night on the American shore, abreast of an island within which an inlet was seen, which apparently reached considerably into the interior. The island was named Saritscheff, and the bay Schischmareff, after the first lieutenant.

Next day they weighed anchor, and, with a favourable wind, proceeded along the American coast, which seemed to be well inhabited. The land soon took an easterly direction, and at eleven o'clock, on the 1st of August, they found themselves in the entrance of a broad inlet. The coast to the east disappeared, and high mountains were seen to the north.

From the 1st of August to the 14th, was employed in surveying this inlet, which stretches about a hundred miles to the south-east, terminating in two bays, which received the names of Escholze Bay and Spafarieff's Bay. The inlet itself was called Kotzebue Sound.* On the south-west side an opening was discovered, which was described by the natives as communicating with the sea; its western entrance will probably be found somewhere behind Sarytscheff's Island. Their progress in boats up this interesting passage was prevented by shoals; and the farther investigation was delayed till the following season, when it might be prosecuted in bay-derais or light skin boats, whose draft of water would enable them to pass the shallows. It was named the Bay of Good Hope.

On the 8th of August, near the head of the inlet, they discovered a singular geological curiosity, a hill covered with vegetation, the interior of which was pure ice, containing a quantity of Mammoth's teeth and bones.

"We had passed a very unpleasant night, for it was stormy and rainy; and as the morning promised no better weather, I resolved to sail back to the ship; but scarcely had we gone half way, when we were overtaken by a violent storm from the south-east: the long-boat drew much water, and we were obliged to return to the landing-place we had just quitted. Being wet through, I had a fire made of drift-wood, which we found every where in plenty; we dried our clothes and prepared a refreshing soup. It seemed as if fortune had sent this storm, to enable us to make a very remarkable discovery, which we owe to Dr Escholtz. We had climbed much about during our stay, without discovering that we were on real ice-bergs. The doctor, who had extended his excursions, found part of the bank broken down, and saw, to his astonishment, that the interior of the mountain consisted of pure ice. At this news, we all went, provided with shovels and crows, to examine this phenomenon more closely, and soon arrived at a place where the bank rises almost perpendicularly out of the sea, to the height of a hundred feet; and then runs off, rising still higher. We saw masses of the purest ice, of the height of a hundred feet, which are under a cover of moss and grass; and could not have been produced, but by some terrible revolution. The place which, by some accident, had fallen in, and is now exposed to the sun and air, melts away, and a good deal of water flows into the sea. An indisputable proof that what we saw was real ice, is the quantity of mammoths' teeth and bones, which were exposed to view by the melting, and among which I myself found a very fine tooth. We could not assign any reason, for a strong smell, like that of burnt horn, which we perceived in this place. The covering of these mountains, on which the most luxuriant grass grows to a certain height, is only half a foot thick, and consists of a mixture of clay, sand, and earth; below which, the ice gradually melts away, the green cover sinks with it, and continues to grow; and thus it may be foreseen, that in a long series of years, the mountain will vanish, and a green valley be formed in its stead. By a good observation, we found the latitude of the tongue of land 66° 15′ 36″, north. Here too, we obtained for the

* This sound will no doubt continue to bear the name of Kotzebue; but we cannot acquiesce in his claim to the discovery, although we have not been able to ascertain to whom that honour is due: it has been laid down in the charts for many years previous to the Russian expedition. The earliest chart in which we have observed it, is in that attached to Flurieu's Account of Marchand's Voyage, published about 1806, but constructed, we believe, about the beginning of the French Revolution.

variation of the magnetic needle a false result, 13° west."

On the 14th of August, the Rurick reached the promontory of the north side of the entrance of the sound, and which received the name of Krusenstern. From it the land bends to the NE., and then takes its direction to the NW., where it ends in a high promontory, supposed to be the Cape Mulgrave of Cook.

This was the extreme northern point of Captain Kotzebue's voyage; that he did so little for what was his principal object, the discovery of a Northwest Passage, must, no doubt, be ascribed in a great measure to the unfortunate accident that prevented him from prosecuting his discoveries on the following year; but we cannot help regretting the resolution he took of postponing his voyage when he had been only a fortnight within Bering's Straits, without having seen a particle of floating ice—with delightful weather, a fair wind, and the best part of the season still before him—a resolution as unlucky for his fame as that of Captain Middleton, when he left unexplored the frozen strait in Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome, or of Captain Ross, when he tacked in Lancaster Sound.

The favourable circumstances we have mentioned, afford much encouragement to an expedition sent by the Pacific, should Captain Parry fail in circumnavigating America.

On their return to Bering's Straits, they had to encounter southerly winds, and a current which flows continually to the north-east, and which, in twenty-four hours, carried them fifty miles to the north of their reckoning; the existence of this current proves that the water meets with no opposition, and consequently, that there is a passage to the north of America: its direction would be singularly favourable to ships prosecuting a voyage of discovery from the Pacific.

On the 18th of August, they anchored at East Cape, but were prevented by the natives from advancing up the country. They quitted it on the 19th, and next day anchored in St Lawrence Bay, where they remained till the 29th. The manners of the Tschukutskoi, the natives of this part of Asia, are described at considerable length; they resemble the natives of the opposite coast of America, and have already been frequently described.

From the Bay of St Lawrence, they proceeded to Oonalashka, where the Russian American Company have a settlement, and, after a stay of five days, sailed for Port St Francisco, in California, which they reached on the 1st of October, and were most hospitably received by the Spaniards. After refitting here, they sailed for the Sandwich Islands on the 1st of November, accompanied by John Elliot de Castro, a native of Portugal, who had been taken prisoner in a Russian vessel, engaged in a contraband trade on the coast of California. This person had been a surgeon at Rio Janeiro, and had resided for some time in the family of King Tamaahmaah, a circumstance which afterwards proved of the greatest service to them. The rapid progress made by the Sandwich islanders in the arts of civilization, under that remarkable character, renders any information regarding them highly interesting; and Captain Kotzebue's account amply confirms the continuance of their advancement.

The Rurick arrived at Owhyhee on the 21st of November. The appearance of the Russians evidently excited a degree of distrust and alarm on the part of the natives, caused, it would appear, by some previous attempts of that ambitious nation to form settlements upon these islands. We have not a doubt that this intention would have been carried into effect, had it not been foiled by the energy and talents of Tamaahmaah. Campbell, who sailed in a Russian ship from Kodiak about 1809, expressly says, that preparations were made for making such a settlement, but, we presume, the cause we have mentioned prevented it, and Campbell was severely reprimanded for mentioning the circumstance in public.

A few months previous to the arrival of Kotzebue, two Russian ships touched at the islands, and left a person of the name of Scheffer, a physician, for the ostensible purpose of botanizing; but in reality, it would appear, to ascertain the possibility of the scheme, and had even gone so far as to hoist the Russian flag, with these words, "I take possession of the islands." This premature step probably unveiled the purpose of his visit, and excited the well-grounded distrust

with which our navigator was received, and which he hastened to dispel by assurances that the Emperor had no intention of conquering the islands. Tamaahmaah, contrary to his usual custom, did not go on board the ship, but sent an invitation to Captain Kotzebue to land, and desired one of his chiefs to remain on board as a hostage.

"Accordingly, I rowed on shore at ten o'clock, accompanied by Messrs Elliot and Schischmareff, and a chief named John Adams.* The view of the king's camp was concealed only by a narrow tongue of land, consisting of naked rocks, but when we had sailed round we were surprised at the sight of the most beautiful landscape. We found ourselves in a small sandy bay of the smoothest water, protected against the waves of the sea; on the bank was a pleasant wood of palm-trees, under whose shade was built several straw houses; to the right, between the green leaves of the banana-trees, peeped two snow-white houses, built of stone, after the European fashion, on which account this place has the mixed appearance of a European and Owhyhee village, which afforded us a new, but charming prospect; to the left, close to the water, on an artificial elevation, stood the Morai of the king, surrounded by large wooden statues of his gods, representing caricatures of the human figure. The background of this valley is formed by the high majestic Mouna Woororay, the height of which, according to my estimation, is 1687 toises; it rises on this side pretty steep; its ascent is varied by green fields and vales, with beautiful woods, between which you frequently perceive very large and overhanging rocks of lava, which give the whole landscape, by this mixture of wildness and cultivation, a most picturesque appearance. A number of islanders, armed with muskets, stood on the shore; the king came to meet us as far as the landing-place, with some of his most distinguished warriors, and when we got out of the boat he came up to me, and cordially shook me by the hand. Curiosity brought the people from all sides, but the greatest order prevailed, and no noise or importunity was permitted. I now stood at the side of the celebrated Tamaahmaah, who had attracted the attention of all Europe, and who inspired me with the greatest confidence by his unreserved and friendly behaviour. He conducted me to his straw palace, which, according to the custom of the country, consisted only of one spacious apartment, and, like all the houses here, afforded a free draught both to the land and sea breezes, which alleviates the oppressive heat. They offered us European chairs, very neatly made, placed a mahogany table before us, and we were then in possession of all the furniture of the palace. Though the king has houses built of stone in the European fashion, he prefers this simple dwelling, not to forsake the customs of his country; he imitates every thing he knows to be useful, and tries to introduce it among his people; palaces built of stone appeared to him superfluous, as the straw houses are convenient, and as he only wishes to increase the happiness, and not the wants of his subjects. Tamaahmaah's dress, which consisted of a white shirt, blue pantaloons, a red waistcoat, and a coloured neckcloth, surprised me very much, for I had formed very different notions of the royal attire. He, however, sometimes dresses very splendidly, having several embroidered uniforms, and other articles of dress. The distinguished personages present at our audience, who had all seated themselves on the ground, wore a still more singular costume than the king; for the black frocks look very ludicrous on the naked body; add to this, that they seldom fit, being purchased of American ships, where the people are not always so tall and so robust as the chiefs of the Sandwich Islands. One of the ministers had the waist half way up his back; the coat had been buttoned with the greatest difficulty; he perspired in his tight state dress; his distress was very evident, but fashion would not suffer him to relieve himself of this inconvenience. It is very singular that the savages should surpass the Europeans in bearing the inconveniencies which the power of fashion imposes on them. The sentinels at the door were quite naked; a cartridge-box and a pair of pistols were tied round their waist, and they held a musket in their hand. After the king had poured out some very good wine, and had himself drunk to our health, I made him acquainted with my intention of taking in fresh provisions, water, and wood. A young man of the name of Cook, the only white man whom the king had about him, was quick, not without education, and spoke fluently the language of the country; he had formerly served as pilot on board a ship, but had been settled on the island for several years. He was a favourite with the king, and was in possession of a considerable portion of land; he acted as interpreter between us. Tamaahmaah desired him to say to me as follows: 'I learn that you are the commander of a ship of war, and are engaged in a voyage similar to

* It is the custom here to take the names of the Europeans with whom a friendship has been contracted.

those of Cook and Vancouver, and consequently do not engage in trade; it is therefore my intention not to carry on any with you, but to provide you gratis with every thing that my islands produce. This affair is now settled, and no further mention need be made of it. I shall now beg you to inform me, whether it is with the consent of your emperor that his subjects begin to disturb me in my old age? Since Tamaahmaah has been king of these islands, no European has had cause to complain of having suffered injustice here. I have made my islands an asylum for all nations, and honestly supplied with provisions every ship that desired them. Some time ago there came from the American settlement of Sitka some Russians, a nation with whom I never had any intercourse before; they were kindly received, and supplied with every thing necessary; but they have ill-rewarded me, for they behaved in a hostile manner to my subjects in the island of Woahoo, and threatened us with ships of war, which were to conquer these islands; but this shall not happen as long as Tamaahmaah lives! A Russian physician, of the name of Scheffer, who came here some months ago, pretended that he had been sent by the Emperor Alexander to botanize on my islands; as I had heard much good of the Emperor Alexander, and was particularly pleased with his bravery, I not only permitted M. Scheffer to botanize, but also promised him every assistance; made him a present of a piece of land, with peasants, so that he could never want for provisions; in short, I tried to make his stay as agreeable as possible, and to refuse none of his demands. But what was the consequence of my hospitality? Even before he left Owhyhee, he repaid my kindness with ingratitude, which I bore patiently. Upon this, according to his own desire, he travelled from one island to another, and at last settled in the fruitful island of Woahoo, where he proved himself to be my most inveterate enemy; destroying our sanctuary the Morai; and exciting against me, in the island of Atooi, King Tamary, who had submitted to my power years before. Scheffer is there at this very moment, and threatens my islands.' Such was the account given by the king; for the truth of which I can only say, that Tamaahmaah highly distinguishes every European who settles in his islands, if his conduct be good; and that he is generally known to be an upright and honest man. I am not personally acquainted with M. Scheffer, but have since learnt the manner in which he came to the Sandwich Islands. He had served as physician on board the Suwaroff, belonging to the Russian American Company, which went, in 1814, from Cronstadt to Sitka, under the command of Lieutenant Lasaref. From motives unknown to me, Lieutenant Lasaref left Dr Scheffer, in 1815, at Sitka, and returned to Europe without a physician. M. Baranof, who generally resides at Sitka, as director of all the Russian American colonies, and whose character is but indifferent, took him under his protection, and sent him to the Sandwich Islands; with what intention is not known. How he conducted himself there the reader has been informed.

"I assured Tamaahmaah that the bad conduct of the Russians here must not be ascribed to the will of our Emperor, who never commanded his subjects to do an unjust act; but that the extent of his empire prevented him from being immediately informed of bad actions, which, however, never remained unpunished, when they came to his knowledge. The king seemed very much pleased on my ensuring him that our emperor never intended to conquer his islands; the glasses were immediately filled, to drink the health of the Emperor; he was even more cordial than before, and we could not have desired a more agreeable and obliging host. He conversed with a vivacity surprising at his age, asked us various questions respecting Russia, and made observations."

From Owhyhee they proceeded to the harbour of Hanarura in Woahoo, which, from its fertility, is called the Garden of the Sandwich Islands. The marks of advancement in the arts of civilization observed here were very striking. Many of the houses were built in the European fashion. A number of ships lay at anchor in the harbour, two of which bore the flag of Tamaahmaah; and the same flag was displayed from the walls of a fort, from which the Russians were jealously excluded. In some respects these changes were not altogether agreeable. The times are gone by, when a nail or a few glass beads could command the services of the natives; and the value of hard cash is known here as well as in the oldest communities. The Rurick was exempted, as a man-of-war, from the regular harbour-dues, but forty piastres were charged for pilotage and towing the ship into the harbour.

They remained at Hanarura till the 14th of December, and departed under mutual salutes from the fort and Tamaahmaah's man-of-war. The account of the continued progress of these islanders in the arts of civilized life will be perused with much interest. The great man under whom they have made such rapid steps, is now no

more—what effects his death may produce, remains to be seen.

On the 1st of January, 1817, a low woody island, about three miles in length, was discovered, and named New-Year's Island, it lies in 10° 8′ 27″ north lat., and in 189° 4′ west long. from Greenwich. The surf prevented the boats from landing, but an animated traffic was carried on with the natives, who came off in canoes.

On the 4th of January, a group of coral islands, connected by a reef, was discovered, and named after Count Romanzoff; an opening was observed in the reef, through which the Rurick passed. The bason within was as smooth as a mill-pond, and here Lieutenant Kotzebue remained till the 7th of February, maintaining a friendly intercourse with the natives, who are represented as a mild, timid race, with much cheerfulness and vivacity; their bones are as delicate as women, and their hands and feet uncommonly small; they are tatooed, and in their general appearance resemble the other islanders in the Pacific.

The whole group, consisting of a ring of coral isles, is about thirty-five miles in length; and in process of time will form one large island, with a lagoon in the centre—a species of island of very frequent occurrence in these seas;—the largest of the group is named Otdia, and is situated in lat. 9°, 28′ 9″ N. and in long. 189°, 43′ 46″ W. The neighbouring seas are filled with similar groups—a chart of which is given, from information collected from a native, and which proved, as far as Lieutenant Kotzebue had the means of ascertaining, to be remarkably correct.

They sailed on the 7th February; and after passing a similar group, called Kregup, anchored at Kawen, another of these groups, on the 11th; and at Aur, a third cluster of islets, within ten miles of Kawen, on the 23d of the same month. In one of the canoes they remarked two savages who were tatooed differently from the rest, and spoke a different language; their history was curious, and proves how easily the islands of the Pacific may have been peopled by the Malay race, even against the trade winds. They were natives of the Carolinas, which lie at least 1500 miles to the westward of Aur. In passing in a canoe from one island to another, they were driven out of their course by a gale of wind; and imagining themselves to leeward of their own island, they kept plying to windward; and after a navigation of eight months against the N. E. monsoon, reached Aur, having supported themselves chiefly by fishing. Kadu, one of these islanders, requested leave to go with the Russians, which was granted.

They now returned to the northward; and after passing several of the groups with which that part of the Pacific is so thickly studded, and the Cornwallis Islands, they encountered a gale of wind on the 13th of April, and Lieutenant Kotzebue unfortunately received a contusion on the breast, having been driven against a corner by a sea which broke on board of the vessel.

On the 24th April, they reached Oonalashka, where they remained to refit till the 29th of June. They then proceeded to the Islands of St Lawrence, but here the effects of the climate on the health of the commander forced them to return.

"At twelve o'clock at night, when we were about to anchor at the northern promontory, we perceived, to our terror, firm ice, which extended as far as the eye could see to N.E., and then to the N., covering the whole surface of the ocean. My melancholy situation, which had daily grown worse since we had left Oonalashka, received here the last blow. The cold air so affected my lungs, that I lost my breath, and at last spasms in the chest, faintings, and spitting of blood ensued. I now for the first time perceived that my situation was worse than I would hitherto believe; and the physician seriously declared to me that I could not remain near the ice. It cost me a long and severe contest; more than once I resolved to brave death, and accomplish my undertaking; but when I reflected that we had a difficult voyage to our own country still before us, and perhaps the preservation of the Rurick, and the lives of my companions depended on mine, I then felt that I must suppress my ambition. The only thing which supported me in this contest, was the conscientious assurance of having strictly fulfilled my duty. I signified to the crew, in writing, that my ill health obliged me to return to Oonalashka. The moment I signed the paper was the most painful in my life, for with this stroke of the pen, I gave up the ardent and long-cherished wish of my heart."

On their return to Oonalashka they

received the following account of the origin of a Volcanic Island :—

"In the year 1796, on the 7th of May, M. Kriukof had arrived on the northern point of the island of Oomnack, at a small distance to the east of Oonalashka, with several hunters, who had selected it as a retreat after a fatiguing excursion. They intended to continue their voyage to Oonalashka in their large baydares the next day, but were prevented by a violent storm from the N.W., accompanied with rain. This storm lasted till the 8th; upon which the weather became fine, and they saw to the N. several miles from land, a column of smoke ascending from the sea; towards evening they observed under the smoke something black, which rose but a little above the surface of the water. During the night, fire ascended into the air near the spot, and sometimes so violent, and to such a height, that on their island, which was ten miles distant, every thing could be distinctly seen by its light. An earthquake shook their island, and a frightful noise echoed from the mountains in the S.* The poor hunters were in deadly anxiety; the rising island threw stones towards them. and they every moment expected to perish. At the rising of the sun the quaking of the earth ceased, the fire visibly decreased, and they now plainly saw an island of the form of a pointed black cap. When Kriukof visited the island of Oomnack, a month after, he found the new island, which, during that time, had continued to emit fire considerably higher. After that time it threw out less fire, but more smoke: it had increased in height and circumference, and often changed its form. For four years no more smoke was seen, and in the eighth year, (1804,) the hunters resolved to visit it, as they observed that many sea-lions resorted to it. The water round the island was found warm, and the island itself so hot in many places that they could not tread on it. The island is said to increase in height and extent to this day. A very sensible Russian who was there, told me, that it is two miles and a half in circumference, and was three hundred and fifty feet high: for three miles around, the sea is strewn with stones. He found the island warm from the middle to the summit, and the smoke which ascended from the crater appeared to him to have an agreeable smell. Some hundred fathoms to the north of this island is a rocky pillar of considerable height, mentioned by Cook: he took it, at a distance, to be a ship under sail. Our Russian navigator, Saritschef, has seen this pillar, which has kept its place since time immemorial. Experience has however now taught us that it is connected under water with the island of Oonemack."

After refitting at Oonalashka, the Rurick proceeded to the Sandwich Islands, where the Russians had another interview with Tamaahmaah; and from thence returned to the Romanzoff, or Radack Islands, and again entered the Bason. They were receiveived with joy by their friends, and their companion Kadu wisely determined to remain upon the islands, and parted from them here.

On their return, they touched at the Ladrone Islands and the Cape of Good Hope, and anchored in the Neva, before the Palace of Count Romanzoff, on the 3d August, 1818.

The translation is carelessly executed, and evidently by a person ignorant of nautical affairs. If the very respectable publishers of the work cannot find naval men to translate voyages, they ought at least to submit their translation to the inspection of competent judges, previous to publication.

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* All the Aleutian islands are of volcanic origin, and seem to be the production of a dreadful revolution; nothing is seen but high conical mountains, of which many exceed the Peak of Teneriffe in height: formerly they threw out fire, and some of them still continue to do so.

ON THE METAPHYSICS OF MUSIC, AND THEIR ACCORDANCE WITH MODERN PRACTICE.

"I say silver sound, because Musicians sound for silver."
Romeo and Juliet.

Mr North,

Were you ever at a Concert? If you ever were, the lines of your expressive physiognomy must have been "worth the marking." As you observed the nimble bows of the musicians dance, and quiver, and bound, upon the tortured strings—the conceit of the player—the affectation of the amateur—the nonchalance and lassitude of the fashionable lounger—the men with pale stone faces, looking half asleep, like busts—the ladies attentive by starts, and then, ever and anon, relapsing into chit-chat; until vainly trusting for impunity to the noise of a "tutti," in some pitiless overture, they are at once betrayed, by some sudden pause of a bar, which the composer (God knows why—he cannot tell himself) has interposed at so inconvenient a juncture. As you gazed upon all these things, Mr North, I suspect your countenance must have discovered some distinguishing signs of lurking scepticism as to the merits of so strange a scene. Do not be alarmed—the matter is between ourselves. Far be it from me to attempt to seduce you into putting your *imprimatur* upon any set of unfashionable opinions. That is not your way—still one cannot help thinking, that had doubts and difficulties not been sticking like a remora to the bottom of your understanding, you would ere this have put forth an unanswerable exposition of the sublimities of modern music.—You must own it is strange, that the admirers and cultivators of modern science have not invented any thing like a consistent theory of musical expression—nay, that the vague ideas of most writers on music, with relation to its expression, embody the very principles, which in their full extent are most inimical to modern practice. Nor will it be less odd, if musical reasoners, as well as composers, have just admitted into their works meaning enough to shew their abuse of those laws upon which it is naturally founded. To come however to the point.

Music may be briefly defined to be *the Poetry of Sound.* It seems to be agreed on all hands, that its province and end is to express poetically, by means of inarticulate sound, certain passions and feelings incident to human nature. This is involved both in the practice and phraseology of all musical people. From the earliest times, the lover has interested his mistress, and the general excited his troops, by means of music and song; and composers have, from time immemorial, affixed to their compositions, words and expressions of direction, which imply that the pieces to be played either have, or pretend to have, some connexion with the feelings of the auditor. We have as many marginal hints as in a German tragedy, and much to the same purpose, and generally quite as much needed. Now if a tune is to be "amoroso," or "maestoso," or "agitato," or "pastorale," or "spiritoso,"—in plain English, if musical sound is to express sentiment or passion, it can only do so in one of these two ways. Either the notes singly, or in some known combinations, must, as words are, be understood to be arbitrary signs of the things to be expressed by them;—or else they must express passions and feelings by copying so nearly, that the likeness may be recognized, those sounds which nature has appropriated to the expression of those passions and feelings. The first of these modes* has never, I believe, been contended for. Arbitrary significations have indeed been attempted, by fanciful individuals, to be affixed to the peculiarities of the tones of different musical instruments; but these fancies have not been generally received. To the notes or divisions of notes of the musical scale, however, meanings of this sort have been never attributed. Crotchets and quavers have never been in-

* Vide Musical Queries, &c. Vol. V. pp. 399, 556, 694.

vested with the powers of letters; neither have they been made to stand for whole words, like the characters of the Chinese alphabet. It should seem then, that if melody is expressive at all, it must be so by imitation—and by imitation of that which is sufficiently familiar to the minds of men in general, to render likely a general recognition of the resemblance. That peculiar intonations of voice, in the expression of certain passions and feelings, are common not only to whole nations, but, with some varieties, to mankind in general, is a fact that experience teaches. It is observable too, that of all others the people whose language has least variety of natural intonation, have been least successful in music,—I mean the French. The tones as well as the looks of love, jealousy, anger, revenge, joy, or despair, need only to be exhibited by the actor, to be at once felt and known. Tones, in fact, are of as great consequence as words, in as much as by varying them, a sentence of praise may be turned into one of irony, love into ridicule, and rage into humour. It is by a reference, then, to these well-known intonations of passion, that the meaning of a combination of musical sounds is to be ascertained. But the imitation is not a servile one. The musician, like the poet, is to preserve a rhythmical regularity; he is to conform to certain laws and limitations; and, above all, to impart a poetical heightening to his euphonic delineations, without overstepping the modesty of nature. He is to marry the poetical to the natural in sound, neither dividing the substance nor confounding the persons; a delicate task, and one which exalts the original musician into a poet. He is a bard who expresses himself in musical instead of articulate sounds; and, to read his compositions, we must learn to sing or play, or else have them read to us by those who can.

It is this poetical imitation of the natural tones of passion, which is the origin and essence of musical expression. Other imitations have indeed been introduced into modern composition; but they do not deserve the name of expression, and are of a nature totally dissimilar. They, in fact, depend, for the most part, upon the peculiar tone of the instrument employed, and not upon abstract resemblance, as the poetical imitation of the rises and falls of passion must do.—Thus we have storm-pieces for the piano-forte, in which the lower keys are rumbled into a sort of thunder, and the higher "tipped" to resemble drops of rain or hail. We have shrill fac-similes of the whistling of birds, and battles, in which the great-drum is thumped for cannon, and the kettle-drum rattled in the manner of the galloping of horses; but to what do all these peculiarities amount? Why, to a proof that a piano-forte can rumble something like distant thunder, and "drip, drip," as Mr Coleridge would say, like "water-drops:" that an octave-flute is not very unlike the whistle of a bird, and the percussion of a double-drum nearly as bad as the "report of a culverin." They delineate no passion, nor can they excite any, excepting indirectly, and by chance. The curiosity they gratify is trifling, and it can only be once gratified. One reason certainly, why compositions of this sort must please a certain class of hearers, is their artful and complicated mechanism,—but more of this by and by.

Harmony is, or ought to be, the handmaid of melody. It cannot be denied, however, that it includes in itself the power of pleasureable excitement. For proof of the existence of this excitement, we may appeal to facts. The sound of an Æolian harp, for instance, is pleasing merely from the chords. The order in which they are produced is the work of chance. The excitement would seem to be direct, and to act strongly upon the nerves as a stimulus. Indeed, sounds produced simultaneously, for the most part, act strongly upon the nerves. The excitement caused by discords, however, is disagreeable, and with some persons so violently efficient as to induce that nervous affection, called "teeth on edge." In Mozart, when a child, it produced convulsions. That chord and discord are only varieties of nervous vibration, seems pretty evident in the fact, that those who are incapable of pleasure from the one, are also nearly, in a like degree, insensible of pain from the other. The excitation from harmony, has likewise, in some instances, been known to have brought on fainting and stupor, with persons of an irritable temperament. From all this, it appears to follow then, that the pleasure arising from

harmony, be it as intense as it will, is a bodily rather than a mental pleasure. It is a dram taken by the ear, only the exhilaration is transient like that of the nitrous oxide. It does not act through the intellect, but goes directly to the nervous system. We must be allowed, therefore, to conclude, that the pleasure of harmony is inferior in its nature to that of melody; and that melody ought not to be sacrified to it, nor put beneath it, as has long been the case. The invention of counterpoint has so far been the bane of melody. The mathematical has over-run the poetical. The mechanical has overlaid the intellectual. Nor is this to be wondered at. The thing is capable both of explanation and excuse.

It is asserted somewhere by Rousseau, no mean judge of such matters, that the musical world may be divided into three classes, Those who are capable of feeling the intellectual part of music, who are generally men with something of a poetical temperament, and no very correct ear for harmony; —Those who have an ear for harmony, and a taste for harmonious arrangement, but whose feelings are not excited by expressive melody, and who are, for the most part, men deficient in imagination; and lastly, Those who unite these two qualifications—a class, says Rousseau, rather rare. In this judgment of the celebrated citizen of Geneva, I must own that my limited observation, as far as it goes, strongly inclines me to concur. Now, if this idea be founded in truth, the consequent changes in the world of music are of natural occurrence: nor is it easy to conceive how they could have been materially different.

Before the discovery of counterpoint and of the present accurate system of musical notation, the science (if science it could be called) of music was limited to the composition and repetition of a few simple airs. The harmonies, when harmony was attempted, were mean and monotonous, and the composer or performer possessed little means and less inclination to improve this branch of his art. Indeed, if the date of many of the finest old airs be as modern as some contend, the indifference of the bards who composed them, to harmonious accompaniment, is almost incredible. They must of necessity have been aware of the improved arrangement of harmonies, and of the passion for that arrangement, which had then been spread, chiefly by the ministers of religion, over all Europe. Yet so little have the minds of the poets, who conceived those melodies, condescended to invest themselves in the trammels of science, that of those exquisite remains, there are few which do not violate some of the rules of composition, and scarcely any which, without injury to the melody, admit of a moderately full or scientific accompaniment. Be this, however, as it may, it is clear enough that the number of the individuals who lived either by the composition or performance of those airs, could not have been great, and in all likelihood was small. The whole of the known music about that period would, perhaps, not equal in bulk the thousandth part of the composition of the last ten years; and probably not one of the composers was the author of as many of those imperishable melodies as would fill a modern folio second page. The religious music of the ages prior to the invention of counterpoint, would seem to have been very deficient. It was necessarily simple; and where all passions save that of devotion were forbidden, melody naturally became either monotonous or unimpassioned; at last, probably both.

In this state of things, counterpoint and the phrenzy for complete harmony, which to this hour is only subsiding, effected a radical and total change. A new order of men, that is to say, Rousseau's second class, became, from their numbers, and from the endless variety of which the description of music they cultivated is susceptible, the Lords of the Ascendant. The power of employing a multiplicity of voices and of instruments in chapels and cathedrals, was immediately turned to account. The church was omnipotent; and the "Maestro di Capella" was only another name for the best musician in the place. The expressive but simple airs of the obscure bards, who in all countries have composed what is called "national melody," were at once buried under an avalanche of motets, canons, masses, requiems, anthems, hymns, psalms, and choruses. To these were quickly added fugues, symphonies, sonatas, duetts, quartetts, quintetts, and all

the varieties of what has been called "Chamber-music." It is a mistake to imagine that the complication of harmony has been a taste gradually acquired. It was a phrenzy sudden and irresistible, both from its novelty and from the real effects it is capable of producing. Those with the truest feeling of musical expression were naturally more or less captivated, like others, by the excitement of harmonious accompaniment. Those whose feelings were in the ear alone, rushed forward to claim pre-eminence for the elaborate and injurious additions which excited with such effect their grosser sensations. Science too was formally enlisted in the service; and mathematicians, with neither ear nor feeling, eagerly caught at consequence in a department where they had never dreamed of shining. The elegantly-turned sentiment of Heinsius, "*Harmoniæ pater est numerus*," was carried to its full extent. Some of the wonderfully elaborate movements of the early harmonists shew the extremes to which this mania carried them. Doubtless these harmonies were crude and harsh, and often barbarous, and later science has done much in sweetening their discordant chords, and refining their awkward modulations. Still as the knowledge of harmonies has extended, it is undeniable that harmonious composition has, upon the whole, been simplified. Hasse, Vinci, and Sebastian Bach, and then Handel, began to improve and polish the melody so neglected by their predecessors; and, as Dr Burney expresses it, to "thin the accompaniments" that, like untrimmed underwood, choked up and smothered what they were meant to adorn.

We have heard many complaints of the modern rage for musical accomplishment. Men of more refined taste have joined Mr Cobbett in vituperating that indiscriminating thirst for sound, which would send honest farmers' daughters "to make a villainous noise on the piano." But this is comparatively nothing to the extent to which musical education was carried during the reigns of Elizabeth and James. The class through which it was possible to extend it was, of course, at that period much smaller than at present. But where it did form any part of education, and it did so of that of every gentleman, it seems to have been pushed to a great extreme. Few persons of a certain rank were then to be found who could not play, and with superior execution, on at least one instrument; and, where nature permitted, take a part in vocal compositions; the awkward and forced complexities of which, certainly did not tend to diminish their difficulty, however they might detract from their real merit. This fever of harmonies had subsided in England, until the establishment of the Italian opera, and the celebrity of Handel, in some sort revived it. The quarrels of the furious partisans of Faustina and Cuzzoni, and the homage paid to Nicolini, and afterwards to Farinelli, are strong symptoms of what is called the revival of music in England. A great step, however, was gained. Throughout the musical world, melody, forgotten and despised so long, began again to be attended to. Corelli and others are known to have been so far sensible of the excellence of some of the old airs, both of their own and of other countries, as to have made them the ground-work of many of their sonatas. From about this period, the national melodies of Italy, of Scotland, and of Ireland, may, it is said, be traced in the compositions of the best masters. Some of the most celebrated operatic songs now known, have the same origin. And if a single instance may suffice, I may mention, that the far-famed "Nel cor più" is taken, almost note for note, from an old Sicilian ballad. The success of the opera was an acknowledgment that songs are essentially dramatic; and it is confessed, in words at least, that, to the finished musician, feeling and expression are as necessary as science.

If such be a tolerably correct sketch of the progress of this art; and if, as the course of events has seemed to indicate, the hypothesis of Rousseau be founded in truth, a key is afforded to the explanation of the many anomalies which music, in its modern practice, presents. That natural melody should be both neglected and depraved, appears to have been inevitable. The difficulties against which it has to struggle, are immoveable and overpowering. It is a most unequal conflict, to set Mr Coleridge's "blind boy," with his "pipe of sycamore," be his "notes as strangely moving" as they will, against the crash of a whole orchestra. Expressive melody

must ever be in danger of being overwhelmed by mere harmony; and they who essay to rescue her from the depths of thorough bass, must, like Hotspur, dare

"To dive unto the bottom of a sea
Where fathom-line did never touch the ground,
And pluck up drown'd melody by the locks."

It is a question, whether one air, during the last hundred years, has been composed by a professed musician, with any direct and intentional reference to any principle in nature, upon which musical expression can be founded. Strong as the assertion may seem, the chances are, that he who embraces music as a profession, and goes through an elaborate musical education, is less likely than other men to produce a naturally expressive combination of sound. This is no paradox, whatever may be thought of it. The fact is, that the harmonists have exterminated the melodists, as the great missal thrush does the common mavis. The race of bards, half poets half musicians, has disappeared, because it is next to impossible that such a being should continue to exist; nor, if he could, would he dare to bring forward one original composition. Ranking amongst the profounder studies, constituting a lucrative branch of trade, and giving employment to thousands, harmony must go nigh to overturn melody, by its very weight and momentum, if by nothing else. It is all-pervading. Now, who does not know how difficult it is for the greatest poetical genius to free himself, in any considerable degree, of those common-places and idioms which long custom, and eternal repetition of versifiers, have made a habit almost as inevitable as a natural tendency. In music this is ten times worse. The common-place "musical phrases," as they are styled, which have spread themselves everywhere through the medium of the voluminous and endless compositions of science, have of necessity become almost a part of the nature of every one who is possessed of a musical ear. They fly abroad "upon the wings of the wind," like the feathered seeds of the thistle or dandelion. There is no avoiding them. We hear them by day and by night; in the theatre, in the street, in the church, in the ball-room. Like Pharaoh's plagues, they follow us into our very chambers. The difficulty of original composition is thus increased a hundred-fold, and the most determined cultivator of simple, expressive melody, will find himself, at every step, sliding into some of the innumerable artificial turns or modulations with which constant custom has indelibly impressed his imagination. Should a composer of expressive airs, in a style similar to that of the old melodies, exist at this moment, he would be denied the very name of musician. He would be hooted at by nine out of ten, and for three or four different reasons. He would be told that his music required no execution; he would hear it called simple stuff that a child might play or sing; he would be twitted with monotony of key; he would be reproached with not concluding upon the key-note, and with a score of other offences against rules of which he and nature knew nothing. He would be accused, as every musician who has dared to verge towards simplicity has been, of want of science. This was the fate of Piccini, of Pleyell, and of Shield. The constant craving for variety and for difficulty—the superior extent of the class of those who are affected by harmony only—and the consequent multiplicity of its professor's publications, exhibitions, and gains, must probably always give scientific music a preponderance. He only can be celebrated, who either distinguishes himself in elaborate composition, or in the performance of almost impossibilities of vocal or instrumental execution.

That no alteration can take place in the present state of music, it would be presumption to say. That, since the invention of counterpoint, it has altered materially, though slowly, cannot be doubted. The advances, too, towards natural expression, however faint or sophisticated, are such as prove some recognizance of that principle of poetical imitation which seems to be the foundation of musical expression. That much of modern practice is totally inconsistent, and at direct variance with that principle, is true. It may be difficult to imagine how it has happened that, admitting so much, the whole has not followed—but the fact is so.

If we look over a collection of modern music, we shall find, that, in the management of the time, the principle

of natural imitation has been, upon the whole, adhered to. As in nature, grief expresses itself slowly, and joy rapidly; so in modern compositions, as well as in the old airs, the *vivaces* are played quickly, and the *affetuosos* more slowly. As in nature, we find that passion hurries particular words and tones, although the general effect is plaintive and slow, so in the old pathetic airs we find that semiquavers to the extent of two or four at once, are generally and judiciously used. In modern music, the same principle seems to be decidedly admitted; but pushed by a love of novelty and of execution to an excess which, far o'erstepping the modesty of nature, of course totally mars the effect originally intended. To the exaggerations of the stage may be traced many of the corruptions of musical expression; and it seems to be probable, that the introduction of long hurried hubbubs of passages into airs essentially slow, has been much encouraged by theatrical performances. Be this as it may, it would be an easy matter to point out a score or two of scientific adagios and largos which a person, unable to read music, and not having the real notes as written, and the divisions of the bars in his mind's eye, would never discover to be in essentially slow time. The only effect of such composition upon unlearned hearers, is to surprise and confound them. As to touching the finer feelings, the thing is out of the question; indeed, the evident intention of the composer is to take advantage of the slowness of the time, in order to exhibit his own skill and that of the performer, in running through divisions and sub-divisions. In the management of piano and forte the same principle of imitation may be traced, however faintly. All natural "discourses" of passion are alternations of softness swelling into loudness, and loudness dying into softness, as the gusts of feeling rise and fall. In expressive pathetic airs the imitation is accordingly true to nature. But in modern compositions, especially of the "lengthy sort," though the practice remain, and in full force—the reason for it is gone. Ask a musician why such a fortè and such a piano are marked, and he only answers you with some vague and indefinite appeal to taste or to precedent. He calls it "*light and shade*;" but what rule is there for the distribution of light and shade over a surface where no intelligible form, no natural picture is delineated. We may indeed "*marble*" such a surface; but if the lights were shadowed and the shadows lightened—if the *ffs* were turned into *pps*, and the *pps* into *ffs*, what difference could it make? It is easy to give emphasis to that which is destitute of meaning, just as a boy reading Latin "nonsense-verses" at school, applies to them the same intonations that he is taught to give to a line of Virgil. This is only a trick, however, to make that look something like sense, which in reality is devoid of it, and if the emphasis were reversed, it would do just as well. The most glaring instance, perhaps, of the united use and abuse of imitation in modern scientific musical expression, is the "shake." The shake is in reality a poetical heightening of that tremulous effect of the voice which is always produced, especially at the close of a sentence where the tone begins to drop, by intense feeling. In accordance with this law, in all music the shake is introduced towards the close of a passage, which usually descends. The natural shake is any thing but that which musicians call a perfect shake. It is a tremulous imperfect vibration, and not a violent and distinct oscillation between two tones, which is a matter of most difficult vocal acquirement. In nature it rarely occupies more time than would be required for a crotchet in a common-time Andante movement. In modern compositions, however, it is no unusual thing for it to occupy a whole bar of four crotchets—nay, two such bars—and upon exaggerations like these composers pride themselves.

So thoroughly forgotten are the natural reasons upon which these monstrosities have been originally built, that in treatises on musical composition they are not even attempted to be accounted for. The reader may look in vain for any intellectual explanation of the origin of piano and of forte, or of shakes or trills, or retardations, or pauses. He is taught by experience to expect the occurrence of such things in certain places, and after passages of a certain description—but why, he is not told and he need not enquire. In the well-known book of Avison, the foundation of musical expression

is hardly once attempted to be evolved, and for the detection of the very principle on which the treatise professes to hinge, we are referred—to nature? no—but to the scores of Geminiani, Crescembini and Corelli! Mr Ralph in his pamphlet does nearly the same thing. Dr Burney at times seems to recognise the origin of expression in melody in the imitation of nature, but generally contradicts himself in the next page, floundering between the effects of melody and harmony; sometimes speaking of them as distinct things, and sometimes confounding them together.* Both in the practice and theory of vocal and instrumental performers, the same ignorance, or neglect, of any resort to nature for the explanation of melodious meaning, is exhibited. Scientific singing and playing constantly degenerate into a display of trickery. We are called to attend to exhibitions of the voice and hand, which have as little reference to natural intonation as the twirls of a high French ballet have to graceful motion. Of the indifference of most professional singers to the meaning of the airs they sing, their indifference to the quality of the words is a stubborn evidence. They will as soon attach doggrel trash to a favourite tune as the effusions of our best poets. A glaring instance of this is the stuff which Mr Braham and others are content to tack to the melody of Robin Adair, although the best song-writers which this country or perhaps any other ever produced—Burns and Moore—have written beautiful and appropriate songs to this very air. Foote, in his Commissary, has admirably ridiculed this piece of ill taste. Hear Dr Catgut's account of the approved mode of writing a comic opera: "Last week, in a ramble to Dulwich, I made these rhymes into a duet for a new comic opera I have upon the stocks. Mind—for I look upon the words as a model for that kind of writing."

First *she*.—" There to see the sluggish ass,
Thro' the meadows as we pass,
Eating up the farmer's grass,
Blythe and merry, by the mass,
As a little country lass."
Then *he* replies,—" Hear the farmer cry out zounds!
As he trudges thro' the grounds,
Yonder beast has broke my mounds;
If the parish has no pounds,
Kill, and give him to the hounds."

then Da Capo, both join in repeating the last stanza; and this tacked to a tolerable tune will serve you for a couple of months—*you observe*." In the same spirit of ridicule Sir Richard Steele makes Trim, in his comedy of the Funeral, sing Campley's Cheque for three hundred pounds; repeating, " hundred—hundred—hundred—because there are three hundred;" a better reason than can be given for most repetitions in music. With indifference to expression bad taste necessarily comes in. If we criticise the practice of musical people, we shall every where find that vagueness and inconsistency which always are the result of a want of reference to first principles. Thus a celebrated vocalist of the day, in that marvellously mawkish ballad, " the Bewildered Maid," gives the word, " battle," with a furious accent—" in King Cambyses' vein," although the passage in which it occurs is one of melancholy and quiet narrative. I have heard a person of reputed musical refinement laud the setting of the words, " follow, follow," in the well-known Mermaid's song, " because the notes seemed to follow each other"—a brilliant musical illustration of oratorical action, so ingeniously applied to that famous line,

" The long—long—round—of ten revolving—years."

Nay, I have been told, on inquiring why a *forte* was to be followed by a *piano* in the repetition of the two dotted crotchets in " Fly not yet," that it was *an echo!* In Bombet's Lives of Haydn and Mozart, some notable specimens of musical criticism occur. The best, perhaps, is the chuckling self-satisfied way in which he favours us with the edifying anecdote of Mozart's composing the admired overture to

* In his account of the performances at Westminster Abbey, in commemoration of Handel, he talks of the sublimity of effect produced by the multitude of voices and instruments, as if it were something peculiar to the music; forgetting that this kind of sublimity is common to all loud sounds, whether arising from shouting, from thunder, from the firing of cannon, the waves of the sea, or —— Don Quixote's fulling mills.

Don Juan whilst drunk and sleepy. He absolutely hugs himself on the idea of having discovered, in the leading passage, a striking resemblance to the half-yawn half-snore which the nodding composer might be supposed to emit at intervals. Now, what, in the name of common-sense, has this to do with Don Juan? or in what way could it be a suitable overture to the exploits of that fiery hero, or, indeed, to those of any body else, unless the celebrated journal of Drunken Barnaby be dramatized and brought upon the stage.

If we inquire into the particulars of the admiration expressed for airs and songs in general, we continually discover either that the difficulty and trick of the execution, or the general smoothness and harmony of the accompaniments, are the sole grounds. They are taken for the excitement rather than for the meaning—pretty much as the Indian convert is said to have taken the sacrament, wishing "it had been brandy." Songs are often said to be good, *when well sung;* a qualification of praise which seems to mean, that the difficulty of getting through them is the real inducement for hearing any one make the attempt. With an expressive air, if the singer can give the meaning, it is nearly sufficient. In music, as in every thing else, even an involuntary exhibition of skill which draws attention from the subject to the performer, is disadvantageous. In modern singing, however, this rule is reversed. Every convenient pause is occupied by a cadence, which is neither more nor less than a barefaced display of the talents of the performer. In the midst of the most pathetic appeal we are to break off and listen to the melodious vaulting of Madame or Signor. It is just as if Mr Kean were to fill up the intervals of his bye-play in tragedy by leaping through the back-scene, because he can play Harlequin as well as Othello. Now all this goes to prove, that the gratification of what is often called musical taste, is, at bottom, that of mere curiosity; but it remains to be shown why curiosity is to be confounded with a feeling of the effects of music. Would they who flocked to hear Catalani sing Rode's violin variations, have felt the same pleasure in hearing them played upon a barrel-organ, or upon the violin even of Rode himself? Certainly not. It was the difficulty of the attempt, then, that was the motive for listening; and curiosity was the passion to be gratified. We go to hear the human voice do what it never did before, for the same reason that we go to see human legs and arms do what they never did before. We admire him who runs highest upon the musical scale, upon precisely the same principle that we applaud the Indian jugglers twirling their balls, or Mr Ireland leaping over a pole thirty feet high.

The observation may be fanciful; but it is an odd fact, that musicians, in the modern acceptation of the term, have failed in securing that respect and hold upon the imagination which the obscurer bards seem to have enjoyed. Shakespeare never brings them upon the stage but to ridicule them; and "a fiddler, a minikin-scraper, a pum-pum!" are no unusual epithets with the older dramatists. It is remarkable, too, that of those to whom nature has allotted a share of sensibility above the common portion of mankind, very many have been known to prefer simple airs to more scientific compositions. Accustomed to delight in and to analyse the fluctuations and combinations of the passions, they have been delighted, above all others, with natural, and at the same time poetical intonation. Burns was so;—so is Moore;—so was Madam de Stael;—so was Jackson of Exeter,—at once author, painter, and musician. This last, indeed, drew upon him the wrath of the musical reviewers of his day, who accused him of attempting, in his Treatise, to include all good compositions in the class of mere "Elegies,"—as they styled pathetic airs. Buonaparte had similar predilections; and was reproached by the irritable Cherubini, with having no other idea of a serious opera, than its being a succession of grave andante movements. The Emperor, no doubt, was rather too domineering a critic. After telling the unfortunate composer, that his most elaborate complications of semiquavers "had no meaning," he used to take the liberty of striking his pen through them, and insisting upon "sense,"—

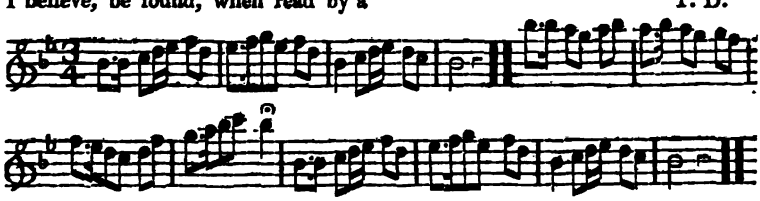
"——————— a hard
"And hapless situation for a Bard.

It was perhaps too much for human nature in any shape;—but had Napoleon never played the tyrant elsewhere, the world would have had no great reason to complain. In pur-

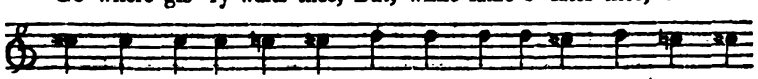
suance of this train of reasoning, it is observable, that the greatest composers have been men who, in general talent and intellectual qualifications, were below mediocrity;—the conversation of Mozart was common-place;—Haydn was an ordinary man;—and Handel so decidedly dull, that even Dr Burney, his admirer and eulogist, is constrained to admit it.

As appeals to experiment, however distant, are always better than mere argument, a few musical notes, in explanation, are added. They may assist in affording some idea of the manner in which the natural intonations of the voice are the foundation of expression in airs. The rises and falls of the voice, in plainly reading the annexed fragments of songs, were noted as nearly as possible from the pianoforte. They are placed below the different airs, in order to shew how far, and in what manner, they correspond with them. They will, of course, be found to be less abrupt and marked. The voice naturally rises and subsides by semitones, unless under the influence of excitement, or violently exerted, when it frequently goes up an octave at once. To make comparison more easy, they are written an octave above the reader's natural pitch. If the best songs of Ramsay, Burns, and Moore, be tried by this test, they will, I believe, be found, when read by a moderately judicious reader, to correspond, in their natural intonations, with the modulations of the air.—A sort of "gamut of the passions," as expressive and as edifying as that of Garrick, might be thus gone through. The examples might be thus classed: Despairing grief;—"Woes my heart that we should sunder."—(*Allan Ramsay.*) Grief with revenge;—"Avenging and bright."—(*Moore.*) Passionate affection;—"Here's a health to ane I loe dear."—(*Burns.*) Romantic affection;—"Will ye gae to the Indies?"—(*Burns.*) Solemn regret;—"The Harp that once," and "Oh! breathe not his name."—(*Moore.*) Contemplative passsion;—"My Love is like the red red Rose."—(*Burns.*) Melancholy wildness;—"Silent, oh! Moyle."—(*Moore.*) The mixt serious and playful;—"Bard s Legacy."—(*Moore.*) Romantic sociality;—"Auld lang syne."—(*Burns.*) Poetical joviality;—"Pass round the cup."—(*Moore.*) The obstacle to extending this experiment to an indefinite length, is the difficulty of finding poetry precisely adapted to the musical expression of the time to which it is affixed;—a proof of the extreme delicacy of what is vulgarly considered to be one of the lowest and easiest departments of poetry—the art of song-writing. I am, &c.

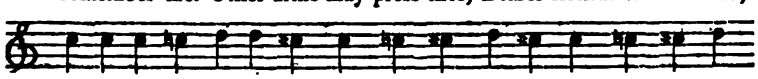
T. D.



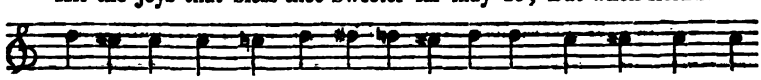
Go where glo-ry waits thee, But, while fame e-lates thee, Oh! still



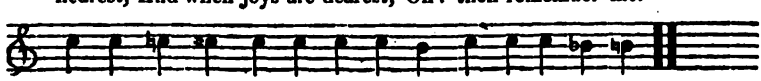
remember me. Other arms may press thee, Dearer friends ca-ress thee,

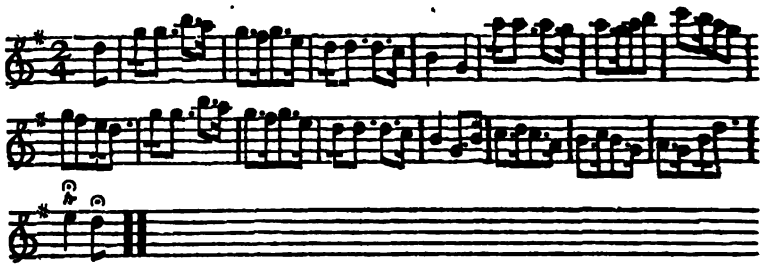


All the joys that bless thee Sweeter far may be; But when friends are

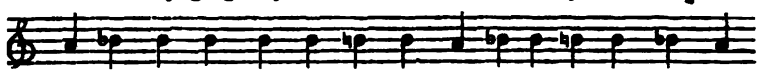


nearest, And when joys are dearest, Oh! then remember me.

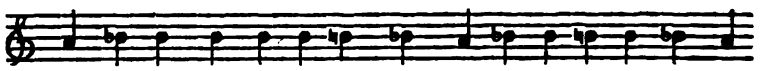




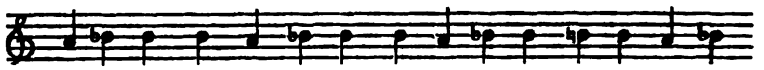
O ye may gang, my bon-nie lass,—as aft as ye ha'e met me,



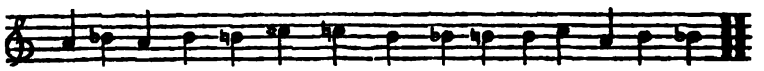
Where i-ther scenes and i-ther tongues may gar ye soon for-get me.

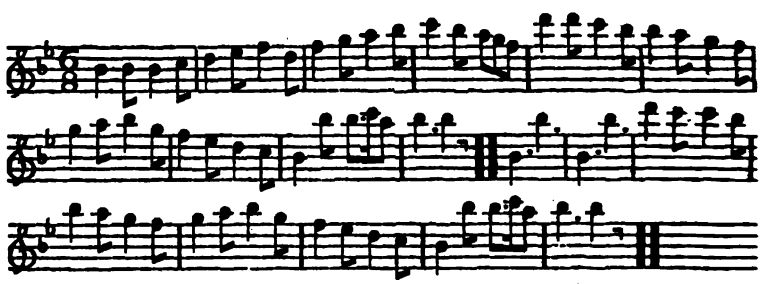


I ha'e na lived sae lang in June, but I can thole De-cem-ber;

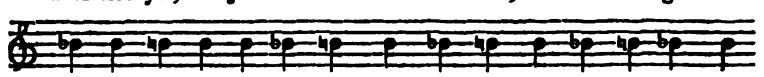


So din-na think my heart shall break, howe'er it may re-mem-ber.

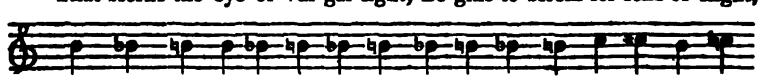




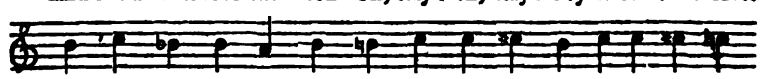
Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When Pleasure, like the midnight flow'r



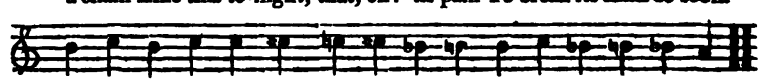
That scorns the eye of vul-gar light, Be-gins to bloom for sons of night,



And maids that love the moon. Oh, stay! oh, stay! Joy so seldom weaves



a chain Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.



HORÆ GALLICÆ. No. I.

RAYNOUARD'S STATES OF BLOIS.

Historical Introduction.

PREVIOUS to entering into any discussion upon the merits of Raynouard's Tragedy, it may be necessary to give some account of the events which led to the singular catastrophe which it celebrates, and the character of those persons who were any way connected with, or opposed against, the hero of France at that period. In order to this, we have chosen to compress the historical notice which Raynouard himself has prefixed to his work, as it contains more original matter than any other book with which we are acquainted upon the subject. Without going back to the genealogies of the House of Guise for the history of their gradual ascent to dignity and power, we find them, under the reigns of the Valois Princes, possessed of almost all those offices under the crown, which comprised high rank and substantial authority; they had discovered the secret of making themselves useful to weak princes, in times of difficulty and trouble; and Francis the Second acknowledged the obligation, by permitting them, under his feeble government, to unite in their own persons, the highest civil, military, and ecclesiastical authorities; for while the Cardinal of Lorraine was giving law to the King and the Parliament, his brother, the Duke of Guise, at the head of armies, was asserting the dignity of France upon his frontiers, and driving the English back to the seas, after wringing from their powerful grasp, the last of those ancient possessions, which the chivalry of departed Henries and Edwards had won for their country, and which she had considered as consecrated to her glory.

It was at this period, when Francis Duke of Guise was honoured by the applause of the people and the gratitude of his king, that the Calvinists of France began to form a more powerful political body. Their party had been greatly increased by the accession of Anthony, King of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, Admiral Coligny, and many others of high influence and great political ability; and thus strengthened, they were encouraged to demand a reform of the evils of which they complained, and the many oppressions and abuses of the Catholic church. The impolitic and severe persecution of Francis First and his son Henry, and the indecent method of confiscation adopted by the latter sovereign, of granting the estates of the proscribed to Madame de Valentinois, his mistress, had given, independent of any other consideration, an appearance of truth and justice to their complaints and their cause. The outcry was too loud to be stifled, and Catherine de Medicis, who hated equally the Reformed and the Guises, was yet compelled to choose a champion in the person of the Duke, to oppose the storm which was rapidly gathering around, and threatening the royal authority—The marriage of her son with the niece of the Duke, (the unfortunate Mary Stuart,) strengthened her determination, and her union with the house of Guise became immediately the signal of revolt, as the nobles of the reformed party quitted the court, and prepared to oppose its measures.

Francis of Guise did not disappoint the hope entertained of his courage and talents by his sovereign and Catherine; the battle on the plains of Dreax, which witnessed the defeat of the Reformed, and the captivity of the Prince of Condé, revived the spirits of the court, and prepared it to anticipate new triumphs, in the expected subjugation of Orleans. Francis of Guise, attended by his son, the Prince de Joinville, seated himself before the walls of the city, from which he was destined never to depart with life. The sword of the assassin Poltrot arrested his brilliant career, and public fanaticism, leagued with private revenge, (for reluctantly we are compelled to admit the implication of Coligny,) effected the destruction of a gigantic power, which was rapidly rising above all cotemporaries, and throwing a shadow even upon the throne itself. In his dying moments, he bestowed forgiveness upon his murderer, and gave such lessons of humanity and moderation to his son, as to leave posterity doubtful whether

such sentiments sprung only from the horror of his sudden and premature death, or from a conviction of their truth, purchased by the experience of his anxious and stormy life.

However this may be, his son and successor, Henry Duke of Guise, chose rather to remember the deeds of his father's life, than the words of his death-bed; his hatred of the Calvinists was augmented by his loss; and, with his two brothers, Charles, Duke of Mayenta, and Louis, Cardinal of Guise, soon shewed himself ready to second the hatred of Catherine, and the resentment of Charles the Ninth, against the Reformed, by publicly swearing * never to know repose till he had avenged the cowardly murder of his father upon his assassins.

But it was neither the wish nor the intention of the politic Catherine to elevate this young Prince to the overgrown power of his father—he had already too plainly manifested what he was likely to become, and the anecdote related† by Margaret of Valois, of the spirit of his youth, was corroborated by his subsequent conduct as a man; the child who chose always to be the master of his playmates—the youth who so proudly exhibited his aspiring device of "Rient de petit," and the man who was capable of forming and conducting such an association as the League, was too well known to Medicis to be trusted, and his timely retreat into Hungary alone preserved him from the consequences of his presumption.

Although the plot of the Reformed to seize the king's person, and in his name destroy his party, and disperse his friends, again made the House of Guise necessary to the throne, yet proof is still wanting of any share being taken by that illustrious family in the horrible celebration of St Bartholomew, that detestable conspiracy of a king against his subjects. Many acquit them of the charge, and even their enemies admit, that when their undying hate and desire of revenge was appeased by the death of Coligny, they used their utmost endeavours to preserve the affrighted Calvinists, and assuage the brutal fury of the people.‡ Certain it is, that neither the Duke nor Cardinal of Guise were present at the council where this conspiracy was planned, and that the cowardly Charles, after throwing all the odium of the act upon the Guises, boldly acquitted them, by taking it upon himself, when he discovered that he might do so with impunity.

The death of Charles the Ninth—the accession of the fugitive King of Poland to the throne of France, and the formation of another party, which had joined the Huguenots against the court, headed by the Duke of Alençon, were sufficient motives for Catherine, ever faithful to her system of holding the balance between parties, to offer terms of friendship and alliance to the Guises, and these, on their part, were gladly accepted. War was declared against the Reformed, and the King, idle, weak, and plunged in dissolute pleasures, was content to resign his sceptre to their discretion, and occupied himself with the most absurd practices of superstitious devotion. A ball one day was followed by a religious procession on the next, in which the King marched with uncovered head, bare feet, a crucifix in one hand, and a scourge in the other—in these gracious absurdities he was encouraged by the Guises, who applauded that edifying example, from which the reflecting part of his subjects shrunk in horror, and more loudly called for a correction of those abuses which they now saw supported and encouraged by the power and the precedent of the monarch.

Melancholy as this spectacle was for France, it was rendered still more so, by a farther proof which the king gave of the deplorable weakness of his character. A pain in the ear, which had for some time distressed him, was construed into the effect of poison, which he persisted to believe had been administered to him by his brother, the Duke of Alençon. Confident in the justice of his accusation, he summoned Henry of Navarre to his presence, and by the most artful representations

* Brantome.

† Margaret of Valois' Memoirs.—She relates her objection to him as a child, on account of his imperious disposition.

‡ Spirit of the League.—Manuscripts of Augustus Conen.—La Popiliniere, Book xxix.

of his proximity to the crown, on the removal of the sole barrier before it, instigated him to the murder of the Duke. But it was no easy task to shake the honesty of the good Bearnois. Henry III. found it impossible, and he was compelled to leave the care of his malady and the cure of his revenge equally to the healing or the avenging hand of time.

The credit and reputation of the Duke of Guise rose higher for the contrast afforded by the vices and follies of the monarch. At the coronation, he had the boldness to declare his resolution of stabbing the Duke of Monpensier, even at the foot of the altar, if he persisted in his intention of taking precedence of him at that ceremony. The King was compelled to submit to the imperious demands of Guise; and the marriage of the Prince soon after with a Princess of the House of Lorraine, was still more gratifying to his pride, and a stronger confirmation of his authority. He trusted, through the ascendancy of his kinswoman, to govern, in the King's name, with the plenitude of regal authority; nor could he have failed to accomplish this object, had not the Queen-Mother, the far-sighted Catherine, divined his intentions, and used her utmost ability to traverse and defeat his projects.

But defeat was not always to be the destiny of Guise. Called to the head of the army by the revolt of the Duke of Alençon, and the invasion of the German Protestants, (marching to the assistance of their brethren in France,) he gained immortal glory at Chateau Thiery, where he met and defeated the rebels; receiving in the contest a wound, which, carrying off a part of his cheek and left ear, stamped upon him an indelible scar, in which he ever gloried, and which procured for him the cognomen of Balafré, or the Slashed; but his exultation was damped by the peace which the Queen-Mother found it necessary to make with the malcontents, and which assured to them the free exercise of the religion which they had chosen. It was entirely against his views; and, in order to balance the power thus gained by the opposite party, he immediately, though in secret, set on foot the ancient project of forming a Catholic League, to oppose the association of the Reformed. This scheme had originally been planned in the lifetime of his father, but abandoned upon his murder, as his son was too young to fill the arduous office of chief. At twenty-five, he realized these projects. Under the mask of gaiety and indifference to public business, he arranged this powerful association, which consisted of all the Catholic nobles and princes of France, and many of those of other countries; and was encouraged by the highest promises of service and protection from Philip II. of Spain. Continual success crowned the views of the Duke of Guise; by his ingenuity in turning the elections in favour of the Catholic deputies, he had defeated the objects which had induced the reformed to demand the convocation of Blois, and this success, together with the applause which followed it, and the devoted attachment of the League to his person, persuaded the Duke, that nothing was farther worthy his enterprize except the crown itself; and to the securing this desired and coveted object, was exerted all the energy of his powerful mind, and all the courage of his vehement spirit. His friends have denied that such was his intention, but were history silent, abundant proof might be discovered in the work of an advocate called David, a friend of the League, from whose manuscript we present our readers with the following extract:*—

"*Memorial upon the Means which the Duke of Guise must employ in order to ascend the Throne of France.*

"And, in order to effect this, sermons should be preached in all the Catholic towns, to stir up the people, to prevent the preachings of the abominable sect from being established, according to the permission contained in their edict.

"The King should be counselled not to object to any disturbances which may be raised, but to leave all the charge (of quelling them) to the Duke de Guise, &c. &c.

"The said Sieur de Guise should give order that all the curates of towns and

* Manuscript de Bethuné—King's Library.

villages should send in lists of the men in their parishes capable of bearing arms, &c. &c.

"The Queen-Mother must recall her misled son,* whom she will easily persuade to return to the King, and accompany him to the convocation at Blois. She must also strive to draw over the King of Navarre and Prince of Condé, by proving to them, that if they do not present themselves before the States, they will be declared rebels and traitors; and, in order to take from them all excuse of doubt or fear, the Duke of Guise, and his brothers, shall absent themselves from court as malcontent.

"To destroy the ordinary succession, as settled by Hugh Capet, the captains of the provinces shall assemble in the field with their forces, and each in his own district fall upon the heretics, their friends, and adherents, and put them all to the sword.

"Finally, by the advice and permission of his holiness, he shall shut up the King and Queen in a monastery, as Pepin his ancestor had confined Childeric."

It is a singular proof of the carelessness of the King, that the first intimation he received of the association of the Holy League, was from a memorial transmitted to him by his ambassador at Madrid, and his conduct, in consequence, sufficiently marks the timidity and negligence of his character. He declared himself chief of the party, and thus bound himself to fulfil their views, without foreseeing, that while he possessed the empty name of leader, the Duke of Guise alone would dispose of the resources, zeal, and energy of the Leaguers. This painful truth was soon made apparent to the King, who, too weak and too listless to attempt at lessening the power which he dreaded, submitted in silence to the wrong which he could not remedy; and, while brooding over his meditated revenge, indulged his hatred, by seizing every possible occasion of humiliating and mortifying the high spirit of his too popular rival. An opportunity unfortunately offered itself too soon, as, though the King did not neglect it, he was doomed to pay a high price for the gratification it afforded him. A new edict having left the reformed in the peaceable practice of their religion, and the King and his favourites to the enjoyment of their usual amusements, some violent disputes among the courtiers, (the unhappy result of liberty and leisure in ungoverned spirits,) were extinguished in the blood of three of the particular friends of the King. Vengeance was muttered against D'Entragues, the conqueror of Caylus, by the royal party, in case of the demise of the wounded favourite; but it was a vengeance which was confined to threatenings only, for the Duke of Guise protected D'Entragues; and upon the dreaded death of Caylus, the offender remained in perfect safety, for it was remembered that the Duke had defended his conduct, and declared that his sword, which, as he observed, cut deeply, should avenge any wrong offered to the person of his friend. The King was obliged to chew this bitter cud in silence; but it was not long ere a delicious tribute to his hatred of Guise was presented by the unthinking vanity of St Megrin, another of his worthless favourites, who boasted of his intimacy with the Duchess of Guise, and made, by desire of the King, his successes so public, that the report at length reached the ear of the family, whose vengeance (though the Duke himself appeared to disbelieve and disdain) was only satisfied by the life of the unhappy offender. The conduct of Guise upon this trying occasion, both towards St Megrin and his Duchess, are strong proofs of the firmness and prudence of his character; but it is too generally known to require a repetition here.

While the King was occupied with religious processions and mourning ceremonies over his slaughtered favourites, the Leaguers busied themselves in forging a title for their idol to the crown, which gave him a more legitimate claim than that even of the reigning family. They found out and asserted, that the family of Lorraine was descended from Charles, the last of the Carlovingian race, from whose brow the strong hand of Hugh Capet had rent the diadem of the Lilies. It was the first time any posterity of this

* The Duke of Alençon.

monarch had been heard of or mentioned; but the story gained credit, and the King himself did not disdain to refute the assertion, and suppress the huge folio which was written to support it. The death of the Duke of Anjou, the last brother of the King, gave still more energy to these visions of greatness. Guise thought, or pretended to think, it would not be difficult to crush the more distant, and (on account of his religious opinions) somewhat unpopular claims of the King of Navarre; but not as yet daring to direct the pointing finger of popularity towards his own person, he affected to consider the old Cardinal of Bourbon as presumptive heir; his own real sentiments were carefully concealed from all with whom he conversed; he had a secret to entrust, opinions to demand, and a project to discuss; and the Queen Mother, the King of Spain, and the Cardinal of Lorraine, were all alternately deceived and amused by his calmness and ingenuity.

But the insolence with which the order of the succession was discussed, at length opened the eyes of the monarch, and made him sensible of the necessity of uniting himself with the real heir of his crown. Unfortunately the King of Navarre had just accepted the order of the garter from a Queen of the reformed faith, and this raised a new outcry against his possible intentions, and the probable destruction of the Catholic faith, should he ascend the throne. The Duke of Guise strengthened and animated this opinion, and encouraged by Sixtus, who about this time fulminated his famous bull against the King of Navarre and his party, assembled his troops, and prepared to oppose both the court and the reformed. Again was the unfortunate Henry of France compelled to offer terms to his formidable subjects, and barter, as the price of their acceptance, his solemn word of honour, pledged to his Protestant people, to allow them the free exercise of their faith; but Catherine had so willed it, and it was well known the sovereign of the most powerful monarchy in Europe dared not disobey his mother. The Huguenots were obliged to submit, and their gallant leader, Henry of Navarre, wearied out with the perpetual promises, deceptions, and quarrels of the court, at length challenged the Duke of Guise as the head of the opposite party, to decide the dispute by single and mortal combat; but for this extravagance the Duke was too politic. Of his courage, no one could harbour a doubt, and he was therefore very generally believed, when he asserted, that regard for Henry's person and respect to his high station, alone prevented his acceptance of a challenge which did him so much honour in the eye of the world. Of his friendship for Henry, there was indeed little reason to doubt—they had each bold and enterprising feelings in common, and we are assured, both by Serres, and De Thou, that each had at different times driven men from their presence, who, either from zeal, hatred, or policy, had offered to the one to assassinate the other.

The Queen-Mother herself at last became convinced of the necessity of conciliating the King of Navarre. The insolence of Guise, who, at the head of the Leaguers, made war upon his own authority, and had just taken Rocroi without any orders from the King, hastened the negociations. Many were the meetings, but little success attended them, for Henry of Navarre, aware of the character of Catherine, understood that her aim was the balancing of parties for her own interest, not his establishment as heir of the throne. The conversation which passed at one of these meetings we translate with pleasure for our readers, as being little known and sufficiently curious to merit the attention of those who like to see the sentiments of such remarkable personages, delivered in their own particular phrase. The conversation took place at St Brix, and this account is extracted from the manuscript in the King's Library at Paris.

"After many courtesies," says the MS. "on both sides, the Queen-Mother said to the King of Navarre,—Well, my son, shall we do any good?

The King. It does not depend upon me, Madame, but it is certainly what I desire.

Queen. Tell us then what you wish.

King. My wishes, Madame, are those of your Majesties.

Queen. A truce with these compliments, my son, which are useless—what do you require?

King. Madame, I require nothing of you, and I only came hither to receive your commands.

Queen. Make some proposal then.

King. Madame, I have no proposal to make.

Queen. What! you are determined to be the ruin of this kingdom, in which, next to the King, you have the greatest interest?

King. Neither you nor he, Madame, can make it appear so, having raised eight armies solely to ruin me.

Queen. What armies, my son? you are deceived; do you imagine the King could not have destroyed you had it been his pleasure?

King. It was neither in the King's power, nor in yours, Madame, to destroy me.

Queen. Are you ignorant, then, of the King's power, and of what he can do?

King. No, Madame, we know well enough what he can do, but we also know what he cannot do.

Queen. You will not then obey the King?

King. Madame, I have always endeavoured to do so, and have exerted myself to make it appear so by my actions, having frequently written to him to beg he would honour me with his commands, that, under his authority, I might oppose the League which has arisen in his kingdom to the prejudice of his own edicts, and the destruction of his tranquillity and repose.

Queen. Do not deceive yourself, my son; they are not leagued against the kingdom; the King himself approves it. There is no confederacy,—those who, you imagine, are of it, are the best Catholics—in short, the King is satisfied with all they have done. But let us not mind this; ask all you wish, the King will grant it,—but ask only for yourself. Can you think the members of this pretended religion love you?

King. Madame, I shall ask nothing of you; but if you will make some proposal, I will lay it before the princes and the gentlemen, both within and without the kingdom, to whom I am bound by oath, and without whom I will neither act nor negociate.

Queen. Well, my son, I see you will not say any thing. I assure you the King, my son, loves and honours you, desiring nothing more than to embrace you as his good brother and subject, and to give you the next rank to himself.

King. Madame, I thank him very humbly. I shall never forget the duty which I owe to your Majesties.

Queen. Well, but will you say nothing more?

King. Have I not said a great deal, Madame?

Queen. You are the cause of the disasters of this kingdom. Are you not afraid that the displeasure of the King will effect the total ruin of your interest?

King. No, Madame, I know that it cannot be so totally ruined, but there will still remain some rallying point for me.

Queen. But leaving all this, tell me why, under the false pretence of the Leaguers, having obliged the King to break through his own edict, and deny you the liberty of exercising your religion, you are continually complaining against his authority?

King. Madame, do you wish me to repeat what you are saying to the princes and gentlemen who are with me?

Queen. No, no, I do not wish that; but will you not obey the King?

King. Madame, I must speak the truth. I have not obeyed the King these eighteen months.

Queen. Do not say so, my son.

King. Madame, I must say so; for the King, who should have been a father to me, instead of treating me like a son, has made war upon me like a wolf; and you yourself, Madam, have played the lioness towards me, and given me a scratch when I was weakest. Now I am more powerful than you are, but still I fear your artifices, which do me more harm than all the armies which could be brought against me.

Queen. Have I not always been a friend and mother to you?

King. Madame, you were indeed a tender mother when I was very young, till I was fifteen years old, and for this I am grateful to you; but during the last six years, your conduct towards me has entirely changed.

Queen. Believe me, the King and myself are only desirous of serving you.

King. Excuse me, Madame, but I know quite the contrary.

Queen. Never mind that. Do you wish that all the trouble I have taken during the last six months should be fruitless, after having so long trifled with me?

King. Madame, it is not my fault; n the contrary, it is your own. I do ot prevent your sleeping quietly in our bed, but during the last eighteen nonths you have effectually hindered ne from lying down in mine.

Queen. Must I then always be in roubles when I am so anxious for est?

King. Madame, these troubles are our pleasures, your nourishment; if ou were at peace you would not live.

Queen. How is this? I have always een you calm and tractable, now you re overcome by passion.

King. Madame, it is true; but misortunes and the ill treatment I have eceived at your hands, have changed ny natural disposition.

Queen. Well, since you cannot act f yourself, we will endeavour to get truce for a short time, during which ou may confer with the churchmen, nd your other associates, in order to nake as good a peace as we can, in the nanner which shall seem to you most xpedient.

King. Very well, Madame, I will do o.

Queen. Ah! my son, you deceive ourself; you imagine you have troops, nd you have none.

King. Madame, I did not come here o hear news of my troops from you."

From the sulky answers of the good Bearnois to his politic mother-in-law, t is evident he strongly distrusted her nonesty. Nothing was effected in conequence; and the march of the Gernan troops to the assistance of their orethren in France, still farther alienated the mind of the King from his ousin of Navarre. The distress of his ituation was greatly increased by the stablishment of the Council of Sixeen, an association in Paris conisting of persons, distributed in the ixteen wards of the city, who entirely ngrossed the management of affairs, were devoted servants to the Duke of Guise, and insolent opposers of the egal authority. The flight of the King of Navarre and his party to join his German auxiliaries, induced the King, now heartily desirous of peace, nd wearied and disgusted with the nsolence of Guise, to offer terms to he strangers. A treaty was made beween them, (they had already refused to fight against the King of France n person;) and they were quietly retreating homewards, when the Duke, insolently braving his sovereign, and in defiance of the treaty just agreed on, attacked, defeated, and dispersed the peaceable strangers, under the pretence that the King had a secret understanding with the enemies of his country. For this ungovernable sally the Duke was loaded with encomiums; the churches rung with the commendations of the priests, who did not hesitate to apply the words of Scripture for the purposes of treason, and "Saul has slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands," became the favourite text of the day. The leaguers loudly demanded the presence of their idol in Paris. The King forbid his approach; yet he dared disobey the positive orders of his sovereign, and, returning to the capital, demanded an audience of his offended master. The King, on receiving the intimation of this effrontery, remained for some moments motionless with surprise and vexation; on recovering his recollection, he consulted with Alphonso D'Ornano, what was to be done in so momentous a crisis.—"Sire," replied the Sicilian, "do you regard the Duke of Guise as a friend or as an enemy?" The King replied by a significant gesture, and the courtier added, "If you will commit the execution of this business to me, I will this day throw the head of the Duke of Guise at your feet." But the King shrunk from the proposal, and dared not refuse the demanded audience to his audacious enemy, who came to the Louvre with the whole city in his train, filling the air with the shouts of "Guise! Guise! Long live the pillar of the church!" The King received him coldly; the Duke endeavoured to justify his conduct, and then retired amid the acclamations of the people to his palace. Emboldened by the weakness of the King, and the presence of their chief, the Leaguers next ventured to appear in arms in the city of Paris; and the day of the "Barricades" (so named from their closing the streets with cannon and chains against all passengers except their own party) beheld an attack upon the King's troops, and the blood of the royalists shed without pity or remorse by the infuriated Leaguers. The prayers and entreaties of the Queen-Mother alone prevailed upon the Duke (who was quietly regarding the spectacle) to exert his authority,

and close the abominable contest. Unarmed, he appeared among the Leaguers, and their instant obedience to his word, their unbounded devotion to his person, was more convincing to the King of the danger of his own situation, than all the former insolence of the haughty Lorraine. He took the first opportunity of making his escape from Paris, leaving the Duke absolute master of the capital and its resources; and when at a distance from its towers, he turned back for a moment, and throwing a look of vengeance upon the city which he was destined never again to behold, declared, with a solemn oath, that he would never enter it again, except through a breach.(6)

But when the ardent spirits of the multitude began to calm, they sincerely regretted the step they had thus compelled their monarch to take, and every art was put in practice to make him break his resolution of returning to them no more; but petitions and negociations were of no avail, even processions had lost their charm in the eyes of the monarch—he continued firm to his determination; and although he received and heard them with kindness, yet with the humble request of his "good city" he absolutely refused to comply. To put an end to their useless entreaties, he summoned a meeting of the states at Blois, where, as before, to his infinite vexation, the elections fell entirely upon the creatures of the Guises, who, attending the convocation, gave law to the monarch, and by their organ, the council, compelled him again to revoke the indulgences granted to the reformed, and to declare Henry of Navarre, the real heir of his crown, a traitor, heretic, excommunicated, and incapable of the succession, which they adjudged to be the right of the old Cardinal of Bourbon.

Dictating to his sovereign, named general-in-chief of the armies, receiving from the people honours due only to the monarch, (7) the Duke of Guise was making rapid advances to the throne; but, as Montaigne justly remarks, pretenders to the throne find all steps easy of ascent to it except the last, which is always too high to be mounted. The Duke was silently and secretly opposed in this great project by his own family, who did not wish to see him King of France. Charles Duke of Mayenne, his brother, Charles Duke of Nevers, Charles Duke of Elbeuf, and Charles Duke of Aumale, his cousins, although united to support the power and dignity of their house, would not become his accomplices in treason. Separating themselves, therefore, from the private plan of the Duke, but still continuing their union with the League, they formed, under the name of the Caroline party, a fourth faction in the distracted kingdom; but, preserving their loyalty, they gave information to the unhappy Henry, by Alphonse D'Ornano, of the designs of the Duke of Guise against his crown, with the solemn assurance of their non-participation in his guilty projects.(8) In the memorial given by the King to M. Maisse, it is stated, that the Duke of Mayenne desired the King to take care of himself, and added, "that the enterprise against him was so near its execution, that he almost feared the notice would be too late;" and Peter le Maitre, one of the witnesses afterwards examined in Paris, asserted, that the King declared he was obliged to act resolutely, both for the safety of his own person and the tranquillity of the state, both of which were threatened by the plots of the Duke of Guise.

But as it was not in the power of the King of France to bring his daring enemy to the stroke of public justice, other methods were therefore to be resorted to, and the dagger of the assassin was destined to free the monarch from his fears, and the kingdom from farther miseries. It was determined in a council of Henry's friends, that the Duke should fall by their daggers on the morning of the following Friday, the 23d of December, and his own insolent security, and utter contempt for the King, hurried him on to the

(6) The author of the "Martyrdom of the Brothers," from whom we shall quote more largely hereafter, mentions this circumstance with his usual exaggeration. "From the top of a hill," says he, "Henry looked upon the city, and swore that he would so deal by it, that posterity should say, there stood Paris, and that he should never be satisfied till bathed in the blood of its inhabitants."

(7) D'Aubigné.

(8) De Thou—Serres.

fate which threatened him. Many were the notices he received of the plot against his life, but all were treated with a similar disregard. Once in particular, the night before his death, he found a note under his cover at supper, containing these significant expressions, "Take care—they are about to play you an ugly trick." He read this billet—wrote at the bottom, "They dare not," and then threw it under the table.

The night of the 22d was passed by the King in a state of extreme anxiety and restlessness. The weakness of his mind was struggling with the greatness of his enterprize, and his cowardice with his extreme desire of revenge. He arose by day-break, and dressing himself in great hurry and trepidation, assembled the members of his private councils, and urged them by every argument he could suggest, not to fail in the purpose for which they were met. He told them that that day must be the last of his life, or that of the Duke of Guise. It depended upon them, he said, whether he or his rebellious subject was to be the victim. Public duties, he remarked, he knew they would willingly pay, but he now required more, a proof of their attachment to himself, as well as regard for their suffering country, and which could only be evinced by the death of the Duke of Guise from their hands. He then distributed poniards, adding, "It is I, your lawful sovereign, who authorise you to use them against the traitor who has sworn his destruction." He then retired to his cabinet, where he continued pacing backwards and forwards in great anxiety; and presently opening the door of the council-chamber, he exhorted the gentlemen assembled not to suffer themselves to be wounded by the Duke. "He is tall and powerful," added the timid Henry, "and I should be sorry if he injured any of you." The members all being assembled, and the Duke not arrived, the King's restlessness, which, as De Thou remarks, was always increased to madness in frosty weather, grew so insupportable, that he sent to command the attendance of the Duke, who almost immediately followed the royal message. On his arrival he sat some time in the council-chamber, conversing with the gentlemen till the King sent to desire his presence in his cabinet; he rose to obey the mandate, and, stooping down to raise the curtain before the door, received at that moment the swords of the conspirators in his body; he made some desperate but ineffectual struggles, and fell dead at the foot of the King's bed, heaving only one deep sigh.

Such was the miserable death of the ambitious Duke of Guise. The particulars of this transaction, as related by Raynouard, we forbear to give, as they are detailed more clearly in the informations made at Paris, with translations of which we shall hereafter present our readers, as they contain much curious matter, together with the opinions of both parties upon the subject, and something (in the papers of Miron, the King's physician) which is intended to be a justification of Henry's conduct upon this occasion. For the present, we will trespass no longer upon the patience of our readers, which we would not have done so much, had it been possible to have compressed the long notice of Raynouard into a smaller compass, without any injustice to himself and the usefulness of his researches.

LETTER FROM SIGNOR ——, TOUCHING SOME POINTS OF ITALIAN LITERATURE.

In my last, I gave you a short account of my lately published Biographical Treatise on the Writers of Italian Literary History; and as you have been pleased to say, that whatever concerns myself and my pursuit of letters, will be interesting to you, I make no further apology for continuing in the same somewhat egotistical strain. I not long ago published two volumes of Essays and Researches, regarding the origin, progress, and perfect development of some of the principal European languages, a subject of inquiry, which, as you well know, when directed towards the elucidation of our own sonorous tongue, alike so beautiful and majestic, has occupied, perhaps, too great and too exclusive a share of our literary labours, and has not yet ceased to be a matter of acrimonious dispute.

I dedicate my first volume almost

entirely to the Italian language, to that language which is at once the glory of our own country and the delight of the intellectual stranger, and from which so many thousand times have flowed,

"Più che mel dolci d'eloquenza i fiumi."

I commence by reasoning on its origin and chief merits, and then treat of the question, whether in literary composition use ought to be made, and in what way, of the vulgar tongue. Such discussion naturally leads me to inquire, if there may be in Italy a written language different from the spoken tongue; that is, a language which learned and elegant writers adopted, and which differs from all the dialects spoken in the various parts of Italy. In regard to this I do not hesitate to assert, that the pure written language differs in no respect from that spoken in Tuscany by cultivated persons. For we must bear in mind, that some slight difference, in a few instances, in the conjugation of the verbs, is not what constitutes the diversity of a language. Besides, I would ask, when did they form this language which they call written? What ancient documents can be produced in evidence of the fact? How was it accomplished? Perhaps many learned men met together in congress; but of this no chronicle or history has spoken. Perhaps the Italians dispersed throughout Italy determined the language—yet this appears to me to be impossible, nor does any nation, ancient or modern, offer an example of so singular an occurrence. And if dispersed Italians did create this language so very different, as it is said, from the native, it may be supposed they would have been solicitous to write its rules, in other words, to compose a grammar—yet the first Italian grammars are of the 15th century, as every body knows from the works of Fortunio and Bembo. These first grammarians knew nothing of any such early convention, but sought their precepts from amongst the ancient Tuscan authors. And for what motive, it may be asked, was this language created? Learned men disdained to write regarding the sciences, except in Latin. The vernacular tongue was destined to subjects which they esteemed of little moment—love verses, chronicles, romances, novels, books on horsemanship, farriery, and the like, for the untutored. The fragments of history printed by Muratori, in the *Antichita Italiane*, are written in the Neapolitan dialect, or one very similar to the Neapolitan. The Venetian authors of the chronicle cited by Foscarini, have used their common tongue, and their travellers have done the same. It appears to me, that these writers would have acted otherwise if there had been a language common to the whole of Italy, and designed, by universal consent, for literary productions. Tuscany, incomparably beyond every other part of Italy, furnished authors† * * * * * * * * and these wrote in their common dialect, which quickly led to that perfection which we see in the 13th century, by the labour of some who knew how to select the finest forms of expression from those used by the people. Strangers, enchanted by that style, soon began to imitate it, and with the greatest success, perhaps, at Bologna.‡ The language, which some call common, is no other than the language of Tuscany freed from mere *Tuscanisms*, and the irregularities of the vulgar.

That I may not be said to dwell solely upon my own lucubrations, allow me, in continuation of a subject which I know you once regarded with considerable interest, to present you with an extract of a letter by Professor Ciampi, whose learning and character stand deservedly high in your esteem. His sentiments are contained in the following:—

† A few words of our manuscript being here illegible, we thought it as well to leave them untranslated.

‡ The Bolognese dialect is now one of the worst in Italy.

IDEE SU L'ORIGINE DELLA LINGUA ITALIANA.

I NEVER, my dear friend, entertained any doubt of your having seen all that has been written upon the subject by our authors; but, to say the truth, I cannot agree with them, for I have formed a system of my own, which it will not be difficult for me on some future occasion to develope more fully. You ought to pay especial attention (which, in your esteemed favour, you do not seem to have done with sufficient care) to that which I wrote to you regarding the barbarous Latin of the diplomatic monuments of the 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th centuries, which was not at that time the common language, but only that of diplomacy and of the senate, where they still wished to maintain an obscure Latin, not knowing any better. We are not to believe that the few words of the Italian language which we there find scattered, are the only ones which existed, as if they were the germes of a future tongue, but rather that they had been introduced into the written documents from the common language of the people; more especially the proper names of boundaries, castles, cities, &c. which may be found inflected just as they would be pronounced at the present day. Thus in a document of the year 940, published by Zaccharia (*Anectoda Medii Aevi*) p. 281, Turin edition, we read as follows: "Locus qui dicitur *Vincio*. Locus qui dicitur *Casule*." In another document of the year 1067, published in the same work, page 321, we read: "Prima villa qui dicitur *Celle* .. tertia villa quæ vocatur Petriolo. Quarta quæ vocatur *S. Giusto*; 5. quæ dicitur *Montagnana*; 6. quæ vocatur *Campilia*; 7. quæ dicitur *Mumigno*; 8. quæ vocatur *Fegno* ... 11. quæ vocatur *Fabrica*; 16. villa quæ vocatur *Gugliano*." And that these notaries who wrote a barbarous Latin frequently adopted words and expressions in use by the vulgar, is manifest from a thousand examples; and among others, we may cite an instrument of the year 775, printed by Zaccharia, p. 277. "Idem casa Massericie sunt in primis casa gadiperti *di Calamicca*. Casa Istavili de Calamecca; Casa Crespuli de Freamano excepto sorte Fosculi qui *fue barbano ejus*." In these instances the notary departed from the barbarous Latin in the words *di Calamicca*, where we have the Italian article, and in those others *fue barbano*, that is *zio paterno*, (paternal uncle) we have words altogether Italian. In another instrument in the same work p. 275, of the year 767, we find "locus qui appellatur ducenta excepto cafagio illo in integrum ad catarattula *da padule* quod nobis reservamus, et insuper casa quod habere visi sumus quod nobis de Guillerard gastaldio *in cambio evenne*;" and a little above, "excepta silva illa qui *fue* de ipsa curtes."

In a document given as belonging to the year 953, p. 285, the expression "*da* uno capo, *da* ipso lato," is many many times repeated. You may here call to mind the examples given in my former letter, in loco qui dicitur *la Ferraria*, written in the year 793, and *La plebe di radicata*, written in the year 1084, with those others which I need not now repeat. Indeed you will constantly find the use of the article in the common speech sometime before the 10th century; and as we have already seen the terminations of nouns and verbs according to the vernacular Italian, *fue avenne*, &c., what more is wanted to assert that the language of the vulgar was the same as that which was afterwards so greatly improved in the 13th century? Will any one assert that the use of these articles, of these terminations, both of nouns and of verbs, were restricted to the examples which we find in such writings? We might advert to the terminations in *us* and *um* changed into *o*, as rivus rivo, caput capo, romanus romanum romano, and many others, which the celebrated Lanzi has well observed in his "Essay on the Tuscan Tongue." But I will also produce another sufficiently decisive example to shew that the language which diplomatists wrote was different from that of the vulgar. In a document of Zaccharia (p. 289) of the year 1022, I read in *Ecclesia et domus Sancti Zenonis sito Pistoia*; and yet, in the cotemporary monuments, one reads *Pistoria*. What does this indicate? That the popular word *Pistoia* had escaped from the notary instead of the more legal one *Pistoria*. But it may be asked, did they not continue in diplomacy to write in this barbarous Latin also in the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries, when they had already written in the common Italian tongue?

If writers had not then begun to adopt the latter language in matters not diplomatic or connected with the Senate House, we should still have continued ignorant of what had been then the language of the common people, in like manner as we are ignorant of what it was previous to the 13th century. One may conclude then, that from the words scattered among the diplomatic documents of the ages prior to the 10th century, may be deduced the existence of a vulgar dialect, which was our common Italian, but extremely unpolished, and abounding with latinisms vulgarly inflected.

For the above reasons, I know not how to accord either with yourself or others, who allege that it was towards the close of the 12th century that the Italian language was produced, and that Lucio Druso was the first to conceive the arduous design of forming a third dialect jointly from the Latin and the vulgar tongue. This third dialect resulted specially from the use of the article, and the change in the terminations of nouns and verbs, which had taken place, as we have already seen, prior to the time of Lucio Druso. Besides, it is not in the power of any single individual to accustom a people in the short space of a few years to the use of a new tongue. He may have been among the first to adopt it in poetry, and other branches of literature; and he may have been the first who thought of ennobling it by uniting the dialect of Sicily with that of Tuscany, but I cannot grant him more; let the praise which has been given him in the oft-quoted sonnet suffice. To conclude, it is one thing to say that the Italian language existed before the 10th century, uncultivated it is true, and not subjected to fixed rules; another, that it originated about the end of the 13th, when, in fact, they only began to write it generally, and sought to polish, and in some measure regulate it, until Guido d'Arezzo, Messer Cino, Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch, rendered it perfect. The inscription of Verruca, near Pisa, shews, that in the Pisan territory, and in the city, they spoke the vulgar tongue even from that period; but I do not clearly see that any argument ought to be drawn therefrom, to prove that it was spoken in Pisa earlier than elsewhere, because the monuments of all the other Tuscan cities of the times anterior to the 10th century, abound in so many more Italian words, as assuredly to prevail against the very few made use of in that inscription. At farthest, the conclusion may be drawn, that the Pisans were among the first to write it without any intermixture of barbarous Latin, or even that they were the first to write the vulgar tongue, and here would be confirmed the boast of the supporters of Lucio Druso. Nor do I refuse to yield to them the glory that from among the citizens of Pisa have sprung various of our prime poets, of many of whom mention is made by Allacci, and also by myself, with numerous illustrations, in a letter to Signor Gaetano Poggiali, inserted in the *Giornale Encyclopedica* of Florence.

Thus, my dear Sir, I have repeated to you, with somewhat greater extension, my sentiments upon a subject which has greatly occupied our literary men, whose opinions are not found to accord, because they forsook the true path, believing that the written language of the monuments of the so called barbarous ages, was the common language, and that those other words commingled with it, were so many disconnected materials, which, combined with the remnants of the vulgar Latin, afterwards originated and gave place to the language of the 12th century; whereas, such words belonged to the language in common use, though not admitted in writing, especially diplomatical, unless when introduced through the ignorance of the notaries, who, when they were at a loss for a Latin or Latinized word for their law courts, made use of the vulgar. By inadvertence, too, these common words may have sometimes crept in, whilst, for a matter of form, they continued to write a language worse than the vernacular tongue.

Thus far our excellent and venerable friend, Professor Ciampi. With a view, I suppose, of forming an opinion regarding our present taste in literature, you desire me to inform you what English authors are most read by us in Italy. As you know I am no critic, you must excuse the dryness of a mere catalogue, while I mention the names of such works as have been translated within these last few years. Our chief translator of poetry

is the Signor Leoni, who is very regular in harnessing (the English word harrassing would also do) my Lord Byron's Pegasus after the Italian fashion. Listen—

"I stood in Venice, on the bridge of sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand."

"Sopra il Veneto, ponte de' sospiri,
Infra un palagio e un aprigion m'arresto."

I intended to have transcribed a few pages for your amusement, but I find I have lost or mislaid my copy, and alas! for our remembrance of common verse, I can get no farther than the initiatory lines of the first stanza. Shall I send you a sheet of it some day by the courier of your kind and noble Ambassador?

Besides the fourth canto of Childe Harold, (published under the name of *Italia*), the following are also among Leoni's translations: *Il Saggio Sull' Uomo* of Pope, *La Scuola della Maldicenza* of Sheridan, several *Tragidie* di Shakespeare, Pope's *Lettera d'Eloisa ad Abelardo*, Gray's *Elegia*, *Una Scelta di Poesie Inglesi*, *I Lamenti del Tasso* of Byron, some miscellaneous translations from Ossian, Otway, Goldsmith, and Thomson, *La Storia d'Inghilterra* of Hume, volume 1st, and *Il Paradiso perduto* of Milton, which last translation falls greatly behind the admirable one already executed in blank verse by Papi.

Count Luigi Bossi has published a translation of Roscoe's *Vita di Leon X*, and Signor Torri a polyglott edition of Gray's Elegy. Lord Byron's *Giaurro* was translated by Rossi, and *Il Corsaro* (anonymously) at Turin. *Lala Rook racconta orientale in prose ed in versi di Thomaso Moore*, appeared in 1818 by the hand of Tito Povirio Catti, and *Il Saggio dell' Intendimento Umano* of Locke in the following year. New editions were also produced of *Le Quattro Stagioni* of Pope, and by the same author (G. Vincenzo Benini,) an admirable translation of *Il Riccio Rapito*, (the Rape of the Lock) a great favourite among the Italians, who possess the model from which it was taken, the *Secchia Rapita* of Tassoni. Finally, there was published by Gherardini of Milan, Darwin's *Amori Delle Piante*.

Of our original works in poetry of the present day I shall say nothing. In Italy the genius of the times seems to have conspired against the arts of imagination. Political agitation has given another tendency to the human spirit. Society here occupies itself more willingly in the consideration of national rights, of commerce, mechanical inventions, and the progress of manufactures, than in madrigals, sonnets, and canzonettes. In poetry itself, we love politics and philosophy; and the productions of the nineteenth century bear about them a character of reasoning power which separates them from the greater part of those of the preceding age. In criticism we are somewhat improved, being more pithy, and less mild than of old; but we do not make use of personal satire, nor apply the *reductio ad absurdum* to men whose character and opinions are deserving of reverence, as is so often done in your English Review.—(*Rivista Inglese.**) I think it is one of your own great writers who asserts, that there is so much room in the world for the serious and the gay together, that we might impose it upon ourselves as a law, never to trifle with what is worthy of our veneration, and yet lose nothing by so doing of the freedom of pleasantry. Still the anathema of Horace against mediocrity in poetry is with us more in vigour than heretofore; and it is now no longer allowed to appear before the public with a volume of *mere verses*, if they are not presented in the spirit of humility, and with a prayer for grace.

I hear that you have lately had executed in your country a good translation of our Dante—a most arduous undertaking for an Englishman, even supposing him as well versed in the language and literature of Italy as Matthias or Roscoe. In the meantime, I beg leave to call your attention to the following little critical discovery which has been recently made regarding our great "Signor del Altissimo Canto."

Those two verses in the *Divina Commedia*, spoken by Nembrotte and Pluto, so long the despair of commentators, and a stumbling-block in the way of all interpretation, have become in the hands of the Abae Lanci, two oriental jewels of the first order, and a new proof of the immense knowledge of Dante.

Raphel mai amech zabi almi
Pape Satan, pape Satan aleppe.

* We presume the blue and yellow is here meant.

The last opinion of the critics was, that these words were mere barbarisms, without any meaning, and inserted through caprice. It now appears from Lanci's learned Dissertation, that the first verse is pure Arabic, and the second equally unexceptionable Hebrew, and thus that Dante, in addition to his other vast stores of learning, was a great orientalist. The Arabic line reads thus:

Raphe lmai amec hza bialmi.

Of which the literal translation is, "Esalta lo splendore mio nell' abisso, siccome rifolgono per lo mondo." And the Hebrew line thus:

Pa pe Satan, pa pe Satan alep;

Or translated literally, "Ti mostra, Satanasso! ti mostra nella maestà de' tuoi splendori, Principe Satanasso!" Thus, say my countrymen, the apotheosis of Dante is completed!

Milano. —— ——

AN EVENING SKETCH.

The birds have ceased their song,
All, save the black cap, that, amid the boughs
Of yon tall ash-tree, from his mellow throat,
In adoration of the setting sun,
Chaunts forth his evening hymn.
'Tis twilight now;
The sovran sun behind his western hills
In glory hath declined. The mighty clouds,
Kiss'd by his warm effulgence, hang around
In all their congregated hues of pride,
Like pillars of some tabernacle grand,
Worthy his glowing presence; while the sky
Illumined to its centre, glows intense,
Changing its sapphire majesty to gold.
How deep is the tranquillity! the trees
Are slumbering through their multitude of boughs;
Even to the leaflet on the frailest twig!
A twilight gloom pervades the distant hills;
An azure softness mingling with the sky.
The fisherman drags to the yellow shore
His laden nets; and, in the sheltering cove,
Behind yon rocky point, his shallop moors,
To tempt again the perilous deep at dawn.

The sea is waveless as a lake engulph'd
'Mid sheltering hills; without a ripple spreads
Its bosom, silent, and immense—the hues
Of flickering day have from its surface died,
Leaving it garb'd in sunless majesty.
With bosoming branches, round yon village hangs
Its row of lofty elm-trees; silently,
Towering in spiral wreaths to the soft sky,
The smoke from many a cheerful hearth ascends,
Melting in ether.
As I gaze, behold
The evening star illumines the blue south,
Twinkling in loveliness. O! holy star,
Thou bright dispenser of the twilight dews,
Thou herald of Night's glowing galaxy,
And harbinger of social bliss! how oft,
Amid the twilights of departed years,
Resting beside the river's mirror clear
On trunk of massy oak, with eyes upturn'd
To thee in admiration, have I sate,
Dreaming sweet dreams, till earth-born turbulence
Was all forgot; and thinking that in thee,
Far from the rudeness of this jarring world,
There might be realms of quiet happiness!

TO THE PROTESTANT LAYMAN.

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."
SHAKESPEARE.

SIR,—If your candour had kept pace with your professions, or if you had willingly displayed towards Catholics "the full extent of that charity which is the essence of Christianity," in your letter to Lord Nugent, which appeared in the last Number of this Magazine, it would perhaps have been unnecessary for me to have thus addressed you; but as you have not merely attacked, but also calumniated and misrepresented, (I shall not say intentionally, for *my* religion teaches me to judge no man rashly,) the faith which I possess, and as *your* charity appears to me to be great obscured by the jaundice of religious prejudice, I shall endeavour to remove the latter by answering your principal arguments against restoring Roman Catholics to the full and free enjoyment of their civil rights, and that in a manner and spirit very different from that displayed by you. If, for instance, I shall find it necessary to allude to the persecutions which Catholics have suffered from Protestants of every denomination since the period of the Reformation, I shall not impute it to any principle of Protestantism, but to the misguided zeal of the individuals who have exercised them, and so far from charging the sects to which they respectively belonged with their crimes, as you, sir, and others such as you, constantly do in your writings against the Catholic claims, I will rather ascribe them to an absence of every religious idea.

It is very easy to perceive the reason why the opponents of the Catholic claims follow a different course. The times are now happily over when Catholics were individually charged with designs hostile to the Government as by *law established*, and when the terms Catholic or Papist and traitor were synonymous; and you yourself, sir, candidly confess, (*O si sic omnia!*) that "Roman Catholic gentlemen have the same sense of honour which regulates the conduct of others," and that "there is no fear of their practising so scandalous a fraud," as to take the Anticatholic declarations and oaths required by law, for the purpose of obtaining those privileges from which they are excluded. This is a compliment which no Roman Catholic will, whether a gentlemen or not, accept at the expence of his religion. You, however, very inconsistently maintain the old hackneyed jargon, a thousand times brought forward, and as often refuted, that it is a principle of the Roman Catholic religion not to keep faith with heretics or other persons differing from them in religious opinions; and while you are forced to acknowledge that the doors of Parliament are open even to the unprincipled atheist, to the exclusion of men whose great crime is not of believing too little, but too much, you console yourself with the idea, that if such a man should attain the summit of power "he (the atheist) *certainly* would never harrow up the feelings of the country he was destined to rule by exhibiting the spectacle of an *auto da fe*." Have you then, sir, forgot the horrors of the French Revolution? Are you not aware that many thousands of persons professing the religion you attempt to vilify lost their lives, and that a vast number more abandoned their country to avoid a similar fate because they would not worship the Goddess of Reason? See to what a serious charge your intemperate zeal against the religion of your ancestors has exposed you! But, sir, the reason remains to be explained why the opponents of the Catholic claims have now adopted the extraordinary course of charging the real or supposed crimes of certain Catholics to their religious tenets, in place of laying them at the doors of the criminals themselves. It is simply this, that as the loyalty, honour, and good faith, of the Catholics of these kingdoms, are beyond dispute, and even admitted by their bitterest enemies, the opponents of their claims are obliged to have recourse to unfounded sweeping charges against the whole body, to substantiate which they are forced to adduce the acts of certain individuals of that body, acts which they profess to declare that no individuals of that body would now be guilty of! You, sir, are not perhaps aware how destructively such a mode of argumentation would

operate against the cause you espouse; for if it can be shewn, which it can, that Protestants have committed atrocities against Catholics as revolting, and perhaps more revolting, than any of those imputed to the Catholics, why, in the name of common sense, should Protestantism be exempted, and Catholicism charged solely with them? or why should the deeds of wicked Catholics be charged to the tenets of their religion, and similar acts of wicked Protestants ascribed not to their tenets, but to the bad spirit of the individuals? But it seems that you found it necessary to do so to justify the vote of the Peers.

As there is no rule, however general, but may be liable to exceptions, so I perfectly agree with you, that it must depend on the peculiar nature and practices of each particular religious sect, whether it shall be entitled to full and free toleration; and if you, sir, had, like "an open and generous enemy," joined issue with Catholics in endeavouring to shew, not by misrepresentation and calumny, but from their own admitted principles and practices, that these should, like those of the Druids, except them from this rule, in place of entertaining your readers with the alleged belief of the "orthodox Spaniard," and the nonsense of Swift, I should have been disposed to have admired your candour, whatever opinion I might have formed of your Christianity and logic. But it is the boast and glory of Catholics, that no person ever yet attacked their religion and practices without first misrepresenting them.

Before proceeding to examine your charges against Catholics or their religion, (which is the same thing,) I shall take notice of the position you maintain, in opposition to Lord Nugent, that the Roman Catholic is not deprived of his civil rights, "*because* he prays for the intercession of the Saints between himself and his Maker, *because* he recognizes the Pope in spiritualities, and *because* he believes in the real presence of our Lord in the elements of the Sacrament of the last supper." And that the cause of his being deprived of his civil rights "is because he (the Catholic) has an invincible propensity to *force* these doctrines on the belief of other men."

Now, if you really imagine that it was not on account of the doctrine alluded to that Catholics *were* deprived of their civil rights, I am fully prepared to shew that you are mistaken; but if you mean that these doctrines, which are *now* admitted to be quite harmless, are no longer held out as grounds for the exclusion of Catholics, you are doubtless correct. Our first reformers, from their zeal and the ferocity of their dispositions, were open and candid in their condemnation of Catholicism, or Popery as they called it; and as soon as they obtained the ascendancy, the doctrines above-mentioned were at once declared by the civil and ecclesiastical powers superstitious and idolatrous, and the believers in them were denounced as beings unfit to live. Hence the sanguinary laws which followed the enkindling of "*the pure flame*" of the reformation in every country where it succeeded, and hence the severe persecutions suffered by the professors of the ancient religion. I am fortunately spared the trouble of going farther back into our history than the periods of the corporation and test acts to establish what I have advanced, as you will be aware that these are now the only laws in force to prevent Catholics from being eligible to the highest offices in the state. You are probably also aware that these acts prescribe certain oaths or declarations to be taken by all persons entering on office, by which they must *swear* that the doctrines alluded to, as practised by the Church of Rome, are *idolatrous*, and yet I will venture to affirm, without hazard of contradiction, that scarcely nine out of ten who swallow these oaths know the meaning put upon these doctrines by the Church of Rome, and still fewer could give any explanation of the most noted, viz. that of transubstantiation!

There is such a want of method in your letter as renders it impossible for me to follow it in detail, but for perspicuity's sake, I shall pick out your charges against Catholics, and answer them in the order here set down. These may be reduced to three heads. 1st, That it is a principle of Roman Catholics to keep no faith with heretics, or other persons differing from them in religious opinions. 2d, That it is also a principle with them to persecute every person who differs from

hem in said opinions. And lastly, That they hold it lawful to depose and murder heretic Sovereigns.

1st, You maintain that there will be danger in admitting Roman Catholics to a participation of the power of the state, because it is "the genius of the Roman Catholic religion," and the "*acknowledged maxim* of that church, to keep no faith with heretics." Now, though I could at once silence you by putting a single question, viz. where you found this maxim *acknowledged* by the Catholic church? yet as I am desirous of giving you every satisfaction on a subject of which you are apparently ignorant, I must inform you that the Catholic Church *never* maintained any principle of the horrid nature you impute to her. When I come to speak of the affair of Huss, I shall shew you how this calumny originated, by reference to a Protestant author. Meantime it may be proper to observe, that the doctrine is disclaimed by Catholics in their oaths to government, "as impious and unchristian;" and surely their oaths are entitled to some weight, when it is considered that they have been petitioning Parliament, after a lapse of 200 years, for a repeal of the disabling and penal statutes, in consequence of their refusal to take certain oaths, the taking of which would at once have delivered them from these pains and disabilities. This question is, however, set at rest by the answer of the foreign universities to the question proposed by Mr Pitt, of which I am convinced you were not aware when you made the charge in question. When the Committee of the British Catholics waited on Mr Pitt, in the year 1788, respecting their application for a repeal of the penal laws, he requested to be furnished with authentic evidence of the opinions of the Roman Catholic clergy and the Roman Catholic Universities abroad, "on the existence and extent of the Pope's dispensing power." Three questions were accordingly framed, and submitted to his approbation; and Mr Pitt's approbation being obtained, they were sent to the universities of Paris, Louvain, Alcala, Douay, Salamanca, and Valladolid, for their opinions. The *third* question, which is the one applicable to the present charge, was this, "Is there any principle in the tenets of the Catholic faith by which Catholics are justified in not keeping faith with heretics, or other persons differing from them in religious opinions, in any transaction, either of a public or private nature?" To which the universities answered unanimously, "That there is *no* principle in the tenets of the Catholic faith by which Catholics are justified in not keeping faith with heretics, or other persons differing from them in religious opinions, in any transaction, either of a public or a private nature." Indeed some of these universities expressed perfect wonder that such a question should be proposed by a nation that glories in her learning and discernment. After this explanation, sir, I hope you will display "the full extent of that charity which is the essence of Christianity," if you shall resume your pen on this subject.

But, in proof of your charge, you adduce the cases of two crowned heads, James the Second and Mary of England. Granting, however, that these sovereigns violated their engagements to their Protestant subjects, (which, in the case of the first, I do by no means admit, and the latter has been greatly exaggerated,) what is that to the purpose? Is the Catholic Church to be charged with the crimes of her children, any more than the Church of England, or the Church of Scotland, or any other religious sect? Are James and Mary the only sovereigns who have violated their engagements? Or is it because you expect a greater exemption from the frailties of our common nature in the persons of Catholics, than in those of Protestants, that you support your charge by such a mode of reasoning? With regard to the instance of King James, "He began his reign," says a celebrated writer, "with solemn declarations, both in Council and in Parliament, that he was determined to preserve the government, both in church and state, as he found it established; and that the law was sufficient to make him as great a king as he wished to be. Towards the close of his life, when, with every thing else, he had lost his hopes also, and could have no interest in deceiving, he assured his confidential friends that it ever had been his intention to govern according to law. What gives a plausibility to this declaration, was the care which he took in causing the most obnoxious branch of his prerogative, the dispensing power, to be

tried in the Court of King's Bench. With all this honesty and good intention, which, I believe, James possessed, I am ready to grant, that he was ignorant of the state and constitution of the nation which he had undertaken to govern; and that he was precipitate, violent, and headstrong. But God grant that no future sovereign of this country, who is devoid of these defects, may be ever exposed to such unfavourable circumstances as those in which he was placed, with a people worked up to madness by religious prejudices and forged plots, with judges who misled him, with counsellors who deceived him, with a prime minister, who intentionally and systematically led him on to destruction, and with the most heart-breaking treachery amongst his dearest domestic ties." *. The fact is, that this sovereign fell a sacrifice to the toleration of his religious principles, whatever opinion may be formed of the imprudent step he took of dispensing with the penal statutes, "by declaring, that as long as he was King, no Catholic, Arian, or Anabaptist, should be put to death; and that no Quaker, Dissenter, or other Protestant, should be whipped, fined, or imprisoned, (as had been the case in all the preceding reigns,) for the mere profession or exercise of his religion, whatever that might be." † But Hume proves that this dispensing power had been exercised, on certain occasions, by all our preceding sovereigns. ‡ "As to the dispensation, in particular, of the penal laws against Catholics, it is demonstrated from better authority than Hume's, that this had always depended entirely on the will of the sovereign, in every reign since those laws were enacted." §

As to the case of John Huss, which you say "is one of the clearest proofs of the genius of Catholicism, and of the regard in which the assembled pastors and masters of that (the Roman Catholic) church hold promises made to persons whom they called heretics," the conduct of the Council of Constance, on this head, has always been understood by Catholics, and even by some Protestants, as any thing but sanctioning the impious and unchristian doctrine imputed to it; so that there could be no occasion for any Council or Pope pronouncing the censure you so vauntingly call for. In fact, the Council no more violated the safe-conduct or passport granted to Huss by the Emperor Sigismund, by depriving him of his ecclesiastical functions, declaring his propositions to be heretical, and leaving him to the judgment of the state, than any court of law could be said to do which had tried and condemned a man on charges proved against him, to refute which, he had voluntarily agreed to submit himself to its tribunal, on condition of receiving proper protection against any supposed violation of the law in his person previous to trial, and after it, *if duly acquitted*. "I am going," says Huss, "to the Council, to make it clear whether or no I have held or taught any erroneous doctrines, which if they can prove against me, I will readily submit to all the pains of heretics." || The Emperor, so far from reprobating the conduct of the Council in detaining Huss, as many Protestants suppose, expressly explained to Huss himself that his safe-conduct had not been violated thereby, since he had been convicted of heresy by the Council.

"It is evident, then," says the Protestant, Mr Usher, in his Free Examination of the Common Methods employed to prevent the Growth of Popery, "that the safe-conduct was not desired by him (Huss,) nor granted to him with an intent to protect him from a trial, and from the judgment of the Council, but for that very purpose that he might proceed without molestation, be tried and adjudged there. So that the safe-conduct was in no wise infringed by the trial, condemnation, and censure. He had been publicly accused of a crime; he, of his own accord, surrendered himself to take his trial for it upon the public faith; accordingly, no injury was offered to him until he came under the jurisdiction of the court to which he appealed, and he after suffered nothing but what was *strictly agreeable to the laws of the empire*, which he perfectly knew in that case, before he went to Constance." The same author afterwards adds, "It is then when rebellion

* Milner. Letters to a Prebendary. § Ibid. † Ibid. ‡ History of James II. c. I. || L'Enfant, Hist. Conc. l. 3. § 6.

was in meditation in aftertimes, and there appeared a necessity of raising in the breasts of men an incurable mistrust of the Church of Rome, that this scandal (of the alleged breach of faith in the Council) appeared useful and was propagated. It was laid also hold of by the Calvinist ministers, for the *very same purpose*. You can now judge whether the Emperor did or did not violate the public faith, by the execution of Huss, when you consider the purport of the safe-conduct, and that Huss, before his surrender, knew the laws of the empire, in case he should be guilty of heresy. I believe it appears very clearly, from what I have said, notwithstanding of the disingenuous clamour of the Calvinists, that the authority exercised by the Council is conformable to the doctrine and practice of most Protestant churches; for it must be remembered, that the *execution* of John Huss was an act of the *civil* and not of the *ecclesiastical* power, and that the Council of Constance did not, by any act of theirs, violate the safe-conduct given to Huss, unless you judge his imprisonment before his trial to be a violation of it, which is very immaterial, otherwise than as it prevented him from absenting himself and evading an open discussion and trial, when he found it probable he should be condemned."

But you say, sir, that Huss was burned by desire of the Council. This I positively deny, and I prove my assertion by referring to the Acts of the Council. "It having been manifestly proved," says the decree, "that John Huss did publicly preach and teach many scandalous, seditious, and dangerous heresies,"—and "as it is apparent, from all that the Council has seen, heard, and known, that John Huss is stubborn and incorrigible, and that he will not return into the pale of the Holy Mother the Church, by abjuring the errors and heresies which he had publicly maintained and preached, this sacred Council of Constance declares and decrees, that the said John Huss ought to be deposed and degraded from the order of priesthood," * &c. The deposition and degradation having accordingly taken place, the Council afterwards declared, "That John Huss ought to be delivered over to the secular arm, and does actually deliver him over to it, *considering that the Church of God has nothing more to do with him.*" † Now, sir, can any thing be more plain than this, that the Council passed no sentence of death upon Huss, and that there was no ecclesiastical law inflicting such punishment, when it is admitted by the decree itself, that the church could do nothing further than by deposing and degrading him? "*Hæc sancta synodus Constantiensis, Joannem Huss, attento quod Ecclesia Dei non habet ultra quid gerere valeat, judicio seculari relinquere, et ipsum curiæ seculari relinquendum fore decernit.*" ‡

2d, You charge Catholics with holding it as a principle to persecute every person differing from them in religious opinions. This is "the unkindest cut of all;" for of all the charges made by you against the Catholic Church, the present is one which, for the honour of Protestants, should have never been even hinted at. Was it not in consequence of the most cruel and intolerable persecutions against the followers of the old religion, that Protestantism first obtained a footing? You indeed admit that the axe and the faggot have been employed in the cause of religion, "even by Protestants." What consideration, sir, could then have induced you to bring forward a charge which can be recriminated against the cause you espouse in a tenfold degree? But if your prudence in doing this be so questionable, what opinion can be formed of your defence of the first apostles of the reformation for these persecutions by imputing them to their "savage temper," and that it could not be expected but that they would "act like savages!"

In your zeal to lay every sort of crime at the door of the Catholic Church, even when committed by Protestants, you excuse the barbarities of the reformers, "of those fiery natures which were *incapable* of being softened by the pure and mild spirit of Christianity," by a very singular and original sort of argument—that they were bred up in the principles of the Roman Catholic Church. But how does it happen that "the pure flame" kindled by them should not have refined their

* L'Enfant, l. 3. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid.

"savage tempers" and "fiery natures?" The fact, however, is, that the first reformers never had seen any means employed by the Catholic Church for extirpating error, for no innovation in doctrine had been attempted for a whole century before the era of the reformation.

Not having read Lord Nugent's letter, I cannot judge whether his Lordship "appears inclined to affix the stigma of persecution upon the Protestants more strongly than the matter of fact will authorise." The only instance singled out by you is, that of the massacre of Glencoe, which, for the sake of "the glorious memory," I shall leave you the full enjoyment of; and I shall therefore proceed to point out a few incontestable instances of persecutions by Protestants against Catholics; but remember, sir, as I have told you in the outset, I do not impute them to the religion of Protestants, as you do in the case of the Catholics. At the same time, by pleading recrimination, I by no means wish it to be understood that I approve of persecutions by Catholics, (for I abhor persecution of every kind, by whomsoever practised, and under whatever pretence,) but I merely wish to exhibit the per contra side of the account, to give you an opportunity of shewing, "that charity which is the essence of Christianity," by withdrawing your charge against Catholics, of being persecutors from principle. Even a creditor must cancel his claim when he finds that his debtor has a demand against him to an equal amount.

There is a natural propensity in man to propagate his opinions; and in proportion as he is sincere, his zeal is increased. Different persons will doubtless pursue different plans, according to the peculiar constructions and dispositions of their minds, to accomplish their ends; some by persuasion, others by force; but the methods employed do not flow from any immediate principle in the opinions themselves, but from the particular temper of mind of their professors. This holds in religion as well as in politics, but with this difference as to the former, that however ardent a man may be to gain proselytes, the mild and persuasive doctrines of Christianity will operate strongly as checks against abuse, if he be actuated by the pure spirit of the gospel.

It appears from history, that wherever the reformers of the 16th and 17th centuries became the triumphant party, not content with the free exercise of their own religion, they violently overturned that of their ancestors, and carried on the most severe and oppressive persecutions against those who continued to adhere to it. This was the case in England, Scotland, France, Ireland, Germany, the Low Countries, Sweden, Denmark, and Switzerland, though in different manners and with different degrees of violence. The reformation in Scotland was immediately succeeded by the assassination of Cardinal Beaton, the murderers being instigated, according to Fox, in his *Acts and Monuments*, "by the spirit of God," to the "godly deed," as Knox calls it, (if my memory be correct,) in his *own* edition of his History. And in 1560, the Parliament, in establishing Calvinism, decreed at sametime the punishment of death against the professors of the ancient religion. "With such indecent haste," says Robertson, "did the very persons who had just escaped ecclesiastical tyranny proceed to imitate the example." So intent were our Scotch reformers on extirpating the religion of their ancestors and its professors, that in 1596, in an answer to the King and Council concerning the Catholic Earls of Huntly, Errol, &c. they declared, that "as they had been guilty of idolatry, a crime deserving of death, the civil power could not spare them." Shew me, sir, if you can, in the annals of the Catholic world, any thing half so infamous as this! In France, the Huguenots prohibited the exercise of the Catholic religion wherever they carried their victorious arms against their sovereign, slaughtered the priests and religious, burnt the churches and convents, dug up the dead to make bullets of their leaden coffins.* N. Froumenteau, one of their own writers, confesses that, in the single province of Dauphiny, they killed 256 priests and 112 monks and friars. In these scenes the famous Baron D'Adrets signalized his barbarity, forcing his Catholic prisoners to

* Maimbourg Hist. Calvanism. Thuanus' Hist. l. 31.

jump from the towers upon the piles of his soldiers, and obliging his own children to wash their hands in the blood of Catholics.

It would, sir, be wounding your feelings too much to carry on the recital of these barbarities as they occurred in the several countries I have mentioned, but I cannot avoid taking notice of the persecutions against Catholics carried on in England. With the exception of Mary's reign, and the unfortunate and short-lived one of James the Second, the Catholics of that kingdom have experienced nothing but persecution, from the reign of the infamous Henry, (whom you so ungratefully wish to discard as a reformer,) up to the accession of the present Royal Family. Not to fatigue you, I shall cite a few cases from Stowe's Chronicle, which occurred in the reign of "Good Queen Bess."—

"1578. John Nelson, priest, for denying the Queen's supremacy, *and such other traitorous words* against her Majesty, was drawn from Newgate to Tyburn, and there hanged, bowelled, and quartered.

"The 7th of February, one named Sherwood, was drawn from the Tower of London to Tyburn, and there hanged, bowelled, and quartered, *for the like treason.*

"1581. Everard Hanse, a seminary priest, was, in the Sessions Hall in the Old-Bailey arraigned, where he affirmed, that himself was subject to the Pope in ecclesiastical causes, and that the Pope had now the same authority here in England that he had an hundred years past, *with* other traitorous speeches, for which he was condemned and executed.

"1588. The 26th of August, were condemned six persons for being made priests beyond the seas; four temporal men for being *reconciled* to the Roman Church; and four others for relieving and abetting the others," all of whom were executed along with "Margaret Ward, gentlewoman, who had conveyed a cord to a priest in Bridewell, by means of which he made his escape.

"1600. June 21st. John Rigby was drawn from the King's Bench, in Southwark, to St Thomas Waterings, and there hanged, bowelled, and quartered, for being *reconciled* contrary to the statute!!!"

Were it necessary, I could swell the catalogue of these enormities to a frightful extent, and could adduce a variety of cases of persecution by Protestants of different denominations against each other, but I presume you will be right glad to have done.

3d, You maintain that the Catholic Church holds it lawful to depose and murder heretic sovereigns. I might also answer this charge, partly by recrimination in the same way as the last, and that not by allusions to particular authors, but by quotations from the writings of the Reformers themselves, but I shall merely observe, that the doctrine you impute to Catholics is disclaimed by them in their oaths to government, and was proscribed by Pope Pius the Sixth in his rescript of 17th June, 1791. It is also disclaimed by the opinions of the foreign universities.

But you *refer* in a *note* to the writings of St Thomas Aquinas, Gerson and Petit, in which you say encouragement is given *in plain terms* to the murder and deposition of heretic sovereigns. With regard to St Thomas, I must inform you, sir, that if you had read his writings, you would have found that the charge against him is unfounded, and that there is no such detestable doctrine to be found in any part of his numerous writings. You must have borrowed your assertion, *par hazard*, from some unprincipled calumniator; and though I am led to suppose, that you really believed it to be true, yet I trust you will not (if you should ever again resume the subject,) write at mere random against such a numerous body of your fellow Christians. St Thomas, sir, was a man celebrated for the holiness of his life and the moral tendency of his writings, a man, who, in place of inculcating the impious doctrine attributed (unintentionally, I trust, by you,) to him, expressly teaches that it is never lawful to deceive, even our enemies, by telling them a lie or breaking our promise. "Dupliciter aliquis potest falli ex facto vel dicto alterius; uno modo ex eo, quod ei dicitur falsum, vel non servatur promissum; et istud semper est illicitum; et hoc modo nullus debet hostes fallere."*

I would willingly allow Messrs Gerson and Petit to shift for themselves, for of the former I know nothing (which

* S. Thom. 2. 2. Q. 40. Art 3.

is perhaps as much as you yourself know,) and as for the latter, *that very council you have libelled have denounced his doctrine as heretical and scandalous!* but I shall, for your instruction, detail a few circumstances relative to Petit, which you are evidently unacquainted with. In the year 1407, John Sanspeur, Duke of Burgandy, having caused Louis, Duke of Orleans, only brother of Charles the Sixth, King of France, to be assassinated, formed a party, and raised a civil war. Among his partizans was John Petit, a Doctor of Paris, who had gained great reputation for his learning and eloquence. This unhappy man publicly defended the murder, and maintained, in substance, this wild proposition, That "any tyrant whatsoever may and ought, lawfully and meritoriously, to be murdered by any vassal or subject of his own, even by secret snares, or subtle flattery or adulation, notwithstanding any oath given, or agreement entered into with him, and without waiting the sentence or command of any judge whatsoever." As this affair was not settled when the council of Constance met, Petit's scandalous doctrine was brought before it, and, after a full hearing of the parties, the following condemnation was passed upon it: "The Sacred Synod, solicitous to combat this error, and root it out entirely, declares and defines, that this doctrine is erroneous in faith and morals; and therefore rejects and condemns it as heretical, scandalous, and opening a door to frauds, deceit, lies, treachery, and perjury. And, moreover, declares and decrees, that those who obstinately assert this most pernicious doctrine, are heretics, and, as such, are to be punished according to the sacred canons."* This sentence should for ever shut the mouths of those who accuse the Catholic Church of not keeping faith with heretics, and of holding it as a tenet, that it is lawful to depose and murder heretic sovereigns; for, in the first place, it condemns the doctrine of king-killing by their subjects as *erroneous in faith and morals*, as an *heretical, scandalous, and most pernicious doctrine;* and even though the prince should be a tyrant *of whatever kind; quilibet tyrannus*, as the condemned proposition expresses it. In the second place, the doctrine is not only condemned as heretical in itself, but also, because to assert it to be lawful, *notwithstanding any oath given or agreement entered into with the party, opens a door to frauds, deceit, lies, treachery, and perjury.* I am confident, sir, you will now feel indignant at those writers who have thus misled you, and blush at such an alliance.

If I might be allowed to indulge in pleasantry, after the melancholy recital which has been wrung from me by your unfounded and calumnious charges, there would be an ample field for it, in the circumstances of your turning heel upon Henry the Eighth, the father of the Reformation in England, and the first supreme head of its established church; but I shall forbear. It is very laudable, however, in you to wish to expunge Henry from the list of Protestant reformers, as I have no doubt you are heartily ashamed of him. Indeed, I am rather surprised that you have not disclaimed others of the same kidney, for truly, sir, there are many such.

In conclusion, I ask you to lay your hand on your heart and say, if you *now* really believe that Catholics hold it as a tenet of their religion, that no faith is to be kept with heretics or other persons differing from them in religious opinions—that they are persecutors from principle, and that they are taught that it is lawful to depose and murder heretic sovereigns. If any doubts should still remain on your mind, do, my good sir, examine our Catholic books of instruction for once at least, (for every word of your letter shews plainly that you have not yet done so,) and if you can substantiate any one of your charges, by a single quotation from them, I shall willingly abandon my religion. Above all, I would recommend to your attentive perusal "The Papist Represented and Misrepresented," a small work easily procured, written by the learned Gother, who at one time entertained the same opinions of the Catholic religion as you do, but who, afterwards, by proper inquiry, detected and exposed the gross falsehoods of Protestant writers who had misled him. How unfortunate it is, sir, that religious dis-

* Act. Conc. Constant. Sess. 15.

putes should be carried on in a manner different from all other subjects, without that charity which you justly characterise as the "essence of Christianity!" Philosophers and men of science, in combating the arguments of each other, never have recourse to misrepresentation, by inventing and imputing imaginary principles and axioms to their antagonists, and inferring conclusions. Yet this is precisely the case wherever the Catholic religion is in question. It is surely more consonant with reason, that Catholics should be better instructed in the principles and practices of their religion, and be more able to give an answer of the hope that is in them, than those who have been brought up in perfect ignorance of these principles and practices, in whose minds the most deep-rooted prejudices have been instilled, and who perhaps have never read a Catholic book of instruction in their lives.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your humble servant,
A Catholic Layman.

Edinburgh, 20th April, 1822.

CALCUTTA.

Chapter III.—Artists and Paintings.

On the following morning, after the usual ride round the course, we proceeded to a most substantial breakfast, consisting of ham, eggs, rice, fish, sweetmeats, and preserves, besides the other et ceteras which constitute that meal in England; and that discussed, I went to call on some gentlemen, with Mr Fanning as a cicerone, which procured me an introduction to a number of wealthy agents, and half a dozen invitations to dinner at different periods.

It is to be hoped that the word *agent* will not suggest to your Edinburgh readers the idea of a prim, stiff man of law, seated in the penetralia of his dwelling, surrounded with tables loaded with files of papers, and green boxes, ostentatiously labelled with the name of the unfortunate individual whose *estate* they contain; and which, I believe, o' my conscience, are exhibited on the same principle that induces sailors to nail up the tails of dolphins and other fish who have acted so like gudgeons as to let themselves be caught. Nor at the sound *agency* let them conceive an Edinburgh pawn-broker's shop, where are exposed for sale, flutes, books, seals, trinkets, and fowling-pieces—the ex-moveables of some unfortunate student of medicine, and placed there to give him the means of escaping the clutches of the tradesmen from whom he obtained them. A Calcutta agent, save that he has (in common with all mercantile men,) the keen eye to his own interest, so prominent in the one, and the close gripe in business transactions, proverbial to the other, resembles neither of these; he is the great mercantile leviathan of the east, combining in his own person the characters of banker, merchant, ship-owner, and underwriter; and holding the funds, is often the partner of the indigo planter and manufacturer. To all these he may be said, in some degree, to add the functions of shopkeeper; for though these gentlemen do not, like the *select men* of America, stand behind the counter of a *store*, (*anglice*, shop) yet goods are advertised by them in retail quantities, —their gentility occasionally being saved from compromise, by some one of their clerks, (whom they, in imitation of the Yankees, style assistants,) signing the advertisement.

This body, though unconnected with the honourable Company, which, in that part of the world, like the king in this, is the source of all honour, is still held in high consideration in India. This high station they do not derive from any mental superiority; for though there are many among them, particularly those who have been educated for other professions, possessing intellect and information that would adorn any circle of society, yet the mass are not much above the scale of the pilots I have described, and certainly not upon a par with the generality of the skippers who sail their ships. But they possess one power, to which the civil servant, however unwillingly, must bow down; and that is, the command

of money; for though these gentlemen deem themselves of higher rank, and their claim is allowed in a grand party, yet the enjoyment of this elevation is much modified by the recollection frequently obtruded upon them, that they either are, or may be, in the power of the agent, as few of them are independent of his aid; and should they at any time assume too much, they might, in the day of trouble, be repulsed with the taunt of Shylock, "Hath a dog monies?"

After accomplishing our calls to these people of worship, Mr F. took me to Mr Cheyne's, to see a portrait of himself, (Mr F.) which that artist was about to finish. When we first entered the house, we were had, as John Bunyan would express it, into a room, where, as Mr C. was engaged at his easel, we had some minutes to wait. This gave us an opportuity of looking at some of his best pictures. As most of these were portraits of people with whom I was unacquainted, they did not occupy my attention so much as a fine historical painting which almost filled one end of the room. The subject was, the delivering up the children of Tippoo Sahib as hostages to Lord Cornwallis. The scene was laid before Seringapatam; the walls of which, in the distance, were partially obscured by the smoke of a salute firing from the ramparts. The management of the whole was admirable; the group, though immense, was arranged without either confusion or stiffness; and the principle figures, Lord C., his staff, and the children, were prominent, though apparently not pushed forward. One which struck me most, was an old Hindoo vakeel, or ambassador, lame, and borne in a silver chair to witness this splendid degradation of his master's family—every line of whose venerable and care-worn face, seemed to express a lamentation on the instability of human greatness, and formed a striking contrast to the mirthful, polished faces of the young princes, animated by the pomp and circumstance of the surrounding pageant. The numerous crowd behind were all portraits; and from the individuality of feature, more especially the high cheek-boned harshness of some of my countrymen, I felt they must have been like.

I was given to understand that it was the work of an unfortunate son of genius, named Davis, I think; and from its high finish, and minuteness of detail, must have cost him the labour of years; but in an hour of necessity, he had sold it for a mere trifle, to one of those cognoscenti who make their knowledge of the fine arts the means of gratifying their rapacity, and hover round ill-fated artists, as vultures and carrion-crows round sickly cattle, in hopes of making a prey of them.

I had not done admiring this splendid production, when Mr C. entered the room, with his pallet on his thumb, and his mahl and brushes in his hand. He was a smart, active, little man, about the middle age; his face by no means handsome, but marked with a quick shrewd expression; and that no part of it might be lost, his hair was turned off his brow by a semi-circular comb, such as I have seen used by girls in this country, extending from the ears across the forehead; his manner and enunciation were *vif* and rapid, and the spring in his gait, as he whisk'd from place to place, demonstrated that neither a tropical climate, nor a sedentary profession, had subdued a frame naturally active and vigorous.

He took us into his study, where he was in the act of finishing a picture of a baronet and his lady; they were dressed in the Spanish costume, and made one of the handsomest couples I ever had seen. Family pictures are notoriously dull and stupid in general; for a mere portrait painter, after he has bestowed a book on the gentleman, (a superfluous gift, for he never reads it,) and placed a flower in the fair hand of mamma, leaves them in a state of such fashionable nonchalance as to each other's employments, that unless we are to suppose that they are personifying the husband and wife of Hogarth's Marriage A-la-Mode, we are at a loss to discover what brought them together on the same canvas. With C. the very reverse is the case; he seems to require something of a story in his picture to call forth all his energies; he is happier in his family groupings than perhaps any artist I have ever known, and his style has a boldness and strength in it that I can only explain by comparing it to that of Mr John Watson of Edinburgh.

The picture we came to see (a small full-length of my friend Fanning) was

a masterpiece of its kind. He was in full dress, in a ball-room—a pillar forming the back-ground. It was not only the strong resemblance of the features that struck me, but the painter had so completely caught the air and attitude of the man, that had the head been entirely erazed, there could have been no difficulty in recognizing the figure. There was, in fact, that charm which makes us feel, in looking on a picture, not a likeness, but the actual presence of the original—that painting of the mind, if I may so express myself, which distinguishes the artist of true genius from the servile copyist of colour and form.

I sat about an hour by his easel, while he put the finishing touches to this picture, and was particularly struck with the ease and rapidity with which his brush moved along the surface of his canvas. We then accompanied him to dinner, which was served about the same hour as other people's tiffin. Just as we were about to sit down, a gentleman was announced, who was introduced to me as Mr Buckingham, the same who was so unmercifully cut up in the last Quarterly. He seemed a very pleasant, clever kind of man; but had too much the air of a savant for a plain sailor like myself, and talked too much about Egypt and the Holy Land, Belzoni, the Pyramids, the Sphinx and Shaik Ibrahim—persons and things with whom I was at that time not so intimate as to be upon speaking terms. I could say a great deal about "this learned Theban," but shall reserve it for its proper place—that is, a paper I mean to write on the Calcutta press; only this, that there are some reasons I could explain to you for the venom which has been so lavishly (I don't say unjustly, for I don't understand the subject) poured out upon him by the reviewer, quite unconnected with the merits of the work; but Mr B. has ability enough to defend himself, and I am very much mistaken indeed if he has not equal inclination.

I found Mr C. a perfect enthusiast in his profession, and constant study of the theoretical, as well as practical parts of it, had made him a walking dictionary of anecdotes connected with it; these he told with such spirit, that, had they been in themselves dull, would have redeemed that fault. On my happening to name Wilkie, he got into raptures. "Sir," said he, "he is the cleverest man your country ever produced—he is the cleverest man that ever was in this world, by G—d; the very cleverest man that ever was created. A great Italian master, said he, studied his profession sixty years, and learned something new every day—I have studied mine nearly forty—thought I knew something about it—when a fellow starts up, who, the first time he ever takes a brush in his hand, proves he knows more of his business than us both put together—a boy whom nobody ever heard of before, comes from Scotland with a picture under his arm—lays it on the table ("*suiting the action to the word with a soup-plate,*") the very cleverest thing that ever was done on this earth, by G—d. A set of bunglers have attempted to imitate him. Any I have seen very *prosaic* indeed—quite impossible to imitate him—the thing, my good sir, never can be done." In reply to a question of mine as to the state of the art in Bengal, he said there were a few amateurs, among whom he mentioned as pre-eminent, the baronet whose picture I had admired. I have since learned that this gentleman is most accomplished in every way, and besides his talents in the higher branches of the graphic art, excelled in caricature, a dangerous power no doubt, but one which he possesses good sense enough to keep within proper bounds. C. did not tell me of this qualification of the knight's, chiefly, I suspect, because he had the misfortune to be the hero of a good number of his productions in that way. He also named an officer who painted a panoramic view of the breaking up of the Marquis's army after the Ghoorkah campaign, which was exhibited last year in Glasgow, and, I believe, formerly in Edinburgh. A young gentleman connected with a mercantile house in Calcutta, to whom he was giving some instructions, and who, from his unwearied assiduity, promised to become an artist. He has since published an account of the Ghoorkah war, and that picturesque country which he had full opportunities of delineating. And lastly, "a young Scotch officer of engineers, who," said Mr C. "excels in painting as he does in every thing else he attempts. I cannot, my good sir, bring myself to believe that he is only three and twenty, for my vanity can-

not be brought to own that a boy of that age can instruct me in my own profession." I afterwards saw some of this gentleman's architectural sketches, they were done in black lead, in the boat coming down between Barrakpore to Calcutta, and were curious, as well as beautiful, by shewing the perfection to which that style might be carried. His skies, particularly, had the regularly tippled appearance of an engraving, to a degree that I should have thought quite incompatible with the rapidity with which he executed them.

I asked him if there was no one who followed painting as a profession besides himself. He said there was only one, a Mr Hume, who, though an excellent painter, had not made much of it, so far as emolument went, but had of late been employed, with a handsome salary, by the Newaub of Lucknow. "When I heard of this piece of good fortune," said Mr C. "I thought poor H. has been unfortunate all his days, but he's in *luck now*." I ought to have stated that before I was three minutes in C.'s company, I found, that though his conversation was lively and agreeable, yet he was so totally abandoned to the vice of punning, that he could hardly utter a sentence without one—a sore grievance to me, who, never being able to make one myself that I was not obliged to explain afterwards, have as great an aversion to that species of wit as Mr Walter Shandy could have had for the very soul of him.

I afterwards saw the portrait of a lady by Mr H. executed when he was a very young artist. She was dressed in silks, which established a date much anterior to the present century, and a hat equally large, but much more picturesque than the coal scuttles which the ladies wear at present. The whole reminded me strongly of the style of the Flemish portrait painters. In his later paintings he has adopted a different style, which he thinks a vast improvement, but I (not being a connoiseur) do not like nearly so well as his old mode. Children are what he chiefly excels in.

On my expressing my admiration of a portrait of the Marquis of Hastings I had seen below stairs, and which I heard was to be engraved, Mr C. said he had been pretty successful in that, though not quite what he could wish. He mentioned, as the best of that nobleman he had ever done, one which he had painted for the Masonic Lodge at the Mauritius I think, the story of which he told with great complacency.

He had received an order for a full-length portrait of Lord Moira, to be hung up in the lodge-room, and accordingly, it was finished with masonic emblems, &c. and sent off with a note of the sum charged for it. The brethren were thunderstruck at the amount, and unanimously resolved that they would not receive the picture, so a letter to that effect was dispatched to Mr C. accordingly. As, however, there was no means of immediately returning the painting, the box in which it was contained was placed in the lodge-room until an opportunity should occur. Soon after, at at a meeting of the lodge, some one suggested that it would be as well to have a peep at the production for which so exorbitant a sum was demanded, and after some consultation the box was opened. When the picture was exposed to view, they were all perfectly dumbfounded, so far did it exceed the highest notions they had formed of it; and the result of their surprise and admiration was, to keep possession of the prize at all hazards. Accordingly, by a unanimous resolution, a letter was sent off to Mr C. enclosing a bill for the amount.

To an artist, who is, next to a poet, the vainest of all created beings, this triumph of taste over avarice must have been the most flattering compliment that possibly could have been paid, and so C. seemed to feel it. "I thought a thousand times more of it," said he, "than if they had given it at once."

We rose to depart, after spending a more rational evening than I had supposed Calcutta had in store for me, and on my return home I found an invitation awaiting me to a grand dinner for the next day. The gentleman apologized for the shortness of the notice, a useless piece of etiquette, for had the card come much sooner, it would have had to wait my own arrival.

Chapter IV.—A Burrah Khanna.*

The next forenoon I was occupied in going through the auction rooms, (which marts I may hereafter see fit to describe), and that and the usual forenoon routine business over, we set off about seven in the evening for the grand entertainment.

Though the evening was oppressively hot, we were under the necessity of going in our cloth coats, but took our cotton jackets in the palanquin with us, least, peradventure, our host should happen to be a man of sense, and permit us to wear them, and this, happily for us, proved to be the case. Indeed, it is now pretty generally understood in Calcutta, that even in the most ceremonious parties, (the government house always excepted) a man, after making his bow to the lady of the house, if any, or to the company, if not, may throw off these troublesome exuviæ—but at that time some great people, high in the church and the army, had set their faces most fiercely against the Jacket system, and compelled all within the sphere of their authority to appear in strictly professional habiliments—insomuch, that a major-general in his Majesty's service presided at the piano at a subscription concert, in what soldiers call review order—and perhaps they had reason on their side, for they drew their inferences from those of their respective callings, with whom they were best acquainted, and deduced from these that there were clergymen in this world whose holiness went no deeper than their gowns, and soldiers, whose best claim to that title lay in their regimentals.

We were ushered into a large hall, called by its inhabitants a drawing-room, where a good number of the party were already assembled, who seemed very much at a loss how to dispose of themselves. The ladies sat on sofas whispering to each other, and the gentlemen lounged up and down the room, or stood in groups in the veranda. A kind of momentary relief was afforded as each succeeding sound of the gong† announced an addition to the party, for though it proclaimed the sex of each approaching guest, it left the name open to conjecture. But, on the whole, the party had much the air of people preparing themselves for something that was to be suffered rather than enjoyed.

We should have got over this part of the fatigue much sooner, had it not unluckily so happened, that two young ladies had just arrived from England, whom their chaperones had determined to produce with eclat on their first public appearance in the promised land of husbands. Those experienced matrons, well aware of the importance of first impressions, were detained adorning their protegées; and, if I might judge from the result, endeavouring to find out some vacant spot on their dress, whereon to stick an additional ornament. Perhaps also they might be aware of the effect that would be produced by bringing them on the stage by themselves, when all the rest were assembled and impatiently waiting their arrival. Here it may be necessary, gentle reader, to inform you, that when a young lady is *got off* in Calcutta, a full share of the credit remains with the lady who has brought her out. Indeed often, though the young lady should be so handsome as not to stand in need of her aid, the elderly gentlewoman usurps the whole merit, so you may have some notion of what plotting and jockeying there must be among the tabbies when the market is a little overstocked with beauty and fashion. On this occasion some of the company made no allowance for these laudable feelings; for, after waiting a full half hour, during which some sat in a state of half comic half sulky resignation, while others, particularly the elder part of the gentlemen, expressed their impatience by low peevish mutterings, and some pretty broad hints to the master of the house, about the impropriety of allowing the dinner to be spoiled to humour the caprice of a couple of silly girls, who were only shewing off *Europe airs*.

When this state of things had arri-

* Grand dinner.

† At the outer gate of a Calcutta mansion, a gong, or circular plate of bell-metal, is suspended, which the durwan, or porter, strikes with a wooden mallet, to announce the entrance of a visitor. One blow is generally given for a gentleman, two for a lady, &c.

ved at its acme, the gong was struck with a thundering sound—the bell in Venice Preserved, or the clock in Puff's tragedy, could not have had a more startling effect, or more completely begot an awful attention in the audience. The sound seemed unexpected, for every one started as if electrified. Any conversation which might have been going on was instantly broken off, and every neck was stretched and every eye fixed on the door at which they were to enter, while only the tap of their feet was as yet heard on the stair. At last, preceded by their matrons as heralds, in they came, swimming, and sailing, and sparkling, and blushing, and simpering, amidst a perfectly audible murmur of applause.

Admiration is grateful to all mankind, and not particularly displeasing to most women; but there may be too much of a good thing, as these ladies seemed to feel, for after the first buzz of approbation had ceased, and the fixed stedfast gaze with which they had been scrutinized was withdrawn, the company divided itself into small parties, and a whispering consultation commenced, which, from the keen penetrating glances ever and anon thrown towards the part of the room where they were seated, it was evident that every one was busy criticising their merits and appearance; and when this was in some degree settled, the young gentlemen of the party approached nearer, for the benefit of a more minute inspection; and so much did their close-knowing examination, and the cool air with which it was gone through, remind me of jockies reconnoitring a horse, that I felt an involuntary terror, that they would not trust their judgments to the evidence of their visual organs alone, but call in touch to their aid, and I every moment dreaded that they would pass their hands along the young ladies' shin-bones in search of splints and spavins.

From the evident embarrassment which all this caused, the poor girls were relieved by dinner being announced, and a rush was made towards them by a band of youngsters, each eager to hand them to table. By the bye, they order these things much better in the east than in Scotland. Here, after the gentleman of the house has settled in a family council, consisting of his wife and daughters, with a maiden aunt or two as assessors, which lady he has to hand to the dining-room, and having adjusted, with the most scrupulous exactness, how far rank, seniority, being the stranger, the bride, or the person to whom the dinner is given, shall preponderate, the happy fair is handed out by the tips of the fingers by mine host, with an air of deference and politeness which bears the visible impress of a dancing-school of the last century; and the rest of the ladies, who, to do them justice, have generally settled in their own mind what is their place in the procession, file in without much confusion; but then follows a scene of almost Chinese ceremony among the men, bowing, waving hands, and disclaiming the honour, so that the gentleman of the house, and all the ladies, have some minutes to stand staring at each other before the head of the male column gains the dining-room. In India it is got through much more easily, for each gentleman offers his arm to a lady, and they, as I remarked before, knowing their places, get through it at once.

As I had not the honour of being acquainted with any of the ladies present, I stood out of the way, and allowed others to hand them, and was leisurely following the crowd, when I observed, for the first time, a plainish, modest-looking girl standing in apparent confusion, as if uncertain how to act. So very small is my knowledge of these matters, that, though willing to be of service to her, I did not exactly know how, but thought that the good-natured way would be to offer her my arm, first looking round me to see that there was no one who, if it was rejected, might witness my mortification. It was accepted, however, with an avidity, and acknowledged with a warmth that I was by no means prepared for; and my first impression was, that I must be neither so awkward nor ill-favoured as my friends had always pronounced me. I fear vanity is the sin that doth most easily beset me; and on this occasion I felt "mightily uplifted" by the partiality which this young lady had so unequivocally shewn for me, and the immediate effect of it was, that she rose in my estimation rapidly. I thought her by no means so plain as I had done at first, and was quite convinced that she had a sensible expression which I never had seen in a female face before.

On my part, I endeavoured to acquit

myself in my new office with the best grace possible, by throwing back my shoulders to the utmost extent that the usual lounging stoop of my gait would permit, and protruding my *thorax* and *abdomen* (as our surgeon calls them) to the extremest inch, without losing altogether my equilibrium. It then came into my head that it would be proper to say something, but though (thank God) neither diffidence nor want of words can be ranked among my failings, yet I could not for the soul of me fix upon a proper topic. I was soon, however, relieved from the difficulty of commencing a conversation, by the lady remarking that she was afraid she should have been *shipwrecked.* I thought this a queer beginning, but as it referred to a misfortune which could not fail to excite my sincerest sympathy, I said I hoped she had had no recent cause for such an alarm. "But I have though," replied she gaily, "I was shipwrecked twice very lately." Notwithstanding the sensible expression, I began shrewdly to suspect that my fair friend must needs be a little cracked in her upper story, to talk so coolly of such a calamity; but thinking that I must say something whether or not, I asked her if this occurred on her voyage out. At this question she burst forth into a most irrepressible fit of laughter, and, as soon as she could speak, told me, that *shipwreck*, as applied to a young lady in Calcutta, meant the necessity of walking unattended to the drawing-room. An evil which, being considered ominous, is almost as much deprecated by spinsters, as its synonyme by sailors, and, as instantly flashed upon me, this was the cause of the lady's alacrity in accepting even *my* arm.

There are, no doubt, many of my readers who will be inclined to laugh at my vanity, and exult in my mortification, but those who are best acquainted with themselves and the world, will be readiest to excuse the one, and sympathize with the other.

If the purpose of a dinner be (as the vulgar are apt to imagine) to eat, an Indian grand entertainment is worse calculated for that end than any with which I am acquainted. The space between the first dish being laid on the table, and the whole being arranged, gives just time enough for the meat to cool sufficiently to render it uneatable, to impart, during the process, a sufficient portion of its redundant caloric, as Dr H. would call it, to the wine, to make it unfit to be drank, —add to this, a room about sixty feet long, and high and broad in the proportions of a coffin, in which from fifty to sixty people sit down to dinner, each attended by one servant at least, some by two, some by three, and young cadets and writers often by four, and you may imagine what heat, and crowding, and squeezing, will take place. In fact, a man can have but little choice of what he eats—he must generally dine off the dish nearest to him. One thing for which I was thankful was, that among the other follies they have adopted from Europe, that of two courses has not yet found its way into Bengal.

What appears to me to be at the root of all evil in the social intercourse of Calcutta, is a veneration approaching almost to idolatry, for one cabalistic word, *splendour*, an ideal deity, at whose shrine domestic comfort is daily immolated, and which, could it be analyzed, would most likely be found to be made up of crowd, glare, glitter, plate, noise, and nonsense. A grand dinner there, like every thing else, is splendid. A profusion of silver dishes are ranged in triple row, from one end of the table to the other. Three yards of the centre is occupied by a plateau, on which is erected an epergne, flanked by little alabaster figures, China shepherds and shepherdesses, procelain vases filled with flowers, and the other et ceteras which generally ornament the drawing-room mantel-shelf of ancient maiden ladies. This, with the crowd, the number and picturesque costumes of the attendants, the pendulum-like motion of the painted and gilded punkahs, and the stream of softened light thrown from the numerous lamps, painted and plain, projecting from the walls, or suspended from the ceiling, produce a mighty grand melo-dramatic kind of effect, if one could behold it only as a spectator, and not undergo the fatigue of being an actor in the *spectacle.*

The people of Great Britain entertain an erroneous notion of their countrymen of the east, whom they imagine to be perfect Chesterfields in their manners and address. What would

any lady, above the level of M. Nodier's higher ranks in Glasgow, say of a gentleman who kept puffing tobacco smoke in her ear, and that too before the cloth was off the table? Yet this is the practice in every house in Calcutta, with the exception of that occupied by the Governor-General. Another notion as prevalent, but equally erroneous, is, that the affected soft voice assumed by some of our Anglo-Asiatics, is the common tone in which conversation is carried on in the east. You, my dear Mr North, will see the folly of this when I tell you, that a room there is as large, and more open, than a barn—the servants inhabit outhouses, and there being no bells, they use no other mode of calling them but by hollooing at the very top of their lungs; after this they had better tell us that they acquired their piano notes from the boatswain on the voyage home.

One unavoidable disadvantage of the large unwieldy companies I have described is, that the guests, whenever it is practicable, form themselves into smaller parties, a mode which answers all purposes of conversation pretty well, except when a stranger happens (as has often been my misfortune) to be placed between two people whom he never has seen before, and who, being acquainted with their next-hand neighbours, are not under the necessity of taking any notice of him. And if they can get any one to speak to, they seldom address a stranger for fear they might be inadvertently betrayed into conversation with a man beneath their rank. So making what soldiers would call a quarter face outwards, they leave the pivot isolated, to spend the evening as best he may.

After the ladies had retired, most of these minor parties being broken up, a dead silence ensued, the stillness of which was only disturbed by a half-whispering conversation, from some gentlemen at one end of the table, who were "handling a matter" with great earnestness; but being conscious, that as no one present had any thing else to occupy his attention, the company would most likely listen to what they were saying. In the meantime, the rounds of the bottle were, like angels' visits upon earth, "few and far between," so that I was not ill pleased to see a kind of fidgetty motion amongst some of the party, which ended in a general move to the ladies, more especially as I made sure of enjoying the conversation of the nymph, who, I half believed, I had fallen in love with; but when I entered the drawing-room, I had the mortification to perceive by her manner, (she having attracted a young civilian to her side) that, to use a royal expression, she had no further occasion for my services.

The drawing-room now was somewhat less stiff than before dinner. A lady sat thumping an unfortunate piano, the groans of which were softened, if not drowned, by a running bass, performed by the hookahs of half-a-dozen gentlemen who surrounded it;—a party sat round a table constructing words out of ivory letters, cudgelling their brains to solve the enigmatic mysteries of riddles and charades, or scratching their heads, in hopeless uncertainty over the inexplicable mazes of Chinese puzzles. Thus passed a heavy hour. At last palanquins and carriages were announced, and the company, after formal congés, withdrew. For myself, I returned home, jaded, tired, and bedivelled, to such a degree, that it was not till after half-a-dozen tumblers of brandy and water that I got into *sorts* again.

It must not be supposed that this is a picture of *every* grand dinner in Calcutta, much less that it represents the whole of the social and convivial intercourse of our Asiatic fellow-countrymen. I have seen large parties where the dinner was excellent, and the guests had room to eat it, and I have seen oriental drawing-rooms, which, if they wanted the ponderous wit of a bluestocking coterie, had at least none of its dulness.

C. B.

Bute, 25th April.

WALTER OF AQUITAINE.—AN HISTORIC ROMANCE.

THE ancient poem, of which we are about to give an account, belongs to that extraordinary *Cyclus* of poetry (as the German critics have termed it) which relates the overthrow of the heroic house of the Nibelungs, and the extinction of their line. What is before us is the *German* translation of a *Latin* original; of which the oldest, most complete, and apparently the most correct copy, is contained in a MS. *of the ninth century*, written on parchment, and extant when this translation was made, in the Margrave's library at Carlsruhe. The Latin poem was published at Leipsig, with a good commentary by Professor FISCHER, of Halle, about the year 1780, from an incomplete MS. of the thirteenth century. The translation in question was made soon after, from the older MS. by Fr. Molter, the librarian; his preface bearing the date 1782, though the year on the title-page of *our* copy is 1818.

The poem, which is in four cantos, is remarkable for a character of antique simplicity, rudeness, and strength; and though its phraseology is often imitated from the classical poets of Rome, a necessary effect of writing with any feeling in their language and measure, often borrowing their expressions, with here and there the appropriation of a line, or a longer passage, yet is it animated and moulded, as a whole, by an unequivocal native German spirit. The manners bespeak their own originality; and the story is of the pure type of ROMANCE;—interesting to literary research, as it presents an authentic specimen of that kind of composition, from the native fable of modern Europe, in a much older form than we elsewhere possess. From the internal character, the subject, and, as far as it appears, the date, there is little room to doubt, that it is itself taken (not indeed as a translation, but in the free manner in which tales were rendered from one language to another,) directly from one of those ancient *historical poems* of the Germans, which, as is well known, were in existence in an oral state to the time of Charlemagne, by whose command they were collected and *written*.—And which, in the opinion of the best German critics, in part remain to us, though unquestionably, as remodelled, in a much later form, in the *Lied der Nibelungen*, and the other old rhythmical romances, which relate to the adventures of the same and contemporary heroes. It is in this light, as an original German, not as a barbarous Latin poem, that this piece is curious and valuable; and it is upon this consideration, that we have thought it worth while, in the difficulty, in this country at least, of meeting with the Latin original, to give an account of it from the present translation. Our story will be sometimes an abstract, sometimes a simple rendering of the version in our hands, which we have reason to regard as very literal; and which, it may here be observed, is executed, notwithstanding its fidelity, with much force and spirit,—in blank verse, as it should seem intentionally rude. The reader will remark a sprinkling of the author's learning at the outset, which reappears occasionally during his progress, but troubles him least when he is most earnestly engaged in the real interest of his narration.—

The third part of the earth, my brothers, is Europe. This is divided into many nations, unlike in name, manners, speech, religion. In Pannonia are the Huns seated, a gallant people, who, flourishing in virtues as in arms, ruled not only over the bordering countries, but stretched their might to the ocean-strand; and, masters of peace and war, have reigned more than a thousand years.

This empire, in former times, King ATTILA held. He summoned his host, and ordered his march for the territory of the Franks. The Frank King Gibicho, held rejoicing for an heir, the Prince GUNTHER, when tidings reached him that a power, exceeding in number the sand and the stars, was marching over the Ister. He called together his council to deliberate on the national emergency; and it was resolved to accede to the alliance of the Huns, to give tribute and hostages as required, rather than expose land and life, wives and children, to the fury of the invaders.

At the court was a noble stripling,

of *Trojan* blood, of high endowments, HAGANO.* As the Prince Gunther was yet too young to be removed from a mother's care, HE was chosen for the pledge of peace; and ambassadors took the youth, and the tribute, and made good the league.

At that time was Burgundy divided under strong sceptres.—Herrich held the mightiest. He had one daughter, HILTEGUND, noble in soul and form, the destined heiress of his kingdom and his long-collected treasures. But when peace was made between the *Avars* and the Franks, and the host turned back from the frontier, Attila directed his swift march on Burgundy. Already had they passed the deep streams, the Saone and the Rhone, and spread themselves out for plunder. At that time was Herrich at Chalons. Suddenly the watchman looked up, and cried, "A cloud of dust arises.—The foe comes.—Make fast the gates." The King goes to council. He knew what had been done in the land of the Franks. He proposes to render tribute and make friendship with the Huns, offering his daughter as hostage.—The council assent.—Messengers are dispatched to Attila, who, receiving them with his accustomed friendship, said, "More disposed to alliances than to battles, the people of the Huns ruleth willingly in peace. Unwillingly we take up arms, and those only who oppose us do we smite. Let the King come, and give and take peace." The King accordingly comes, brings uncourted gifts and his daughter.—"The fairest jewel of her parents goes into misery;" and the alliance is concluded.—Attila proceeds westward.

The kingdom of Aquitaine was at that time governed by Alpher, whose son, Prince WALTER, was then just rising into the bloom of youth. This king was under compact with Herrich, to wed their two children as soon as their age should permit. Alpher saw the approach of the conquerors, and feared. "To what end," said he, "do we stand on our defence, when we can make no war? Doth not Burgundy, doth not the Frank shew us example? Will it dishonour us to be like these?" And he too submits to the tributary alliance, and delivers his son into the hands of Attila as hostage for his good faith. Loaded with treasures, and with joyful hearts, the Huns withdrew, and took Hagano, the beautiful Hiltegund, and Prince Walter, with them.

Attila, who discovers himself to be a monarch of much more amiable dispositions than has been usually understood, treats his prisoners very gently; shewing them nothing but love and indulgence, and educating them as if they were his own children. The two youths were never out of his sight; and he deigned to be himself their instructor in noble arts, and in those games of war which the Huns were wont from time to time to hold. They grew in spirit as in years, till they excelled heroes in prowess, and sages in wit. No Hun might be their mate. They held the first places in Attila's wars, and triumphed in every field; on which account they became very dear to him. The Lady Hiltegund too, through her diligence, her skill in women's employments, and her chosen manners, was in no less favour with the Queen, to whose service she had been attached. She was appointed keeper of the royal treasure, and in the household might almost be said to rule jointly with the Queen, for nothing was done but by her counsel and direction.

In the meantime King Gibicho dies; and his son, Prince Gunther, on his accession, refuses tribute; which Hagano no sooner hears, than he makes his escape, and joins his Prince. Walter was at that time absent on one of his victorious expeditions. Ospirin the Queen, arguing from Hagano's proceeding what Walter's was likely to be, prudently bespeaks the King, communicating to him her apprehensions, and recommending to him as soon as Walter shall return, for whom

* *Hagen* or *Hagene*, as his name is found in the German Romances, especially in the poem of the NIBELUNGS, of which he is a principal hero. His designation is of *Troneg*, *Tronege*, or *Tronie*, as it is variously written; either the ancient name of Kirchheim in Alsace, not far from Strasburgh, or, possibly, *Troneck* near Treves. But some forms of the story give *Troja* instead, incorrectly, as in the present poem. It is remarkable how early the great tale of Troy, which took such strong hold upon the fancy of the new nations of Europe, began to corrupt the traditions of their native history.

she expresses the highest regard, calling him nothing less than the pillar of the state, to address him in a very gracious speech, commending all his great and valuable services, and desiring him in return to chuse a wife out of the noblest houses in Pannonia, with assurance of advancing him so high in the country and in the palace, that no one shall blush to have given him his daughter. The hero returns, and Attila punctually executes the Queen's suggestion. But Prince Walter, who all the while the King was speaking, was judiciously considering what answer he should make him, eludes the snare; and representing to Attila that a married man can never be a true warrior, that it is for the state's service he should remain single, and that all he desires in the world is to perform his duty to the King with all faith, zeal, and obedience, the good-hearted Attila is willing to hope that all may yet go well, and gives up his proposal.

At this juncture, one of the vanquished nations revolts; and Walter is sent to reduce them to submission. He overthrows their host with his customary facility, in one great battle, and returns home in splendid triumph. The court-followers run out to meet him, and begin questioning him about his campaign. He tells them as much as serves to pacify their curiosity, and then wearily treading the court, he passes on to the chambers of the palace. There he finds Hiltegund. When he had kissed, and tenderly embraced her, "Give me, love," he said, "to drink, for I am faint and wearied." She fills a costly goblet with wine, and reaches it to the warrior; and stands by, gazing in silence, upon the countenance of her lord, till Walter had drained it off, and returned it empty to her hand. They knew both that they were destined to one another. Then thus bespeaks he the beloved maiden:—"So long a time do we suffer in misery, and know what our parents have resolved concerning us. How long do we stifle this within the speechless mouth?"—The maiden thinks he mocks her.—She is silent a little space, and answers, "Why speakest thou with feigned tongue that which in thy inward soul thou disdainest, persuading me with thy lips, whilst thy heart gainsays, as thinking it a scorn to take such a bride?"—The youth replies with prudence, assuring her that he speaks sincerely; and adds, "Did I know that thou wert ready to hearken to me, and to yield belief and compliance to my hidden wishes, I would discover to thee in confidence the secrets of my heart." Therewith the damsel bows herself to the knee of the young hero, and says, "Whither thou callest, my lord, will I diligently follow, nor will I ever prefer aught to thy will and behest."—"Know then," said he, "I am long since weary of this exile. Oftentimes do I bethink me of the ever dear borders of our native land, which we had no choice but to forsake. I will now speed my secret flight. This might I indeed have done many days ago, but it rued me to leave thee, Hiltegund, alone behind me." The good maiden spoke from her inmost bosom: "Let my lord command. Good and ill will I bear willingly through love to him." Walter then imparts to her his plans, and gives her her instructions. Her own preparations are such as, it must be regretted, are not reconcileable with our usual expectation of the principles of heroes and heroines. Being keeper of the treasure, she is to bring Walter the King's helmet and coat of mail, and the treble-twisted cuirass that bears the artist's mark. She is then to take two moderate-sized chests, and in these so much of the bracelets and jewels of Pannonia, that she can scarce lift one up to the breast: four pair of sandals for him, and as many for herself. So will the chests be tolerably well filled. Nor must she forget the crooked-toothed angling gear, for both fish and birds must be their meat. Necessity will teach him the manner of its use. All this is to be ready in a week. The part he takes upon himself is in the way of more pardonable stratagem, and is conceived in perfect adaptation to the manners and customs of the court of Pannonia. When Phœbus the seventh time returns on his course, he will give a jocund and sumptuous banquet to the King and Queen, the princes, the military commanders, and the officers of the court, all of whom he trusts, by liberal and diligent entertainment, to place out of the danger of offering any interruption to the farther proceedings of their intended flight. She must be careful to drink as little as possible, scarcely allowing herself as much as will allay her thirst. At the moment of their

rising from *eating*, she is to betake herself to her employment, and he to his. When he has succeeded in shutting up the eyes and the understandings of his guests he will join her, and they are then to set out for the tracts of the north. She disposes herself to execute her charge.

The day of the feast is arrived. The court of the palace is covered over with magnificent hangings, and the tables are loaded. The King enters; the noble warrior bows to him with accustomed reverence, and leads him to his throne. The King takes his seat, with a Duke (a military leader) on either hand. The officer of the court marshals the rest to their places, and the company sit down by hundreds. The guests sweat, it is related, with the quantity they have to eat; and as soon as one course is carried off, another is brought in. The colour and the sweetness of the wine are irresistible, and they drink very much to their satisfaction during dinner, their host sedulously encouraging them. At length the tables are removed, and the hero, Walter, advancing before the monarch, thus addresses him:—"I entreat thee, my lord and sovereign, let thy favour to me now be seen, and be thou an example to all that are here present, to make themselves joyous with thee." With this he hands him a drinking-vessel, graven with the deeds of the mighty dead; which the King condescendingly empties at a draught, commanding all the others to drink after him. Walter's design takes effect to the height of his wishes. The King and his whole court are more and more convinced with wine and wassail, till at last they are all laid about on the ground so effectually composed for the night, that if the walls had been in flames, says our author, not one of them would have known there was any thing the matter. Walter, who, in thus disposing of the senses of his guests, had most heedfully guarded his own, now calls his Princess to bring down what she had prepared; and going to the stable, he leads out the conqueror of all horses, whom for his strength he had named the Lion. He equips him, loads him with the two chests, one on each side, with a moderate supply of provisions for their long journey, and gives the bridle into the maiden's hand. He himself, mailed like a giant, sets a helmet, over which a red crest of feathers nods, upon his head, on his thighs puts golden cuishes, girds his two-edged sword on his left side, and on his right hip the steel sharpened after the manner of Pannonia, on one edge only. With his right hand he grasps the spear, the shield with his left. Thus furnished for their flight, they set out; Hiltegund leading the war-horse, who bare more than a ton of gold. They travelled as far as they were able that night; kept the woods in the day-time; avoided all hamlets and open fields, and held their course as much as possible by unfrequented and devious mountain-paths.

About noon the next day, the guests began to awake and to inquire for Walter, that they might greet him with solemn praises and thanks for his hospitality. Attila himself, holding his head with both hands, came from his sleeping-chamber, calling on Walter with groans and sighs, possibly, says our author, intending to complain to him of his head-ache. The servants bring word that Walter is no where to be found. Attila still hopes that he is only sleeping out his carouse in some more unmolested place of rest. But when Ospirin saw that Hiltegund too was missing, and did not attend as usual to attire her, she knew that her fears were accomplished. She tells Attila that Walter has fled, and takes the Princess with him. "Alas for the wine that has laid Pannonia desolate! The prop of the Empire is gone. Strength and renowned valour depart from the land. He that was the light of Pannonia, the proud warrior Walter, is fled, and has carried off with him my beloved Hiltegund."

The King is full of anger, grief, and consternation; and, for that day and night, appears to be too much disconcerted with his misfortune to know what course to pursue. The next morning he assembles and addresses his Senate, —"O who will bring me back the runaway Walter, chained like a misbehaved hound? I will clothe him in pure gold, I will heap lands upon him, nor stint though I stop his way with tons of gold!"—But in all the Empire was neither Prince nor Duke, Count nor warrior, nor armour-bearer, gladly as he would have shewn his prowess in the field, to win lasting renown and treasures too by his achievements, that would dare to overtake the hero with

arms; for they had seen the slaughter he made, and how he always stood invulnerable in the fight. So that the King was not able to persuade any one on such perilous conditions to earn the tons of gold which he proffered.

Meanwhile Walter fled: and, as was observed, he journeyed by night, and when day came sought the thickets and woods. With cunning he enticed the birds, catching them now with bird-lime, now with springes. When he came where a stream ran in windings, he threw in his line. All the time of his flight Walter, the honourable hero, behaved himself full of modesty and virtue towards his maiden. Forty times had the sun brought back day to the world since he left the Pannonian city, when he came at evening to the bank of the river Rhine, which holds its course onward towards the royal capital, Worms. He gave there instead of money for his passage, the fish he had taken, and hastened forwards. With day-break the ferryman sought the city, carrying to the King's head-cook the fish he had received for his fare. They were richly served up. The King was in admiration when he beheld them. "Never," said he, "did my France yield me such fish as these are. Methinks they are surely from another land. Who brought them?"—On the report of the head-cook the ferryman is sent for, who, on being questioned, answers,—"I sat yesterday evening by the Rhine-strand, and saw that one journeying came armed from head to foot, as he that expecteth some fight. He came all iron, renowned King, and whither he went, he bears his broad shield and his naked lance with him. He seemed like a man of prowess; though he bore a heavy load, he strode with mighty steps. A damsel follows him, adorned with incredible beauty, treading fast on the heels of the youth, and leading by the bridle a gallant steed, that on his back bears two chests nothing small. As oft as the proud beast shakes his lofty mane, and throws forward his supple limbs, they give out a sound, as if gold and jewels struck together. This stranger gave me for my hire the fish of which you demand me."

Hagano, who sat at meat with the King, could not for a moment be deceived on hearing this report. "Rejoice with me," he cries, "I know well who it is. My fellow-captive Walter returns home from the Huns!"—The whole court rejoices.—But King Gunther has other thoughts in his head: "Rejoice with me," he cries, "that I have lived to this fortune. That treasure which Gibicho my father sent to the eastern King, the Heavenly Ruler sends me back." Crying thus aloud, he pushes the table from him with his foot, and springs up: commands to bring out his war-horse, and to cover him with the carved saddle. He seeks among the whole people twelve men stark of strength, and of tried courage. Hagano must be of their company. But mindful of ancient faith and of his former comrade, Hagano strives hard to dissuade the King, his lord, from his purpose. The unfortunate King will listen to no remonstrance, and they go forth from the town.

In the mean time the courageous man journeys forward from the river into the Wasgau, as it was then, says the poet, and is still called. Here a boundless forest extends: the haunt of wild beasts, and often resounding with hound and horn. In the midst of the desert rise two contiguous hills: between them winds inward a very narrow but a pleasant cavern, not shaped in the hollow earth, but by the meeting of the overhanging rocks,—a convenient retreat for blood-thirsty robbers. It was now grown over with the green matting of grass. The youth scarce saw it ere he exclaimed, "Here let us enter. Here in this lair is it good to give the weary body to rest." Since he had made his escape from the Avars had he tasted no sleep, save resting on his shield, and scarce trusting to close his eyes. But now for once he laid aside his warlike burthen, and sunk on the lap of the maid, saying to her, "Look, Hiltegund, watchfully around thee. And when thou seest a dark cloud ascend, then gently touch me, to give me the signal to arise. And shouldst thou behold even the mightiest host, yet beware thee, beloved, to call me suddenly from sleep. From this place canst thou stretch thy keen sight far into the distance." With that he closed his lightsome eyes, and tasted long the oft-wished-for sleep.

Gunther and his companions come, Hagano still warning them, but still in vain.

When Hiltegund from the ascent of the hill saw the dust rising, and might hear the distant sound of the coming,

she gently touches Walter to awaken him. The youth rises, leisurely arms himself, and then, leaping, hews into the empty air, as a prelude to the grateful fight. The maiden sees the sparkling lances draw near, and believing that they are overtaken by the Huns, kneels down, and begs her betrothed, since she must not share his bed, to take her life, that she may suffer no other embrace. "Shall I stain myself," said the youth, "with innocent blood? How shall my sword destroy my foes, if it spare not my so beloved friend? Fear not. He who has saved me in so many perils, has power to save me now." He then lifted up his eyes, and cried, "Not Huns are here, but those knaves the Franks, the dwellers of the land. And," cried he, laughing, as he distinguished Hagano's helmet, "see, there is Hagano too, my old comrade in arms." With these words he places himself at the entrance of his retreat, and says to the lady, "Hear a proud word which I now speak. From this place no Frank returns to boast with his wife, that he has borne away aught with impunity of this rich treasure." Scarce had he said it, when he fell to the earth, and implored forgiveness of the words he had spoken.—On rising, he regards every thing more attentively, and says that he fears only Hagano of all that he sees: for *he* knows his manner of fighting, and is himself a practised warrior: yet he hopes with God's help to vanquish him too, "and then, Hiltegund, my bride, then am I thine."

When Hagano beheld Walter, he again addressed himself to the King, urging him, before any act of violence, to send one to inquire of the stranger his name and race. It was possible he might be willing to yield up his treasure without bloodshed. If it was indeed Walter, he would, "as a wise soldier, for the sake of honour, be willing to concede to the King." The King sends forward Camelo, who had been set as Burgrave over Metz by the Franks, and who had arrived but the day before at the court, bringing presents. He demands of Walter who he is,—whence and whither he journeys. Walter, in reply, desires to know whether he speaks of himself, or under authority of another. Camelo replies with proud lips, "Know that King Gunther, who rules over this land, has sent me to inquire into thy matters." The youth makes answer, "I know not in truth what need there is to inquire into a traveller's affairs. But I do not shun to declare mine. My name is Walter. Aquitaine gave me birth. I was delivered young by my father to the Huns, as a hostage. With them have I lived. These left I lately from desire to see with delight my dear native land, and my gracious people." Camelo requires of him, on the King's part, his treasure, his steed, and his maiden; assuring him, that on his quiet compliance, he shall be injured neither in life nor limb. "Is thy King a God," answers Walter, "to be the giver of life?—What! has he laid the strength of his arm upon me?—Has he cast me into his dungeon?—Has he bound my hands behind my back?" Nevertheless, for honour to the King's name, he offers him, if he will suffer him to go peaceably on his way, a hundred bracelets of precious metal. The ambassador returns, and Hagano is very earnest with the King to agree to the proposal. "Take the tendered jewels, and adorn with them those who accompany thee, father! Give up a strife in which thou canst not conquer!" He then adds the warning of a vision of the preceding night, in which he had beheld the King contending with a bear, which, after a long conflict, he saw rend up his leg to the knee, and to the hip, and which, when he himself came to his aid, flung itself upon him, and with its teeth tore out his eyes. Gunther vehemently upbraids Hagano with cowardice, like that, as he says, of his father *Agathias*, (a name for which it seems difficult to conjecture a German origin). The hero in great anger refuses all participation in the violence they are about to commit, and retires to a neighbouring hill, where he dismounts and sits down to await as a spectator the issue of the combat. And this brings us to the middle of the second canto.

From this place to nearly the end of the third is occupied in disposing of the King's eleven knights, who proceed, one after another, against Walter, and are killed nearly as fast as they come up. The reason why they do not all fall upon him together does not appear to be any point of honour upon the subject among themselves, or any predilection on the part of the monarch for single combats, but simply, that the nature of the ground

where Walter had posted himself, did not admit the attack of more than one combatant at a time. The detail of the eleven successive combats is minute, and to such minds as are now left to read the celebration of ancient prowess, something tedious: the more so, in virtue of certain speeches on both sides, of some length, all of which are, nevertheless, sufficiently opposite and magnanimous. Each encounter is varied, however, with circumstances which give the appearance of painting from nature, and which, to hearers versed in the proceedings it describes, may have made this a very agreeable part of the poem. The delineation is strong and characteristic; and to the student of the manners and spirit of ancient times, it will prove even interesting. The recital of the names and conditions, as far as these are declared, of the said knights, will probably satisfy the curiosity of most readers concerning them.

The first is the said Camelo. The next Kimo, a brother's son of Camelo, by some called also Scaramund. The third, Wurhard, a descendant of the ancient Pandarus, who is correctly mentioned by our author as having broken off the treaty of the Trojans and Greeks by the first arrow-shot. Wurhard, like his great ancestor, excels, and fights, as an archer. The fourth, Ekevrid, is from the Saxon plains. He is taunted by Walter, rather unaccountably, with his *Celtic* accent, shewing him to belong to that race which nature has gifted, above all others, with the talent of jesting. Hadwart follows, a warrior who, from pride of courage, wore no armour. Patavrid, sister's son to Hagano, is the sixth. The combat with him is not without interest. Hagano first, and then Walter, on understanding their relationship, endeavour in vain to dissuade him from the unequal strife. Gerwith, whom Worms honoured as Count of the Wasgau, comes to avenge, and shares his fate. Randolf, the champion, is killed eighth. Helmnod, otherwise *Eleuther*, ninth.—(Is this a *Greek* translation of a German agnomen?)—Trogunt and Thanast, the tenth and eleventh, are put to death rather in an intermingled way, and finish this act of the tragedy.

There is, as we have observed, sufficient character and variety in this series of bloody encounters. They are not, to our mind, *poetical;* but the stern and savage detail gives the temper of times, in which minds, otherwise generous, are hardened by the habitual exertion of their single strength, in conflict with deadly hazards; and the language expresses the earnest sympathy of the poet with men whose passions are engaged to the height in the business they are about. Of military matters, it occurs, that Walter bore a *painted* shield—that the battle-axe of the Franks was two-edged. Helmnod's mode of attack is singular—he launches a three-forked dart at the shield of his antagonist, fastened with a line, at which all that are left alive at the time drag with their united strength, expecting either to pull the warrior over, or to force his shield from him. They effect the last.—The self-willed, imprudent, ungovernable temper of Gunther, who, notwithstanding his repeated losses, is still urging the remnant on, is well pourtrayed. As are throughout the frank magnanimity and unshaken self-reliance of the heroic Walter—and the courage and artful wisdom of Hagano, the Ulysses of old German romance.

All the eleven being now dead, the King, who had alighted to assist in the last-described operation, mounts his horse, and flies to Hagano. A dialogue ensues. To the King's entreaty, that he would undertake the combat, Hagano calmly replies, that he is of too unworthy a race to take part in the noble perils of war; that the blood frozen in his veins robs him of all courage for the fight; that even his father was used to shrink back in fear when he looked on weapons, and with many words, to avoid the challenge of battle, reiterating the King's former taunts. The King renews his supplication. His representations are so forcibly made, and the sight of his Sovereign, humiliated and suppliant, so touching, that shame seizes the breast of the warrior, and he consents to aid the King with his arm and counsel. Refusing positively, however, to attack Walter in his present advantageous position, he proposes to the King that they should draw off, and conceal themselves, while their horses crop the meadow. Walter will suppose them gone, and proceed on his journey. They may then set on him by surprise. This is the only hope left in such an unfortunate business. Then the King, if he is bent upon it, may have fighting as much as he desires;

for Walter, he assures him, will not fly before them both. But they will have to fly, or else to fight most gallantly. The King is delighted with his advice; embraces and kisses him; they retire; look out the most convenient place for their ambush, and, securing their horses, leave them to feed.

The fourth canto informs us that Phœbus sunk westward, working his track over the well-known Thule, which leaves behind its back the Scots and the Hiberni. When he had warmed the ocean-flood, and Hesperus had turned his horns towards Ausonia, the prudent hero began to ponder whether he should pass the night in his stronghold, or trust himself to the immeasureable plains of the long-stretching desert. Nothing was suspicious to him except Hagano, and the kiss which the King had given him. Had they returned to the town to assemble more companions in the night, and to renew the attack with early morning? Or were they alone, concealed in some ambush, to lie in wait for him? This appeared doubtful. The unknown ways of the forest also disturbed him, and the apprehension that he might somewhere lose his bride in thickets, or by wild beasts. He concludes at last to wait out the night. "Let what will befall, King Gunther shall have no cause to say that he fled like a thief by night and mist." He then throws a hasty defence of boughs and thorns across the narrow way, and, turning towards the bodies—the trunks is the expression, for he had severed every head from the body—with a bitter sob, he muffles up his head, and throwing himself on the earth towards the east, he prays with his sword bared. "Him who made all things, who rules all things, and without whose will nothing comes to pass—Him do I thank, that he has guarded me from the merciless weapons and scorn of this hostile swarm. Also, with sorrow I beseech the mild God, who seeks not so much to destroy the sinner as the sin, that he one day grant me the grace to see them all together in heaven." It can hardly be otherwise understood than that the Christian poet has here ascribed to his hero a feeling which he did not find in the native story. When he had ended his prayer he stood up, and fastening the six horses that were left—for two were slain, and three Gunther had taken with him—with cords of well-platted rods, so as to leave them liberty to range in a circle and feed, he ungirds and unarms his body, now reeking from his toil, and with cheerful words comforts his troubled bride. After refreshing himself with food, he lays himself down to rest on his shield, Hiltegund watching him in his first sleep. He slept. The lady sat at the head of her beloved, and watched unwearied. To keep her own slumberous eyes open, she sang. As soon as Walter awoke he stood up, and willed the maiden to take her rest. He himself grasped his spear, undepressed in spirit, on which he leaned. So he passed the remainder of the night. Now he takes a course about his horses. Now he draws unto his rampart, and harks and listens, and wishes that light and the shapes of things would return anew to the world. Meantime the herald of the day ascended from Olympus, and the lightsome Taprobane saw already the glad sun. It was the hour when the earth is bedewed from the cool east, that Walter drew off from the slain, as victor, armour and arms, with their appurtenance. Their shirts of mail, and other pieces, he left to the bodies; only the bracelets, the clasps, the baldrics, and the swords, with helmet and hauberk, he took from them. Four horses he loaded with the spoil; his bride he placed on the fifth; then mounting the sixth himself, he rode foremost to his barrier, which he had first broken through. In the narrow path he cast his eyes around, and looks intently, and caught with his ear the wind and every breath, if he might hear any one treading or whispering near, or if the bridles or the bits of the haughty ones rang, or if the steeled hoof of the coming horses sounded. But all was silent. Then he let the loaded horses and the beloved maiden go forward with her treasure—and he follows. They had advanced scarce fifty paces, when the maiden, from an impulse of fear, turning round, sees two armed riders descending impetuously a hill; and she calls to the youth to fly. He turns, knows them; and, nothing daunted, directs her to lead the Lion into the near wood, and conceal herself, while he mounts a hillock to await and greet the men who are approaching. She does so. And he, gathering up spear and shield, begins to prove his unknown steed, whether it be manageable to arms. The King,

accompanied by the bold warrior, rushes madly towards him; calling aloud, insulting, threatening, and defying him.

To him the warrior answers not: as one that heareth not, he hath turned him from the King unto Hagano. "With thee," he cries, "have I to speak. Hold! what hath changed so suddenly the trusted friend? He who but late at his departing seemed to tear himself so reluctantly from our embrace, falls now in arms upon us, on us who have in nothing ever done him wrong. Something other than this, I own, I had hoped from thee. When thou, methought, shouldst know that it was thy friend who returned from exile, thou wouldst of thy own accord hasten to meet him, greet him with honour, and, unasked, lovingly entertain him as thy guest, till thou shouldst let him depart in peace and safety unto his father's realm. Already did I devise with myself how I should bestow thy gifts, and said inwardly, Now, indeed, must I wander through many unknown regions; yet at the least do I fear, if Hagano be living, the hand of no Frank. I adjure thee by all the sports which, as boys, we learnt together, and in delightful unity pursued through our season of youth, whither is the celebrated friendship fled, which went with us in field, at home, which knew never bitterness nor grudge? for thy aspect was cause to me of the forgetting even of my father, and with thee my noble country seemed to me of lesser worth. Is it possible! dost thou in thy soul extinguish that oft-plighted faith? O leave from strife and heavy wrong! Wage thou this war no more. To us be our unbroken covenant holy. If thou consent, thou goest hence increased in wealth, for I will fill thy broad shield with the rich red metal." Then made Hagano ungentle answer. "First thou usest force, then, Walter, then too late dost thou make pretence with seeming words of wisdom. It was thyself that didst violate our league. Though thou sawest me present, yet with thy fierce sword thou madest waste among my comrades and my kindred. Thou canst never excuse thyself not to have known that I was there, for if thou mightest ill discern my face, yet my arms thou sawest, and from the armour couldst know the man. All else perchance I could have borne, had not one intolerable grief been added. A flower pleasant and beautiful, dear and precious to me; alas! a flower full of hope and promise, thy deadly steel like a scythe mowed down. For this do I accept neither price nor gift. But I will know if courage inhabit with thee. From thee do I require my nephew's blood; and in this place either I die, or obtain renown."

So saying, he springs from his horse to the ground; Gunther and Walter do the same; all three prepared to fight on foot. Each stood and guarded himself from the coming blow. The heroes' limbs tremble under their shields. It was the second hour of the day when they began to fight; two armed men sworn against one. Some particulars of the fight are given, but by no means sufficient to fill up the whole time of the battle, which lasts seven hours. Hagano throws the first spear; it glances on Walter's upraised shield, and strikes deep into the ground. Gunther the over-weening, with great bravery of countenance, but little strength, throws his the next; it lodges in the lower rim of the hero's shield, and is easily shaken off. They then attack him sword in hand, he defending himself with his spear. After a while, Gunther imagines the regaining of his own lance by stealth, which the poet, who seems to conceive the weapon to have been forfeited, takes greatly amiss. The process of his theft is carefully detailed, though it is after all a manœuvre rather difficult to understand. He nearly succeeds, but just as he is making off with the recovered lance, Walter observes him, and plucks it back. Gunther has exposed himself in the attempt, and is on the point of falling a sacrifice to his temerity, when Hagano the mighty in arms comes to his aid, and, covering him with his shield, presents the naked edge of his cruel sword before Walter's face. The King being rescued, they now fight fairly forward till the ninth hour; by which time it seems as if they all began to think the amusement had lasted long enough.

A threefold deadly feeling smote them all:
The grief of fight; sore toil; the sun's strong heat.

At length the single warrior reflects that if this is to continue, the two will inevitably tire him out: a new imagination crosses his mind, and he instantly takes his resolution. He makes

a short impatient speech to Hagano, and springing up, throws his lance at him. It pierces shield, breast-plate, and slightly wounds the mighty body of the warrior. At the same moment he rushes impetuously with his drawn sword upon Gunther, dashes by his shield to the right, and, with an astonishing and puissant stroke, cleaves up shin, knee, and hip. The King falls over his shield at the feet of his terrible foe. The good liegeman Hagano turns pale on seeing the danger of his lord; and as Alpher's son raises his blood-thirsty sword for the last blow, heeding no longer his own pain, the hero thrusts his stooped head before the furious stroke. The helmet of perfect temper and artifice, receives the blow in such wise that the sparkles flash out, and the sword, shivering against the impenetrable metal, glitters in fragments in the air and on the grass. Walter, overcome with rage, loses all his self-command, and impatiently flings from him the useless hilt, disdaining it, much as it was graced with skilful workmanship and costly metal. But as, in casting it away, he stretched out his hand widely from him, Hagano, espying his advantage, hews it off at the wrist, rejoicing to deal him so swift a wound. The dreaded, the conquering right hand, so honoured by rulers, by nations, falls in the midst of its act. But the warlike man, who was not used to yield even to adverse fortune, whose strong spirit vanquished all suffering of his body, let neither his hope nor his countenance fall. He hides the mutilated arm behind his shield, and with the uninjured hand draws his dagger, which hung girded on the right side, to avenge his loss. With it he struck out the gallant Hagano's right eye, slit down face and lip, and reft him of half a dozen cheek-teeth.

These bloody feats end their warfare. Every one was summoned, by his wounds and his spent breath, to lay aside his weapons. For which of them could go free from this strife? When all was over, they looked about at their trophies. Here lay King Gunther's foot—there Walter's hand, and a little to one side, Hagano's quivering eye. This was all the division they made of the bracelets of the Huns. Two—for the third was lying—two sat in the grass, and staunched the streams of blood that gushed from them. Then Alpher's son called the fearful concealed maiden, who came forth and bound up their wounds. He then said, "Bring, Hiltegund—bring hither wine. Bear first the goblet to Hagano. He is a brave man in battle, did he only not prefer loyalty to right. Bring it next to me, because I have endured more than the others. And Gunther, because he is so slothful, and yet has dared to appear among men who wield arms with might, lithely and slackly as he wages war, Gunther shall drink the last."—The daughter of Herrich obeys his words. But Hagano, much as his bosom panted with thirst, spake, as she proffered him the goblet, "Give it, lady, give it first to thy lord and bridegroom; for Alpher's son, I must confess it, is braver than I. He towers above me, and the Frank warriors all in the fight."

The heroes, unvanquished in spirit, fatigued in their whole body—Hagano, and the thorny son of the King of Aquitaine, began, after so many a bout of war and bloody dealing, to engage over their full cups in an encounter of wit. The Frank is gamesome on the future left-handed performances of his friend, and Walter makes as merry with the misfortune of the one-eyed *Sicambrian*, as he calls him. The raillery that passes speaks more for the stout heart of the warriors than for their talent at humour; but it derives some merit from the circumstances, and its strain is at least purely antique and original.

The story is here, abruptly, as it will appear to most readers, but undoubtedly on sufficient grounds, terminated. They now renew their bloody compact, meaning, apparently, their ancient compact, now sealed anew in blood. They lay the groaning king on his steed, and separate—the Franks for Worms—the Prince of Aquitaine for his native land. Here he was splendidly welcomed, and, beloved by all, reigned, after the death of his parents, thirty years over his happy people. What wars he waged, how often he triumphed, the worn-out pen of the author refuses him to describe.

Thou that shalt read, forgive the chirping grasshopper, and think not so much on her hoarse voice as on her tender years, which forbid her yet to forsake the nest, and stretch her flight through the loftier atmosphere.

PARIS.

Paris, April 30, 1822.

Dear Sir,—A new society of men of letters, under the title of the *Asiatic Society*, held its first meeting here on the first of this month, under the presidency of M. le Baron Sylvester de Sacy, well known for his extensive and profound acquaintance with the languages of the East. The object of this society, which counts among its members some of the most illustrious names in French literature and in the state, is the propagation of the study of the languages of Asia. They began on this occasion by adopting the rules and regulations which are to conduct them in their future labours, and by the preliminary operations indispensable for the constitution of the society. M. de Sacy pronounced a discourse, distinguished by the most profound views and most ingenious observations, on Oriental studies, and on the advantages which must result from their progress to religion, history, the useful arts, and diplomacy. M. Remusat afterwards read the first chapter of his Translation of a Chinese novel, entitled *The two Cousins*. This novel, which appears to give a faithful picture of Chinese manners, will probably be admired by those who seek in works of this kind for something else than incredible adventures, extravagant sentiments, and other abuses of the imagination, too prevalent in the *romantic* productions of these times. The Duke of Orleans has declared himself the Protector of this society.

In a former letter I gave you some account of a sort of public *fete*, which takes place here at Shrovetide, or on the three days preceding Lent, which in Paris are called *les jours gras*, and of which you have preserved a memorial in your public ball on Shrove-Tuesday, called Fastens-e'en. The Parisians have a similar fete on the three last days of Lent, which is called *la fete de Longchamp*, and it fell this year on the first week of this month. A foreigner, or a person ignorant of the origin of this public ceremony, would be quite at a loss to imagine how the Holy-week—the most solemn time of the year, expressly marked by the church for the most awful and penitential exercises of religion, as a preparation for Easter, could ever have been selected for such a gaudy show of dissipation as is exhibited in Paris on this occasion. But this public fete is another striking proof how customs, ceremonies, and institutions, may continue to flourish when the original purpose for which they were established is gone by and forgotten. At the western extremity of the *Bois de Boulogne*, which is the Hyde-Park of Paris, close on the bank of the river Seine, an Abbey was founded in the 13th century, by Isabella, sister of Louis IX. commonly called Saint Louis, which obtained the name of Longchamp. On the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, in Holy-week, it has long been a custom in the Roman Catholic church to perform an evening service, called *Tenebræ*, which is composed in a great measure of the Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah, and other mournful passages from the Prophets, and the Book of Psalms, in allusion to the sufferings and death of Christ. Some of the first musical composers in Italy and other countries, have exercised their talents on different parts of this fine church-service. As the Opera-house and the other Theatres used to be closed formerly in Paris during Holy-week, the nuns of the Abbey of Longchamp were in the habit of getting the principal female singers of those public places to sing the office of *Tenebræ* in their church; whose performances, joined with the vocal music of the nuns, and aided by various instruments, formed, as you may easily imagine, a delightful concert of sacred music. All the first people in Paris used to flock to the church of Longchamp to assist at the *Tenebræ*; and though the Abbey is now so completely destroyed that scarce a vestige of it remains, yet the custom still continues, of driving for three days together through the Champ-Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne, with no other object than that which takes our London fashionables to Hyde-Park on a Sunday. However, the Parisians look to the arrival of this fete with all the anxiety of impatient pleasure, and seem to enjoy it exceedingly; while a person of a serious and religious turn of mind, cannot help regretting, that the amusements of a people should be

so ill-timed, and so sadly discordant with the spirit and injunctions of their established religion.

In a sort of puffing advertisement, of a new literary enterprise, undertaken by Ladvocat, a bookseller in the Palais-Royal, under the title of *Collection des Chefs-d'œuvre des Theatres Etrangers*, it is said that the work has as great success in the rest of Europe as in France; it has just obtained the most distinguished mention *dans l'excellent Edinburg Magasin de Blakwood.* I think I see you stretching out your neck through one of the garret-windows of the Temple of Fame, and drinking with your ear, as Horace says, the intoxicating buzz of applauding nations.

The celebrated historian of the Italian Republic, Sismondei Sismondi, has lately published a novel, entitled *Julia Severa*, or *The Year* 492. In order to judge this novel with impartiality, it would be sufficient to copy the advertisement of the author, in which he indicates the object he wished to attain, and expresses his apprehensions of having failed. What he feared is positively what has happened. Mr Sismondi allows himself, that at his age, and in a life perfectly serious, it is rare for a man to possess the qualities which give life to works of imagination. His book will justify his advertisement. We find no imagination either in the events, the style, or the characters; nevertheless, it is not the work of an author without talent, and much less without learning; and grave persons, who read novels, will regret less than frivolous characters the time they have given up to the perusal of *Julia Severa.*

Mr Sismondi had, till now, occupied himself with writing history, and had given himself up to serious researches, in order to set up a system under the appearance of profound impartiality; for science is useful for many purposes, and even to make the past affirm what may flatter or shock present ideas. He avows that he often regretted that he was obliged to remove from his narrations, details of manners, and social situations, which, exhibiting men in the habits and prejudices of the times in which they lived, might have thrown a great light on historical events. But then, he must have done like the historian Mezeray, who, at the end of each reign, places a chapter entitled *Manners and Customs*, which certainly is very interesting, and contributes not a little towards the explanation of the events of the reign following.

This method probably appeared too simple to Mr Sismondi; and that he might not leave unemployed the knowledge he had acquired, but which could not enter into the recital of memorable deeds, he conceived the project of writing novels in which he could paint the prevailing manners at the different epochs of French history, which he is now writing, and of which he has already published some volumes. Historical romances, you know, have long been made up with the names of real personages, placed in the midst of adventures in which they certainly could never have recognized themselves, either with respect to conduct, ideas, or language. Of this we have examples in the voluminous novels of Calprenede and Mademoiselle de Scudery.

But novelists manage better now; they invent the personages, but they place them in real circumstances, in the midst of known sites; they cast them among the memorable epochs of history, and thus go back to manners, the picture of which is delightful in proportion with the recollections it awakens. It is the manner of Walter Scott, and Sismondi is far from rejecting the wish of imitation. On the contrary, he avows it, and is only afraid he may not resemble the model he has chosen. Walter Scott is a poet—Sismondi is a historian; and you can directly conceive, that when an author who has always exerted his imagination, and an author who has always exerted his judgment, both consent to descend from their high rank, to class themselves among the writers of novels, the poet must have over the historian a superiority which puts aside all idea of comparison. To the historian, fiction must always be a secondary object; and it is an observation of all times, that when fiction does not entirely subjugate the mind, it fatigues it.

M. Sismondi might have made this reflection himself, when he thought it necessary to give his novel the second title of the year 492. What connexion is there between Julia Severa, an imaginary person, and the year 492? At this period, the countries long govern-

ed by the Romans had lost even the idea of being able to defend themselves; and notwithstanding, the empire could no longer protect them. The Vandals, Sueves, and Huns, had several times ravaged Gaul; the Visigoths and Burgundians were established there; the Franks, led by Clovis, were forming establishments in it, with the desire of subduing those who had preceded them. Of ancient institutions nothing remained but the forms; the ancient laws fell away before the violence natural to conquerors; ancient manners disappeared in proportion as the laws lost their action; and those who preserved some sort of power, sought a compensation from the weak, for the evils imposed upon them by the strong. The world was in a state of pillage, but without regularity; it was a period of disasters, instead of one of happiness and glory; in a word, the barbarity of savages, and that barbarity which re-appears on the fall of empires, formed a frightful contrast with the remains of civilization that were still preserved in some families, proud of their past dignity, and irritated at the meannesses they were forced to commit in order to soften the conquerors whom they despised. Certainly a picture of the manners of this epoch might prove as interesting, if taken from the circumstances of private life, as it is in reality, in historical narration; but domestic details, which time has covered with a veil difficult to take up, can only be successfully recalled to mind by giving them a poetical colouring. The imagination easily lends itself to recitals which put it in motion; but it is impossible to delight it by a picture of a state of society where all is suffering, or make it take an interest in personages who have no action over the events in the midst of which they are placed.

This, you see, is the principal defect of the work of Sismondi, considered as a novel. His personages are passive; though nothing of what happens to them should happen, still they would be in the same situation in which the author takes them and leaves them. It is not because Julia loves Felix, and that she fears to become the wife of Clovis, that she is not even presented to that king, but because motives, over which these two lovers have no influence, overturn the obstacles which opposed their union. Had they remained quiet at home, their lot would have been the same. They do not even travel by their own consent. An irruption of barbarians drives Julia to the spot where she is to meet and to love Felix; when they are united, they are carried off and separated by some monks, who make them the sport of their own projects, and at length bring them back to the place they took them from, so clumsily, that one is vexed at the author for using such feeble contrivances.

As the year 492 presents an epoch of social dissolution; as Gaul seemed more particularly destined to feel the misfortunes which accompanied the fall of the Roman empire; as, in this accumulation of disasters, the writer could imagine no possible cause of salvation for that part of the world, so interesting to Europe as the country of the Gauls and Franks—the ancestors of the French—what motive could have induced M. Sismondi to take this epoch for that of his novel? Were it not that he is a philosophical historian, the answer would be difficult; but there is no doubt that his intention was to represent the clergy as alone possessing a great power over the minds of men; as the only class capable of opposing political views to the violence of the barbarians, and of struggling with ability against the power of the conquerors, even so far as to make them subservient to the independence of the countries they had just vanquished. This design, executed in a poetical manner, so as to enchant the imagination, would have been happy, and would doubtless have presented some grand dramatic effects. Sismondi has treated it quite in a philosophical way; and though he relates events placed in the year 492, one may affirm that his work recalls to mind much more ideas familiar to the writers of the 18th century, than the prevailing ideas in the times of Clovis, of Saint Remigius, and the first successors of Saint Martin of Tours. Walter Scott would not have conceived his subject in this way; if he chose to paint scenes of burlesque ignorance, of stupid credulity, which may have found place amidst the religious enthusiasm of that epoch, he would have reserved them for the secondary personages, that he might be gay with perfect safety of conscience,

after having been noble and serious in the recital of great events. Never would a poet have imagined to make his heroes so reasonable as to be unable to take any active part in the events; and while incessantly agitated by interests foreign to them, to oppose nothing but the moderation of their character to all the agitations around them. Heroes of this kind belong much more to an age of sophisms, than to one where every thing was in action. Berthelemy made Anacharsis travel, in order to present a picture of the manners and customs of Greece; Sismondi seems to have turned out Julia and Felix, merely that he might find an occasion to relate, in his way, what was passing between Chartres and Orleans, and Orleans and Chartres, while Clovis was meditating at Soissons how he might become King of France.

But if the author is feeble in the romantic part of his work, as a historian he has every advantage. The picture he gives of the court of Clovis has a fine effect; the various interests which crowded around that prince are well explained, and, what is better, are put in action with much art and truth. The plunder of the town of Chartres by the barbarians; the terror of the grandees between the enemy who is advancing and their revolted slaves, who considered that enemy as their deliverer; the depopulation of the country hurried on by the absence of protecting laws, still more than by the sword of the conqueror; the despair of the laborious classes wrought into rage; the effects that are the result of it: all these descriptions are interesting; and, though the style of the author wants animation and harmony, yet, as it is always clear by the force of thought, it is read with pleasure wherever it goes along with the subject, whenever the author forgets he is a philosopher and is merely a narrator.

If this work is successful, M. Sismondi will probably fulfil the engagement he has made with the public, to delineate the picture of the private manners of some other epochs of French history in some new novels.

On the 24th of this month, the anniversary of the landing of Louis XVIII. at Calais, the Royal Institute held its annual meeting of the four Academies of which it is composed. It being the turn for the Academy of Sciences to preside, M. Gay-Lussac took the chair, and opened the meeting by a discourse on the advantages of the sciences. Though the subject is by no means new, the learned President was listened to with pleasure, and several passages, equally remarkable for justness of thought and elegance of expression, were much applauded.

M. Sylvestre de Sacy read a report on the competition for the prize founded by the late Comte de Volney. The object of this prize is "to excite and encourage every attempt to continue the method invented by Comte Volney for transcribing the Asiatic languages into European letters regularly organized."

The committee had invited the competitors to examine "what are the means of realizing the plan of the testator; within what limits the application of it should be circumscribed; what direction should be given to the work; and finally, what are the probable results to be expected from it."

Four Memoirs were addressed to the Academy of Sciences; two of them, by two German authors, appeared equally worthy of the prize, which was divided between them; one is M. Scherer, keeper of the royal library at Munich, and the other M. Schleiermacher, librarian at Darmstadt.

M. Delombre succeeded M. de Sacy. It was his business to assign the prize founded by M. de Monthyon for the work most useful to morals; and lively applause burst forth when he proclaimed the name of Mad. Guizot, author of *L'Ecolier* or *Raoul et Victor*, a novel in four volumes 12mo. The Academy was not less gallant towards another lady, Mad. Belloc, author of the *Bibliotheque de Famille*, who received a medal of encouragement.

After a discourse rather long, rather cold, rather dry, by M. Dupin, respecting the influence of commerce on the learning and civilization of modern nations, M. Quatremere de Quincy, of the Academy of Fine Arts, amused and instructed the audience by a dissertation full of ingenious reflections, lively anecdotes, and happy sayings. The dissertation turned on "the reciprocal mistakes of painters and poets, caused either by the ignorance of what

elongs in common to their respective rts, or by the confusion of their peuliar properties."

The meeting was terminated by a very fine Ode, recited by M. Raynouard, author of the tragedy of the *Templiers*, on the devotedness of Malesherbes, one of the defenders of the unfortunate Louis XVI.

The subject of the prize founded by Volney, which will be adiudged in the meeting of the 24th of April next year, s "the composition of an alphabet itted for the transcription of Hebrew, nd all the languages derived from the ame source, including the literal Ethiopian, the Persian, Turkish, Armenian, Sanscrite, and Chinese. This lphabet must have for its basis the Roman alphabet, the signs of which vill be multiplied by slight accessories, vithout their configuration being essentially altered; each sound must be epresented by a single sign, and each ign reciprocally must be exclusively mployed in expressing a single sound. The author will endeavour, as much s possible, to render the new alphabet proper for transcribing at the same time the orthography and the pronunciation of the above-mentioned Asiatic languages."

The prize is a gold medal of 1200 francs (£50.) The Memoirs addressed o the Academy must be written in French, and will not be received after the 15th of next January.

The following anecdote is an additional proof, if any were wanting, how much the originality of our countrymen has amused the Parisians:—An Englishman, who had fallen into a very bad state of health, was ordered by a celebrated French physician to travel for five or six months, and to go from 15 to 20 leagues every day if his strength permitted it. At the end of six months, the patient calls on his physician, who finds him in the most flourishing state of health, and asks him where he comes from. "From Versailles," says the Englishman.—"From Versailles!" replies the doctor. "Why, I told you to travel at least a thousand leagues."—"I have obeyed you punctually, and have travelled over every one of them," rejoined the Englishman; "but as I like very much the *restaurateurs* at Paris, the French opera, and the Italian *buffa*, I made my arrangements accordingly. Every morning I set out in a carriage and went to Versailles, where, as soon as I arrived, I got into another and returned to Paris,—off again, and back as quick. Here is a written account of my travels, you will find that I have been going about for six months, that I have travelled above a thousand leagues, have faithfully followed your prescription, am in perfect health, and have never missed one opera or *buffa!*"

The *Musée* for the exhibition of the productions of modern artists, after having been adjourned from one epoch to another during a twelvemonth, was opened on Thursday last at ten o'clock in the morning. A considerable crowd of amateurs and connoisseurs rushed immediately into the vast saloons of the Louvre, to examine, judge, criticise, praise, and admire the masterpieces of the artists, and, above all, to enjoy the satisfaction of being the first to give their opinion of them. In this rout of spectators, in this hurlyburly of divers opinions, expressed sometimes with confident ignorance, sometimes with wonderful sagacity, always with ardour, it is impossible to give that decided attention to the grand compositions which adorn this exhibition that they deserve. All real pleasures, and especially those derived from the fine arts, require a little reflection, and cannot be judged with precipitation. Almost all the information, therefore, that I can venture to give you at present concerning this exhibition, amounts merely to some topographical details concerning the saloons in which they are placed. The great difference of this exhibition and that of former years in this respect is, that the great gallery of the Louvre has been preserved entire for the ancient paintings; none of them have been displaced or taken down. Thus the public can enjoy at once the ancient and the modern riches of this temple of the fine arts; the present manner may be compared with the preceding ones; and one may judge at once what is the progress and amelioration of art in some respects, what is its inferiority and decline in others. The greatest part of these modern paintings are placed in the galleries which look on the courts of the Louvre, and in that of the Grand Colonnade. It must be confessed, however, that this new arrangement is much more favourable to the public than to the artists. The light is infinitely better

in the great gallery than in those which are lighted from the courts of the Louvre. This difference, which is of such great consequence to paintings, is very striking.

The gallery of the colonnade is terminated by a magnificent stair-case, which leads to the Saloon of Sculpture. This part of the exhibition is very interesting this year, not so much for the number of the productions, as for their importance.

As I have already said, I cannot presume to give an opinion of things which I have only seen with a glance. But if I consult the public voice, which, however, I am far from considering as the *vox dei*, particularly with respect to the fine arts, the exhibition has not answered the public expectation, nor come up to the hope, which might be justly entertained from the number of celebrated painters now flourishing in France. There are but few productions of the great living masters. On the other hand, there is an abundance of paintings in the style which the French call *tableaux de guere;* domestic scenes, *promenades en caleche*, popular caricatures, fairs, &c. and a handsome proportion of portraits of ladies and gentlemen, whom nobody knows, nor ever heard of. One particular circumstance has occurred at this exhibition, which has formed a subject of conversation all over Paris. Horace Vernet, one of the most popular painters of the day, presented no less than 32 pictures for the exhibition. The jury that was appointed to examine all the pieces that were presented, rejected two of this artist's, as calculated to excite revolutionary ideas that had better be forgotten. Piqued at this, Vernet withdrew every one of his pictures, and, it is said, means to exhibit them in his own house.

A new tragedy has just been brought out at the *Second Theatre Francais*, entitled *Attila*, a subject which the great Corneille, as the French call him, pitched upon in his latter years, but in which he completely failed. If some strokes of a vigorous pencil in the painting of a great character, a boldness of expression occasionally happy, a sort of poetical exultation not always in unison with good taste, but seducing and attractive, and certainly preferable to the languid purity and droning exactness of lines, without colour or energy; if, in short, a great number of fine verses and brilliant epic passages were sufficient to form a good tragedy, the triumph of Mr Bis, the author of *Attila*, would be complete, and the French theatre would be enriched with another masterpiece. But if a tragic composition, to rise above mediocrity, must have a probable action, the progress of which, skilfully combined, presents an interest always increasing; a principal character, well supported, who, in his transports, and even in his crimes, never excites contempt, nor even that horrible pity inspired by madness; a character, the effect of which is rendered more prominent by unaffected contrasts, then, indeed, we must declare that Mr Bis has remained far from the point where the palm awaits the victor. His production is very imperfect, but he has shewn a talent which gives well-founded hopes for the future; and the more so, as it has quite an original colour, and seems perfectly free from the servitude of imitation.

I must confine myself to a very rapid analysis of this new *Attila*.

This formidable chief of the Huns has marched from victory to victory, from the front of the Great Wall of China, to the banks of the Marne, near Paris; fright, devastation, and death, have everywhere marked his passage; empires have fallen before him, towns have disappeared, whole nations have been effaced from the surface of the earth, and the contemptible princes who totter on the thrones of Rome and Byzantium, have only preserved the appearance of sovereignty at the expense of their treasures and their honour. The heirs of Augustus are the tributaries of a Scythian.

Attila has made an invasion into Gaul, and has sworn to destroy Lutetia and the infant empire of the Franks. It is in his camp, in his very tent, that the action of the piece is placed. Every thing seems to favour the projects of the *Scourge of God*. Marcomir disputes the throne of Lutetia with his brother Mesordus, and, ambition stifling in his breast all the sentiments of nature and patriotism, he goes over to Attila, as his ally and protector, or rather his master.

Queen Edvege, and Genevieve, who is considered by the inhabitants of the banks of the Seine as an oracle inspired by heaven, have fallen by chance

into the hands of Attila. The author makes him both superstitious and amorous. He loves Edvege and fears Genevieve. He makes love indeed a little *a la Cosaque;* but notwithstanding all his rodomontades, he is constantly troubled internally by the predictions of Genevieve, who has foretold his flight and his death. A troop of traitors deliver up Marcomir to Attila, who, in return, orders them all to be put to death. The Roman ambassador forms a plan to assassinate him; the conspiracy is discovered, and Attila merely dismisses the criminal from his camp, telling him he shall punish him when he has conquered Byzantium. In short, the four first acts are almost entirely filled with boasting bravados, high-flown declamations, and contradictory movements of ferocity and clemency, the whole embellished with forced *tirades* on the valour and glory of the Franks, and on liberty; for the finest theories, and most pompous amplifications on that topic, are adroitly placed in the mouths of Attila and Marcomir. These passages, you may be sure, throw certain spectators into extasies and convulsions of delight.

At last, however, we come to a beautiful scene, the only one in the piece really pathetic and true.

Attila, in supporting the pretensions of Marcomir, only designs to destroy the Franks by their own hands. The two brothers are brought together in a scene well conducted, in which the ambitious and furious Marcomir rejects the frank explanations, the affectionate offers, and kind language of Mesorcus, who, irritated at length by the outrageous expressions of hatred, menace, and contempt, draws his sword—a fratricide is about to stain the race of Pharamond—Genevieve appears, and in a noble address to them, frequently sublime, but rather too long, she invokes the great shade of the founder of the French monarchy, to reproach his children for turning against themselves the weapons their country demands. Softened, subdued by her inspired accents, the brothers embrace, and swear to fight, conquer, or die for the common cause.

In the mean time the fates are accomplished; Attila is informed that his troops are flying before the enemy, he does all in his power to rouse them to courage and vengeance, but declares he will burn himself and all his treasures on a funeral pile, if fortune betrays him. Genevieve terminates the piece by the recital of the victory of Mesorcus, who appears himself to confirm the intelligence.

One thing was wanting to the success of this new play. An author may write a tragedy, but he cannot make an actress, and not one of the female performers at the Odeon could come up to our idea of Genevieve. Mademoiselle Georges, though a great actress, had certainly nothing of the innocence, the simplicity, the angelic physiognomy of the virgin shepherdess of Nantere, the patroness of Paris.

A LETTER ON THE DIFFERENT STAGES OF TASTE, AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE DIFFERENT CLASSES OF LITERARY PRODUCTIONS.

Mr Christopher North,

As there are many different means by which feeling is awakened by literature and art; and as the person who reads or contemplates is often contented with strong sensations, without discriminating at all as to their quality, or their grade in relation to taste, I shall address to you some remarks on this subject; and shall endeavour to shew, that it is worth while to refer these heterogeneous sensations to some test; and that certain principles of classification, as to the qualities and grades of feeling, have an existence in *rerum natura.*

Finding multifarious recreations in different departments of literature, readers, occupied with the feeling of the moment, may hurry along, without taking pains to remember other sensations, or to contrast one sort of mental excitement with another.

> We speed from "page" to "page;"
> The mind is full, no pain is in our sport.

But all tastes and veins of feeling are not equally good; and it is worth while to discriminate, and give some sort of definition of the different stages of taste; although it may not always be easy to give an instance of a literary

work, belonging entirely to this or that class, and confined entirely to one sort of interest.

If literature were sunk to the lowest possible state in which it could exist, it would reject, (from its means of interesting the mind,) first, all abstract truth; and then all imagination or conception except of things and concerns which are commonly before the eyes of mankind, and daily forced upon their attention; and then it would renounce all sense of the difference between beauty or deformity, and would content itself with representing only what is pleasant or painful to the individual. Having made all these renunciations, it would still have remaining the common passions of human nature, and the hopes and fears which necessarily accompany personal existence. These, in a literary work, the reader may be made intensely to feel, by a sympathy with fictitious situations; but without almost any internal discrimination of feeling as to better or worse. I could even suppose the lowest kind of feeling or interest to be produced by a painting, not as a work of art, but as a means of exciting sympathy; for example, a representation of a shipwreck, where men were using various expedients to save their lives. The characteristic of this Stage of Taste, is, that its interest is only in the personal sensation of the moment, and in that which brings pleasure or pain to the individual, but has no relation to any thing general, or to permanent and abstract truth. This is the case with all the common and unenlightened passions. There can scarcely be any literary work which will not, in some parts, rise above these; but it is of importance to discriminate what is peculiarly appropriate to this lowest stage of feeling. The novel of Caleb Williams, for instance, has a great power of interesting the reader, for the most part, but scarcely rises beyond the personal sensations of the moment, and that darkness as to taste which is in the passions of individuals.

The class of feelings which belongs to the lowest stage, may be called "natural;" but they do not expand or revolve themselves into the affecting recognition of common humanity. The attention of the reader is fastened down to the concerns of individuals. Nature has sometimes been deified, and called "holy," in the common native affections of mankind. But the private passions of individuals have never obtained this honour, in poetry; for it is always obvious that they are limited, and have a certain tendency for one, and against another. However, in poetry they obtain a certain kind of admiration, when exaggerated into greatness, as that of inconquerable pride and endurance, in Milton's devils. The passionate love of glory among mankind also obtains a sort of exaltation and lustre in poetry. It is clear, however, that the love of glory does not belong to the internal recognition of common nature. It only catches the feelings of mankind as individuals, and makes them proudly sympathize with achievements done, as it were by proxy, for behoof of their self-conceit. Therefore we never hear such things called "holy nature." The performer is identified as closely as possible with the self-love of each individual spectator, and is called "*un grand homme*," or "a being of uncommon powers." The spectator glories in his feelings; but a satirist might say, there is a meanness in any individual wishing to sympathize with, (and borrow vainly upon) what he could not do himself. However, there is yet something lower than vain-glorious sympathy with the powers of distinguished individuals. This is when the multitude are seized with an inclination to have the enjoyments of self-love equalized as much as possible, and diffused among mankind; and when for this purpose they become desirous of falsifying or leveling distinctions, or melting them down into a sort of dirty twilight, in the uncertainty of which all men may equally enjoy the pleasures of self-esteem unreproved. In Oliver Cromwell's time, when the mob entered into their round-headed combination to raise the price of lowness, the new conveniences discovered were called those of "each man worshipping in his own way;" and the nature of this sort of worship was not much suspected or understood, even by those who were most intensely engaged in it. The curious private gropings and obscure glimmerings going on in each mind apart from the rest, were also advantageous. It was thus that no man needed to remain long subject to any painful belief as

to his own qualities, tried according to any intelligible standard.

To the same level may be referred some of the latest tastes, which have appeared in modern times, as to what is the most desirable state and composition of society. These tastes have inclined a great proportion of mankind to wish to contemplate societies of such a composition, as the uniform grey or drab colours of the coats of Quakers, who, though they are good sort of people, I think, have more likeness to hired servants, than to prodigal sons. This is by way of conciliating a levelling taste with order. Externally this inclination assumes the hypocritical form of respect, for all that is most immediately useful in human nature. In reality, it is a wish to raise the price of the homely and vulgar stuff of human nature, and place it in a condition of undisturbed self-conceit, incapable of improvement in taste. But supposing that, in one generation, by the predominance of vulgar envy, the drab-colour were established in society, it would not be easy to persuade the next generation to remain contented with it, as the most beautiful of all things.

Such are the tastes and inclinations which belong to the lowest stage of feeling. But here it is proper to observe, that in all fictitious narrative, (to whatever stage of taste they may belong,) a sympathy with the personal feelings and fortunes of some particular character must be created, for the purpose of engaging the reader's attention, and carrying him on, and this must be the stock, whatever other things may be grafted upon it. Therefore, although a strong personal interest, awakened by a fictitious narrative, is not a feeling of any high grade, yet it does, on that account, make the work referable to this or that stage of taste.

Having said thus much, Mr North, on the first stage of feeling, I shall now inquire what is the next. To the Second Stage, I think, may be referred all recognitions of a common humanity, extending through different individuals, and shewn in the natural affections of mankind. Although not lofty, this is at least deeply moving, and resolves the self-interested passions of individuals into something universal and unlimited, in a sort of widely-diffused enthusiasm, or in the internal recognition of kindred being. This is what some of the German writers have called "holy nature;" and dramatists, among them, exploring the same vein, have shewn that they were capable of producing a great deal of sensation, in all the theatres of Europe. Kotzebue was one of the lowest. He makes his tenderness of as damp and watery a sort as possible, and confines himself to the most common and unmingled elements, which may be found in any mind whatever. In the dramas of the inferior German writers, there is often a transference of the scene into remote countries; and the persons on the stage, whether Asiatics, Europeans, or Hottentots, brought together, are made to join in sobbings of tenderness, undisturbed by any unseasonable discriminations of taste, that would lessen the breadth of the sensation. Schiller, in his Robbers, is not in a much higher vein, but deals in the passions of individuals, and seldomer resolves into the wet universal nature of German sentiment, which, I think, must be good, in so far as it conduces to the *recognition of general humanity*. But the fellow-feeling of a common nature, or of impulses widely shared, cannot justly be held up as the ultimate aim of poetical sentiment; since, if it were acknowledged as such, it would swallow up all distinctions of better or worse, or beauty and deformity. The aim of tragedy or novel-writing, is not like the figure of the kneeling African, on the medal struck in reference to the abolition of slavery, saying, "Am I not a man and a brother?" If one of the characters in Kotzebue's plays were making the same appeal, the reply might be, "You are a man and a brother by common origin, but you are not a person with whom we would think it any honour to sympathize from taste, however much we may desire your welfare." Among the English poets, Cowper, from humanity and humility, and from wishing to exercise the office of a Methodist preacher in verse, sought for this sense of universal kindred, and rejoiced in the participation of common affections. He has the following passage on the subject:—

'Twere well, says one, sage, erudite, profound,
Terribly arched, and aquiline his nose,
And overbuilt with most impending brows,
'Twere well, could you permit the world to live
As the world pleases. What's the world to you?
Much. I was born of woman, and drew milk
As sweet as charity from human breasts,
I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,
And exercise all functions of a man.
How then should I and any man that lives
Be strangers to each other? Pierce my vein,
Take of the crimson stream meandering there,
And catechise it well; apply thy glass,
Search it and prove now if it be not blood
Congenial with thine own; and, if it be,
What edge of subtlety canst thou suppose
Keen enough, wise and skilful as thou art,
To cut the link of brotherhood, by which
One common maker bound me to the kind?

But it is here evident that Cowper considered common affection as a medium through which he might plead for a hearing of his Expostulations. It must, at the same time, be acknowledged, that the internal recognition of general nature is itself a feeling highly deserving of being called poetical. It is always found, and confessed to be such, in the enthusiasm of strong emotions widely shared. The German dramatists sought for nature in the situations of a few individuals brought up on the stage. The later poets of England have sought for it more in general impulses diffused through a multitude. This cannot be more strikingly exemplified than by Lord Byron's verses on the English troops being called away from the ball at Brussels, previous to the battle of Waterloo. The verses are well known, but it is worth while to quote part of them here, to shew what I mean by strong natural emotions widely shared.

"And then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs,
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon nights so sweet such awful morns could rise!

"And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—'The foe! they come! they come!'

"And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose—
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard; and heard too have her Saxon foes.
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! but with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring, which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

"And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave. Alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
While now beneath them; but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low."

These verses, so much admired and so popular, are a good example of emotions which are the means of recognising that community of elementary nature, which exists in multitudes. Passing beyond the interests of individuals, these emotions extend into the knowledge of something absolute and unlimited, which is called "Nature," but which is not high or low in relation to sentiment, but only general. And literary works which make use of such means for affecting the mind, may be referred to the Second Stage of taste. The works of many of the German writers are referable to this class; and it is probable that in Europe they have been of much use, in preparing the way for other things, by accustoming literature more to the expression of feelings, which resolve themselves into the unlimited and unpersonal—although it were no more than common nature, melting into watery and tearful sentiment, or in those works which are meant to produce terror, the gorgons of vague and floating darkness, losing themselves in shadowy obscurity. The greatest depths of natural feeling are often accompanied with a sense of transitoriness and delusion, in which particular being appears lost and solved in an indefinite universality, like the Maya of the Indians. Sir William Jones gives a translation of one of their poems, in which the Gymnosophist expresses the desire to be weaned from the uncertainties of a transitory existence, and to fix his thoughts on the permanent and real. The poem is entitled the "Mallet of Delusion," and has among others the following stanzas:—

"As a drop of water moves tremulous on the lotos-leaf, thus is human life inexpressibly slippery; the company of the virtuous is here but for a moment; that is our ship in passing the ocean of the world.

"Day and night, evening and morning, winter and spring, depart and return; time sports, life passes on, yet the wind of expectation continues unrestrained.

"To dwell under the mansion of the high Gods, at the foot of a tree; to have the ground for a couch, and a hide for vesture; to renounce all extrinsic enjoyments—whom doth not such devotion fill with delight?

"Place not thy affections too strongly on foe or friend—on a son or a kinsman, in war or in peace. Be thou even-minded towards all, if thou desirest speedily to attain to the nature of Vishnu.

"Eight original mountains and seven seas, Brahme, Indra, the Sun, and Rudra,—not thou, not I, not this or that people; wherefore, then, should anxiety be raised in our minds?

"In thee, in me, in every other being, is Vishnu; foolishly art thou offended with me, not bearing my approach; see every soul in thy own soul; in all places lay aside a notion of diversity."

Such is the pathetic address of the Gymnosophist, endeavouring to fix his attention on the eight original mountains and seven seas. This deep natural sense of transitoriness and uncertainty, is capable of being turned either to sadness or levity. In modern times, it has sometimes taken the form of an inclination for scepticism in reasoning and matters of opinion; for when scepticism is perfect and absolute, it is like a resolution of all particular thoughts into the indefinite. But also, the same deep feeling of uncertainty has sometimes been shewn in the vague horrors of a German romance, where the principal events take place in a mysterious twilight, or while autumnal showers are driven by the wind through the recesses of some unexplored forest. In such productions, change, doubt, and indefinite sadness, are always the chief elements, and they belong to the second stage of feeling.

I shall now proceed to speak of the

Third Stage of feeling. To it may be referred the mixture of human passions and affections with the sentiment of the beautiful, and with the knowledge of the permanent and abstract idea. From this mixture arises internal taste, and discrimination as to the higher and lower grades of feeling. But still the mixture implies the presence of human affections, which are more or less changed, for example, in the sentiment, justice, or generosity, or repentance, or the love of the beautiful. To this intermediate region belong the finest struggles of sentiment in tragedies or fictitious narrative; since, from the mixture of the different elements, it is both interesting to the passions of the reader, and gratifying to his taste, or his internal discrimination as to the quality of feeling, which he must exercise in sympathizing with the transition of struggling affections from their natural anarchy, into abstract beauty. This, therefore, is the Third Stage, and retains somewhat of the elements of the two inferior. But it is unnecessary to say any thing farther, to render the difference between them perceptible.

I think the exercise of Imagination belongs most properly to the Third Stage of feeling. Imagination is not merely a power for conceiving new situations to interest the passions; for, in all the bolder and more sudden flights of imagination, there is a temporary feeling of the reality of general ideas, as existing abstractedly from particular objects. These glimpses are only for a moment, but they are divine. It is this which connects imagination with elevation of sentiment. Relatively to this Voltaire was a remarkable instance. In him, imagination appeared as a power not always recognising the beautiful, but exerting activity, to find astonishing contrasts to visible realities. He was like a strong and far-travelled bird appearing on the earth, from some distant region; and the astonishment which he excited, was itself a satire on the narrow conceptions of mankind. His flights were rather those of strength and activity, than of rising qualities of taste. But almost any rapid exercise of imagination is connected with the feeling of the abstract. The rapid comparison of possible forms can seldom fail to produce some astonishment, and some risings of taste, beyond the narrow sphere of selfish passion, and also beyond that of natural affections. Therefore, I have no hesitation in saying, that imagination (which is a means of invention in all the stages of taste) belongs most properly, in point of feeling, to the Third Stage, which is the mixture of human affections with the sentiment of the beautiful. In all cases, imagination is an active recognition of the varieties of possible form. In its finest exercises, a profound sentiment of the beautiful makes these appear tinged with qualified hues, having almost the languor of passive affection. Activity, however, is most appropriate to imagination. These expressions may appear vague and mystical, but it can scarcely be otherwise in treating of such a subject.

That which characterises the Third Stage of taste, therefore, is not the absence of human affections, but the internal discrimination of the qualities of feeling in relation to the abstract beautiful. Since satire discriminates as to quality, it must belong to this stage. It sometimes appears to make one half of human nature ironically sympathise with what is bad, while the other half is made to condemn, and to feel opposition of taste, and so to discriminate. But satire, without the exercise of taste, is mere buffoonery, or abuse.

The Fourth and last Stage of feeling is to be found in the fine arts, and in the contemplation of abstract relations, such as they are in themselves, without reference to human affections. This kind of feeling applies to form, style, possible order, relative colour, harmony, extension, and the like. These things cannot be so well expressed by literature, which gives only words to suggest conceptions to the reader, who may conceive imperfectly; but the fine arts exemplify abstract relations, and make them cognizable to the senses. The two first or inferior stages of taste have no relation to abstract form, but the third is not below the level of the fine arts, for it is the mixture of human affections with the sentiment of the beautiful. In music, it is well expressed by the mixture of the discords, and imperfect concords, of human affections, with harmony. In painting, it may be shewn in the expressions of the countenances, and in the various mixtures of light with darkness. The Third and Fourth Stages of Taste are closely al-

that it may often require to consider twice; and the difference between them, is the absence of human passions and affections in the last.)

Having thus gone through the different stages of taste, and established the grade of each, upon principles which must appear clear and undeniable to every person capable of reflecting upon the subject, I appeal to you, Mr North, whether I have not stated things well worthy of consideration, in an age when there are so many different excitements to bewilder the mind, and ascertain their grade in relation to taste. I do not pretend to detract from the merits of any particular line or walk of literary composition, or unjustly to deprecate the mental gratifications which may be derived from it. I only seek to discriminate the kinds, and to make their respective qualities clearly perceptible. As a person, in learning to dance, goes through all the positions, so the mind goes (improving in agility and refinement) through all the regions of taste. I am, yours, &c.

H.

THE DEVIL AMONG THE ARTISTS; OR, DAVID DREADNOUGHT AGAINST ROUND-ROBIN.*

When an earthquake occurs in Calabria, Sicily, Portugal, or any part of the habitable globe, excelling in convulsions and eruptions of nature, it leaves behind it such decided and unequivocal proofs of its reality, as to silence the cavils of the most sceptical. Towers, temples, palaces, and houses, streets, squares, and cities, go down like a child's card-play-thing, and perhaps some twenty or forty thousand human creatures are burned or buried. But when an earthquake occurs in Scotland, say at Inverness or Comrie, it is so faint and woe-begone, that its existence seems extremely problematical. Hence there arise two parties,—the earth-quakers and the anti-earth-quakers. The one pull a long face, speak in hollow murmurs, take you solemnly by the fourth button of your waistcoat, cast their eyes up to the ceiling, and stun your soul with the dreadful narrative. Shock after shock, they maintain, to the number mayhap of the devil's dozen, struck old mother earth till she trembled as with cholic; the heavens were as black, they asseverate, as the crown of their hat; the heat was like an oven, and the whole concern most frightful indeed, and dismal alike to men, women, children, and cattle.

In corroboration of such terrific doings of nature, and to shew that the solid earth must have *quoke* from its foundation, up comes the cook from the kitchen, solemnly swearing by her sole and flounder, that the very spit shook, and every pan clattered. The butler is ready to take his Bible-oath, that he heard bottles breaking in the binns; and the pretty house-maid appears with a broken china-cup in her rosy paw, as demonstrative evidence of some mighty convulsion of nature. Dogs had been heard to bark, cattle to low, and children to squall. The very hens had tuck-tuck-tuck-a-tuck-tuckooed in the poultry-yard, in a manner which no hen would have adopted, except during an earthquake; and the dairy-maid having accidentally gone with Roger, the ploughman, into the barn during the darkness, had felt the very straw shaking, and observed that the eggs trundled away, most alarmingly indeed, out of their nests, bearing witness that the barley-mow was agitated to its foundation-sheaf. The anti-earthquakers, on the other hand, are willing to pledge faith, fortune, life itself, that there has been nothing whatever of the kind. If the bottles have shook upon the table, it was, according to them, after dinner; and the effect was produced by no earthquake, but by a rap of the knuckles, enforcing some jocular, political, or amatory effusion. If a gentleman fell off his chair, they blame no earthquake, but lay his fall to the charge of the jorum; and if the Turkey carpet heaved, sunk, and whirled, there seems no mystery whatever in such emotions, for they know, drunk as they are, that the earth is as fast as a nail, and that the table is standing a most steady octoped on a most trust-worthy floor. "Damn the earthquake did one or other of us either see, hear, or feel! However, we won't be positive; only we were too pleasantly occupied to attend to such trifles, and really we pity people who are so sensitive and

* Report of the Society of the Cognoscenti for the encouragement of the Fine Arts in Scotland. 8vo. 2s.

weak-nerved" as to notice a Scottish earthquake."

Something of the same kind may be noticed with respect to real or alleged earthquakes in the moral world. Thus, the French Revolution was a decided earthquake in its way;—thrones, pulpits, benches, tables, and chairs, were prostrated with the finest indiscrimination. But now-a-days, one hears of revolutions that really appear to us to be no revolutions at all. Unless we mistake, the newspapers have asserted nine national revolutions within two years; but on conversing with various ladies and gentlemen from those countries, where it is said they had occurred, our friends assured us that they had been present all the while, and that certainly had there been a revolution, some of them must have observed it.

It is just the same with great battles. Thus, in South America, the Royalists and the people called Patriots engage, it is rumoured, in a mighty conflict. Blood flows in rivers, the soil is manured with brain, and one, or perhaps both armies, are totally extinguished. That is one account. Another is, that one man has been seriously wounded, and two others shrewdly suspected of having been taken prisoners; but on which side is uncertain. Not a drop of blood has been shed large enough to throw into the face of a fainting louse, or to afford a lunch to a bottled leech—brains there have been none—and both armies, after mutual extermination, march boldly into winter quarters all covered over with glory.

So is it in the literary world. A book is published, and is said to have produced an earthquake. At Edinburgh, that mighty city—far larger than Athens—much liker to Nineveh, shakes from Stockbridge to Newington. St Paul's and St Giles's alike tremble, and there is but one cold shudder along a hundred streets. That is one account. Another is, that no book of any kind has been published at all—that honest people are following their usual occupations—that at the dinner hour they have all found the way to their mouths—and that Ambrose's, Young's, and Barclay's, have in the evening been crowded with their usual assemblage of rank, wealth, beauty, fashion, genius, and vertu.

On one occasion only do we remember perfect consentaniety of emotion in this city, and that was on the publication of the Chaldee. Then was there an earthquake indeed. Lord forgive us, what a Stramash! We had gone down that morning to Leith to bathe and breakfast, and on our way up, we met many hundreds of the affrighted inhabitants, apparently flying down to the sea, either to plunge into it in despair, or to take shipping for a foreign land. The sight was most affecting to our tender hearts—old women of both sexes were seen hobbling along by the side of mere children—consternation was on every countenance;—Whig and Tory seemed to have forgotten all distinction under one common calamity;—the oldest friends deserted each other in terror, and intimacies of years gave way in one little dreadful hour;—judges—jurisconsults—physicians—the clergy—barbers, bakers, butlers, poets, painters, players, all felt alike—the trembling tailor looked down from his sky-light on a pale population. An eclipse, in the very darkest ages of astronomy, or an earthquake in its best days, never produced such an effect as the Chaldee; and even now, years after that great quake, there remain over all Scotland vestiges wide and deep of that hideous visitation.

We have been insensibly led into this train of reasoning by the Report of the Edinburgh Society of Cognoscenti, on the Exhibition of the Scottish Institution for encouraging the Fine Arts. This Report has to some ears (pretty long ones) seemed louder than thunder, and we have been credibly informed, that the whole city is in commotion. We have also been credibly informed, that devil or deuce a person minds this Report, any more than if it had been the report of a pop-gun, charged with a single pea.

In this dilemma, we purchased a copy of the Report, to judge for ourselves respecting its probable effects on our metropolis. Pop-gun or Mons-Meg, we were resolved to lay our hand on this piece of Liliputian or Brobdignaggian artillery; and we found the charge at least moderate—two shillings only; whereas the paper and printing could not have cost less than threepence. We have listened to the Report; and if it has frightened any

person whatever—man, woman, or child, their liver must be white as snow.

But we chance to know that it *has* frightened a considerable number of persons; and on that account, we shall inquire shortly into the cause and rationality of their fears. Fear and Anger are of one family—the children of Folly. And accordingly the persons in question, (some of them, at least,) exhibit at one time faces pale with fright, and at another red with rage, alternating between the physiognomy of a gander and that of a bubbly-jock. The gentlemen to whom we allude are the Artists of Edinburgh; and the following is a precis of their proceedings, dictated by their Fear and their Folly.

A few days after the publication of this Report, a few of these Artists, (we never mention names of individuals in this Magazine,) with mealy faces, and ragged hair, and eyes endeavouring in vain to jump out of their sockets, were seen hurrying to and fro, sorely distraught. It was suspected that the gate of some Lunatic Asylum had been incautiously left open, and that some crazy folks had escaped into the city; but this conjecture unfortunately did not prove true. The persons alluded to have not yet been in confinement. They have hitherto been supposed sane; but their friends now begin to shake their heads. Well, then—these gentlemen having recovered from the speechless passion inspired by the Report, determined to discover who had let it, and to visit him, or them, we presume, with the full measure of their most formidable and destructive vengeance. They accordingly got some person to write for them a Manifesto, declaring their contempt, scorn, abhorrence, and so forth, of this Report; and with it they marched about in a state of the most pompous trepidation, from the house of one artist to another, demanding that he should instantly put his signature to it—or what? or be excommunicated from the fellowship of human beings, and be forced thenceforth to associate with Cockneys.

To this manful and maledictory Manifesto, as its issuers no doubt deem it, we really are sorry to see appended several distinguished, and a good many respectable names. Raeburn, Nasmyth, W. Thomson, Andrew Wilson, Allan, and John Watson, have absolutely put down their signatures to this paltry and pitiful paper. Where were their wits a wool-gathering at the time? Did they read it, or hear it read? or were they one and all, altogether, or at sundry times and in divers manners, incapable of reading it, or of hearing it read? Devoutly do we trust, that they were all in a state of civilation when they put pen to paper; for more creditable to any man would it be, to get bowzy once a-day for a year, Sundays, perhaps, excepted, than to have signed this calumnious circular—this railing Round-Robin. Can any thing be more pitiable than to see two or three full-grown men, such as they who carried about this affair for signatures, able to walk, we presume, without any more than mutual assistance, and not altogether unable to articulate,—we repeat, could any thing be more pitiable than to see these blockheads blundering about, up one stair and down another, in search of signatures of excommunication against a writer, who exhibits in every line of his Report the utmost candour, good-nature, cheerfulness, and philanthropy? O doughty deputation of dunces! Missionaries to convert men from the principles and practice of Christianity! Sneaking—snivelling—snoking subscription-seekers, full of gall and guile! Why, what right have you, answer me that, to prevent any brother brush from brandishing a pen occasionally as well as a pencil? Though neither of you probably can write a single sentence of grammar yourself, is that any reason why David Dreadnought, and Paul Playfair, and Samuel Small-text, and the other members* of the Cognoscenti, should wrap up their talent in a towel, except indeed it should be an oaken one? Where have you been living all your days? Have you been crawling on the surface, or sunk in the bowels of the earth? Have you been imprisoned for thirty years in the dungeons of the Inquisition? Have you been engaged in some mining speculation; and has your hair

* The society consists of upwards of forty members, ordinary and extraordinary.

got grey fifty fathoms down in a seam of coal? Have you tenanted a tunnel? Or been paid for sitting as hermits during the last half century in a sparry grotto, in the policy of some philosophical squire? If not, the Lord have mercy upon you,—for you have shewn yourselves blind and deaf to every thing seen and heard by all other men, and are beyond all question the most unexceptionable asses now extant in the world.

Gentle reader, methinks we see you smile—that we hear a titter—a laugh—a guffaw. But it is no laughing matter—it is a most serious business indeed, and there is no saying where it will end. We should not be at all surprised to see it brought into Parliament, for the great bulwark of the age, the palladium of British liberty, has been attacked;—we mean the Freedom of the Press! (*hear, hear, hear.*) Will these Circulating Inquisitors dare to gag the mouths, padlock the lips, and manacle the hands of our Scottish Artists? And if they make such an attempt, will the NATION, THE PEOPLE, stand by idle? What will the PUBLIC say? Our own dear PUBLIC, whose virgin love we won in a single hour's tête-a-tête; and who, although all Venus to us, is all Fury to our foes—at once Urania and Tisiphone? If we but let loose our PUBLIC upon you, you will change your names in terror (not perhaps for the first time with some of you) and lament the day you ever attempted to drum David Dreadnought off parade.

But soft—here comes the rub. After a number of innocent and smooth-spoken gentlemen, in whose mouths butter has been known to remain unmelted for the space of half a second, had with hands more or less steady, heads more or less muddy, and hearts more or less biley, signed the Manifesto against the writers of the Report,—an artist, who saw all their motives in their proper light, proposed for their signature a much more sweeping Test-act, and called upon all who had signed the Manifesto against the Report, to swear solemnly by pen, pencil, and pallet, that none of them had ever, either directly or indirectly, had any thing whatever to do with any printed critique on any work shewn at the last Exhibition of the Scottish Institution. Here was a graveller—a blow on the kidneys—a hit on the wind—a douse on the smeller—a dimmer to the daylights, and a larrup on the listeners of the Men of Manifestoes! Why, several of them had expressed their opinions in a way that prevented them from taking this oath, without notorious perjury. And others of them, who were too stupid and incapable to write a bad paragraph in a newspaper, had friends and relations, by blood or marriage, who praised them, and libelled their competitors to their hearts content. Stammering, stuttering, staggering, gaping, and every ugliest form of puzzled and perplexed speechlessness, were now the order of the day; and the very men who winced under the soft and silken lash of honest David, as if it had been a cat-of-nine-tails in the fists of some Highland drummer-boy, stood now self-convicted of having committed the very same offence of which they, as we think, most unjustly accused Messrs Dreadnought and Playfair.

Now, we beg leave to recommend to Mr Wilkie, or Allan, a subject for a picture, "The Artists who signed the Manifesto refusing the Test-Act." It is much better than "The Broken Fiddle," or "The Abdication of Queen Mary," or "The Death of Cardinal Wolsey," or "The Girl tying up her Brother's little Finger," or almost any historical subject that now occurs to our recollection. Indeed there may be two pictures—for the first may be "Signing the Manifesto." In it the features of the subscribers must express lofty indignation—smiling scorn—lip-wreathing contempt—supercilious disdain—nose-upturning contumely, as if the subscriber were putting from him a rotten egg,—and wide, deep, bright, and triumphant over all, the love of liberty, and a holy zeal for the advancement of Art all over the world.

We shall defer our directions how to paint the second great Picture till next Number.

Now, must it not be quite a delightful and exalted thing to be an Edinburgh Artist? You are sitting some afternoon asleep in your arm-chair by the fire-side, or perhaps putting the finishing touch to a young lady, when the door is flung open, and in comes a Deputation demanding your signature to some manifesto or disclaimer, relative to some transaction of which perhaps you are just as guilty as Mr Hogg of

the Chaldee. Would you not be praiseworthy instantly to turn the Deputation down the spiral staircase? Or suppose you are the perpetrator of the enormity of putting pen to paper, and have actually written a pamphlet unlike the present one, as bad and stupid as any picture ever painted by any Depute, are you to fall down on your knees and confess, and supplicate mercy? Or to stand up with a face of ninefold brass, like the shield of an Homeric hero, and swear by art and artifice that you are innocent as an Embryo? No, no;—shewing down stairs is your sole resource. A regard to your own private character—to the peace of your domestic establishment—and to the interests of the Fine Arts, imperiously demands that the Deputation be forthwith dismissed, neck and crop, into another spot of the terraqueous globe.

Have any Whigs signed this Manifesto? We warrant they have. It breathes the small, puny, peevish, petty, fuming, fumbling spirit of the lowest and most contemptible whiggery. Some of these gentry have had their vanity tweaked by the nose with a most delicate and good-natured finger and thumb, and the dull devil within them has been roused. Why do they not bring an action,—an appeal at once to reason and taste, in the august form of the Law? We should not be at all surprised if they affirm that the criticisms of our honest friend David are attacks upon private character. Is it not, according to their views, a gross personal libel to say, that Mr Nasmyth's pictures "betoken the dexterity of hand of an able mechanic!" Might not Mr Peter Gibson prosecute the slanderer who publishes to the world, that that excellent artist "has taken a most undue liking to Scots fir-trees, and that he enriches his fore-grounds with brambles?" Might not Mr Andrew Wilson get damages to some tune, against the base libeller who has dared to assert that "he has no poetic fire." And if Mr Nasmyth should prevail in his action, would not his fair daughters prevail in theirs too, whose works are said to be "all so alike, that it is impossible to distinguish the works of father from those of daughter or sister?" These are, we suppose, to the ears of Whigs, most wicked and atrocious words. The anonymous ruffian who wrote them, would, we presume, according to them, be ready, on any favourable opportunity, to plant a dagger into the bosom of sleeping innocence and beauty!! Might not Mr J. F. Williams bring his action against the man who ventures to say that his "*works* have a blackness, which he would do well to endeavour to remove?" Some works, however, are so distinguished by blackness, that it is impossible to remove it from them by any process of art yet known. A Whig might thus go over the whole Report, and point out where actions lie against David, for his multifarious libels on private characters of the kind now quoted.—No doubt the great Whig lawyers in this city will, for a few paltry pounds, point out libels or create them, and lend their assistance towards getting them amerced, in the teeth of their own avowed principles, and in contempt of the small remaining consistency of their own character.

From the tone of that last sentence, some of our readers may think that we are waxing wroth. Not at all—we are sitting in Ambrose's, with a magnum of claret before us, and with the most amicable, mild, and placid contempt of the whole crew that ever actuated a true Christian. Were any one of the gentry to whom we so delicately allude, to come into this room, with his Manifesto in his hand, we should not turn him out, at least for some time, for that might be supposed personal. We should order him to take a seat near the door, and bid the waiter give him a can of small beer with a sprinkling of oat-meal, a salt herring, and a cold potato. When his soul was softening and expanding under the genial influence of such generous diet, we should tell the Waiter, who is a man of very considerable talents, to explain to the Depute the utter beggarliness of his behaviour, not by any means in eating the herring and drinking the beer, but in bringing the Manifesto. The Depute's eyes would then open, as his mouth had done a few minutes before; he would request us, out of gratitude for couching his ogles and warming his stomach, to throw the Manifesto into the fire; and having done so, we should then give him permission to retire with the Waiter into the bar-room, and indulge himself in a jug of gin-twist. If he refused this permission, which is high-

ly improbable, then, in self-defence, our boot might be applied to the posteriors of the Depute.

But the Devil waits; so we must bring our article to a close, or there will be the Devil to pay. Well, then, "Gentlemen of the deputation, when you went your rounds, had you, or had you not, a wish, a hope, and a belief, that you might fix the guilt of the "Report" on one particular individual?" Answer that question without shuffling. You know that your consciences condemn you? But that individual had too much sense, too much spirit, to be humbugged or humbled by such heroes. He treated your Manifesto with that scorn which every other good artist and independent man ought to have grinned upon it, and let the noodles go braying off with their elongated ears as wise as they came. Now every person who knows Mr Peter Gibson, (be he the author of this Pamphlet, or be he not,) knows that he is a man of talent and learning in his profession, and that he is the very last person in the world to seek to injure any one of his brother artists. As an artist, he has always had great merit, at least ever since we have known his works; and his improvement in almost the only point in which he was at one time somewhat deficient, is this year manifestly great. He now studies nature herself, as well as the rules of art,—and as he possesses a strong, original, and cultivated mind, we are confident that he will be, ere long, if he be not already, in the first class of our Scottish painters of landscape.

But we have no intention at present of entering into any discussion of the merits or demerits of the Edinburgh Artists. We have been rather remiss on the subject; and in our next Number, and several succeeding ones, we propose taking the "Report of the Cognoscenti," as a sort of text-book, and giving our opinion of all these gentlemen. Meanwhile, we recommend the "Report" to the public, as a very clever and interesting report indeed,—dealing out praise and blame with the most laudable impartiality,—full of the milk of human kindness, and calculated to please, amuse, and even instruct every one, but a few irritable and thin-skinned Ninnies, many of whom have been praised in it far beyond their deserts, and will wince in good earnest when our thong is laid across their shoulders. As to the distinguished Artists, whose names are given above, as appended to the Manifesto, we have no doubt that they are by this time heartily ashamed of it;—they all know our respect for their character and admiration of their genius; and if we have been a little jocular upon them at present, they may lay their account with being well buttered in our next Number.

ON MR HALLE' PICTURE OF "THE TWO MARYS VISITING THE SEPULCHRE OF CHRIST."

In the days when Hippolito de' Medici was still a youth, and the Cardinal of Cortona governed Florence in the name of Pope Clement, a certain Abbot from Lombardy, on his way to Rome, was desirous of seeing the new Sacristy of St Laurence, which had been recently adorned by the immortal labours of Michael Angelo. He accordingly called for this purpose on the Prior of that establishment, who, referring him to a young man, (named Tasso,) for his conductor, commanded the latter, in an especial manner, to point out to his reverence all that was most worthy of observation in that illustrious edifice. The Abbot, (who was a man of taste and critical judgment,) after having surveyed the divine sculptures with vast attention, observed, "Upon my word, very tolerable figures—but not what I should have expected neither. I see now, that this Michael is no God Almighty upon earth, as people represent him to be. The statues at Count Pepoli's would stand a comparison with these; yet they were done by Noddo, or by some such person, little better than a common stone-cutter." Master Tasso, hearing this, immediately set down the reverend visitor for a piece of solemn impertinence; but for the time said nothing, and passed on toward the library.

Passing through the church, in their way to that apartment, the Abbot asked many questions, as to when it was built, and who was the architect, and, without waiting for the answer, went

on in the same strain.—"Faith, I do not altogether dislike this building, however, it can't be compared to our St ——'s at Bologne." Master Tasso would have burst with laughing at this, had not anger somewhat restrained him, and forced him to mutter between his teeth, "If your reverence be as well learned in holy writ as in sculpture and architecture, ye must needs be a great Bachelor in Theology."—"Friend," replied the Abbot, somewhat offended, but not at all understanding the sarcasm, "*Deo gratias*, I am no bachelor, but a Master in Theology."

They now reached the Cloisters, and ascending the wooden stair-case which leads to the library, and looking up at the cupola, the Abbot remarked, "So this is the famous cupola of which all the world has been talking."—"And surely with just reason," answered Master Tasso. "Where has your reverence ever seen so beautiful a performance? The lantern especially is beyond all praise." The Abbot, slightly curling his lip to an expression of condescending derision, "So say you Florentines; but I have been told by persons most worthy of credit, that the cupola at Porcia is a thousand times more beautiful, and more skilfully finished." At this Master Tasso's anger rose beyond all bounds, and seizing the reverend Abbot by the shoulders, and tripping up his heels, he fairly tumbled him from the top of the stairs to the bottom. The rest of the adventure may be read at large in the eighth novel of the First Supper of Anton Francesco Grazzini, surnamed "Il Lesca." The details are not much to our present purpose; but the substance of them is, that the bruised and almost murdered Abbot preferred his charge of assault and battery against Master Tasso, who rested his defence on the assertion, that the Abbot, being seized with a sudden fit of insanity, had thrown himself headlong down the stairs. The only evidence he adduced in support of his plea was, that of one who had heard his reverence's comparison of the cupola of San Lorenzo to that of Porcia; and the evidence was deemed sufficient fully to establish the fact of the madness, and to render the remainder of the narrative so probable, that Master Tasso was fully acquitted, and the venerable critic left to digest (like poor imprisoned Malvolio,) the double injury of his limbs and understanding, as well as he was able.

There are some who may be disposed to consider the chastisement thus inflicted as too severe a penalty for a mere defect of judgment; but this can only proceed from a want of mature reflection, and from not having read the very interesting and pathetic works of Mr D'Israeli on "The Literary Character," and "The Calamities of Authors." I am, on the contrary, so perfectly satisfied of the strict, moral, and poetical justice of the catastrophe, that I find only one circumstance in the narration deserving of the smallest respect, viz. that it is not possible to reconcile its date and local position with the supposition, that the Tasso of our story was the same with the divine author of the "Jerusalem Delivered," and that the Prince of Poetry thus vindicated the fame of the Prince of Painters and Sculptors.*

To those noblemen and others, patrons of our splendid national Institution for promoting the fine arts in the united kingdom, who have nothing so much at heart as the advancement of the liberal purpose of its establishment, this little apologue may confidently be presented, as affording a hint for some general legislative enactment to restrain the mischievous practice of empirical criticism—a practice which strikes at the root of all their laudable endeavours, which blights every hope of fame and eminence, and dooms to disappointment and silence every effort towards the production of fruits at all worthy of the pains and expence bestowed in their cultivation. What I should humbly propose to the accomplishment of an end so desirable, would be the passing of a bill, enabling the directors of the British Institution, at their discretion, to inflict any degree of corporeal chastisement (short of life and limb) on all such persons as shall presume to exercise the trade of criticism on works of art, without a licence, and without the previous

* It is just possible that the anecdote may refer to Bernardo Tasso, the father of the "Divine Torquato," and himself a poet of no little eminence.—We should be sorry to lose it out of the family.

registration of their names in the books of the society; and extending even to the administration of single or compound fractures in such cases where the offender shall be discovered to be himself an artist, and the design of exalting his own reputation at the expence of his rival, the sole discernible motive of an attack so unbrotherly. The crime is susceptible of still farther aggravation, and rises to its climax in the scale of moral enormity, when the poison meant to be circulated is conveyed through the medium of hollow compliment—the damnation of "faint praise"—and the insolent affectation of condescending and compassionate patronage.

Mr Halls, an artist of long-established reputation in his profession, has lately presented to public notice a picture, which either deserves to be classed in the highest rank of art, among the productions of the historical pencil, which have conferred the greatest honour upon our age and nation, or is worse than insignificant; since the dignity of the subject, and the ambitious importance of the style in which it is attempted to be treated, alike exclude the bare supposition of mediocrity. It is, therefore, necessarily either beneath criticism, or it is of a character which imperatively demands the most honourable avowal as to its merits, and the most liberal indulgence as to its imperfections. Some judicious and candid "Abbot," probably from the eastward of Temple-bar, whose jargon betrays the painter by profession, at the same time that it reveals the ignorant pretender to taste and judgment, has thought fit, nevertheless, while he reluctantly admits a degree of merit which entitles the picture to notice, to divest that acknowledged merit of every feature that can in reality constitute the smallest claim to any thing but the most contemptuous indifference. "As a new artist, quite unknown to the world, this young man really deserves to be encouraged. To be sure there are fifty better pictures on the very same subject at Count Pepoli's; and Noddo's 'Punch's Puppet-show' is a vast deal cleverer. There is not an original figure in the piece. The soldier on the ground is Rigaud's, the elder Mary is West's, Mary Magdalene is taken from the life in Fleet Street—(of this, by the bye, I am particularly well qualified to be a judge; 'experto crede.') The two remaining soldiers are distracted, and starting like actors in a barn, and the angel who must be allowed to have a pretty face, is a mere piece of vulgar mortal clay, without spirituality and without elevation. After all, it is a cleverish sort of thing in its way—goodish sort of colouring, (after the manner of West) and some knowledge of anatomy. In short, it is a promising lad—this *Mr Hall*—and may do well in time, under the fostering care of benignant patrons and critics."

Now, is racking on the wheel, or tearing to pieces by wild horses, punishment too severe for the offence of such malignant criticism? Is midnight assassination, or slow poisoning, a crime more inhuman and more abominable than that of the cold-blooded artist, who thus tears away the flesh, and leaves bare the quivering nerves and muscles of an agonizing brother? The multitudes who have no means of forming any judgment on works of art, except as they are guided by their favourite newspaper editor, make up their minds at one reading, and very prudently and considerately determine, that, of the shillings and sixpences set apart for the gratification of their taste, and display of their vertu during the exhibition season, not one shall be thrown away upon the "*Two Marys*." The resolution thus formed is not to be shaken by subsequent contradictory reports. "Oh no! we know what Mr Halls' picture is, and are not to be taken in by *puffing*." The few who dare to think for themselves, are perhaps unconsciously influenced by the sight of an empty room, and the surrounding chill of contempt and indifference. The reverend "Master in Theology" has secured the object of his particular malignity, or the gratification of his general disposition to ill-natured censure; and the unhappy artist is condemned to the fever of burning and conscious indignation, or the slow-pining consumption of bitter disappointment, as the only fruits of months, perhaps years, of arduous and unremitting toil, commenced in the full ardour of hope and emulation, and pursued, amidst all its attendant difficulties, under the gay but delusive banners of active genius, and all-surmounting enthusiasm.

I have suffered my warmth of feel-

ing on this subject to carry me too far, not to subject what I have written to the imputation of its being dictated by the partiality of friendship; and I believe, that the wisest as well as the most honest course, is to avow the fact, and bespeak the generosity of the public, in favour not only of the motive, but of the object of it. But, in this avowed character of the friend of the painter, it behoves me to restrain the voice of praise, and leave it to others to exercise the judgment which (by my own confession) I am indeed incapable of pronouncing. I shall beg leave to help them in forming it, by the insertion of only one or two facts, in reply to the chief insinuations which have been thrown out to the artist's prejudice, and by then calling their attention to a passage in his own account of the design and character of his compositions, which afford the true standard of judgment respecting it; since, by how much he has failed or succeeded in the accomplishment of his own original conception, by so much ought he to be considered as having merited or forfeited the favourable reception of his performance.

Mr Halls offers this best, and certainly greatest of his performances, to the public, not in the character of a young and untried candidate for fame, but in that of an artist already known and appreciated, who has applied, with unremitting energy and perseverance, those talents of which he is master, to the composition of a work conceived by him at a period when he considered his skill and experience as not yet suitable to its accomplishment, and carried into execution not till he felt (or believed) that his powers were mature, and his judgment perfected to the task. Plagiarism (the only charge from which it is possible to vindicate him,—since the refutation of those which remain must be left to the individual taste and feelings of the spectators of his picture) may, I think, be confidently denied in both the instances in which it is alleged against him; since the figure of the Holy Mary, which is stated to have been stolen from West, is so stated without any reference to the place of the supposed original; and that of the soldier lying down in the fore-ground, will be found, upon the slightest comparison with Rigaud's "Sampson," (to which our reverend Abbot has thought proper to allege its servile resemblance) to be just as much like it, as Alexander the Great to King Henry, and Monmouth to Macedon. Besides, the charge of plagiarism (with all the "deep damnation" that lies in the utterance of it) is one which, even if substantiated, ought in many instances to add to, rather than detract from, the merit of the alleged culprit; and the opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds need hardly be adduced in support of a principle, which almost all the first pictures of the greatest artists may be confidently pointed to as tending to confirm and establish. At least, if plagiarism consists, not in direct, servile, and even lineal imitation, but in the adoption of the same idea to express the same combination of situations and circumstances, I am fully ready to admit Mr Halls' liability to the charge, if not in the particular instances which our holy "Father Abbot" has pointed out to notice, yet in another, which is as much beyond the grasp of his intellect as Michael Angelo's excellencies were beyond the reach of his memorable Lombard prototype's;—the general conception of the design, and of the diversity of expression and character, for which it furnished scope to the abilities of the artist. In Raphael's painting in fresco of the "Miraculous Host," in the Vatican, Pope Julius the Second is represented as being present; and (as Mr Mills has forcibly expressed it in his late publication of The Travels of Dueas, vol. I. p. 89,) "his devout and unruffled countenance shews a mind so firm of belief as not to be surprised at any manifestation of the Divine Power, and is well contrasted with the amazement and alarm of the women, children, and soldiers."—Let Mr Halls now speak for himself, with regard to the ideas which he entertained in forming the original design of his picture.

"In the instance which the artist has selected for the improvement of his pencil, the figures are few in number, and all of them marked by some peculiar and discriminate characteristic; thus, the figure of the Angel requires to be depicted with an imaginative and (if the phrase be allowable) a poetical force of expression, so as effectually to distinguish it from those of the inhabitants of earth, and to invest him with an abstract ideality of form and expression, from which every trace of ordinary and sexual distinction must be excluded, so far as

is consistent with that degree of bodily and mental energy which, in personifying the higher classes of supernatural agents, the Painter, no less than the Poet, must principally derive from the contemplation of masculine energy and perfection.

"With the divine and dignified nature of the Angel are contrasted the rugged and common forms of the Soldiers, placed under the circumstances of unusual and unaccountable consternation—a modification of the passion of fear which admits of almost endless variety, according to its degree of influence upon the feeble or the powerful intellect, while the two female figures, from the difference of their respective ages and characters, admit of considerable variation of expression, and form a striking contrast to that of the other actors; the effect of which contrast, is still further heightened by the 'elementary strife' which is recorded to have taken place at the dawn of day, on this interesting and awful occasion.

"In treating the subject thus selected, the Artist has endeavoured, as nearly as possible, to follow the guidance of these general impressions. In the Angel, which forms the leading feature of the design, he has endeavoured to present (at all times a difficult undertaking) the abstract personification of an intellectual agent, having little in common with individual humanity, and still less with the ordinary habits and passions by which the actions of mankind are influenced: this figure is represented as pointing out to the two Women the Tomb where Christ had lain—and as it forms the principal object in the Picture, it may be considered as the main-spring by which the different expressions belonging to the other personages introduced are almost exclusively actuated. With respect to the Soldiers, who are described in the text to have become as dead men at the sight of this awful and tremendous apparition, there is but one passion, that of unmixed terror, common to all, and which the Painter has attempted to vary in the respective figures, according to the different gradations, from a state approaching paralysis to that species of alarm which may be conceived to find a place in the firmest minds when suddenly visited by unusual or supernatural occurrences. These figures are placed on the left side of the Picture, in one closely-connected group; the opposite side is occupied by the two female Disciples, who, according to the Evangelist, had come forth on this eventful morning to pay the last tribute of reverential love and piety at the sepulchre of their Lord and Saviour. The younger of these, the Magdalene, required, according to the constant practice of painters, founded on what the Holy Scriptures themselves have recorded with respect to her former life and actions, to be represented as endowed with a symmetry of form, and a voluptuousness of expression, chastened, but not extinguished, by the devout aspirations of her repentant state. It would have been repugnant to human nature to pourtray such a character as otherwise than moved to the very extreme of wonder and admiration at an occurrence which, however consonant to the devotional rapture excited in her mind, must, nevertheless, in its sudden realization, have operated on her enthusiasm and susceptibility of nature with all the force of the most inconceivable miracle. It would, on the other hand, have been degrading to the sanctity of her regenerated character to have mingled with her astonishment any tincture of that baser passion which engrosses the countenances and demeanour of the military watchmen; and even that faint and undefined species of dread which unconsciously infuses itself into a mind so awakened, would have been altogether misplaced in the person of the elder Mary, who, as the mother of the two favourite disciples of her Lord, may be supposed to have contemplated the event almost familiarly; and the dignity of whose age and character is alike unsuitable to vehement emotions, and unlikely to yield to the influence of vague astonishment and unreal terror—a deep and reverential awe is therefore the only modification of feeling which the painter has thought fit to impress on the countenance of this personage—a feeling best suited to the probable frame of her mind when, unappalled by the glorious but amazing vision which had confounded the senses of the remaining spectators, she dared address to the heavenly messenger the inquiry, to which "He answered and said, Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified; he is not here, for he is risen: come, see the place where the Lord lay."

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. III.

SCENE FIRST.

TIME—*Six o'clock, P. M.* SCENE—*The Blue Parlour.*

To Mr NORTH, *standing in the centre of the room, in full fig, Enter* Mr TIMOTHY TICKLER.

NORTH.

Good day, sir; I'm glad I'm not to dine *quite* alone. I began to think nobody was coming.

TICKLER.

I beg your pardon, Mr North, but I really had no notion it was so far in the day. I took my chocolate as usual about two, and then went out into the Meadows and wandered about.

NORTH.

About what, you old rogue, you? But no apologies. I'm glad you've made your appearance at least.

TICKLER.

I hope you'll excuse my gaiters, North; I had not the least idea you were to sport a regular blow-out to-day. I looked into the other room, and saw such a smash of covers—And you in your silk stockings too!—I suppose you've been sporting your ankles with the Commissioner.

NORTH.

Not I; but I expect several strangers to dinner, and an Editor is nothing without black breeches, you know—But you need not say a word about your dress. Upon my honour, that's a most natty surtout—and your spatterdashes, why they are quite the potato. For a contributor you are well enough—and, after all, there's no ladies in the party.

TICKLER.

What! not even Mrs M'Whirter! I'll do well enough as I am for your Kempferhausens and Mullions, *et hoc genus*, if that's all the party.

NORTH.

That's not it quite neither, Mr Timothy. I expect two or three gentlemen you have never been in company with, and I believe the meeting will give pleasure on all sides—There's Sir Andrew Wylie for one.

TICKLER.

What? he of that Ilk? Old Wheelie?

NORTH.

The same—he's an Elder in this General Assembly, and his chum Dr Scott, who is also a member of the venerable court, introduced him to me a few mornings ago at the Moderator's breakfast. I declare the western worthies eclipsed even the ministers! I never saw two such twists—I beg your pardon—I hope Mrs Tickler is well.

TICKLER.

So, so, North:—Of course Sir Andrew wrote his own Life?

NORTH.

Why, you know, every body writes books in our days, and nobody owns them. But I suppose he and the Odontist patched up the Life between them. They're a couple of queer comical old devils. The Baronet, a deuced rum fellow, to be sure; but Countesses and Duchesses adore him, and we must all confess he is one of the cleverest, and at the same time best-tempered, creatures alive.

TICKLER.

Whom else have ye?

NORTH.

Mr Pendarves Owen—a very pretty-behaved young gentleman.

TICKLER.

By Jove, if he leaps out of a window here, there will be a pretty end of the pretty-behaved gentleman. Imagine a fellow clearing the Cowgate, or

hopping over the Horse Wynd, fourteen stories deep, from a sky-light to a chimney top. Of course she had has a bee in his bonnet.

NORTH.

Perhaps you'll find it a wasp if you go too near. He's a cursed hot fellow—but so are all the Taffy breed. But what was I thinking of? There's Feldborg behind.

TICKLER.

Feldborg the Dane?—really?

NORTH.

Feldborg—ipsissimus ipse! I hear his cough on the stair this moment. He arrived in the Roads last night at a quarter after eleven.

Enter Mr Ambrose.

MR AMBROSE.

Professor Feldborg! [*Exit.*

Enter Feldborg the Dane.

FELDBORG.

With joy and ravishment, O illustrious man, do I once more contemplate thee. From the very first instant of the time I re-landed on the Albionean coasts, did my mind—my soul—my spiritous part thirst after thee. And to thee, also, most admired and honourable Mr Tickler, I offer my humblest salutations. Heaven surely, what I hope, has favoured you both, *me absente, dum in Daniâ meâ morstus eum.*

NORTH.

All hail, Prince of Denmark! And how is the little Prince that you told so many pretty stories to, and how are Oehlenschlæger, and Baggesen, and Bombardius, and all the rest of the Danes?

FELDBORG.

All quite hearty—quite the charming agreeable spirits, and all in love with you. Baggesen is writing a very big book all about you. Its title is *De Amore Northi apud Danos.* The book will make a sensation—it is dedicated what you call to Oelhlenschlæger.

NORTH.

What?—so they have made up matters!

FELDBORG.

Quite reconciled—I saw with mine own eyes Baggesen smoking one, two, three, long, very long, puffs out of Oehlenschlæger's pipe. I wrote a very pretty poem on that subject in the Copenhagen Chronicle. It has already been translated into Swedish and Lapp.

NORTH.

It must now be well known if that's the case—but here comes the rest of our friends.—Sir Andrew, your most obedient humble servant.

Enter Sir Andrew Wylie, Dr Scott, Mr Pendarves Owen, Ensign O'Doherty, and the Rev. Donald Wodrow, D.D.

——I'm exceedingly proud of having the honour to see you all here, gentlemen—Dr Scott, don't pull my wrist out of joint, man—Mr Owen, I'm delighted—Dr Wodrow, how-do-you-*do*, my good sir? Has the overture come on yet? [*Aside.*]—Order dinner, O'Doherty.

REV. DR WODROW.

Why, Mr North, you see that business from the Ayr brethren has occupied the committee so long, that our overture——

NORTH.

Gentlemen, allow me to make you all acquainted.—Sir Andrew Wylie, Mr Tickler—Mr Tickler, Sir Andrew Wylie. Professor Feldborg, Captain O'Doherty—Captain O'Doherty, Professor Feldborg.—Captain O'Doherty, allow me the pleasure of introducing you to my friend Mr Wodrow—I'm sure you're no strangers to each others names at all events. Well, now, are all the salaams over? Do any of you choose a whet before dinner?

REV. DR WODROW.

It is not my custom to take any thing before dinner; but really, you folk in the town, you dine so late—and I took, thoughtlessly, some very salt ham this morning at the Moderator's.

NORTH.

There's a variety of liquors on the side-table.—Odoherty, give Mr Wodrow a little Seltzerwater, or something cooling.

(*While* ODOHERTY *is handing round a salver, covered with vestil glasses, &c. enter* AMBROSE, *with a towel under his arm.*)

AMBROSE.

Gentlemen—dinner.

NORTH.

Gentlemen, I'll show the way.—Sir Andrew, your arm.

[*Exeunt* C. N. *and* SIR A. W.

ODOHERTY.

Seniores sint priores! Cedant arma togæ.

[*Exit* PROFESSOR FELDSORG.

TICKLER.

I can't walk before so many Doctors.—Walk away, Dr Scott.

REV. DR WODROW, (*brushing hastily out of the room.*)

Come away, Dr Scott.

DR SCOTT.

Mr Tickler, if you please, sir.

TICKLER.

O fie, Doctor—After you, Doctor.

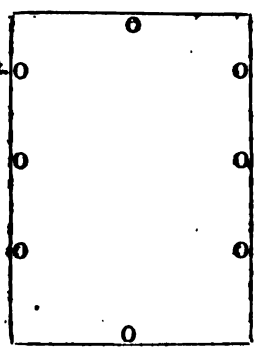
[*Exit* DR SCOTT.—*exit* TICKLER.

ODOHERTY.

Come along, Mr Owen.—What a hubbub these old Pats make, with their hanged precedence! Did you notice how the D. D. hopped off? As brisk as a beetle, by St Patrick!

SCENE SECOND.

C. NORTH, ESQ.



SIR ANDREW WYLIE, Bart. — PROFESSOR FELDSORG.

REV. DR WODROW. — DR SCOTT.

TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. — PENDARVES OWEN, ESQ.

ENSIGN ODOHERTY.

NORTH.

A bumper! THE KING! God bless him!

OMNES.

The King!!! [*Three times three. Trumpets without. Air—God save the King.*]

TICKLER.

A bumper—The Kirk of Scotland!

OMNES.

The Kirk of Scotland! [*Air,—The Bush aboon Traquair.*]

REV. DR WODROW.

Gentlemen, all your very good healths! I am extremely sensible of the honour you have done——

NORTH.

—A bumper! "The general joy of the whole table!"

ODOHERTY.—(*Aside.*)

Vide Shakespeare! hem!

OMNES.

The General joy, &c.—(*Three times three.*)

[*Air,—We are the Lads, &c.*]

NORTH.

Now, gentlemen, these three bumpers being discussed, I leave the filling of your glasses to your own discretion.

ODOHERTY.

Let each man fill his neighbour's glass, and push the port and sherry into the middle of the table.—Mr Chairman, give Sir Andrew a little drop; I'm sure he'll do as much for the Reverend Doctor on his right.

SIR ANDREW WYLIE.

Na, wha ever heard o' sic like doings as this! and me a ruling elder too! Oh dear, you literary men are the most unconsciable chields I ever foregathered wi'—but to be sure it's ill to make a silk purse out of a sow's lug.

DR SCOTT.

Hear till him! Would any body think the Baronet had lived sae mony years out of his ain country, and been in high life too, Lord preserve us,—(I beg your pardon, Dr Wodrow, it just slipped frae the tongue, man)—and kittled ladies of quality in his time—and crackit a bottle with Mr Pitt himself—an' a' the lave o't? Ane that did not ken the history would, saving his presence, just take him for some Paisley baillie, that had never had the stink of the Sneddon out of his nostrils!

NORTH.

Mr Odontist, I disapprove of personalities.

DR SCOTT.

Hout! Like the Duke of Bedford, I meant nothing personal, upon my honour.

SIR A. WYLIE.

Dr Scott having in the handsomest manner declared that he meant no allusion to me personally, I am now perfectly satisfied.—Fill your glass, Dr Scott.

REV. DR WODROW.

That puts me in mind of a story of Mr Tham of Govan—a queer fellow—but sound, very sound in his doctrine. He had been rebuking a young lad and lassie one day in his kirk, and he had in his rough way, (for Tham was a very rough brother, sirs,) gone a great length in miscalling the lad; and as they were a' coming out of the kirk, the lad he came down from the cutty-stool and runs up to the minister, and says he, "I dinna ken what you meant by yon blackguard language about me. I think you're exceedingly impertinent, Mr Tham." And wi' that Mr Tham up with his stick, (he had aye a good bit sapling in his hand,) and comes a clink o'er the chield's head, and gar'd him reel away back, and he fell on the braid o' his back among the dirt,—hee! hee! hee!

DR SCOTT.

A bonny parallel! my certy!

FELDBORG.

When Baggesen and Oehlenschlaeger first began to write pamphlets concerning each other—Ay, what pamphlets Baggesen does make!—there was some talk of their fighting with the sword,—and to be sure they went one day into Hamlet's Garden what we call, and they drew their swords so bright, so clear, and up comes I by accident, and says I, "What fools you are, let us go dine all together at the White Feather."—That is a great inn, hotel what you call, in Elsinore.

NORTH.

And did you go accordingly?

FELDBORG.

Oh, what for a dinner we did eat that day! At the head of the table was a sausage-pie.—O, what for a pie! and at the foot there was a boiled goose with mustard pudding; and there was one dozen big black bottles of the best beer, and how we did rejoice!—Oh, me!

PEN OWEN.

[*Aside to* ODOHERTY.]—Noctes Cœnæque Deum.

ODOHERTY.

[*Aside to* PEN OWEN.]—Noctes Cœnæque de *hum*.

PEN OWEN.

Pray, Dr Scott, what is that book called the Percy Anecdotes?—I saw it in a window at York as I came through, and bought it to divert us in the chaise, and I can make very little meaning of it, although it is an amusing production enough, in its way.

DR SCOTT.

I only possess two or three numbers of the work; there's one of them called "Anecdotes of Instinct, with a portrait of the Ettrick Shepherd;" I was much amused with it.

PEN OWEN.

Yes; but why *Anecdotes of Instinct with a portrait of Hogg*?—Do they mean to represent Hogg as a being *totally* void of *Reason*?—A mere new edition of *the Learned Pig*?

DR SCOTT.

It did not strike me before; but now you point it out, 'tis absurd. Then there's one, "Anecdotes of *Genius*, with a portrait of *Mr Southey*;" and, immediately after, comes another, "Anecdotes of *Crime and Punishment*, with a portrait of Sir James M'Intosh." Now, I, for one, can make neither head nor tail of this.

PEN OWEN.

Do you suppose they mean to insinuate that Sir James stands in the same relation to Crime and Punishment in which Southey stands to Genius? If so, what has been the learned knight's crime? What has been his punishment?

TICKLER.

What say you, Sir Andrew?

SIR A. WYLIE.

I suppose they mean to let us to wit, that Sir James M'Intosh is *above* Crime and Punishment, just as Poet Hogg is *above* Instinct?

REV. DR WODROW.

Good, very good, I'm clear for Sir Andrew's way of expounding the dubiety, 'tis like *Lucus a non lucendo*—ehem!

ODOHERTY. [*Sings.*]

This is the wine
That in former time
Each wise one of the Magi
Was wont to carouse
In a frolicsome bowse.
Recubans sub tegmine fagi.

Mr North, you're keeping the bottle rather long by you.

NORTH.

Well, Odoherty, since your pipe is so clear, suppose you do sing us another song—and if it be one of your own, so much the better for Dr Wodrow.

ODOHERTY.

Well,—since you will have it, I shall tip you what I wrote last month, on the interesting occasion of the marriage of Mr Timothy Tickler, if you know any such person.

NORTH.

You're quizzing, Odoherty—Sing, but remember, that I depend upon your good feeling, to introduce nothing that could call up a blush on the delicate cheek of Mrs Tickler, if she were present.

TICKLER.

Delicate cheek! hem,—

"O call it fair, not pale!"

ODOHERTY (*Sings.*)

SONG,

ON THE WEDDING-DAY OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. AND MISS AMARANTHA ALOESBUD.

1.

Fill, fill to the brim, fill a bumper to him,
Who is call'd to a happier duty away,
Who, seated beside his own loved one—his bride—
Drinks large draughts of joy from her eyes' sunny ray:
And let not the toast to the man we love most,
Be silently pass'd round the board as we sit;
But rising about, with a heart-stirring shout,
Let us hail the dear union of Beauty and Wit.

2.

Though, perhaps, now no more, shall our friend, as before,
Join his bachelor mates in their frolicsome knot;
Nor pour forth his soul over bottle and bowl,
That soul free from taint of dishonouring thought;
Though that eloquent tongue upon which we have hung
So oft with delight, may no more glad us here;
Yet still his loved name a full bumper shall claim,
And it still shall be hail'd with a thrice given cheer.

3.

O, blest be this day, by the smile of the gay,
By the bright eyes of beauty, by music and dance!
O, blest be this day—and as life wears away,
May he joy on its moments his thoughts back to glance!
May the maid, whose bright charms are resign'd to his arms,
Still be loved with the love that he feels for her now;
And may her dear lord be by her still adored,
As when first she lisp'd forth the unchangeable vow.

4.

Then fill to the brim, fill a bumper to him,
Who is call'd to a happier duty away,
Who, seated beside his own loved one—his bride—
Drinks large draughts of joy from her eyes' sunny ray:
And let not the toast to the man we love most
Be silently pass'd round the board as we sit;
But rising about, with a heart-stirring shout,
Let us hail the dear union of Beauty and Wit!

DR SCOTT (*Singing.*)

"Let us hail the dear union of Beauty and Wit."

Devilish good song, upon my honour, Mr North, I crave a bumper—Mr Tickler, with three times three.—

REV. DR WODROW.

Cheers or children, Dr Scott? ha! ha! ha! the like o' that!

OMNES. (*Trumpets without.*

MRS TICKLER! Air—[*Green grow the rashes, O.*]

MR PEN OWEN (*Aside to* ODOHERTY.)

They're getting dull at that end of the table. May I tip them a touch of the long pole?

ODOHERTY (*Aside to* PEN OWEN.)

To be sure, honey! Where's Liberty-hall, think ye? plant the prong.

PEN OWEN.

Mr North, with your permission, and with the permission of the distinguished company, whom I have now the honour of seeing assembled around this festive board, there is a name which I would earnestly but respectfully entreat permission to join with the smack of a bumper.

NORTH.

Contributors, a bumper, Mr Pendarves Owen's toast.

PEN OWEN.

I beg leave to propose the health of THE SMALL KNOWN.

NORTH.

Gentlemen, this is an appeal to your liberality, and I am sure your conduct will justify it. Take the time from me.

OMNES.

THE SMALL KNOWN!!! !!! !!!

[*Trumpets without. Air—Saw ye my wee thing?*]

SIR A. WYLIE, (*aside to* DR WODROW.)

We've all heard enough of the *Great Unknown*, but wha is this we've been drinking, Doctor?

REV. DR WODROW.

Dr Cook, I take it.

NORTH.

Pooh, pooh, 'tis our friend, the Prince of Reviewers, Sir Andrew.

DR WODROW.

The like o' that—ha! ha! *The Small Known!* well, I never heard sic like toasts! I'se propose it myself at the Moderate Club, the morn's night,—may I?

NORTH.

By all means. A toast is nothing until it comes into general vogue, like *The Cause for which Sidney bled on the Scaffold, and Hampden on the field, &c.*

PEN OWEN.

Which is pretty much the same thing with "the Cause for which Sandt died by the axe, and Thistlewood by the drop."

ODOHERTY.

I beg leave to propose a bumper, Mr Chairman,—To the memory of Thistlewood!!!

PROFESSOR FELDBORG, (*aside to* DR SCOTT.)

What man was Thistlewood? Was he a Tory Reviewer?

DR SCOTT.

Ask your friend Mr Owen. I think he's like to give you the best notion.

PEN OWEN.

Come, come! you should not make such allusions, Mr Odoherty. I'm sure you will admit that I was most innocently present on that unfortunate occasion, when Thistlewood———

ODOHERTY.

I could have forgiven anything but that humbugging note, in which you, or whoever *did* your history, says the chapter about that affair was writ before the affair happened.

PEN OWEN.

Pen honour it was.

ODOHERTY.

Nay, nay, man; a joke's a joke—but do you mean to say, that you thought of that quotation about "Cato's little senate," before the night you made your famous leap over the little back court behind Cato Street.

PEN OWEN.

What *do* you believe, Mr Odoherty?

ODOHERTY.

I believe that any man may with impunity, (so far as a certain concern goes,) touch the King,—abuse the Lords,—blackguard the Commons,—and ruffianize the prime writers of the age and country; but that vengeance will fall on his head if he dares but to lay his little finger on the smallest of Critics.

FELDBORG.

What? call Baggesen the smallest of critics? What for a joke! Baggesen? He that did compose *the glorious garland*? Oh, what ignorance!

ODOHERTY.

I meant not Baggesen—I talked of Jeffrey. Clap not thy wings so fiercely, Cock of the North.

SIR ANDREW WYLIE.

What? ay at the Sma' Known? Will you never be done with your personalities about that gentleman?

TICKLER.

Fie, Odoherty! And after that beautiful rebuke of his, in his last number, which, I am sure, will shut Lord Byron's mouth for ever and a day.

ODOHERTY.

As effectually as a prime pouldoodie of Burran would shut my potato trap for three seconds.

DR WODROW.

Well, now, I must say that I read that passage with delight; there is no doubt that Lord Byron is very much to blame, if it really be so, which I am no judge of, that he was the first who wrote in a personal manner. It was introducing a dangerous—a deadly trick. There's no saying where it may end yet. Christian folk should dwell together like brethren in unity.—Oh! sirs, there's a deal of needless heart-burning and hot water among you literary folk of this time, take ye my word for that.

DR SCOTT.

Ay, and so is there also among the *illiterary folk* of this time, Dr Wodrow—what say ye to your bickers in the aisle, oure bye yonder? My faith! you ministers and elders, ye're the most tinkler-tongued pack of illiterati, when ye begin your collieshangie.

SIR A. WYLIE.

Come, come, Odontist, you need not be so bitter, though you could not manage to get yourself returned for the University of St Andrews this Assembly—But what is all this that you're saying? Does Mr Jeffrey really charge Lord Byron with being the author and institutor of the sin of personality?

TICKLER.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

DR SCOTT (*closely imitating* TICKLER *in enunciation.*)

'Tis trash, 'tis certain; and certain 'tis, 'tis trash.

PEN OWEN.

I have not yet seen the last Number of the Edinburgh Review—but if the Small Known has said so, he has certainly not a large memory.

TICKLER.

Alas, he will never have such a memory as Smithers!

PEN OWEN.

But I'm speaking in earnest. What, sir? Has Jeffrey forgot that he could once read without spectacles? Has he forgot that he was not always a dandy of sixty? Has he forgot how, from the beginning of his career, he abused SOUTHEY? Has he forgot how he lashed his friend, TOMMY MOORE? Was it no *personality* that pointed the path to Chalk Farm? Has he forgot *Thelwall*? Was there no personality in calling Thelwall *a Tailor*? Was there no personality in his attacks on COPPLESTON? Was there no personality in comparing Mr DAVISON to A RAT IN A GUTTER? Was there no personality in the lucubrations concerning that patriotic, that most enlightened Peer, my Lord ELGIN? Was there no personality in that most flagitious insinuation concerning the birth of our late venerable venerated Sovereign? Bah!—

NORTH.

Take your breath, young sir, and fill a humper. The bottle is with you, and we would rather be excused waiting till you have done with such a catalogue as this.

SIR A. WYLIE.

I would be very sorry to interrupt Mr Owen, but I would fain ask one question, for really and truly, sir, I'm to seek in sic matters. Did Lord Byron ever write any thing personal about Mr Jeffrey himself?

TICKLER.

Bravo! bravissimo! Rem acu tetigisti!

ODOHERTY.—(*Sings.*)

"Vain is every fond endeavour
To resist the gentle dart;
For examples move us never,
We must feel to know the smart."
When the bard, in verse undying,
Pays the prose of the Review,
Vanity, her aid supplying,
Bids them think it not their due.
CHORUS—Vanity, her sting supplying,
Pokes the Yellow and the Blue.

NORTH.

Thank ye, Adjutant! But now there's been so much fighting about the bush, let's to the scratch with it at once. Mr Pendarves Owen, what do you understand by the word *Personality*?

PEN OWEN.

I don't know—I can't well say. I suppose Jeffrey means, when he accuses Lord Byron of it, to allude to his cuts at Coleridge, and Southey, and Sothby, and Wordsworth, and Bowles, and Sam Rogers, and the King, and so forth.

NORTH.

Sir, did you ever read a poem called "English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers?"

PEN OWEN.

I remember seeing such a thing in Mr Mapletoft's library long ago, and glancing over it; but at that time I was young and ignorant, and took no interest in it.—I understood very little about what was meant or insinuated.

NORTH.

Very likely; but still you can't have forgot the two great and general facts, that this poem was written by Lord Byron, and that it contains many most bitter pungent lines of personal satire against Hallam, Pillans, &c. and least not last, against Mr Francis Jeffrey himself, whose birth is ridiculed, whose person is, derided, whose genius is scorned, whose personal honour and courage even are held up to utter and open contempt, and all this in a manner equally unmerited—unparalled—

TICKLER, (*Interrupts him.*)

And unpardoned.

NORTH.

Ay, there's the rub!—Lookye, it would take a bat not to see through the whole of this mighty millstone. The Edinburgh Reviewers (Jeffrey himself, 'tis generally supposed,) began the row with a violent attack on Lord Byron's juvenile poems, in a review, in the conclusion of which there is certainly not a little *personality*. This is done in utter ignorance of Lord Byron's talents, in utter contempt of him, and all that pertains to him. Very well, Lord Byron writes and publishes the poetical satire of which we have been speaking, and the Edinburgh Reviewers are laughed at for several weeks all over England, Ireland, Scotland, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, to say nothing of Yankieland and Botany-Bay.—So far so well.—But in a few years, out comes CHILDE HAROLD, and Lord Byron is at once placed *nem. con.* by the side of the first poets of our age. What a moment of mortification must that have been, when Mr Francis Jeffrey first discovered whom he had to do with! Why, did you ever see a little slim greyhound, half the Surry breed perhaps, attack a strong Yorkshire fox who had jumped up from the cover, when they were whipping for hares? Jeffrey was just in such a quandary. Down he goes on his knees, and worships the rising star. Puff! puff! puff! nothing but puffing!—nothing but who shall puff the highest.

SIR A. WYLIE.

Under favour, ye're forgetting to mention that Lord Byron had been puttin himself forrit as a Whig also.

NORTH.

True—but I don't make much of that in this particular instance. Lord Byron, however, does not intimate any particular sensibility in his olfactory nerves, to the stimulus of the Blue and Yellow incense.

TICKLER.

Censer and censure, sir, came alike to him;—he was incensed by their very incense.

DR SCOTT.

He became quite the rage with them; yet his rage waxeth not cool, neither was his anger appeased.

DR WODROW.

O, that Chaldee! it has spoiled even the Odontist.

NORTH.

On proceeds "Byron my Baron," meantime, in his glorious, but not stainless, any more than gainless career. The critics of the English press in general applaud, as they ought to do, his rising and resplendent genius; but many, very many of them, at least, have the candour and the justice to complain of the immoral, irreligious, and unpatriotic tendency of too many of his productions. Two only, and these the two highest authorities, are silent as to the faults of the splendid sinner. The Quarterly Cerberus had got a sop—and as for the Edinburgh, what think ye kept it's mouth mum?

ODOHERTY.

Could it be our old acquaintance, "Corporal Fear."

TICKLER.

I am inspired. *Anch'io improvisatore.* I shall tip you an *extempore* Parody on one of Mrs Pilkington's old favourites. [*Aside*]—You all remember "Stella, darling of the Muses."

Jeffrey, darling of the Muses,
  Strong probation now we bring;
Knowingly the poet chooses,
  Who of thee essays to sing.
While his keen derision traces
  Every fault of form or mind,
He gets on in thy good graces—
  Stings, but leaves no wound behind.

[*Plaudite* OMNES.]

OMNES [*sing.*]

"Very good song,
Very well sung,
Jolly companions every one," &c. &c. &c.

REV. DR WODROW.

Well, I never was in such a company as this since I was ordained. Why, it beats Presbytery dinners, Moderators' breakfasts, and even settlement-occasions, a' to nothing. The mist's just clearing away from my eyes every moment! How I'll enlighten the Bailies when I win back to the Manse.

DR SCOTT.

Haud your tongues! Haud your tongues! Do ye no see how the chairman's drinking three bumpers all by himsel? [*Aside*]—He's clearing his pipes, I'se warrant. Od, how he's glowring on yon decanter!

NORTH.

Revenons a nos moutons! Childe Harold raved with impunity against Talavera, Wellington, and the Bible. Lord Byron insulted with impunity the most complete gentleman that has sat on the English throne since the time of Charles I. and this too in the most offensive way. He insulted his Prince by meddling with his domestic affairs—Lord Byron insulted all England in Beppo—Beppo was lauded—He flung the insults with tenfold vigour from the luscious lip of Don Juan—Don Juan was never alluded to, except once or twice, in the way of commending its *style*—and even so it goes on, until at length, after five or six years of silence, and utter forbearance, the Edinburgh Review does pluck up courage—and to do what?

OMNES.

What?

NORTH.

To say feebly what had been said strongly by fifty other people—to say late what should have been said early, or never said at all—to creep out under the shadow, and in the rear of Universal Indignation—and, making a big mouth, stammer out a single, silly, senile, insignificant sarcasm!—(*Hear! hear!*)

ODOHERTY.

It puts me in mind of a thing I once saw at Doncaster.—I was sitting in the inn there with the landlady—a pretty, comely body, I assure ye—and through came Reynard, and all Lord Darlington's hounds in full cry at his tail. A little puppy dog—a queer, odd, grim-looking thing belonging to the landlady, was sitting close beside us, on the end of the sofa. It stared like a stuck pig, till the last red-coat was passing, and then out with a small frightened snarl—I thought at first it had smelt a mouse behind the wainscot.

DR SCOTT.

Mr North, this is very good claret—I make no objections to the claret—but really I cannot thole it, it is so very cold.

[*Sings.*]—Fill me a bowl—a mighty bowl,
Large as my capacious soul,
Vast as my thirst is; let it have
Depth enough to be my grave—
I mean the grave of all my care,
For I intend to bury't there.
Let it a bowl of China be,
Worthy of punch composed by me,
To drown pale cant and fat humbug,
And stretch a Tory on the rug.
Fill me a bowl, &c.

[*Enter* PUNCH.]

NORTH.

Odoherty, tip us a blast of the trombone, or the Gaelic sermon, or any thing you like—Do make yourself agreeable.

ODOHERTY.

The Instrumentality or the Parsonality?—Both are at your service.

OMNES.

The Parsonality! the Parsonality!

[*Odoherty gives a fac simile of a Gaelic sermon. While he is performing, exit, unobserved, the* REV. DR WODROW.]

NORTH.

What! bless me, the minister's off, I think.

SIR A. WYLIE.

Ay, ay, just gang round the company. Rub every one's shins, and ye'll have a toom table belyve. I'se warrant the Doctor will be concocting an overture against personality, ere lang be.

PEN OWEN.

What! the reverend divine could not stand that little shadow of a shade of personality? Bah! if he had been an Edinburgh Reviewer, he would have been as tender in the skin as any Small Known among them all.

NORTH.

Heaven preserve us! I believe nothing will put down this accursed cant but a thumping folio disquisition. I shall certainly, when I die, bequeath to the world a regular treatise *de re personali.*

TICKLER.

Proving that every person has been personal, as well as Byron and Jeffrey?

NORTH.

To be sure—To begin with the blind old Mæonian—Does any body doubt his Thersites is a lump of personality? Without question, Polyphemus was a sore wipe against some purblind, bloody-minded reviewer of his day. But why talk of Homer? Has not the Stagyrite told us that his last poem, the MARGITES, stood to the old Greek Comedy in the same relation in which the Iliad and Odyssey did to the old Greek Tragedy?—And what was the old Greek Comedy?

PEN OWEN.

——"Comœdia prisca VIRORUM est!"

NORTH.

True! 'tis a manly comedy; but what is it but a string of personalities? There is not one line in all Aristophanes that is not personal.

PEN OWEN.

Aristophanes was, I suppose, just what Jeffrey says SWIFT was, "nothing but a great libeller."

NORTH.

Yes, and yet you see this same critic, who, four years ago, said "Swift was nothing but a great libeller," has now thought proper to say that personality was a thing unknown until Lord Byron set the example.

PEN OWEN.

It looks like a contradiction—but go on with your sketch of the great treatise *in posse*, however.

NORTH.

Is Horace not personal in his satires? He is so in every line of *them*, and in half his odes to boot. Was not Virgil abominably personal about the old soldier that go this bonnet-lairdship? Is there no personality in Cicero's Philippics, or in his master, Demosthenes? or in Sallust? or in Tacitus? By Jupiter Tonans, you might as well say that Jeffrey had begun the sin of charlatanism, as that any man now living begun that of personality.

SIR A. WYLIE.

Weel, weel, but I would like to hear ye on some authors that we hae heard mair about than thae auld heathen Greeks and Romans.

NORTH.

Swift we have already heard of. You know Shakespeare owed his rise in life and letters to a song which he wrote against a Warwickshire Justice of the Peace. And *Justice Shallow* is altogether a personal attack on the same worthy body. Ben Jonson was a perfect Turk for personality—his whole life was past in hot water.—*Vide* D'Israeli!—Why should I allude to the Greens and the Nashes?

TICKLER.

These fellows were always at cat and dog—quite *more recentiorum*.

NORTH.

Nay, nay, forbid that we should be quite so bad as that *ætas avorum!* I would rather die upon a pile of blazing Magazines, like Sardanapalus on his throne, than write one word within one million of miles of the personalities of Milton—the divine Milton—against Salmasius!

DR SCOTT.

Keep us a'! Is that the same great gospel gun that wrote the Paradise Lost, that the Spectautor speaks sae muckle about?

PEN OWEN.

The same, the same. Bah! 'tis all fudge, and fudge fusty—as fusty as Benthamism.

NORTH.

Come down to the polite æra of Charles II. Is there no personality in Dryden? or rather, is there any thing else in half his most eternal masterpieces? Is there no personality in Butler's Hudibras, nor in Cowley's Cutter of Coleman Street? Or take the glorious days of Queen Anne—There's Swift for one, and there's Pope.—I suppose we've all heard of such a thing as the Dunciad. There's one Arbuthnot too—he wrote a work called the History of *John Bull*—that is commonly supposed to be something personal, I believe.

DR SCOTT.

As bad as the present John Bull?

NORTH.

Yes, truly, very nearly as bad, and indeed rather worse, I take it; in as much as John Duke of Marlborough was rather a greater man than the present John Duke of Bedford; and in as much likewise, as to be a WHIG was not quite so bad a thing a hundred years ago, thank God! as it is now.

PEN OWEN.

But in those days there were no reviews nor magazines.

NORTH.

True, but they came not long after, and personality, which no literature ever was without, blended itself with them *ab ovo*. Is it possible that you have need for ME to tell you all the old stories about Samuel Johnson and Ossian Macpherson and the oak cudgel? or about Dr Smollet and the Critical?—and Fielding? How he kept the Thames on fire with his farces and novels, and roasted all his brother justices to cinders?

TICKLER.

Why, you know, all the old novelists dealt in nothing but personalities; about *that* there was *no* manner of dispute. The only question was, not whether there were a real Morgan or a real Trunnion, but *which* of the author's competing friends had sat for the *portrait*.

NORTH.

Just so; and to tell you the truth, I'm really sick of such hackneyed truths—you may just trace personality as distinctly as stupidity, down the whole line of our Whig literature in particular. Turn over D'Israeli's nice little books, if you have doubts—The Quarrels of Authors above all—

Nocturnâ versate manu versate diurnâ.

TICKLER.

Once landed in our own times, we can be at no great loss to find our way. Plenty of fine staring finger-posts as one moves along. The Fudge Family, a production of one of the most charming Whigs that ever breathed—and a more disloyal piece of Whiggery was never written, even by that charming Whig, stands pretty visible yonder against the sky.

PEN OWEN.

Yes, the black and lowering sky of disgustful remembrance.

TICKLER.

The Twopenny Post-Bag! 'Tis sufficient to mention the name of such a bag of poison—base brutal poison. Hone's nice little books, (worthy man! the Whigs subscribed for *him*, you know, as well as for Gerald—I hope the money did *him* much good!) The Morning Chronicle, with so many of Tom Moore's songs against kings and ladies introduced into it by good Mr Perry, whom Sir James Macintosh so disinterestedly lauded in the House of Commons—The Old Times, stinking of Cockney radicalism and Cockney personality in every column—there's no want of land-marks to guide one along the *mare magnum* of Whiggish ruffianism.

SIR A. WYLIE.

And after a' this poor Lord Byron must be charged, forsooth, with beginning the vice o' personality. Oh dear! what a thumper!

NORTH.

The fact is, that Lord Byron, instead of being the sole personal libeller, is only an unit in the Whig array, whereof Mr Jeffrey himself is another unit—and if the question were, which of these two is the more deserving of the title of *leader* in such work, I protest I think I should have no difficulty in giving my vote to the commoner. I beg leave to propose the memory of Dr Jonathan Swift, Dean of St Patrick.

OMNES.

Dean Swift!!! [*Music without. Air—Diogenes, surly and proud.*]

ODOHERTY [*sings.*]

'Tis not when on turtle and venison dining,
And sipping Tokay at the cost of his Grace;
Like the plate on his sideboard, I'm set to be shining—
(So nearly a mug may resemble a face.)
This is not the dinner for me—a poor sinner;
Where I'm bound to shew off, and throw pearls before swine.
Give me turnips and mutton,—(I ne'er was a glutton)—
Good friends and good liquor—and *here* let me dine.

Your critic shews off, with his snatches and tastes
Of odd trash from Reviews, and odd sorts of odd wine;
Half a glass—half a joke—from the Publisher's stock
Of Balaam and Hock, are but trash, I opine.

Convérsazioni—are not for my money,
Where Blue Stockings prate about Wylie and Pen;
I'd rather get tipsy with *ipsissimi ipsi*—
Plain women must yield to plain sense and plain men.

Your dowager gives you good dinners, 'tis true;
She shines in liqueurs, and her Sherry's antique;
But then you must swear by her eye's lovely blue,
And adore the bright bloom that is *laid* on her cheek.
Blue eyes in young faces are quite in their places;
One praises and gazes with boundless delight;
And juvenile roses ne'er trespass on Noses,
As the custom of those is, I've cut for to-night.

Your colonels talk but of a siege or a battle—
Your merchants of nought but the course of exchange—
Your squires, of their hounds, of the corn-bill or cattle—
Your doctors their cases and cures will arrange—
Your lawyer's confounding, on multiple poinding—
Your artists are great on expression and tone—
Parsons sport *Moderators*, and *Church-procurators*,
Each set is the devil when feeding alone.

But *here*, where all sets and all topics are mingled—
The hero—the dentist—the parson—the squire—
No *one* branch of blarney's selected or singled,
But our wine and our wit each discussion inspire;
Where the pun and the glass simultaneously pass;
Where each song seems quite heavenly, each bumper divine;
Where there's drinking and smoking, and quizzing and joking,
But nothing provoking—HERE! HERE! let me dine.
(*here! here!*)

PEN OWEN.

Talking of Dean Swift,—what is Mr Maturin about?

ODOHERTY.

Grinding, grinding! Is'nt it a shame for people to run him down at such a rate? and the man a Tory—an Aristocrat—a well-dressed gentlemanlike author! 'Tis abominable. 'Tis too bad to think of such a man being poor, and you know he complained of it himself in his Preface.

PEN OWEN.

Mr Odoherty, I don't mean to defend the Quarterly—but did you never take a wipe at Mother Morgan yourself?

ODOHERTY.

I believe I may have done such a thing—But how different the case: why that little *çidevant Miladi* absolutely brags of her cash, and sets off public reprobation with a balance of pounds, shillings, and pence.

TICKLER.

Her motto is, no doubt,—

"Populus me sibilat: at mihi plaudo.
Ipsa domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ."

But did not Maturin write something called the Universe?

ODOHERTY.

That has reached long ago the uttermost ends of the earth—but why allude to such things? when are we to have the Southside Papers?

TICKLER.

Why, I am kept back by a late decision. I fear the judge who refuses his protection to Byron's *Cain*, would scarcely take my *rattan* under his wing.

SIR A. WYLIE.

Gentlemen, I've sat here a long while, and been greatly diverted with many things I've heard, and edified with some—but the Chancellor, I have the honour to say, is my friend, and I must quit the company, if I hear any thing further in a similar strain. Besides, he was perfectly right in that decision.

PEN. OWEN.

Multum dubito.

ODOHERTY (*aside to* PEN OWEN.)

You had better not enter into any dispute with Sir Andrew. Not much flash, but the longest Scotch head I am acquainted with. And his humour,—why even you might find him ill to deal with.

PEN OWEN.

You are right. He is indeed a canny clever Scotchman. *Entre nous* THE KING was delighted with his book. You may depend upon this. I heard him say so myself.

TICKLER.

I have been much interested by your delightful description of a certain beautiful creature, Mr Owen? Have you and Mrs O. any family, by the bye?

PEN OWEN.

Three—

ODOHERTY.

You mean *volumes*—and if so, I can tell you very seriously, the third is the best of the batch.

PEN OWEN.

To be candid, what is your opinion of my book?

ODOHERTY.

Your book is a jewel; but if you had happened to be a Scotsman, and writ such a book about Scotland, and Scots people, you might just as well have leaped from the top of the Monument as published it.

PEN OWEN.

Why? I assure you, I wrote the book in the greatest possible good nature.

ODOHERTY.

Devil doubts you. I dare say Hogg was never in half such a benign disposition, as he was when he wrote THE CHALDEE.

PEN OWEN.

Satire is upon the whole a good-humoured vice, in my opinion.

ODOHERTY.

'Tis in my estimation the most placid of virtues.—Pick me up some day with a face like a lemon rind—hazy—dumpish—sulky—bitter—perhaps just escaped from a detestable dun of a tailor, or a dozen of prating whiglings or the like—and take me into the nearest tavern. Order a hot beef-steak, a rummer of brandy and water—bring out a good pen and a few sheets of hot-pressed paper, and a bundle of segars, and say, "At it, Odoherty! Up with your back, Adjutant!"

PEN OWEN.

What follows?

ODOHERTY.

A calm! a perfect Claude, the most beautiful, serene, delightful, dewy atmosphere, spreads its wide embracing canopy over all the troubled surface of my soul. My spirit, enshrined as it were in the divine depths of contemplation, exerts her energies sweetly, nobly, sublimely! It is then that I comprehend how true to nature and to virtue is the exquisite apostrophe of the Epicurean bard,

"Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis
Ex tuto alterius longum spectare laborem."

On the whole, I consider Tom Cribb and myself as the two best natured men in Britain!

PEN OWEN.

Well, now, I confess 'twas not in that high placed vein I composed my most cutting chapters. I have sometimes wakened of a morning, God knows how or why, in a strange mixed state of feeling—ready to go my lengths, in short—up to any thing—utterly reckless—that's all I can say about the matter—deuced good fun!

ODOHERTY.

Ay, but how inferior that is to the chosen "moods of MY mind!" On such occasions, it may almost be said I would not harm a fly.

PEN OWEN.

The scope and tendency of some of your observations perplex me.

NORTH.

I hate this sort of committee business. We're all getting into knots and corners. Owen and the Adjutant upon satire and segars—Feldborg and the Odontist on the Czar of Muscovy's tooth powder—Tickler dozing—and Sir Andrew Wylie and myself left quite alone to the great topic of things in general! Why, this will never do.

DR SCOTT. [*Tapping his spoon against the side of the bowl, sings.*]

Jolly Tories, fill your glasses,

ODOHERTY. (*Sings.*)

Hear the tinkle on the rim.

TICKLER. (*Sings.*)

All the Whigs are geese and asses.

NORTH. (*Sings.*)

Hollow heart and vision dim!

Chorus.

Fa! la! la! la! la! la! la! la! &c.

FELDBORG the Dane.

Allow me to give you a little Scandinavian solo.

NORTH. (*Knocking with his hammer.*)

Silence! Feldborg's solo!

FELDBORG. (*Sings.*)

Hveru morgin ser horna,
Hlock a teme—ar backa,
Skala hanga ma hungra,
Hrae—shod litud blodi
Hre sigr—fickin sackir,
Snarla borgar karla
Dynr a Breakar bryniur
Blod is Dana visi!!!
Dynr a Breakar, &c.

NORTH.

Come, it suits you very well, after what happened not quite fifty years ago, to sing such a ditty as this.

DR SCOTT.

Keep us a'! Do you ken what he was singing? I thought it was Danish or Dutch at the lowest penny.

NORTH.

The last two lines, being interpreted, signify,

"The King of Denmark's bloody hail
Resounds against the British mail."

Is it not so, Professor?

FELDBORG.

I suffer this no longer! Golt und Teüfel! I quit the Number.

[*Exit* FELDBORG.

NORTH.

Why, this is beyond all bearing! Tickler, you are a new married man,—you are or ought to be nimble,—run after the Dane, and recall him.

TICKLER.

Sir, do you suppose that because I'm a contributor, an editor has a right to cast personal reflections upon me? to rend away the veil of my domestic concerns?—Sir, I scorn your sneers!—Sir, your servant!—Good night, gentlemen. [*Exit* TICKLER, *furious.*

ODOHERTY.

Ye Gods! How infernally drunk Tickler has been these two hours! Honest Tickler! he, too, to be up!

Timotheus placed on high,
Amid the sounding quire!!!

I suppose the next thing will be Sir Andrew Wylie bolting upon some absurd allusion to his autobiography.

SIR A. WYLIE.

Mr Odoherty,—I beg your pardon, *Captain* Odoherty! I crave leave to say, ance for a', that, although my life fill three volumes, and yours but seven pages, mine does not contain any narrative, either of seeking after a snuff-box in the midst of a battle, or of marrying the mistress of a chop-house, and escaping as soon as the till was sucked—do you take me?

DR SCOTT.

Life in a mussel! Weel said, Sir Andrew—stick it into him. A foul-mouthed creature! Clink down with sic clanjamphray!

ODOHERTY.

(*Showing a lemon cut into a caricature of* SIR ANDREW.)

Do you know that phiz, Mr Baronet?

SIR A. WYLIE. (*Throwing down his card.*)

Mr Ensign, there's my address.—Good night, Gentlemen.

[*Exit* SIR A. WYLIE.

DR SCOTT. (*Aside to North.*)

Od sauf us! How Sir Andrew's staggering! Your last bowl has clean done him! I maun just see him as far as Maclean's; for if he were to be ta'en up to the Police Office, it would never answer—him an Elder, too, ye ken.

[*Exit* DR SCOTT.

NORTH.

So, Odoherty, we're left almost to ourselves. I think the nature and effects of personality have been decently discussed this evening, however. I hope nothing of what has happened will ever transpire. Pen Owen, I think, is asleep.

ODOHERTY.

Snoring. But, Lord love ye, I've a short-hand writer behind that screen yonder. Every word is down. 'Twill make a prime article; and you knew it would, else we should not have dined here to-day; but, as LUTTRELL says,

"O, that there might in England be
A duty on Hypocrisy,
A tax on Humbug, an excise
On solemn plausibilities,
A stamp on every man that canted!
No millions more, if these were granted,
Henceforward would be raised or wanted;
But Van, with an o'erflowing chest,
Might soon forgive us all the rest."*

NORTH.

Well, I think the reporter must be dry enough by this time.—Come forth, thou rat i' the arras! You shall have your share of one bowl at the least;—and thou, heir of Cym Owen, rouse thee! rouse thee for the field!

[*Curtain falls.*

Epilogue.

Spoken by CHRISTOPHER NORTH, *Esquire, and* Sir A. WYLIE, *Baronet.*

MR NORTH.

"Something too much of this!" I hear you cry—
Ye canting creeping vermin! What care I?
If Whigs there be (methinks there *must* be some)
Not in their secret souls the slaves of Hum,
Let them for once speak truly!

SIR A. WYLIE.

——— or be dumb.

MR NORTH.

Confess it, Jeffrey, (for you needs must know)
That Jest and Earnest hand in hand may go,

---

* See Letters to Julia, second edition, p. 104. By the bye, these elegant letters are much improved in the second edition. The book is now quite a bijou.

C. N.

That sober truth may be inweaved with fun,
Philosophy be pointed in a pun,
Candour be calm beneath a forehead knit—
Keenly, yet kindly, flash the shafts of wit—

SIR A. WYLIE.

—— And Tories round a harmless table sit.

MR NORTH.

Confess; speak out, Man!

SIR A. WYLIE.

—— Once upon a time
You loved a joke yourself, if not a rhyme!

MR NORTH.

Confess quaint Quizzery, though it makes one wince—

SIR A. WYLIE.

— I bar what wounds a LADY or a PRINCE.—

MR NORTH.

—Is, after all, not quite a hanging matter!
—What, Jeffrey? Not one word for poor dear Satire?

SIR A. WYLIE.

Well, well, I wish ye wiser, Man, and fatter!

MR NORTH.

I find I can make nothing of these Whigs.

SIR A. WYLIE.

We'll try to do without them, please the Pigs!

MR NORTH.

To you, to you, ye Tories of the Land!
To you we turn, with you we take our stand!
Not you, ye "PLUCKLESS," who, when things look blue,
Distrust a cause sublime in spite of you,
Abandon those who bear the blazing brunt,
And fight, ye fools, your battle in your front—
No—ne'er to court your favour shall we stoop,
Nor fawn for shelter where your crestless eagles droop,
To shun the conflict but hold fast the spoil—
Clutch at the trophy, having shirk'd the toil—

SIR A. WYLIE.

—And gloat, while others sweat, on your snug roast and boil!

MR NORTH.

These are your maxims! Venal vapid crew!
Low we may come, but ne'er so low as YOU!
"Low we may come!" forgive the hasty phrase,
YE Tories true! whose patronage IS praise!
High the good eminence we now possess,
Nor shall we e'er be lower down—

SIR A. WYLIE. [*Loosening a fifth button.*]

—— Or less.

MR NORTH.

While YOU our trumpet hear, and round our banner press.

BOTH.

Though gourdish scions of the "*Servum Pecus*,"
Rise as if glare should dim or weight should break us,
Like some tough tree these pithless boughs between,
Knotted and gnarled, appears THE Magazine!
Some last one summer; some, with much ado,
Spin out a speechless Life-in-Death through two;
But wanting depth of soil, and length of root,
Though buds a few, and blossoms they may shoot,
One looks in vain to them for genuine juicy fruit.
Squeeze hard! One painful mouthful they supply,
But thirsty wits must turn to US, or die!

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The Grave of the Last Saxon, a Poem. By the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, author of the Missionary, &c. &c. &c. 8vo.

The Guabeba, a Tale. By the Hon. and Rev. William Herbert.

Cockney Bards and Cockney Critics, an heroi-comical poem, in three Cantos; with Prolegomena on the Sublime and Beautiful, and Notes Critical, Historical, and Explanatory. By the late Michael Muggins, Esq. F.R.S. and M.D.

The Nun of Abrouca, a Tale.

Poems by the Rev. Thomas Cherry, B.D. late Master of Merchant Taylor's School, edited by the Rev. J. W. Bellamy, are about to be published by subscription, in One Volume, Quarto, with a fine portrait of the Author.

Miss Anne Maria Porter has a new Novel in a state of considerable forwardness, entitled Roche Blanc, or the Hunter of the Pyrenees.

In the course of the present month will be published, the Second Volume of Sir Robert Ker Porter's Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. &c.

Chenzica, a Poem, in Ten Cantos, founded on that part of the History of the Pisan Republic, in which is said to have originated the celebrated Triennial Festival, called the Battle of the Bridge, will speedily appear, in one volume 8vo.

The Life and Times of Daniel de Foe, with a copious account of his Writings, and Anecdotes of several of his Contemporaries. By Walter Wilson, Esq.

Mr Valpy is reprinting his edition of Brotier's Tacitus, in 4 vols. 8vo.

Ædes Althorpianæ, or an Account of the Mansion at Althorp, the residence of the Right Honourable George John Earl Spencer, K.G.; with a descriptive Catalogue of his Lordship's Pictures and Library, accompanied with splendid Illustrations, will shortly appear from the pen of the Rev. T. F. Dibdin, F.R.S.S.A.

Dr Meyrick's History of Ancient Armour, being a Collection of the scattered Notices to be found in our old Poets, Chronicles, Wills, Deeds, and Inventories of Ancient Armour, in Three Volumes Imperial Quarto, with 100 Illustrative Specimens, will speedily be published.

Dangerous Errors, a Tale. One vol. 8vo.

Vestiges of Ancient Manners and Customs in modern Italy. By the Rev. J. Blunt.

Tales of the Manor. By Mrs Hoffland. 4 vols. 12mo.

The Sixth Part of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, will be published in June.

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An Historical and Topographical View of the Wapentake of Strafford; and Tickhill, in the county of York. By John Wainwright.

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Letter to the Right Honourable Robert Peel, M.P. By John Robertson.

Mr Thomas Taylor (the Platonist) is about to publish Translations of the Metamorphosis of Apuleius, his Treatise De Deo Socratis, and his three books De Habitudine Doctrinarum Platonis; together with the Political Pythagoric Fragments, preserved by Stobæus.

Mr Aspin is preparing the Third Volume of his Analysis of Universal History for speedy publication.

A work will shortly appear from the pen of the Rev. B. Andrews of Trowbridge, entitled Clavis Greca Biblica, containing a brief introduction to the Greek Tongue, and a copious Greek Lexicon for the Septuagint, New Testament, and Apocrypha.

The Wonders of the Vegetable World. By the Author of Select Female Biography.

Rivington's Annual Register, for the year 1810, will appear in the course of the month.

A new Theory of Tides. By Captain Foreman, R.N.

Sir T. Charles Morgan, M.D. has in the press, and nearly ready for publication, a volume, in which he has applied the principles and method adopted in his Sketches of the Philosophy of Life to the investigation of the phenomena of the mineral world.

Mr Spence is republishing his Tracts on Political Economy.

The First Number of the Monthly Censor, a new Monthly Review, will appear in June, and will be continued periodically.

The Rev. T. Belsham has nearly ready for publication, the Epistles of the Apostle Paul; with an Exposition and Notes.

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Sir Gilbert Blane has nearly ready for publication a work entitled Select Dissertations on Various Medical Subjects.

Shortly will be published, The River Derwent, Part First, and other Poems. By the Reverend W. B. Clarke, B. A. of Jesus College, Cambridge.

Mr Dorset, author of the Vampire, a tragedy, is preparing for publication a Tragedy entitled Montezuma.

Mr Landseer is preparing a work, in quarto, which will consist of Representations and Explanations of the Hieroglyphical Engravings that have been disinterred at Babylon, Nineveh, &c. and brought to England by recent travellers.

Archdeacon Nares has in the press a Glossary, or Collection of Words, Phrases, and Allusions to Customs, Proverbs, &c. illustrating the works of British Classics, especially of the age of Elizabeth.

Mr Melmoth is about to publish the Beauties of Jeremy Taylor.

Mr Bourn has in the press an enlarged edition of A Gazetteer of the most Remarkable Places in the World, with Brief Notices of the Principal Historical Events, and of the most Celebrated Persons connected with them.

EDINBURGH.

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We understand that an Historical Account and Delineation of Aberdeen, completed and drawn up by Robert Wilson, A.M. will shortly be published, which will also be embellished with Engravings of the principal Bridges, Public Buildings, and Sacred Edifices in and about the city.

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Veal	0s. 6½d. to 0s. 9d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 2d. to 1s. 4d.
Pork	0s. 3½d. to 0s. 4½d.	Salt ditto, per stone	16s. 0d. to 18s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter .	3s. 6d. to 4s. 0d.	Ditto, per lb. . .	1s. 0d. to 1s. 2d.
Tallow, per stone .	6s. 0d. to 8s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen .	0s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—*May* 10.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ...30s. 0d.	1st, ...20s. 6d.	1st; ...17s. 6d.	1st, ... 12s. 6d.	1st, ... 14s. 0d.
2d, ...27s. 0d.	2d, ...18s. 0d.	2d,.....15s. 0d.	2d, ... 12s. 0d.	2d, ... 12s. 0d.
3d, ...25s. 0d.	3d, ...16s. 0d.	3d, ...13s. 0d.	3d, ... 11s. 0d.	3d, ... 11s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 7s. 3d. 5-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended May 4.

Wheat, 45s. 7d.—Barley, 17s. 7d.—Oats, 16s. 5d.—Rye, 19s. 5d.—Beans, 21s. 4d.—Pease, 22s. 8d.

London, Corn Exchange, May 6.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, red, new	30	to 36	White ditto .	23	to 26
Fine ditto . .	38	to 44	Ditto, boilers .	27	to 31
Superfine ditto	46	to 51	Small Beans, new	24	to 27
Ditto, old . .	45	to 56	Ditto, old . .	26	to 30
White, new .	35	to 58	Tick ditto, new	19	to 22
Fine ditto . .	42	to 52	Ditto, old . .	23	to 25
Superfine ditto	56	to 58	Feed oats . .	14	to 17
Ditto, old . .	45	to 63	Fine ditto . .	15	to 19
Rye	20	to 24	Poland ditto .	17	to 19
Barley . . .	14	to 16	Fine ditto . .	20	to 22
Fine ditto . .	17	to 20	Potato ditto .	19	to 23
Superfine ditto	21	to 22	Fine ditto . .	24	to 25
Malt	36	to 40	Scotch . . .	26	to —
Fine	42	to 46	Flour, per sack	45	to 50
Hog Pease .	20	to 21	Ditto, seconds	38	to 42
Maple . . .	22	to 24	North country	36	to 40

Seeds, &c.

	s.	s.	d.		s.	s.	d.
Must. White, .	8	to 10	6	Hempseed .	34	to 40	0
— Brown, new	10	to 15	6	Linseed, crush.	48	to 52	0
Tares, per bsh.	28	to 30	0	— Fine . .	54	to 56	0
Turnips, bsh.	32	to 46	0	Rye Grass, .	14	to 35	0
— Red & green	—	to —	0	Clover, red cwt.	24	to 56	0
— Yellow,	—	to —	0	— White . . .	30	to 64	0
Caraway, cwt.	56	to 67	0	Coriander . .	10	to 15	0
Canary, per qr.	38	to 42	0	Trefoil	11	to 22	0

Rape Seed, per last, . £28 to £30.

Liverpool, May 4.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.					
Eng. Old	8	6	to	9	10
New .	5	6	to	8	8
Foreign . .	4	0	to	5	0
Waterford	5	3	to	6	9
Limerick	5	3	to	6	9
Drogheda	5	6	to	7	0
Dublin	5	0	to	5	8
Scotch .	7	0	to	9	6
Irish Old .	7	0	to	8	6
Barley, per 60 lbs.					
Eng. . . .	3	0	to	3	9
Scotch . .	3	0	to	3	6
Irish . .	2	8	to	3	0
Oats, per 45 lb.					
Eng. pota.	2	8	to	3	1
Irish do. .	2	10	to	2	11
Scotch do.	2	10	to	3	3
Rye, per qr.	26	0	to	28	0
Malt per b.					
— Fine .	7	0	to	7	3
Beans, per q.					
English .	28	0	to	29	0
Irish . .	24	0	to	27	0
Rapeseed, p. l.	£28		to	30	
Pease, grey	21	0	to	25	0
—White .	34	0	to	37	0
Flour, English, p. 240 lb. fine	35	0	to	37	0
Irish . .	27	0	to	35	0

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Amer. p. 196 lb.					
Sweet, U.S.	—	0	to	—	0
Do. in bond	30	0	to	32	0
Sour do. .	35	0	to	36	0
Oatmeal, per 240 lb.					
English	25	0	to	27	0
Scotch . .	23	0	to	25	0
Irish . . .	22	0	to	24	0
Bran, p. 24 lb.	1	1	to	1	3

Butter, Beef, &c.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Butter, p. cwt.					
Belfast, new	66	0	to	68	0
Newry . .	61	0	to	65	0
Waterford .	58	0	to	60	0
Cork, pic. 2d,	66	0	to	68	0
3d dry	52	0	to	54	0
Beef, p. tierce.					
— Mess	75	0	to	80	0
— p. barrel	48	0	to	56	0
Pork, p. bl.	—	0	to	—	0
— Mess .	48	0	to	50	0
— Middl. .	46	0	to	48	0
Bacon, p. cwt.					
Short mids.	30	0	to	32	0
Sides . .	28	0	to	30	0
Hams, dry,	48	0	to	56	0
Green . .	28	0	to	30	0
Lard, rd. p.c.	42	0	to	44	0
Tongue, p. fir.	—	0	to	—	0

Course of Exchange, May 7.—Amsterdam, 12 : 5. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 12 : 2. Rotterdam, 12 : 6. Antwerp, 12 : 1. Hamburgh, 37 : 2. Altona, 37 : 3. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 20. Ditto 25 : 50. Bourdeaux, 25 : 50. Frankfort on the Maine, 154. Petersburgh, per rble. 9 : 3. *Us.* Vienna, 10 : 10 *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10 : 10 *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 37. Cadiz, 36½. Bilboa, 36¾. Barcelona, 36. Seville, 36½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 48¼. Genoa, 44¼. Venice, 27 : 60. Malta, 45. Naples, 40. Palermo, 118. Lisbon, 51. Oporto, 50½. Rio Janeiro, 46. Bahia, 51. Dublin, 9¾ per cent. Cork, 9¾ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½d. New Doubloons, £3 : 15 : 0d. New Dollars, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, stand. 0s. 0d.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 24th April, 1822.

	1st.	10th.	16th.	24th.
Bank stock,	——	241	242½ 2	240¼
3 per cent. reduced,	——	76¾ 7	77¼ ¼	77¼
3 per cent. consols,	79⅝ ⅛	77⅞ ⅜	78⅜ ⅛	77⅞ 8¼
3½ per cent. consols,	——	88 7¾	88½ ¼	87⅞ 8
4 per cent. consols,	——	94⅛ ⅜	94⅛ ⅜	93⅞ 4¼
5 per cent. navy ann.	103⅛ ¼	102⅛ 1⅞	102¼ ⅛	101⅞ 2¼
India stock,	——	——	243½	241⅛
—— bonds,	63 pr.	70 72 pr.	67 65 pr.	57 56 pr.
Exchequer bills, 2d.	2 5 pr.	5 7 8 6	4 6 4 5	5 3 5 pr.
Consols for acc.	80 79⅞	77¼ ¾	78⅜ ¾	78¼ ¼
Long Annuities	——	19⅞ ¾	19⅜	19⅛
French 5 per cents.	88 fr.	87fr. 50c.	86fr. 80c.	87fr. 45c.
Amer. 5 per cent.	98	——	——	——

PRICES CURRENT, *May 4.*

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
SUGAR, Musc.				
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	54 to 60	55 57	55 57	55 59
Mid. good, and fine mid.	70 82	59 68	58 74	62 65
Fine and very fine, . .	80 82	80 82	75 78	72 77
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	130 145	— —	— —	— —
Powder ditto, . .	100 110	— —	— —	— —
Single ditto, . .	88 102	96 110	— —	— —
Small Lumps, . . .	86 90	88 92	— —	— —
Large ditto, ...	82 86	80 85	— —	— —
Crushed Lumps, . .	44 56	82 86	— —	— —
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	23 —	27 28	— —	— —
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.				
Ord. good, and fine ord.	105 110	105 110	102 112	102 112
Mid. good, and fine mid.	110 120	112 122	115 124	118 136
Dutch Triage and very ord.	— —	— —	80 105	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	120 135	— —	104 114	115 125
Mid. good, and fine mid.	136 140	— —	115 125	127 140
St Domingo, ...	122 126	— —	100 105	— —
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	9 10	— —	8¾ 9	— —
SPIRITS,				
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 0d 2s 2d	1s 8d 1s 10d	1s 10d 2s 0d	1s 10d 2s 0d
Brandy, ...	4 3 4 6	— —	— —	3 11 4 3
Geneva, ...	1 10 2 0	— —	— —	1 4 1 7
Grain Whisky, . .	6 2 6 4	— —	— —	— —
WINES,				
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	45 55	— —	— —	£20 £32
Portugal Red, pipe.	34 46	— —	— —	29 33
Spanish White, butt.	31 55	— —	— —	— —
Teneriffe, pipe.	28 30	— —	— —	— —
Madeira, ...	45 65	— —	— —	— —
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£7 7 7	— —	9 15 10 10	£10 0 11 0
Honduras, ...	— —	— —	10 0 10 15	10 10 11 0
Campeachy, ...	8 —	— —	10 10 11 0	11 10 12 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	7 8	— —	9 0 9 10	7 8 8 15
Cuba, ...	9 11	— —	12 15 13 10	10 0 12 0
INDIGO, Caracccas fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d	— —	9 6 10 0	9 0 11 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 8 2 2	— —	— —	— —
Ditto Oak, ...	2 9 3 3	— —	— —	— —
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	1 10 2 0	— —	— —	— —
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 0 1 6	1 2 1 8	0 11 1 0	0 10 1 0
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 6 2 8	1 6 3 0	1 5 2 0	1 6 1 10
TAR, American, brl.	20 21	— —	14 0 15 0	18 0 —
Archangel, ...	16 17	— —	— —	17 —
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10 11	— —	10 11	9 —
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	40 42	45 46	43 —	— —
Home melted, ...	— —	— —	— —	— —
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	46 —	— —	— —	£50 —
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	42 53	— —	53 —	42 —
FLAX,				
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	50 —	— —	— —	£50 —
Dutch, ...	50 90	— —	— —	42 47
Irish, ...	— —	— —	— —	— —
MATS, Archangel, 100.	85 90	— —	— —	90 100
BRISTLES,				
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	13 10 14	— —	— —	13 15
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	45 46	— —	— —	— —
Montreal, ditto, . .	46 —	46 47	45 —	48 49
Pot, . . .	34 35	36 38	36 37	36 —
OIL, Whale, . tun.	L.22 —	21 10 22	— —	21 —
Cod.	— —	20	— —	20 —
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7½ 8	7½ 8	0 6 0 8	0 7d 7½
Middling, ...	6 6½	5½ 6½	0 4½ 0 5½	4½ 5½
Inferior, ...	5 5½	5½ 4	0 2½ 0 3	0 3 0 4
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	0 8½ 10½	0 7½ 0 10½	8½ 10
Sea Island, fine, .	— —	1 8 1 10	1 6 2 0	— —
Good, . .	— —	1 4 1 6	1 1 1 3	— —
Middling, . .	— —	1 2 1 4	1 1 1 3	8½ 1 0½
Demerara and Berbice,	— —	0 10 0 11½	0 9½ 1 1	0 8½ 9½
West India, . .	— —	0 9 0 11	0 8 0 8½	0 8½ 0 8½
Pernambuco, . .	— —	1 0½ 1 1½	0 11 0 11½	1½ 1 0½
Maranham,	— —	1 0 1 1	0 10½ 0 11	— —

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
April 1	M.54½	30.140	M.47	N.	Frost morn.	Apr. 16	M.58	29.755	M.50	SW.	Dull with
	A. 44	.159	A. 46		fair day.		A. 48	.644	A. 47		sh. of rain.
2	M.53	.188	M.49	Cble.	Rain, with	17	M.56	.614	M.46	Cble.	Mild, with
	A. 38	.241	A. 50		sunshine.		A. 42	.592	A. 48		showers.
3	M.52	29.982	M.50	W.	Frost morn.	18	M.57½	.519	M.49	NE.	Rain morn.
	A. 45	.964	A. 50		fair day.		A. 44	.510	A. 49		fair day.
4	M.53	.905	M.52	W.	Fair, with	19	M.55	.556	M.50	W.	Fair, but
	A. 47	.925	A. 50		sunshine.		A. 45	.415	A. 51		dull.
5	M.54	.724	M.51	W.	Dull, but	20	M.55½	.216	M.51	SW.	Mild, with
	A. 47	.612	A. 50		fair.		A. 47	.101	A. 49		showers.
6	M.53	.525	M.51	Cble.	Fair forn. th.	21	M.39	.175	M.53	SW.	Fair & mild
	A. 46	.653	A. 46		& light. af.		A. 50	28.996	A. 52		day, rain ni.
7	M.52	.784	M.46	NW.	Frost morn.	22	M.35	.817	M.50	Cble.	H. rain mor.
	A. 39	.852	A. 45		fair day.		A. 49	.893	A. 58		showers day.
8	M.51	.890	M.48	NE.	Frost, with	23	M.36	.975	M.53	Cble.	Mild, with
	A. 41	.890	A. 45		sh. of hail.		A. 49	.999	A. 52		showers.
9	M.53	.969	M.14	E.	Frost morn.	24	M.36	29.217	M.54	Cble.	Dull, with
	A. 39	.998	A. 47		sh. of h. aft.		A. 49	.232	A. 51		showers.
10	M.58	30.128	M.42	E.	Snow morn.	25	M.34½	28.857	M.50	Cble.	Cold, with sh
	A. 40	.150	A. 44		sh. of h. day.		A. 46	.868	A. 18		rain & hail.
11	M.28	.164	M.43	E.	Cold, with h.	26	M.34	.974	M.19	SW.	H. rain forn.
	A. 37	29.999	A. 42		sh. hail, snow		A. 49	29.454	A. 47		fair aftern.
12	M.28½	.835	M.40	E.	Dull, with	27	M.35	.655	M.52	Cble.	Dull, but
	A. 39	.636	A. 44		sh. of rain.		A. 54	.791	A. 53		fair.
13	M.34	.560	M.45	E.	Rain fo. th.	28	M.38	.880	M.55	SW.	Fair, with
	A. 43	.493	A. 50		& light. aft.		A. 51	.906	A. 56		sunshine.
14	M.34	.646	M.49	SW.	Dull, with	29	M.42	.975	M.58	Cble.	Ditto.
	A. 50	.688	A. 49		rain.		A. 49	.972	A. 57		
15	M.35	.766	M.49	Cble.	Ditto.	30	M.41	30.104	M.58	E.	Foggy foren.
	A. 49	.788	A. 50				A. 41	.120	A. 57		warm aftern.

Average of Rain, 1.779 inches.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of March and the 20th of April 1822, extracted from the London Gazette.

Abbotts, T. and R. Skinner-street, wine-merchants.
Acland, H. Lexdenhall-street, butcher.
Arnsby, S. Fishtoft, Lincolnshire, and T. Arnsby, Tansor, Northamptonshire, horse-dealers.
Artherton, W. Everton, near Liverpool, brewer.
Baker, W. Rew, Devonshire, farmer.
Barnes, W. Liverpool, merchants.
Barmby, T. Dewsbury, Yorkshire, clothier.
Barthorp, W. sen. Hull, and W. Barthorp, jun. Bradford, woolstapiers.
Baylis, J. Dunton, Warwickshire, coal-merchant.
Beltham, G. London, master-mariner.
Birmingham, F. Wellington Brewery, Charles-street, City-road, brewer.
Boulbee, T. Litchfield, coal-master.
Brenwhite, P. Bristol, fringe-manufacturer.
Brown, S. Fulham.
Browne, W. J. and W. Kermode, Liverpool, merchants.
Buckle, C. Manchester, draper.
Chalmers, J. sen. High Holborn, shoe-maker.
Corbett, E. Liverpool, brewer.
Croston, T. Westhoughton, Lancashire, manufacturer.
Dean, R. W. and T. W. Cooke, Bethnal-green, brewers.
Davidson, W. and A. Garnett, Liverpool, merchants.
Dockworth, E. Ribchester, Lancashire, victualler.
Emmet, W. Leicester-square, tailor.
Evans, J. Sheerness, haberdasher.
Findlay, J. Minories, clother-salesman.
Firmstone, J. jun. Lower Milton, Worcestershire, dealer.
Fouldis, A. Lovsclough, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
Friend, J. Bristol, maltster.
Frost, G. Sheffield, cheese-monger.
Furnivall, W. and J. Hardy, Stratford-upon-Avon, corn-merchants.
Garnett, A. Liverpool, merchant.
Garnett, J. Liverpool, linen-draper.
Gratty, W. and M. Moss, Liverpool, cordwainer.
Handforth, D. Manchester, victualler.
Harrison, J. Mount-terrace, Whitechapel-road, flour-factor.
Herbert, P. and J. London, merchants.
Hobson, G. Middleton, Lancashire, corn-dealer.
Holmden, W. Milton, Kent, grocer.
Hoyle, T., J. Lord, J. Chatham, and W. Fothergill, Manchester, calico-printers.
Hudson, W. Ebenezer-place, Commercial-road, ship-owner.
Hughes, M. B. and J. H. Dudley, Worcestershire, iron-founders.
Ivatts, J. Gerrard's-hall, Basing-lane, wine-merchants.
Jeffreson, W. Farmlingham, Suffolk, apothecary.
Jeremy, D. Strand, linen-draper.
Jullion, J. Holborn, jeweller.
Lacey, J. Bristol, earthenwareman.
Loutten, G. West Teignmouth, Devonshire, rope-maker.
Lyes, W. Cheltenham, coal-merchant.
M'Clure, S. Wigan, shopkeeper.
M'Shane, M. Foley-place, Portman-square, upholsterer.
Major, J. W. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, clothier.
May, W. Newbury, maltster.
Miles, S. Ludgate-street, watch-maker.
Miller, W. Chapel-street, Pentonville, merchant.
Monnington, W. Chepstow, grocer.
Murphy, P. Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, wine-merchant.
Paull, W. Bolehall, Warwickshire, tanner.
Penrith, W. Bath, draper.
Pexton, J. Skipton, Yorkshire, innkeeper.
Pickersgill, J. Wood-street, Spittalfields, silk-manufacturer.
Pickett, J. Caroline-street, Commercial-road, builder.
Pinter, J. jun. Witham, Essex, miller.

Quirk P. jun. Liverpool, corn-merchant.
Ramsden, W. Leeds, victualler.
Reynolds, H. Cheltenham, saddler.
Richardson, J. Hull, corn-dealer.
Richardson, J. Webb's County Terrace, New Kent-road, corn-factor.
Ripley, B. High-street, Wapping, mathematical instrument maker.
Robinson, M. Sebright-place, Hackney-road, plumber.
Robinson, W. Boetsdale, Suffolk, maltster.
Robinson, R. Liverpool, corn-dealer.
Road, C. W. Broadway, Worcestershire.
Sanders, T. Stratford-on-Avon, coal-merchant.
Sharp, J. Houndsditch, auctioneer.
Sharpley, J. York, merchant.
Smethurst, J. sen. and R. Hindle, Torkington, Cheshire, calico-printers.
Standen, T. Lancaster, slater.
Steel, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, insurance-broker.
Steele, J. Liverpool, map and chart seller.
Tate, W. Cateaton-street, bookseller and stationer.
Thornicraft, J. Coventry, victualler.
Thomings, E. and J. Dimmock, Kingswinford, Staffordshire, pig-iron manufacturers.
Tomlinson, J. Bedfordbury, woollen-draper.
Trevaskis, J. Sidney-place, Commercial-road, tailor.
Trowbridge, J. Shaftesbury, manufacturer.
Turner, W. Leyton, Essex, horse-dealer.
Vincett, N. Northampton-place, Old Kent-road, draper.
Walter, J. Islington, linen-draper.
Watton, W. Litchfield, brewer.
Waunt, W. Armley, Yorkshire, cloth-manufacturer.
Welsford, W. Tower-hill, merchant.
Westbrook, J. Redburn, Herts, inn-keeper.
Westlake, J. Moretonhampstead, serge-maker.
Wickham, W. jun. Chichester, butcher.
Willcock, W. F. Plymouth, dealer.
Young, W. and J. Renard, Downes' Wharf, Bermitage, wharfingers.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th April, 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Anderson, John, builder and quarrier, Inverkeithing.
Brown, John, merchant, Saltcoats.
Cranstoun, Thomas, merchant and general agent, Edinburgh.
Hunter, Robert, merchant, Greenock.
Liston, Wemyss, umbrella manufacturer and merchant, Edinburgh.
Paterson, Malcolm, and Co. fire-brick manufacturers, Port Dundas, near Glasgow.
Stewart, Robert, cattle-dealer at Blairtamock, parish of Campsie, Stirling.
Wilson, David, merchant in St Andrews.

DIVIDENDS.

Bell, Wm. deceased, and Bell, Wm. and Co. late drapers, Nicholson Street, Edinburgh; a final dividend after 6th May.
Duncan, Robert, shoemaker and spirit-dealer, Glasgow; a dividend 14th May.
Gordon, James, merchant, Aberdeen; a second dividend on 8th May.
Laird, John, and Co. merchants, Greenock. Laird, Wm. and Co. merchants, Liverpool, (being one concern;) a dividend of 2s. per pound on 22d May.
Muirs and Crombie, paper manufacturers at Netherlee; a final dividend 25th May.
Weatherly, John Blair, lately merchant in Jedburgh; a dividend on 8th June of 3s. 4d. per pound.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet Lieut.-Col. *Hon.* H. B. Lygon, 1 Life Gds. to be Colonel in the Army. Mar. 24, 1822.
Maj. *Lord* J. T. H. Somerset, h. p. Wattevill's R. Lt. Col. do. July 19, 1821.
Capt. Gray, R. African C. to be Maj. in the Army, Mar. 7, 1822.
1 Life Gd. Lt. Locke, from h. p. 34 F. Lt. vice Terry, exch. rec. diff. 29 do.
T. Millard, Cor. and Sub-Lt. by purch. vice Locke, 34 F. do.
2 J. Cuthbert, Cor. and Sub-Lt. by purch. vice Lord F. Conyngham, 9 Dr. Jan. 14.
R. Hor. G. Lt. *Lord* W. P. Lennox, Capt. by purch. vice Villiers, retired. Mar. 28
Cornet Hotchkin, Lt. by purch. do.
1 Dr. G. Cornet Davies, from h. p. 12 Dr. Cornet, vice Campbell, exch. rec. diff. April 18.
3 Cornet Greene, Lt. by purch. vice Abercromby, 12 Dr. Mar. 21.
W. Mitchell, Cornet, do. do.
1 Dr. *Hon.* H. T. Leeson, do. do. vice Knatchbull, 1 Dr. G. April 4.
2 Lt. Sturges, Capt. do. vice James ret. do.
Cornet Horam, Lt. do. do.
W. Hull, Cornet, do. do.
7 Lt. *Hon.* G. B. Molyneux, Capt. by purch. vice Douglas, ret. do. 11.
Cornet Inge, Lt. by purch. do.
Lord A. Paget, Cornet, do. do.
18 R. Urwin, do. do. vice Searlett, 9 Dr. do. 4.
Gren. Gds. Ens. and Lt. Cameron, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice *Hon.* H. V. Vernon, ret. do. 22.
Hon. J. St Clair, Ens. and Lt. do. do.
1 F. Lt. Suter, from h. p. 28 F. Lt. vice Orrok, dead, July 25, 1821.
Ens. Sherburne, from 70 F. Lieut. vice Wardrop, dead, April 18, 1822.
4 Lt. Gregg, Adj. vice Kelly, Qus. Mast. do. 25.
Ens. and Adj. Kelly, Qus. Mast. vice Mullaly, dead, do.
8 A. H. *Lord* Dorchester, Ens. by purch. vice Ward, ret. do.
17 Assist. Surg. Ardley, Surg. vice Maxton, dead, do. 21.
26 Ens. Clayfield, Lt. by purch. vice Kyle, prom. Mar. 28.
P. F. Brehant, Ens. do. do.
30 Capt. Gray, from h. p. Capt. vice Fullarton, exch. rec. diff. Sep. 22, 1821.
Lt. Barlow, from 59 F. Lt. vice Garvey, dead, Aug. 1.
34 —— Rice, from 46 F. Lt. vice Ashhurst, exch. Oct. 25.
44 —— Williams, from 86 F. Lieut. vice North, exch. April 18, 1822.
46 R. Lawrie, Ens. vice Carroll, cancelled, do.
50 Bt. Lt. Col. Price, from 58 F. Maj. vice Poe, dead, Mar. 24.
Ens. Greenwood, from 2 W. I. R. Lt. vice Seward, dead, do.
Lt. Browne, Capt. vice Scott, dead, April 18.
Ens. Willes, Lt. do.
—— Ross, from h. p. 67 F. Ens. do.

51 Ens. Miller, Lt. by purch. vice Powell, prom. do.
Sir W. Scott, *Bt.* Ens. by purch. do.
Lt. Powell, Capt. by purch. vich Minchin, ret. Mar. 28.
54 —— Burnett, do. do. vice Emett, ret. do.
Ens. and Adj. Dowdall, Lt. do. vice Burnet, prom. April 17.
—— Thomas, Lt. do. 18.
Gent. Cadet L. P. Townshend, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. do.
58 Lt. Firebrace, Capt. do. vice Montgomery, ret. Mar. 28.
Ens. Seymour, Lt. do. do.
Hon. R. Petre, Ens. do. do.
62 Lt. Godfree, Capt. by purch. vice Eaton ret. Mar. 14.
Ens. Wilson, Lt. do. do. 11.
Gent. Cadet, G. Berkeley, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. do.
65 Ens. Fitzmaurice, Lt. vice Madden, dead, June 13, 1821.
Lt. Carrol, from 87 F. Lt. vice Mainwaring, Oct. 10.
R. Campbell, Ens. vice Fitzmaurice, April 18, 1822.
67 Capt. Dwyer, from h. p. 84 F. Captain vice Rowan, exch. Oct. 10, 1821.
70 Lt. Laing, from h. p. 31 F. Lt. Smith, exch. rec. diff. April 11, 1822.
74 Capt. Stewart, Maj. by purch. vice Manners, ret. do. 18.
80 Maj. Pitt, Lt. Col. do. vice Cookson, ret. do.
Capt. Harpur, Maj. do. do.
82 J. S. Gore, Ens. by purch. vice Charleton, ret. do. 28.
87 D. A. Courtayne, Ens. vice Burney, E. I. C. Serv. do.
91 Cornet Fancourt, from 17 Dr. Lt. by purch. vice Farmer, 7 Dr. G. do.
1 R. V. B. Ens. Doyle, Adj. vice Ross, do.
Capt. Gibson, from late 10 Vet. Bn. Capt. vice Mitchell cancelled, Dec. 25, 1821.
—— Chisholm, from late 4 Vet. Bn. Capt. vice Young cancelled, do.
—— Appleton, from late 8 do. do.
Lt. Young, from late 7 do. Lt. vice Lynch cancelled, do.
—— Longworth, from late 10 do. Lt. vice Hann cancelled, do.
—— Ferguson, from late 4 do. Lt. vice Anderson cancelled, do.
2 Capt. Galbraith, from late do. Capt. do.
Lt. Herbert, from late 8 do. Lt. vice Hood cancelled, do.
Ens. Edgelow, from late do. Ens. do.
—— Norton, from late 9 do. do. do.
—— Mair, from late 4 do. do. do.
8 Capt. Douglas, from late 10 do. Capt. do.
Lt. Ireland, from late 6 do. Lt. do.
A Vet. Bn. Paym. Hounson, from h. p. 4 do. Paym. April 4, 1822.
A V. Comp. Bt. Maj. D'Alton, from 90 F. Capt. do.
Lt. Burges, from late 10 Vet. Bn. Lt. do.
Ens. Walker, from late 5 do. Ens. do.

Royal Artillery.

1st Lt. Hennis, from h. p. 1st. Lt. vice Lovett, h. p. Mar. 1.

Royal Engineers.

Gent. Cadet, J. Radcliff, 2d Lt. do. 28.
—— E. Vicars, do.

The undermentioned Officers of the Hon. E. I. C. Serv. to have Temporary Rank of Capt. in the Army:—

Capt. Macfarlane, Adj. of Depot at Chatham, do. 28.
—— Paterson, on Recruiting Service, do.

Miscellaneous.

Hosp. Assist. Sillery, Assist. Surg. to the Forces, April 18, 1822.
Rev. R. W. Tunney, fm. h. p. Chaplain to the Forces, vice Jenkins, dead. Mar. 8.

Exchanges.

Col. Campbell, from 6 F. with Col. Napier, h. p. 90 F.
Bt. Lt. Col. Wilson, from 4 F. with Bt. Lt. Col. *Sir* E. K. Williams, h. p. Port. Ser.
Major Babington, from 14 Dr. with Bt. Lt. Col. G. Fitzlarence, h. p. 24 Dr.
—— Brice, from 3 Dr. Gds. with Major Martin, 95 F.
—— Gordon, from 21 F. with Major Lenn, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regiment.
Capt. Holbech, from 6 Dr. rec. diff. between Full Pay Troop and Full Pay Comp. with Major Dunn, h. p. 91 F.
—— Fenton, from 13 F. rec. diff. with Major Aitken, h. p. 21 Dr.
Lieut. Miles, from 5 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. *Hon.* J. Kennedy, h. p. 7 F.
—— Cuffe, from 7 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Everard, h. p.
—— Cobbold, from 1 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Daubuz, h. p. 10 Dr.
—— Elton, from 15 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Joliffe, h. p. 19 Dr.
—— Griffiths, from 2 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Graham, h. p. 36 F.
—— Franklin, from 14 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Maxwell, h. p. 6 F.
—— Barnetson, from 15 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hope, h. p. 92 F.
—— Hudson, from 40 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Butler, h. p. 22 F.
—— Mill, from 40 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Dalrymple, h. p. 2 W. I. R.
—— Tinling, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Keating, h. p. 1 Dr.
—— Lewin, from 71 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Dashwood, h. p. 19 Dr.
—— Maclean, from 86 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Grey, h. p. 53 F.
—— Unlacke, from Rifle Brig. rec. diff. with Lieut. Boileau, h. p.
Ens. and Lt. Glanville, from Gren. Gds. rec. diff. with Cornet Davidson, h. p. 19 Dr.
Cornet Page, from 4 Dr. G. with Cornet Brooke, h. p. 19 Dr.
—— Ainslie, from 1 Dr. rec. diff. with Cornet Eccles, h. p. 9 Dr.
Ensign Dely, from 2 W. I. R. rec. diff. with Ensign Henry, h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol.
Qua.-Mast. Sheridan, from 89 F. with Qua.-Mast. Edwards, h. p. 22 Dr.
Ass.-Surg. Steele, from 8 F. with Ass.-Surg. Scott, h. p. 5 Vet. Bn.

Resignations and Retirements.

Capt. Villiers, R. Horse Gds.
—— James, 2 Dr.
—— *Hon.* H. V. Vernon, Gren. Gds.
—— Minchin, 51 F.
—— Emett, 54 F.
—— Montgomery, 58 F.
Eaton, 62 F.
Lieut. Hewitt, 8 Dr.
Ens. Charleton, 82 F.

Dismissed.

Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. John Seaman.

Appointment Cancelled.

Assist. Surg. Greig, 4 Dr.

Deaths.

Maj.-Gen. Hardyman, 17 F. Bengal, Nov. 28, 1821.
Lieut.-Col. Stuart, h. p. 1 F. Edinburgh, Mar. 17, 1822.
Major Scott, 50 F. on passage from Jamaica, on board the Ship Lady Popham, do. 22.
—— Berbie, h. p. Roll's Reg. Nov. 14, 1821.
Capt. Savage, 89 F. Allepie, Madras, Oct. 13.
—— De Sebisch, h. p. 7 Line, K. G. L. Dec. 22.
—— De Rougemont, h. p. 8 do. Hanover, do. 12.
Lieut. Short, 44 F. April 22.
D'Acre, 65 F. on board the Ship Arab, Aug. 29, 1821.
Blacker, 65 F. Surat, Bombay. Oct. 4.
Pollington, 1 Ceyl. Reg. Ceylon.
Lynch, ret. 3 Vet. Bn. April 4, 1822.
Grant, h. p. 46 F. Limerick.
Sutherland h. p. 122 F. F. Dornoch, Mar. 8.

Lawford, h. p. 2 Ger. Bn. Dec. 8, 1821.
Sir R. R. H. Sosme, *Bt.* h. p. Elford's Corps, Jan. 21, 1822.
Ens. Wheatley, 28 F.
—— Macleod, 78 F. France, Mar. 2.
—— Heise, h. p. 1 Light Inf. King's Ger. Leg. Hanover, do. 12.
Quart.-Mast. Mullaly, 4 F.
———— Bourke, h. p. 22 Dr.
———— Smith, h. p. 25 Dr. Bellebridge, near Dublin, Mar. 31.
Med. Dep. Staff. Surg. Dockard, h. p. April 19.
———— Roy, h. p. Fort George, Mar.
Staff Assist. Surg. Napier, Chatham, April 15.
Assist. Surg. Boyd, 21 F. Barbice, Feb. 6.
———— Agnew, h. p. 7 W. I. R.
———— James O'Bierne, late of 14 F. Lucknow, Berhampore, Bengal, Sept. 23, 1821.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Oct. 20, 1821. At Negapatam, the lady of Alexander Fairlie Bruce, Esq. of a son.

March 16. At Rome, the lady of John Craufurd, Esq. of Auchenames, of a son.

April 2, 1822. At Killarney, the lady of Major Carmichael, of the 6th dragoon guards, of a son.

3. At Broomhall, the Countess of Elgin, of a daughter.

4. Mrs Baillie of Mellerstain, of a daughter.

5. At Newhall-house, Mrs Brown, of a daughter.

6. At Anstruther, Mrs James Henderson, R. N. of a son.

9. At North Castle Street, the Lady of Captain Flint, of a daughter.

11. At Craigbank, Mrs Mathie, of a son.

12. At Kilmundy, Mrs Ferguson, of a son.

— Mrs W. Tennent, 5, Charlotte Street, of a son.

15. At 36, Dublin Street, Mrs Rattray, of a daughter.

— At Kinross manse, Mrs Robertson, of a daughter.

16. At Balbegno Castle, the lady of Captain Ramsay, h. p. 14th regiment, of a daughter.

17. At Newington, Mrs Crawford, of a son.

22. At his Lordship's house, in St James's Square, London, Lady Stewart, of a daughter.

23. Mrs Ferrier of Belliside, of a daughter.

25. At Sea Cot, Mrs Balfour, of a son.

26. At East Wemyss, Mrs Hutchison, of a daughter.

— At his house, in Lower Brook Street, London, the Lady of Sir William Duff Gordon, Bart. of a daughter.

— At Yester-house, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, of a son and heir.

27. At 7, Bellvue Crescent, the lady of James Wilson, Esq. advocate, of a daughter.

29. At Springfield, Mrs Durie, of a daughter.

30. At Uffington-house, the Countess of Lindsey, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 15, 1821. In St John's Cathedral, Calcutta, David S. Napier, Esq. to Anne, daughter of the late John Dickson, Esq. of Knightswood.

March 25, 1822. Married at Woodside, near Hamilton, Gavin Struthers, Esq. of Redding, to Marion, youngest daughter of the late John Dykes, Esq. of Woodside.

30. At London, Colin Bruce, Esq. to Helen, youngest daughter of Lieutenant Barton, late of the Scotch Greys.

April 2. At Stirling, Lieutenant Charles Wightman Sievwright, rifle brigade, to Miss Christina Watt, daughter of the late John Watt, Esq.

— At Aberdeen, the Rev. Robert Douglass, of Ellon, to Ann, daughter of the late Alexander Forbes, Esq. Jamaica.

— At Edinburgh, William Pollock, Esq. solicitor at law, to Frances, youngest daughter of Peter Hewet, Esq. Dundas Street.

4. At Abbots Hall, near Kirkaldy, Mr George Young, jun. grocer, Leith, to Eliza, youngest daughter of Mr Robert Tullis, farmer there.

— At Lismore, Dr Kennedy, R. N. to Catherine Peary, fourth daughter of Andrew Peary, Esq. late of Milton Duff.

8. At Glasgow, James M'Inroy, Esq. younger of Lude, to Margaret Seaton, eldest daughter of David Lille, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

9. At Hunter's-hill, Mr James Holmes, manufacturer, Paisley, to Janet, second daughter of James Love, Esq. Hunter's-hill.

— At Polton-house, Robert Dundas of Arniston, Esq. to Miss Lillias Durham, only daughter of the late Thomas Durham Calderwood, of Polton, Esq.

10. In Walcot Church, Bath, Andrew Rutherford, Esq. advocate, to Sophia Frances, youngest daughter of Sir James Stewart, of Fort Stewart, county of Donegal, Bart.

11. At her father's house, Wester Newington, Miss Mary Miller, daughter of Mr William Miller, to Mr Walter Richard, of the Stamp Office, Edinburgh.

13. Here, Mr David M'Culloch, bookseller, to Ann, youngest daughter of the late Mr James Muir, brewer.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas Tod, Esq. advocate, to Mrs Erskine, Coates' Crescent.

16. Married at Walcott, Bath, William Lockhart, Esq. of Germistoun, Lanarkshire, to Mary Jane, youngest daughter of the late, and sister of the present Sir Hugh Palliser Palliser, of Barnyforth, in the county of Wexford, &c. Bart.

— At St James's Chapel, Leith, Robert Buchanan, Esq. M. D. to Ellen, eldest daughter of Captain Robert Fraser, and niece and co-heiress of the late Major William Fraser, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

17. At St Paul's Chapel, Edinburgh, Mr John Porteous, draper, High Street, to Anne, daughter of Mr John Drysdale, late of the Scots Greys.

— At Dalry house, Captain Wauchope, R. N. son of Andrew Wauchope, Esq. of Niddrie Marischal, to Anne, daughter of the late Sir David Carnegie, of Southesk, Bart.

18. At Leith, Robert Buchanan, M. D. to Ellen, daughter of Captain Fraser.

— At Libberton Manse, J. Waldie, Esq. to Isabella, daughter of Mr John Stevenson, of Gilmerton.

19. At Edinburgh, the Rev. David M. Ingliss, Stockbridge, Berwickshire, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr John Bell, Dunglass.

23. At Glasgow, Robert Hart, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Janet, second daughter of the late Rev. James Oliphant, Dumbarton.

23. At Edinburgh, James Alexander Haldane, Esq. George Street, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Dr Daniel Rutherford, Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh.

24. At Edinburgh, Lieutenant Daniel Baird, R. N. to Ellen, daughter of the late Rev. John Macarra, Pathstruleshill.

25. At Wellington Place, Leith, Mr William Robertson, fish-curer, Leith, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr George Anderson, builder there.

26. At Richmond, Major George Gun Munroe, of Poyntzfield, to Jemima Charlotte, relict of Francis Graham, Esq. of Tullooh Castle, Jamaica.

— At Liverpool, Matthew Miller, Esq. to Ellen, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Newsham, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Henry Joy Tomb, Esq. of Belfast, to Thomasina, daughter of Thomas Gordon, Esq. W. S.

29. In Maitland Street, E. F. Orson, Esq. to Marion, youngest daughter of Mr Taylor, Cumnock.

29. At Edinburgh, Mr George Peacock, to Anne, only daughter of Mr David Rait, Lauriston.

— Alexander Robertson, Esq. younger of Candy, to Jane, eldest daughter of John Baird, Esq. Grange.

— At Edinburgh, William Currie, Esq. of Linthill, to Jane, second daughter of David Falconer, Esq. of Carlowrie.

30. Here, James MacAllan, Esq. W. S. to Catherine, eldest daughter of Robert Ainslie, Esq. W. S.

Lately. Sir James Miles Ridell, to Miss M. Brook, at Norton Priory.

— Mr John Stirling, to Ann, only daughter of Captain Small, James's Street.

DEATHS.

June 7, 1821. At Mulliguam, in the presidency of Madras, Assistant-Surgeon James Stewart, aged 22 years, of the 1st battalion 5th regiment M. N. I. of a spasmodic cholera, eldest son of Mr Charles Stewart, Kirrymuir.

9. At the same station, and of the same complaint, Assistant-Surgeon Milner, late in medical charge of the 1st battalion, 5th regiment.

Aug. 28. At Madras, Lieutenant James Hamilton Wardrop, 1st royal foot, son of John Wardrop, surgeon, Falkirk.

Sept. 22. In camp, near Baroda, East Indies, Lieutenant-Colonel Ludlow, C. B.

28. At Mhou, in the East Indies, Allan Cameron, Esq. of the Bengal horse artillery, eldest son of Mr Alexander Cameron, of Culcraigie, Ross-shire.

Oct. In the Persian Gulph, Assistant-Surgeon Thomas Rind, of the honourable East India Company's service.

10. Near Kedgaree, in India, Captain George Lindesay, of the corps of engineers in the service of the honourable East India Company on the Bengal establishment.

20. At Kurmaul, in the East Indies, Lieutenant George Allan, of the 7th Native Cavalry.

25. At Berhampore, Bengal, David Morrieson, Esq. third Appeal and Circuit Judge at Moorshedabad, in the 59th year of his age.

Nov. 4. At Mhou, East Indies, of a bilious fever, Dr Thomas Butter, Assistant-Surgeon in the honourable the East India Company's military service.

9. At Madras, Peter Scott, M. D. surgeon of the Male Asylum there, and Assistant Surgeon in the honourable East India Company's service.

26. At Berhampore, in the East Indies, of a bilious fever, Captain Thomas Binny, of the 11th light dragoons, aged 30, son of Thomas Binny, Esq. of Maulesden.

Feb. 19, 1822. At Mount Rose, island of St Vincent, the Hon. Andrew Rose, Secretary to the Council, seventh son of the late William Rose, Esq. of Gask, Aberdeenshire.

23. At Christiansound, in Norway, Mrs Gron, sister of the late William Leslie, Esq. of Denlugas.

March 1. At North Providence, U. S., J. Sayles, Esq. in the 101st year of his age.

9. At Chambersburgh, Pennsylvania, Mrs C. Carla, aged 109 years and 9 months. She lived to see the fifth generation of her family.

— Mr Alexander Aitken, baker, Fisherrow.

— At Weymouth, John Busby Maitland, Esq. of Eccles.

16. At Leith, Laurence Skeen, jun. shipmaster, aged 21; and on the 19th, Colin Skeen, aged 17, both sons of Mr Lawrence Skeen, ship-owner, Albany Street, Leith.

19. At Perth, after a short illness, Mrs Peebles, relict of the Rev. Adam Peebles, minister of the Episcopal Chapel there.

20. At Stenton, Mr John Begbie.

21. At Glasgow, Mrs Mary Kemp, spouse of Mr Andrew Young, manufacturer.

22. On board the Lady Popham, on his return from Jamaica, Major Scott.

23. At Dumfries, Miss Boyd, daughter of Mr Boyd, architect.

24. At Portobello, Mary, youngest daughter of the deceased Colin Campbell, Esq. surgeon, Berrichbeyan, Argyleshire.

— At Aix, in Provence, Roderick Norman Macleod, Esq. 78th regiment.

24. Colonel Robert Stewart, Fincastle.

25. At Nithbank, Dumfries-shire, Mrs Yorstoun, widow of Thomas Yorstoun, Esq. some time chamberlain to his Grace the Duke of Queensberry, at Drumlanrig.

— At Peebles, aged 79 years, Mrs Janet Johnstone, relict of Mr Andrew Ritchie, farmer of Woodhouse.

27. At his father's house, Crichton Street, Mr Richard Sutherland, aged 20.

— At Smith Place, Margaret, daughter of Mr Robert Marr, merchant, Leith.

— At Balmuto House, the seat of the Honourable Lord Balmuto, Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart. of Auchinleck, in consequence of a wound received in a duel the preceding day with James Stuart, Esq. jun. of Dunearn. The duel took place at Auchtertool in Fife, Sir Alexander being attended by the Honourable John Douglas, brother of the Marquis of Queensbery, and Mr Stuart by the Earl of Rosslyn. Sir Alexander was just returned from London, where he had been attending the funeral of his brother the late James Boswell, Esq.

28. At her house, in Cupar, Mrs Wemyss, sen. of Wemyss Hall.

— At Carlton Place, Glasgow, William E. Lothian, eldest son of Mr George Lothian.

— At Lochgelly, Miss Isabella Bruce.

31. At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Bremner, widow of the late Mr Alexander Johnston, merchant in Fisherrow.

— At Prestonpans, Mr John Taylor, aged 87.

— At Canonmills, aged 15, Agnes, youngest daughter of Mr Alexander Ritchie.

— At Leith, Mr George Gillespie, late baker there, aged 68.

April 1. At Yetholm, Mr George Story, in the 74th year of his age, after having been 50 years schoolmaster of that parish.

— Mrs Stein of Heriot Row.

— At his Lordship's house, in Grosvenor Square, London, Lady Charlotte Fane, daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland.

— At Moy, near Forres, Colonel Hugh Grant, of Moy, late of the honourable East India Company's service.

— At Chesthill, Mrs Maclaurin, wife of the Rev. James Maclaurin, minister of Glenlyon.

— At Ensham-Hall, Oxfordshire, Colonel Peter Hay, of the Bengal Establishment.

2. At Paris, Miss Margaret Davidson, daughter of the late Alexander Davidson of Newton, Aberdeenshire.

3. At Edinburgh, aged 68, Mrs Agnes Tennant, widow of Mr Thomas Heriot, late merchant in Edinburgh. She was in her usual health, and sitting in conversation, when she fell back in her chair and instantly expired.

— At Maitlandfield, Colonel Charles Maitland of Maitlandfield.

— In Great King Street, Edinburgh, Miss Hester Anne MacNeill, second daughter of John MacNeill, Esq. of Collonsay.

4. At Moor Park, Mrs Oswald, relict of R. A. Oswald, Esq.

— At Glasgow, Mr James Bruce Mitchell, accountant, second son of Mr William Mitchell, Bothkennar, Stirlingshire.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Colquhoun, wife of Frederick Colquhoun, Esq.

6. At Edinburgh, Mrs Hope, wife of James Hope, Esq. W. S.

— At Carlton Place, Glasgow, the infant son of Mr George Lothian.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Christian Moubray, wife of William Cadell, Esq. of Tranent.

7. At Newington, Charles, youngest son of Thomas Blackwood, Esq. merchant.

— At Jamaica, Major Emmanuel Poe, of his Majesty's 56th regiment.

— At Finnistone, in the 28th year of his age, Mr Archibald Geddes, son of the late William Geddes, Esq. of Alloa, and nephew of John Geddes, Esq. of Verreville.

— At Edinburgh, Jane, daughter of the late Robert Robertson, Esq. of Auchleeks, Perthshire.

8. At No. 19, St Leonard Street, Edinburgh, Miss Johnston, daughter of the late Mr John Johnston, writer, Moffat.

— At Alloa, after a few hours' illness, Mrs Jean Christie, wife of Mr Alexander Bald, sen.

— At Musselburgh, James Black, Esq. late of Trelawny, Jamaica.

9. At Haddington, Anne Maclaurin, daughter of the late Colin Maclaurin, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh.

— At Moffat, Thomas Wilson, Esq. late writer in Edinburgh, aged 79 years.

10. At Glasgow, Mr James Henderson, aged 56.

— At Caltonhill, Ann, eldest daughter of Mr Joseph Wilson, superintendant of mail coaches.

— At Borthaugh, Mr John Sibbald.

11. At her house, 31, North Bridge Street, Mrs Peacock, relict of the late Thomas Peacock, painter, Canongate.

— At Peterborough, Mr John Gibson of the Admiralty Office.

12. At his house, in Portland Place, London, aged 76, Sir Nathaniel Conant.

— In Upper Norton Street, London, Robert Wilson, Esq. late superintending surgeon in the East India Company's Service, on the Bengal establishment.

— At Ardkinglass, John, second son of the late Peter Lindsay of Boesird, Esq.

— At the Manse of Morven, Mr Donald Macleod, son of the Rev. Norman Macleod, minister of Morven, in the 22d year of his age.

13. At Shandwick Place, Edward, youngest son of Thomas Miller, Esq. of Glenlee, advocate.

— Mrs Hibbert, wife of Dr Hibbert, of Argyll Square.

— At Glasgow, after a long and painful illness, Mr James Bruce Mitchell, accountant, second son of Mr William Mitchell, Bothkennar, Stirlingshire.

— At Manse of Drymen, Anne, second daughter of the Rev. Duncan Macfarlane, D. D.

15. Here, Harriot, youngest daughter of Mr George Stedman, solicitor before the Supreme Court.

— At Vale-house, Lancashire, Mrs Horrocks, mother of S. Horrocks, Esq. M. P.

— At the Nursery, Leith Walk, Janet, eldest daughter of Mr John Shanklie, seedsman, Waterloo Place.

— At Summer-hall, Mrs Janet Miller, widow of the late Mr John Houston, shipmaster, Leith.

— At Midshare, Newburgh, Fife, Mrs Anderson, relict of the late Alexander Anderson, merchant there.

— At Kirkcudbright, Henrietta Melville, wife of the late Archibald Brodie, Esq writer in Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Laidlay, late assistant surgeon of the 66th regiment of foot.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Arch. Younger, brewer.

— Mr George Lyon, Broughton street.

17. By a fall from a window, in Heriot's Work, John Montgomery, aged 14, second son of the late Alexander Montgomery, wright, Edinburgh.

18. At Buccleuch Place, Mrs Violet Brown, spouse of the late Rev. John Brown of Haddington.

— At Edinburgh, much regretted, Miss J. Patrick, eldest daughter of the late John Patrick, Esq. of Treearne, Ayrshire.

19. At his house, in Elder Street, Alexander Stewart, Esq. accountant.

21. At Edinburgh, Andrew Swan, aged two years and a half, eldest son of Mr John Swan, preacher.

22. At 25, Gayfield Square, Miss Robertson.

24. At Cummertrees, by Annan, Mrs Gibson.

25. At Haddington, aged 20, George Robinson, second son of the late Mr William Robinson, merchant in London.

27. At Edinburgh, much regretted, Mr John George Dymock, A.M. student of divinity, son of Mr Dymock, Glasgow.

— At Libberton, after a lingering illness, Mrs Antoinette Langlade, wife of Mr Robert Aitkin, Canongate, aged 49 years.

28. At Newburgh, Fife, Mr James Livingstone, merchant.

— At Rosefield, Troqueer, Peter Ewart, Esq. of Rosefield.

29. At the Herald's College, London, in the 93d year of his age, Sir Isaac Heard, Garter Principal King of Arms. He had filled the distinguished office of Garter since April 1784.

— At his house at Tamnock, Caithness, Capt. Peter Innes, of the 79th regiment of foot.

Lately. At Montreal, Mr William Gray, proprietor of the Montreal Herald, a native of Aberdeen.

— At Howth Castle, near Dublin, the Earl of Howth, in his 70th year. His Lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, Viscount St Lawrence, now Earl of Howth.

— At Chestel, Glenlyon, Lillias Menzies, spouse of the Rev. James Maclaurin, preacher of the gospel.

— At the advanced age of 126 years and three days, Mr Thadey Doorley, a most respectable farmer, residing near the Hill of Allan, county of Kildare. He retained his faculties to the last moment, and was able to take the pleasure of any sort of field amusement within the last six months of his life. He was father of the renowned Captain Doorley, well known in that county, and was married about 19 years ago, at the age of 107, to a woman of 31 years of age.

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BLACKWOOD'S

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PEN OWEN.*

How should a new Novel be reviewed?—This is a question which, like many others, we would rather at any time ask than answer. If a novel be good, it must be read by thousands of people,—if it be as bad as the Vampire, it will still be read by many. If the people who study and obey Ebony are not to buy or look at a certain novel, why tell them any thing concerning what is, by the very supposition, not worth knowing any thing about?—If, again, our edict is necessary, to carry such and such a work into the bosom of such and such families, Whig, Tory, Infidel, Christian, why should we sport a long preamble? We do here, in the outset, mean to recommend Pen Owen as a work of very great talent and amusement; in three volumes post octavo, price one pound, eleven shillings, and sixpence; and well worth the money to anybody who can afford to pay for wit at the present high rates.—Why say any thing more about the matter? We *shall* say *why*: though at the risk of drawing up a few feet too much of the critical curtain, which is any thing assuredly but a glass one.

And first, then, be it known, that our Magazine is read by a great number of very respectable people, who never think of buying books at all, far less of buying novels, and least of all novels that cost L.1, 11s. 6d. Must the honest old dame that fumbles our leaves from one month's end to another, hear nothing about the new novel except that it is an excellent one?—What? And perhaps one single copy, and no more, afloat among the numerous and widely-scattered population, who pay tribute along with herself to the one solitary circulating library of the nearest village or market-town!—This is hard. Or, what think ye of the deep-browed, pot-bellied *literateur* in black breeches and grey worsted stockings, to whose voice potential the fate of books is almost as much subjected, as that of cooks within his parochial territory? Must he be denied a few glimpses to guide him within a few miles of the sort of thing he ought to say? Must he be left quite at random—to hint, perhaps, that "The Provost" is pathetic, or "Pen Owen" sublime? The thing will never do.—We must furnish a few samples to the Spinster, and a few data for the Divine.

But, secondly, do people suppose that we really review new books, merely for the purpose of favouring or discountenancing their sale? That idea is alike absurd and abominable, and ought to be put down *quam primum*, if it exist at all. No; our subscribers may rest assured, that whether the critique appears in No. LX. or No. LXV. our main, and most anxious care, is ever Number One. Our object is to make this Magazine the most delightful of all possible works; and we have no objection that its readers should contemplate it entirely per se. Many, very very many of them, must necessarily do so: New novels don't fly on the wings of the winds, to every corner of the terraqueous globe, while, as a right great and classical authority, who cannot be too often quoted, asserts,—

* 3 vols. post 8vo. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London.

"Severn, and Trent, and Thames, Forth, Tweed, and Teviot, and Leven,
Dovey, and Towey, and Nith, Lee, Liffey, Slaney, and Shannon,
Laurence, Potowmac, Missouri, Indus, and Ganges, and Oxley,
Wander thro' countries possessed by jolly-faced readers of BLACKWOOD."

Now, there are a great number of sharp-nosed people, who think, or pretend to think, that a periodical is excellent in perfection, in proportion as it is full of *original writing*. Original writing forsooth! There is perhaps not so much of that a-going; no, nor of original thinking neither. We maintain, in the face of men and devils, that a Magazine full of extracts is the best—provided only the extracts be well-chosen—and there's the rub. Nobody but a ninny would think of extracting from the Fortunes of Nigel. But barring books that are in every one's hands, why not make extracts? The *devils* most certainly give their voice for extracts; for be it known to all whom it may concern, there is more to make James Ballantyne fat in one page of our Brevier than in two pages of our Bourgeois.

These *prolegomena* must serve as a sufficient apology for sundry extracts from a novel, the general character of which we shall discuss in the space of one, or at most two paragraphs.

Pen Owen is the best novel, descriptive of actual present English life, that has appeared in our time. It is an attempt, and an eminently successful one, to revive the old style of the time of George II. and apply it to the time of George IV. The author is evidently no new or unpractised writer; on the contrary, every page bears the marks of a cunning and skilful hand—although we think it very likely this is the first time it has been employed in any thing like novel-writing.

He has evidently a great deal of natural wit and humour; and there is no lack of original incidents in his book, well calculated for the display of such qualities. Yet it is not here that we place his prime and distinguishing excellence. He is a man of the world. He *has* seen, what so few novel-writers have ever even smelt, the penetralia of the political, fashionable, and literary worlds; and it is upon this accurate, distinct, clear, and unfearing knowledge, that he props himself with the security of a giant. All the other books that have been written about LONDON, the London of the 19th century, are mere Fudge, Bam, Balaam, and Blarney. Here you have the real thing. Open Pen Owen about the middle of the 2d volume, and you are in the real House of Commons; turn over a few more leaves, and you are in the real Newgate, cheek by jowl with the real Cobbett; go on, and you are in the shop, the very shop of *******. —The next chapter conducts you into the more elegant atmosphere of Albemarle Street. Then you are at a *real* fashionable dinner, and sit next *the real*, alas! the late, Tom Sheridan. Then a row comes, and you are lugged into the Home Secretary of State's Office, and you hear every word that Sidmouth said, or should have said—every question Mr Attorney would or should have made—every answer a real *gentleman*, absurdly entangled in a real conspiracy, would or should have uttered in reply. These are the kind of materials out of which Pen Owen is made. A clever, careless, sarcastic pen, glances over every page; and the whole book bears the mark of *up to trap*. He that reads it as he runs may see, every corner he shaves, the visible legend, "No HUMBUG PERMITTED HERE."

The style of the work is possessed of many and shining excellencies. It is throughout easy, idiomatic, and English. Indeed, after reading so many scores of good books, written in our time by Scotsmen, it is a truly "refreshing" thing, (to use Mr Jeffrey's pet phrase,) to fall in with a really clever book, written by Englishman born, and abounding in all those nameless native graces, which, by whatever things their absence may be atoned for, are sought for in vain, even in the pages of a David Hume, or a Jedediah Cleishbotham. Here one rejoices in finding that human beings still *do* speak, and *can* write the dialect of the Fieldings. Life and vigour breathe in every line,—and the life and the vigour are equally and palpably *English*. The best Irishman or Scotchman that ever dirtied his fingers, might as well pretend to emulate the Tuscan sonnet of "Signor Le Hunto gloria di Cocagna," as the vivid vernacular John Bull English of Pen Owen.

Indeed, Scotsmen though we be, and abounding, as we know, feel, and regret we are, in all the faults of our country, we have a true satisfaction in finding that an English prose-wri-

ter has arisen, whose talents may do much towards keeping alive a proper sense of what is the true English style, and what is its beauty and value. The author of Anastasius might do a great deal in the same way, if he would learn to forget the existence of such a book as Gil Blas. The author of Pen Owen sometimes errs, no doubt, through too intense recollection of what has been done before him; but then even his recollections lean to virtue's side, and are English. His style, in a word, is truly excellent, and this too, in many different sorts of writings, so much so, that in laying down the book, we feel by no means certain that the author would not be a still better writer of sermons or farces, or both, than he has already shewn himself to be in the novel department.*

We shall leave entirely untouched the Fable of the work, which is, to speak it reverently, none of its chief merits. Any body may find out for himself, that there is much ill-judged imitation of Tristram Shandy, and Martinus Scriblerus, in the beginning of the book; and an equally ill-judged imitation of Fielding, in the beginnings of many particular chapters of it. This is bad, and unfortunate; but what book is without faults? And we have already glanced in these two sentences, at the only faults of any moment in Pen Owen. It is true that the dialogue is sometimes too loose and diffuse; and that many paragraphs of mere prosing might as well have been clipped out by the printer. But here, with all deductions, is a real good comic novel, full of life,—low life, middle life, and, rarest and most difficult of all, high life;—full of sense and shrewdness, wit and vivacity, *sçavoir faire*, ay, and *sçavoir vivre*—A novel which no man can lay down without reading it to an end; and which, though it consists of three thumping volumes about as thick as those of Anastasius, every sensible reader would wish had been as voluminous as Clarissa Harlowe, or Sir Charles Grandison.

The hero, who is like most other heroes, an irregularly educated, clever, passionate, and, for the time, unfortunate young lover,—finds his way to London, and, after a thousand adventures, to Smithfield, where he is robbed, knocked down, and left for dead on the pavement. A humane grazier picks him up, carries him into a neighbouring pot-house,—revives him with a pot of porter or some other liquid, and puts him to bed. In a short time Mr Pendarves Owen awakes.

"Our hero having risen from his bed, finding no occasion to remain any longer a prisoner, expressed his desire for something to eat, for his appetite was among the first of his faculties that appeared to be perfectly restored. Whilst his meal was preparing, his deliverer, the grazier, arrived to inquire after him, and expressed himself much pleased to find the object of his benevolence so far recovered from the effects of his misfortune. He then related to him the circumstances to which Pen probably owed his life, and for which our hero expressed his strong sense of obligation. 'Thee might ha laid theere tull morening, youth,' said the good man, 'an I had'nt a call across the market; for I'se pretty well a match for thicken sort of Lunnun gentry, who plies in thom by places.' 'Why, sir,' cried Pen, 'a man may traverse the deserts of Arabia as safely as the streets of London, if this be permitted.' 'Laik enow! laik enow!—A duont knaw the ruod ye spaken on; but if its war nor this un, its bad enow, o' all conscience.' By this time several other persons had taken their seats in the apartment, which was a sort of tap-room; and one, who appeared also from the country, and was sitting near the grazier, bore his testimony to the observation.

'Why, look ye, zirs,' said he, 'its but a year come next Lammas, sin I were mysel up in the field, with a feu score of wethers.' 'Whoat breed?' asked the grazier,

* There is only one deduction we have to make from this high praise of Pen Owen, as to the article of style. The interlocutors continually make use of ejaculations which we never heard any body utter in actual conversation. What is the meaning of that eternal "*Bah?*" We have all heard of "saying *Boh!* to a goose:" but who ever heard of saying *Bah!* to a lady or a gentleman? Indeed, the interjections commonly to be met with in the comic drama of this country, and in all the drama, tragic and comic, of many others, appear to us to be merely tolerated out of some sort of absurd respect for absurd custom. Who ever heard any human lips utter either "*pish*," or "*psha*," or "*la?*" or who, but a French hero, or heroine, ever interlarded a colloquy with "*helas!*" "oui, mon ami!" Cursing and swearing are now properly discarded both from writing and speaking; but why retain these stupid exclamations in writing, when they never were tolerated in Christian talk at all?

keenly interrupting him. 'South-down like,' replied the other; 'and so I goes me to old Ladbrook's, and makes my bargain; no higling with old Ladbrook; he knows the valley—and the markets zo.' 'So!' taking him up, said the grazier, 'thee made a bargain; I know the old fellow, and he's a sharp un at a push as ony on'em.' 'A fair dealer, sir,' observed the other. 'Oy, oy!—All fair in the way of treade.' 'If I thought otherwise,' answered the farmer, with something of an air of pique, 'I'd carry my pigs to another market.' 'Pigs! quotha,' said the grazier, laughing. 'Yees, as the saying is; but—' 'Wull, wull, let aluone,' again interrupting the farmer, cried the grazier.—'He maun rouse be times that teakes me in!—a' who wud catch old birds, maun catch 'em at roost. It war another guess matter when a' was a youngster; but noo, a' defy em.' 'Yees, yees, master! Ould birds—but as ai was saiying, I suold the wethers, zo—' 'What may 'em have faught?' asked the grazier. 'Ayte and thirty,' answered the other. 'Nuoa greet sheakes, measter!' 'I'se content.' 'Wull, wull! let aloane!—Its nuoa mun's busienys an thee's be satisfied.—I gets forty at Spalding; but let aluone,' cried the grazier, with no little appearance of exultation, whispering to Pen at the same time, 'he's but a flat I'm moinded; some West-country tinkler.' 'Yees,' answered the farmer, who heard not his by remark—'Sic a man as Tom Crossthwaite, in your north country, ha' their waiy and their price too.' 'Whoa! whoa!" exclaimed the grazier; 'do'st thee knaw Tom Crossthwaite, as thee call'st un!' 'Knaw un!—why, yeez, zurely, by character;—'twould be waundy queer an I did'nt knaw the best feeder, and the warmest—' 'Thonk ye! thonk ye, maister!—What's yere name, neighbour? I daun't remember thee gib.' 'Why thee be'ent he?' cried the other, staring in his face. 'Be'nt I? then I be'nt! but this a'll soy—Measter,—what's thee name?'—'Noah Tup,' answered the other. 'Whuoy then, Measter Toop, I thonk thee all as one for Tom Crossthwaite; for little as thee think'st it, thee be'st speaking to his own sel.'

"This the grazier said with no small degree of conscious pride.

"'Indeed!—I ax yere pardon, Measter Crossthwaithe; no offence I hope; no offence!' 'Offence, mun, for geeing un a good word, thof thee did'st not speer me. Neay, neay, an that be all, we'll wash it down in a sneaker of toddy. Here, mistress, let us ha a good half crown's urth. Its odd enow,' turning again to the farmer, 'that we shad'nt ha met before, Maister Toop.' 'Ize Gloucestershire, Measter Crossthwaite, and duont often travel moiself,' answered Mr Tup. 'Ize younger heels for off work; morcover, Measter Crossthwaite, I cannot abide the ways of this ere toon; it frits me, maun! it frits me, ever sin my mishap.' 'What mishap?" demanded the grazier. 'As I were telling ye,' said Mr Tup, 'its two years come next Lammaz.' 'Thee sold thy wethers.' 'Yees; but then comes the quandary, Maister Crossthwaite;—to think I shuld ha' stumbled on the very maun I were speaking on.' 'Ha! ha!—'twas queer enow.' 'As I were saying, Measter Crossthwaite, I had touched the ready for ma wethers, and counted them into a bag.' 'Weel, weel!' 'And wad ye believe it, Measter Crossthwaite, befuor I slept that night, the bag and shiners were all clearn gon!' 'Guon!—wheyre!' 'Yees, where indeed? stolen; Measter Crossthwaite.' 'Whuoy, how could'st be such a ninny-hammer?' 'Ninny-hammer, Measter Crossthwaite,—I should liken to knaw how I was to prevent it. I commed as it were hane, into a public house, and I zit me down, as it war, theere, where you are, Measter Crossthwaite;—and there zits a queer zort of a chap, as it may be where I am, and a begins a cock and a bull story about the Lord knaws what, and draws all our wonderment at a parcel of lies, as they all turned out to be,—and then he ploys his antics an rigs, and pops his head under the table so! and then up so! and makes uz all laugh so!' 'Like enow, like enow,' cried the grazier, laughing at the representation. 'Yees; but it was no laughing matter in the end, as you'l foind, Measter Crossthwaite, for a' contrived some way or other, by his curzed vagaries, to whistle moy money bag out of my pocket.' 'Aye, aye, did'nt I saiy, sir,' turning to Pen, who was abstractedly discussing some eggs and bacon—'did'nt I saiy that our friend Toop here was a ninny-hammer to lose his money, and to be laughed out on't? Oh! Measter Toop, Measter Toop! I'se up to these rigs; I'se an ould bird, not to be catched by such chaff, I'se warrant ye—ha, ha!' 'Measter Crossthwaite, Measter Crossthwaite, 'tis no laughing matter, I saiy agen; for just as ye may be grinning there, so war I, when up gets my story-teller, as I do naw, and walks out of the room with an air, and cries out to us, Let them laugh as wins;' and so, Master Noah Tup repeated the scene to a tittle, in pure imitation of the original, even to the shutting of the door after him.

"'Ha, ha, ha!' roared the grazier, for Mr Tup appeared to be an excellent actor; 'ha, ha, weel, weel, good now—cuom in, cuom in,—that yll do, Measter Toop, teak thee glass; thee was't a ninny-hammer still; warn't he, my good, young gentleman?' appealing to his only auditor, Pen, who now filled a glass from the sparkling bowl. 'Why, yes, sir,' answered Pen, 'it seems odd, that a money bag should be laughed out of a man's pocket, it must

be confessed.' 'Cuem, cuem, Meister Toop,' bawled the grazier, in a louder tone of voice—'cuem—the joke's over, you maun cuem in now!' The spirit, however, had vanished, and the incantations of the grazier appeared to be ineffectual to raise it again. 'That's waundy strange, am't it, young gentleman; whuoy—what the dickons is the man about? Here, missis, d'ye knaw fairmer Toop?' 'Anan, sir.' 'D'ye knaw the fairmer as just left the ruom?' 'No, sir, never seed him in my born days before.' 'Weel weel, he'll be bock at his laisure; so here's to your amendment, young gentleman.'

"Pen thanked him as in duty bound, and then again expressed how deeply he felt the kindness and commiseration of the good grazier. He took down his address, for the purpose of remitting him the advances he had made, and declaring himself able to find his way home, was about to take his leave.

"'Stoup a bit,' cried the grazier, 'I will see thee on thee way—I'll just weip off this score.—Mistress, what's to pay?' 'Five and eleven pence farthing, sir.' 'Weel, weel,—ye knaw hoo to rin up a score as well as yere betters; but no matter;' so thrusting his hand into his breeches' pocket for his money bag —— Oh, reader, —he found how inimitable an actor was that farmer Noah Tup. 'Hey, whuot!' exclaimed the gaping grazier, 'ma pocket turned inside out!—Holloa,—why, I'm robbed, plundered, pickpocketed.—Murder!—there be foorty good poonds gone. Stop him, ye rascals!—Woman, woman, I'll ruin your house!' 'I'm sure, say your veest, no one ever dar'st to utter a vord against my ouse.' 'Why, I've been robbed, plundered in it, woman!' 'Not in my ouse, I'll be swern,' cried the landlady. 'Why, look thee, old fule,—an't my pockets clean picked?' 'That were not in my ouse, I'll stand it to any justice's face in the three kingums.' 'Hell and fury, auld brute ye! wad ye talk me ut o' my seven senses?' 'Senses or no senses, never was robbery committed in my ouse, and I'll take my davy of it, this blessed night before I sleep.—Hene, Peg, bring down that here Bible.' What, ha' I to do wi' your swearing and your davy, wuoman; it won't swear back my money bag. I'm lost, undone.' 'Pray heaven, not,' exclaimed Pen, who had not yet interfered; 'are you sure?' 'Sure, whoy I felt it in my pouch when I cualled the rascal a ninny-hammer,—and rattled it in defiance; war there ever such a—'"

Here is one specimen of the low life of the novel. Now for another, but quite in a different walk, for the scene is a bookseller's shop, not quite a mile from Charing-Cross.

"In the course of the morning, he lounged into one of those many receptacles of wit and learning, which are to be found in the parish of St James's, and having asked for two or three books, for which he had occasion, sat down at a table, which was well supplied with the journals and publications of the day. He had not been long seated, when a little shrewd-looking man, laying down a volume he had been running over, was asked by a gentleman who sat next to him, 'What he thought of the work?' which proved to be a ministerial pamphlet. 'A poor thing, sir.' 'They say it is by —' (whispered his neighbour). 'It may be; it's quite bad enough for him.' 'Bad enough! Mr Pepperal: why surely he is one of the cleverest writers of the party.' That may be,' returned the critic, with a significant sneer, 'and yet he may nevertheless be the author of this precious defence.' 'I have heard,' observed a third gentleman, who just lifted his eyes from the newspaper he was reading, 'the work attributed to another person.' 'Very likely,' replied Mr Pepperal; 'but my friend Gossiper is, I believe, correct in his opinion.' 'I rather think not, sir,' retorted the other, still reading his paper. 'I rather think, sir,' observed Pepperal, with a self-sufficient air, 'it is; I am not apt to be deceived, since I form my judgment rather upon internal than external evidence.' 'Your judgment may satisfy *yourself*, sir,' replied the reader. 'It will satisfy others, I presume, sir,' retorted Mr Pepperal. 'Not mine, sir,' coolly replied his antagonist. 'But, sir,' interposed Mr Gossiper, 'I know it to be Mr ——' 'Sir,' turning with some asperity upon the last speaker, 'I know it to be another's.' 'That can't be, sir; I had it from undoubted authority,' said Gossiper. 'The judgment of your friend, Mr Pepperal, I presume,' with a sneer, said the stranger. 'No, sir—from much better.' 'Leave the gentleman to his opinion,' cried Pepperal, turning towards Gossiper, with a look that seemed intended to awe his adversary into silence; 'the author need be obliged to no man for discovering him.'

"Pen, who was never yet in society without contributing to the conversation, here asked Mr Pepperal in what the demerits of the work, which he had taken up, upon Gossiper's laying it down, consisted. 'What, sir!' answered Pepperal, with an air of surprise, evidently occasioned by the free and easy air of the interrogator; 'what should they consist in?' 'I mean, sir,' replied Pen, 'is it the style or the matter that you condemn?' 'Both, sir,' bluntly exclaimed the other. 'And yet the few sentences I have read I should rather be disposed to approve.' 'You approve!' cried Pepperal, with an expression that really evinced surprise. 'Yes, sir;

there is a purity of diction, a turn of expression, an unaffected—' 'Balderdash!' 'What, sir?' 'I say, sir, I affirm it is trash, trash, from the beginning to the end.' 'Your criticism, sir,' said Pen, smiling, 'is rather of a sweeping nature.' 'His criticisms generally are so, sir,' observed the stranger, as he very coolly turned his eye from the paper to Pen Owen. 'I understand you, Mr Duster,' said Pepperal, fiercely; 'I have the advantage, then, of those authors who generally fall under your lash.' 'You may feel it yourself some day, sir.' 'I should be sorry to escape it, sir.' 'You may depend upon it, sir,' 'I do, as an earnest of success, Mr Pepperal.'

'Pen, who felt that he had occasioned this war of words, which his ignorance of the world induced him to believe might end in a war of a more serious nature, here interfered, and regretted that any observation of his should have occasioned so warm a discussion. 'I assure you, sir,' addressing Pepperal, 'I merely asked for information.' 'Most people ask for what they are most in need of, sir,' snarled the critic. 'Repeat that again,' cried the grand pacificator, Pen, starting from his seat. 'That's not fair, sir,' said Mr Duster, quietly placing his hand upon Pen's arm; 'Mr Pepperal is rarely called upon to repeat his good things.' 'But, sir, he means to insult me.' 'Not by his contempt, I assure you.' 'His contempt!' 'If you were an author, sir, you would find it to be the first step towards distinction.' 'I tell you what, Mr Duster,' cried Pepperal, now turning all his spleen upon that gentleman, 'if you were not beneath criticism, I would—' 'You,' interrupted Duster, 'would render me so by taking me by the hand.' 'I—I—I'd take the devil by the hand first, sir.' 'Nay,' (turning again to his newspaper,) said Duster, 'you grow scurrilous, and are in a writing mood. I'll interrupt you no further.' 'I'll tell you what, Mr Duster,' cried the enraged critic, 'I—' 'You must rather,' said Pen, 'tell me, sir, what you meant by the language,—' 'For Heaven's sake, sir,' cried the provoking Duster, 'if, as your appearance bespeaks you, you are a gentleman, do not risk a public quarrel with Mr Pepperal.' 'Risk a quarrel! Do you imagine, sir, I will suffer any man to play upon me with impunity?' 'See, sir, you have escaped an injury, whilst, I can assure you, you have received no insult,' pointing to Pepperal, who, with a hurried air, was making the best of his way through the front shop. Pen would have pursued him, but Duster entreated him to be patient, and, having prevailed upon him to sit down, expressed his surprise that he should not know to whom he had been addressing himself. Pen professed himself to be a perfect stranger in London. 'That man, sir,' said Mr Duster, 'is the editor of a review, and an oracle among a certain class of people. He was originally apprenticed to a bookseller in the west, who, finding that he read more books than he sold, discharged him at the end of his term, with the character of being a learned dunce; for though he had emptied the miscellaneous library of his employer into his head, not a single sentence had ever escaped his lips to prove it had been digested. He next became the merry-andrew of a strolling mountebank; but his stock of wit being exhausted before the close of the first campaign, he was returned upon the world, as a candidate for any portion of its favour it might be disposed to grant. After experiencing for many years its vicissitudes, under a variety of forms, he settled as a surgeon in Lancashire, where, by some unaccountable accident, he appeared to have rescued a man of fortune and influence in the neighbourhood from the jaws of death;—one of those kind coincidences of dame nature in favour of this quack, which may be considered as a counterbalance to the inattention she had shewn towards Pepperal on all other occasions. The gentleman, to evince his gratitude, interested himself in his fortunes; and, disposing of the few bottles of coloured water, and the ordinary drugs of which his establishment consisted, Pepperal brought his library in his head, and two shirts in his pocket-handkerchief, up to town, to try his fortune under the sanction of his patron. With so respectable an introduction, he made acquaintance with some literary characters; and being thrown into the society of certain daily and weekly scribblers, whose stock in trade he had wit enough to discover did not much exceed what he might fairly boast himself, he seriously turned his thoughts to the vocation, as a future resource against starvation. He had read several treatises upon the subject, translated from the ancients, and imported from the French; and his first efforts were made (of course anonymously) in the magazines, and other of the abounding depositories of ephemeral trash and scandal. But the little smattering of information, of which it had cost him so much labour to possess himself, was not sufficient to sustain him on a level even with these hebdomadal vehicles of amusement. He began to despair of success, when falling in with a veteran of the trade, he ascertained that modern criticism may be exercised without any one of those qualifications which are supposed to form its basis; that to analyse a work is a mere waste of time; and that the only principle upon which its merit or demerit rests (be it of a scientific, practical, didactic, or moral nature) is to be found in the political principles of the author. This point being duly ascertained, the terms of approval or condemnation are to be sought in the best vocabulary of the vulgar tongue; and an arbitrary sentence

is passed with all the solemnity of a juridical verdict. The process is completed by some general observations on the subject under discussion, revealed, perhaps, for the first time, by the unfortunate author himself, or aided by the ingenious practice of index hunting. This man, thus qualified, is now the editor of a popular review, and is the dread and scourge of those who formerly held his talents in such utter contempt, that they would have laughed in his face, had he ventured an opinion upon any literary subject in their presence.' 'Upon my word, sir,' said Pen, 'you surprise me. I considered the art of criticism to have been one of the noblest—' 'And, like every thing noble and excellent, subject, in due proportion, to be travestied and rendered ridiculous. I know this man well, sir. He speaks just what he has picked up in the last book, or last conversation he has been engaged in. You may know where he was yesterday by the flavour of his observations to-day. His jokes, when he adventures upon one, are spoiled proverbs. And his wit, when he attempts it, is the mere art of covering what is threadbare with a woof of his own manufacture, that betrays the *botch*.' 'A man of this sort surely, sir,' said Pen Owen, 'must be scouted from decent society.' 'So far from it, sir, he is courted, and dined, and lionized from house to house among the great, and little great.' 'Amazing!' exclaimed Pen, 'that a man who could not procure a dinner by his own wit, should revel in luxury and fame, by decrying the wit of others.' 'You are, by your acknowledgment, sir,' replied Mr Duster, 'fresh on the town; and I have no doubt, when you are better acquainted with what is going forward, your present amazement will be attenuated by being spread over a larger surface, until at last you will learn to be astonished at nothing in this great world.'

"At this moment two or three new comers approached the table, who all saluted Mr Duster as an old acquaintance. A gentleman of the party, taking up the pamphlet, already the object of so much discussion, asked one of his companions if he had read it. 'Excellent,' answered he; 'I could not leave it after I had read the first two or three pages. I hear it is ——'s.' 'It might be his, indeed, if we were to judge from the display of political knowledge and official information—' 'And its wit—the true genuine attic turn—here, give it me. I think this is one of the happiest instances of the *vis comica* I ever met with,' reading aloud an extract from the work. 'Still,' said the third gentleman, who had not yet spoken, 'I doubt the correctness of your suspicions.'

"Pen began to anticipate a new battle of book-worms, and was rising from his seat, when Mr Duster, gently touching his arm, invited him to sit down again, with a smile and a flush of countenance which bespoke some actual pleasure, or pleasure about to offer itself.

"'Indeed,' answered the speaker who held the book, 'I think I cannot be mistaken.'—'Indeed,' retorted the other, laughing, 'but you are—is he *not*, Mr Duster?'

"Duster evidently wished to look more confused than he did; but the reference did not appear to interrupt the pamphlet-reader, who seemed again struck by some new beauty, which he pointed out to his companion; so that Mr Duster's confusion was lost upon part of the company. Whether it was with a view to clear himself from the implied charge, or whether he had any other motive, the reader will hereafter learn; but Mr Duster was the first to break silence, after the delighted critic had closed the book, with some very hearty general commendations.

"'Nay, nay, my dear sir,' applying himself to his accuser, with as confused an air as he could call up, 'it is not fair, it is not indeed, to charge any nonsensical publication, that attracts public attention upon—' 'My good friend,' observed the other, 'this is a publication any man in the country may be proud of.' 'My dear sir, you confuse me,' stammered Mr Duster, labouring to give countenance to his words. 'Is it really so?' asked the critic, turning to his companion, in a whisper. 'Positively,' affirmed the other. 'You really are too bad,' said Mr Duster, rising from his seat, and hurrying into the shop, as if to make his escape: 'you are not to be trusted. I mean—good morning, gentlemen.—Good morning, sir,' turning towards Pen, who, struck by the novelty of the scene, arose also to take his departure."

We shall now exhibit the author of Pen Owen on higher ground. In a word, let the reader be aware, that the hero, after being so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of Mr Modely, a publisher of the *haut ton*, is invited to a regular London dinner, which is followed by a regular London rout, and then imagine himself at Pen Owen's elbow, in "Sir Bland Blinkingsoph's" drawing-room. We need scarcely premise for the edification even of the uninitiated, that *all* the characters are real, and that Sparkle is Tom Sheridan, as surely as Modely is ******.

"Just as Tom had taken our hero's arm, and was advancing into another room, Pen pointed towards an individual who was paying earnest attention to the conversation of a dowager, and observed to his friend, that he had scarcely ever seen a countenance, expressive of so much good sense, and, at the same time, so much ur-

banity. 'That,' said Sparkle, 'is the most popular man at this moment in London.' 'What!—is it—' 'Oh dear, no—a very different character: the gentleman is Sir Daisy Dumbell: nature has given him, as you observe, a most prepossessing exterior, which he has employed to the best advantage, without ungratefully endeavouring to spoil it, by too much attention to the inside. He is a *parvenu*, who has raised himself to rank and distinction, and is even reported to be in the new batch of peers.' 'You speak in enigmas,' said Pen; 'is his genius so surpassing, that it has forced its way without the toil of cultivation?' 'No—he is no genius, and has not even cultivated his dulness: he possessed, however, from the cradle, an intuitive insight into the universal passion of mankind, and from being the darling of the nursery, has become the idol of the world.' 'Has the universal passion been decided upon, then?' asked Pen, smiling. 'Not by philosophers, perhaps,' returned Tom, 'but by a much wiser class of persons—men of the world; and they have ascertained that flattery, in some shape or other, is the key to every man's heart, from the peer to the peasant.' 'Then he is a sycophant, like Pliant, with whom we dined to-day.' 'As unlike as—the Doctor there and myself. He has *listened* himself into the favour of mankind and womankind.' 'Listened himself!' 'Even so—he listens to the philosopher and the pedant with an earnestness of attention, and with a countenance of such intelligence, that at one and the same moment he convinces them of his own powers, and his admiration of their superiority. He never exceeds a well-introduced ejaculation of perfect assent, or a monosyllable, expressive of entire conviction. With the statesman, a shrug and a nod are all that is required; and I know an instance of one of our most popular speakers, who, after an hour's audience with this incomparable actor, declared he was the best-informed man in the three kingdoms,—although he literally had never opened his lips between the first salutation and certain cordial expressions on his departure. With the soldier he may do any thing, for he listens with apparent delight to the history of a campaign he knows by heart;—the anecdote-monger he can twist round his finger, by an assenting laugh or groan at tales that he has told himself, or heard by anticipation from twenty other different sources;—the lawyer he will attend without a yawn, or even a vacancy of countenance, on the most dry and intricate cause;—his hostess, through the whole gossip of the neighbourhood, with the gaze of new wonder, at each slip;—the widow's list of her grievances, with a scarcely suppressed tear,—and of a miss *debutante*, of her lovers and her conquests, with the most sympathetic interest. He will look condolence with a discarded minister, and smile congratulations towards his successor: he will never blink an eye, through the most tedious tragedy or poem that ever was rehearsed to a suffering victim, or even laugh but where the author expects it, in the most vivacious comedy. In short, he is the common friend of mankind; I might say the common sewer, for he is the depository of all the grievances of all mankind, who are sure of his sympathy, and certain of never being thwarted in their resolutions and plans, upon which they consult him. As he puts every man in good humour with himself, so he is esteemed in turn by every man, in the point of view most in favour with his own notions. He is by turns, or rather altogether,—for there is no detraction on any part,—the most learned, scientific,—handsome,—well-bred,—discerning,—intelligent,—kind-hearted,—benevolent man in the world; by which, under each separate designation, he is considered inferior only to his immediate panegyrist,—to whom his own modesty, after the example of the heroes of Greece, constantly assigns the first place.'

"Pen was very much amused with the account of this popular character; and having contrived to overhear part of the conversation, which was passing between the dowager, and this gentleman, he found him, with an expression of countenance which would have done honour to the philanthropist, about to burst open the prison-house of oppressed virtue, or suffering heroism,—listening to a tale of 'says he,' and 'says she,' and a long account of a Marlbro' breed of puppy dogs, which he rarely, but at well calculated intervals, interrupted with 'Admirably retorted!'—'Charmingly!' until the old lady arriving at a climax, was ready to kiss her auditor, for the look of inquiry, which seemed to express disappointment that there was no more to be heard!

"Pen was too much disgusted, even to repeat the laugh which Sparkle's mode of illustrating the character had called forth. They proceeded onwards, Tom speaking and making some odd remark or observation to, or upon, every one they encountered. 'You know every body,' said Pen. 'Yes,' answered Sparkle, 'and every body knows me—you understand,' continued he, with a sigh, which sigh was not lost upon our hero, and added not a little to the interest which his new acquaintance had awakened in him; for he suspected, that, with all his vivacity, and all the admiration which his ready wit attracted, he was not a happy man. Tom, however, gave him no time to follow up the reflection: 'I may in return observe,' said he, 'that you seem to know nobody.' 'No,' answered Pen, 'I'm a stranger in London: and ever since I have been here, my object

has been rather to avoid than seek society.' 'That's a bad plan; you can't read a better book, than that which this great town opens to you.' 'Nor a more dangerous one, I suspect,' returned Pen. 'Nay, for the matter of that, you may read as you run; so that you may run—when you've read too much.' 'Is that so easy?' 'I mean to try, some fine day,' answered Sparkle, half seriously, and half jocosely; 'shall I introduce you to some people—?' 'Not at present,' replied Pen, when turning his eyes towards an opening door, he saw, to his great surprise, his friend Modely. 'Good heavens!' said he to his companion, 'if there isn't Modely the bookseller.' 'To be sure—he's every where; he is the Mæcenus of literature,—is he not in his element? By the bye he is talking to Lady Bab Cento about you—or me.—No, I'm sure you are the subject. What!—have I detected an author in my Tyro!'

"Pen then, as usual, informed him of every thing that had passed between Modely and himself, and was proceeding in his eulogium, when Sparkle interrupted him. 'You were observing, not five minutes ago, that you had not an acquaintance in the room.' 'I spoke the simple truth,—with the exception of our host, and Modely, who has entered since.' 'And his name is—Legion,' said Tom. 'How?' 'I will bet you the profits of your next poem.' 'You had better bet what it may be worth.' 'You stole that, my friend; but—' 'Like the gipsies,—have disfigured it, to make it pass for my own,' cried Pen, laughing. 'Stolen again—and from the same shop,' retorted Tom: 'but I *am* now ready to make a large bet, and therefore, offer to stake, to the amount of your next offering,—that, before ten minutes are passed, you will be acquainted with half the room.'

"Pen stared—and was in the act of demanding an explanation of his words, when Modely, pushing his way towards our hero, and holding a hand of Lady Bab Cento,—bowed to him and expressed 'her Ladyship's *most anxious* desire to become acquainted with Mr Pen Owen!'

"He was so astonished at the abruptness of the introduction, that the laugh which had spread from Sparkle's eye, and just reached his lips, was arrested, and finally checked by the flow of eloquent and refined panegyric, bestowed by Lady Bab upon our hero. Before he could sufficiently collect himself to return a properly arranged acknowledgment for so unexpected an honour, he was completely separated from his companion Sparkle, by the intervention of male and female intruders, who approached him amid shrugs, and whispered intimations,—evidently referring to himself.

"Three antiquated dowagers succeeded each other in their desire to be introduced to Mr Pen Owen,—whilst a beautiful, but slatternly girl, with a roll of paper in her hand, declared she 'had been *long most earnestly* waiting for an opportunity of being personally known' to our hero.

"Before Lady Bab, to whom more deference appeared to be paid,—as Pen afterwards understood, because her rooms were larger, and her accommodations more appropriate, than those of her rivals,—was quite shut out from the object of her immediate worship, she had slipped a card into his hand,—which, if he put a wrong interpretation upon for a moment, did not the less shock and surprise him,—when he really ascertained its purport.

"When the ladies had satisfied their anxious desire of *sounding* Mr Pen Owen, they were succeeded by a crowd of gentlemen, who, if they were more decorous in obedience to certain laws, the breach of which are attended with some hazard,—were certainly not less warm in their expressions of regard, in acknowledging the honour conferred upon them—by being made known to Mr Pen Owen.

"Three brilliant stars of British growth, four continental, and one Maltese cross, were of the number of his professing admirers; and Pen, unconscious of what he felt, or what he ought to feel,—whether it was a sort of practical hoax, of which he had read some account in the newspapers,—or that his confinement, by order of the House, having got wind, had raised him into a seeming patriot, as in the instance of Buckthorn, he could not divine. The idea of being selected as a poet,—or that genius, real or usurped, was the order of the day, among would-be critics and amateur danglers on the muses, was too remote, and out of the range of his calculations, to be entertained for a moment. He kept, therefore, retiring, and bowing, and smiling, receiving cards in all directions, and of all dimensions, till he had fairly backed himself to the chair into which Tom Sparkle had thrown himself in a convulsion of laughter, he neither attempted, nor could have succeeded, in checking.

"Pen seized him by the arm, and entreated him to rise and afford him some insight into the scene which had been passing around him.

"'For Heaven's sake, sir, tell me what I am to think of all this?—Stand off, gentlemen.—Mr Sparkle, is this intended as an insult—or a farce—or is it—' 'Hush, hush,' whispered Sparkle, 'bow away your worshippers, and then sit down quietly, whilst I edify you with all necessary circumstances connected with your apotheosis.'

"Pen, after some labour, and much difficulty, made good his retreat, having abstained from fixing upon any individual to answer for the impertinence, which he

could not still avoid conceiving had been, in some shape or other, intended against him.

"'And now, my dear sir,' throwing himself in a state of exhaustion into the next chair, 'for pity's sake let me know why I am thus selected as an object of ridicule or impertinence, and how I may set about obtaining some satisfaction?' 'Why, my good Mr Owen, you have been crowned in the Capitol!—the laurel wreath was woven by your panegyrist Modely, and has been placed on your head by her most blue majesty Lady Bab Cento, the paragon of patronesses, the very pink of Della Cruscan critics. To be noticed by her ladyship—to be of her select parties—to be in her train,—is to be seated in the saddle of Pegasus, and installed in the temple of fame. Grub-Street,—no longer Grub-Street,—is a well-furnished, well-appointed hotel, at the west end of the town, and no man who can spell, and write his name at the foot of a title-page, need now want a dinner or a patron. Wire-wove paper, and hot-pressed sheets, like a forcing house, can make the rankest weed blossom like an exotic, and what is wanting in vigour, is made up in mawkish morality, or in unintelligible mysticism. The trade, I assure you, is now carried on by well-bred gentlemen, and by all classes of most decent and well-mannered personages, in clean linen and purple clothing,—and if any one of them fail as an author, he is sure of being entered—as A CRITIC. Not a few of our modern writers have risen from a state of condemnation to the elevated rank of literary patrons. The race of needy bards is extinct, and the scandal of neglected genius cannot certainly be charged upon the present age. To profess one's self an author is a passport to half the dinner-tables, and all the *conversazzionis* in town; to be a successful author, is to be a rich man; to be patronized by Modely, is to secure a niche among the worthies of Britain.' 'The devil! has *he* made me his butt?' 'Far from it—his opinion has given you fame before you had earned it; yet he is seldom out in his man: I pin my faith upon him, in this instance at least.' 'But is it to be endured, that without seeking or professing—' 'You should attain at once what others profess and seek for!—faith, I see no great hardship in all this:—why, you seem to be as much ashamed of the character of a poet, as if you had lived in the antiquated period of the Drydens and Otways, *et hoc genus omne!*' 'The recollection of such names makes me blush at our degeneracy.' 'Nay, reserve your blushes for those who neglected such men, and rather hail the period when, if indiscriminating vanity, assuming the form of enthusiasm, in its patronage of literature and the arts, commit many egregious blunders, and crown with false meed the abortions of mediocrity, true genius, and the aspirings of genuine wit, can no longer lie hid or be obscured—' 'Well,' observed Pen, rendered somewhat calmer, and more reconciled to his new honours, by the good-humoured arguments of Sparkle, 'I must make the most of my fame, before my trash has stamped my demerits; but what am I to think of this same Lady Bab Cento, who sat next me for two hours to-day, at dinner, and never condescended to ascertain whether I were a blockhead or a wit?' 'Your name wasn't up, and that of your rival, who so engrossed her attention, was. He had written a copy of verses, which have been handed about for this week past, in manuscript, but if she had met even *him* yesterday, you might have stood your ground against him.' 'As how?' 'As thus; it was only just before her ladyship dressed for dinner, that Sir William Troufler informed her that Lord Ombre had said they were the lines of a man of genius.' 'And is Lord Ombre's judgment the great criterion of excellence?' 'For the last three weeks, indisputably.' 'You talk too oracularly for me,' smiled Pen. 'I speak more truth than oracles usually do,' retorted Tom; 'for nothing reigns in this good town beyond the limits of a month. Public opinion would stagnate, and stink in our very nostrils, if the changeful eddies of fashion did not agitate it at periodical intervals.' 'Am I to infer, then, that the rage for his lordship's poetry will be as short-lived?' demanded Pen. 'No, that may live some time longer by a rapid supply of novelty, or the more politic threat of smothering his muse.' 'Smothering! what can you mean?' 'His lordship's occasional threat to favour the world with no more of his poetical rhapsodies.' 'The morals of the world, at least, would not be injured, were he to keep his word.' ''Tis that perhaps which induces him to break it from time to time,' retorted Tom; 'for he professes to hold our goodly world in no great esteem, and its morality in less.' 'How revolting to our best feelings!' exclaimed Pen: 'this perversion of genius bestowed by Heaven—' 'For that Heaven's sake,' interrupted Sparkle, 'reserve your criticism for a fitter occasion; at present it is rank heresy; and if you are heard, which you appear resolved to be, you will assuredly be banished from the circle, to which you have just been raised by acclamation.' 'But what,' continued Pen, in a more subdued tone, 'what must be the consequence of such a man holding the rank of patron?' 'He a patron! you mistake the matter altogether. He couldn't eat without a patron of his own.' 'A British peer need a patron!' 'Oh dear, no, only a British poet. Letters, you know, acknowledge no titles, they form a republic of their own—' 'And like all republics, are—' 'Venal, you would say, and say

truly: and Modely's purse is dictator.' 'Is he the patron—' 'Of his lordship? most assuredly.'

"Pen looked astonished, but said nothing. At length, Lady Bab Centa, in passing to her carriage, which had just been announced in thunder, and re-echoed up the vaulted staircase, repeated her hope of being honoured by Mr Pen Owen's attendance at her select parties; to which he bowed in silence, and again turning to his Asmodeus, observed, that if what his friend had said were true, this lady, with all her pretensions, formed her judgment only at second hand.

"'There again, at your old Grub-Street notions. We have now everything at second hand, except our clothes, and there lies the important change in the constitution of society. Do you think, if this woman judged for herself, she wouldn't have found you out at dinner?' 'I doubt whether she would,' said Pen, laughing; 'but I am such a novice, that I should hardly suppose a professed critic, and patron of letters, would openly borrow the scales in which *others* had placed the weights.' 'You haven't hit the figure; justice was running in your head, whilst instinct would have better suggested the expedient.' 'Instinct! as how, pray?' 'Do you remember the proboscis of the gadfly dissected by the microscopic skill of our friend Dr Micronous?' Pen laughed. 'These arbiters of taste,' continued Sparkle, 'possess the same sort of organs; and, like the doctor's, their greatest ingenuity is displayed in keeping them out of sight.' 'I'm too dull to comprehend you,' sighed Pen. 'And too blind to see Micronous's Tabanus without an instrument, but I am behind the scenes, and will be your microscope. Drawers of water and hewers of wood are, in spite of their ancient origin, still low-lived beings; but there are fetchers and carriers of another description, who sleep on down and live on the fat of the land. These are your male and female *antennæ*, or *feelers*, which are thrown out before our great devourers of authors, to pick up, and convey all the literary, political, and private gossip, spread over the surface of the town. Why, sir, there's not a good thing uttered, or a *faux pas* committed, between Westminster and Hyde-Park Corner, in the morning, that isn't carefully docketted, and laid by for use in the common-place books and escrutoires of these literary cormorants by the evening. The opinions of A, B, and C, upon a new play, a new poem, or a new pamphlet, are safely lodged in this choice repertory, before there is a chance of one of those learned arbiters of taste being committed by an unwary criticism. Sometimes, indeed, upon a sudden defect or stoppage in these sources, an unfortunate question may be unexpectedly started; and as prompt decision is the very quintessence of superior judgment, an answer must be returned. The great resources on these occasions are found to be an oracular ambiguity on the part of the presiding divinity, or an opinion which, with a little ingenuity, may be subsequently twisted in any manner most suitable to existing circumstances; such as, 'I have merely looked it over—I hardly know what to say—there are certainly some good things;' or, 'I know something of the author, and it would not be fair to influence public opinion one way or another.' Thus, by an admirable display of cautious criticism and polished candour, his lordship or her ladyship is enabled to take advantage of the first wind that blows, in order to sail with the general current.' 'And is Lady Bab a woman of character?' 'That is rather a Gothic question; but I will tell you in confidence, she is a very phœnix of chastity, and therefore consumes the character of every other woman in the flame of her own purity!' 'I mean to ask, is she a moral woman?' "Why, 'as to morality, brother Joseph,'" a woman who has no feeling to gratify, but that of personal vanity and ambition, to which she would sacrifice every tie in life, has little merit in preserving a decorum she has no temptation to infringe, and which it would be ruinous to outrage. I never heard that she committed murder, or even petty larceny, except on literary subjects; but I believe it would be equally difficult to detect a single act of real charity or benevolence.' 'She may write her own epitaph for me,' cried Pen, indignantly. 'She has done that already; and if not framed, glazed, and hung over the parlour chimney, like that of Goody Primrose, it is at least fairly transcribed upon smooth vellum paper, and decorated with stamp allegories of her implied virtues.' 'What! an epitaph before death!' 'It is on her *virtues*,' returned Tom, laughing."

These two extracts must be quite enough to satisfy any one who has any thoughts of seeing the book itself. We cannot answer quite so effectually the demand of those, who, when they receive this Number of Maga on the Banks of Indus or Ganges, or Oxley, wish to God (after coming thus far) we had sent them the three volumes of Pen Owen along with it. Indeed, we cannot pretend to give them any thing more than a slight snatch of the delight which, in its fulness, awaits the perusers of these worshipful volumes. But we can afford to extract one more passage, and in doing so, we shall take care to select one, which he that handles Pen Owen himself hereafter, will not grudge reading a second time—no, nor a tenth time; and which our readers, whether they are or are

not novel readers, ought to read. It is by far the best disquisition on the Radical question we have met with. It possesses all the luminous wisdom of a Burke or a Canning, united with all the dramatic quickness and liveliness of a Sheridan, and all the sterling unanswerable pith of a Swift.

Pen Owen, our friend the Grazier, and a third hand, a reformer, though not after all a very bloody-minded one, are seated around a table covered with pewter-pots, &c. The curtain rises, and it rises on what might not unworthily have given materials for one of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* themselves, these exquisite sketches which shew that, in spite of "pale cant and fat humbug," the art of comic dialogue is not extinct in England. We have been obliged, however, to leave out a few passages here and there.

"'Is not Parliament,' says Pen, 'just what it always was; or, if any alteration has taken place, is it not all—on the popular side?' 'The deuce it is!' cried the stranger; 'what, the corruption, the boroughmongering system, the——' 'I know nothing of these cant terms of party; I say that, in what are called *the proudest periods of our history*, corruption stalked in open day, and members of Parliament received bribes, as openly as lawyers now do their fees.' 'What's that to the question? though I don't believe a word on't.' 'Sir,' exclaimed Pen, 'I speak from authority.' 'Suppose you do, sir; our eyes are now opened; we see the corruption, and we must crush it.' 'You see what doesn't exist, sir,' retorted Pen; 'no such degrading traffic is carried on in the present—*corrupt times*.' 'Whoi, ater all, gentlemen,' cried the grazier, 'what the dickens has Parliament to do wi moi pocket being picked by that confounded rascal Noah Toop, as he called himself?' 'Every thing! if there is no foundation, the whole building will totter,' answered the stranger. —'But, sir,' observed Pen, 'you have not proved the fact yet.' 'Proved! isn't it as light as day? What need of proof? Are not seats bought, and sold, and trafficked like bales of goods?' 'A man may buy a seat in parliament,' returned Pen, 'without carrying rottenness to the constitution. I have been told that almost all our greatest patriots and most distinguished statesmen have bought their seats.' 'What of that, they're your sham patriots, your lack-a-daisical whigs, who denounce a minister, and walk arm in arm with the honourable gentleman the next moment.' 'Why, sir,' exclaimed Pen, 'it is to such men we owe the existence of our liberties. I don't speak of trading politicians on one side or the other, either in the higher or lower ranks; but of men who are interested in the preservation of our rights, and who do not think it necessary to become the tools of faction, or the preachers of sedition, in order to check the excesses of a minister or the peculations of a public servant.'—'They may all be shaken in a bag together,' returned the stranger; 'whigs and tories, ins and outs, and the devil not be much puzzled when he puts his hand in.'—'And yet, sir,' resumed Pen, 'it is to the conflicting interests of party that we owe the blessings of our constitution.' 'Pretty blessings! and heaven thank these corruption-breeders for them.' 'What has all on a sudden corrupted these men?' asked Pen; 'men who, from their property, station, and connexions, are at least as much interested as the sturdiest reformer can be in the common weal?'—'Bribery, corruption, and boroughmongering!'—'But, sir! you will admit, that open boroughs and counties are often bribed into a return of members.'—'That may be; we can't help that.'—'Will that mend the matter. How is a man, who has bought and corrupted whole masses of people, to carry a load of virtue into parliament; whilst he who simply pays the same money for the purchase of a seat, without either corruption or bribery, is loaded with execration, and accused of mercenary motives?' 'Because it is against the constitution!' 'Where is the constitution, sir?' asked Pen.—'Where! the Lord knows where; any where but where it ought to be.'—'The Lord deliver me from such a rigmarole,' cried the grazier; 'the constitution anywhere! Odds, man, thee dosta't mean to sai ould England ha'nt a constitution? What's all to do at Westminster there?'

"'I only wished the gentleman,' observed Pen, with a smile of contempt, peculiarly his own, 'to point out the constitution, which appears so defined to him, and to show how the practice of the same constitution in the best times, differs from that of our own.' 'Why, zounds,' exclaimed the stranger, 'you don't mean to defend corruption!' 'Far from it, sir,' answered Pen; 'I only want to ascertain it.' 'And isn't it before your eyes?' 'If so, I am too blind to perceive it.' 'None so blind as those who will not see.' 'I only ask you to open my eyes.' 'Hav'nt I told you seats are bought and sold among the boroughmongers?'

"'I answer again, this is no proof of corruption, or at least no proof of corruption peculiar to our times; for I repeat, it existed in what the reformers of the present day call the great and glorious times of the constitution. But I will go further, and confess that I think a man infinitely more independent, in the fullest sense of the term, who enters the House of Commons as the purchaser of a seat, than one who, to secure his own interests with them, has

been playing the courtier and sycophant, and must continue to do so, to please and pamper the prejudices and passions of his constituents. Such a man is a slave to one small faction of the nation, and shackled in his efforts to benefit the whole. If he is sincere in the proffers he makes, (alas! how seldom,) and in the gross flatteries he bestows upon them, he is fitter for a courtier than the legislator of an extensive empire: if he is acting the hypocrite with them to gain a seat, he is capable of any baseness to turn that seat to his own profit. The man who pays his money for what you gentlemen call a rotten borough, may be a rogue; but, at least, he has not proved himself one by previous practice. He may, like the other, hypocritically profess patriotism, to further his own selfish ends; but he has not previously cajoled and cheated his electors, as an earnest of his talent at manœuvering.'

"'And you call this man a representative?' 'I do, sir, in the strictest sense of the word. A member of the British Parliament is not a DELEGATE. When a man once passes the threshold of the Commons House of England, he represents the Commons at large, and not a particular county or district. He may, from circumstances, have local interests to guard, but even a turnpike bill, or an enclosure, interesting alone to his constituents, can but command his solitary vote. It is the country,—the majority of the representatives of the whole empire,—that must decide its adoption or rejection. If it were otherwise, a member of Parliament would resemble a satarap or governor of a district, and his constituents would become eventually little better than the slaves of the soil. Each would be absorbed in the petty interests and cabals of his particular charge; and being responsible to his constituents, rather than to his countrymen at large, his public conduct without a check, and his private intrigues beyond the reach of investigation, a power unknown to the institutions of a free state, would be engendered and fostered in every corner of the empire. County would be found jobbing against county,—borough against borough; and the practised politician might, by turns, bribe and sell his constituents, with whose local interests he would thus so identify himself as at length to render a separation on their part impolitic, if not impracticable.'—'This is all wild—all abroad, sir.' 'Wild! is it so wild, as to suppose that you can check corruption, by extending the means to corrupt? or that by opening the doors to sharpers and adventurers, you can cleanse and purify a legislature, composed (no matter how) of all the prominent talent and professional wisdom of the country; of the most distinguished representatives of the landed, the commercial, and trading interests; and altogether of those who bear the stamp and character of men of honour so legibly, that the least flaw in their title is discernible, pointing them out to public scorn, and barring their access to the higher honours of the state?' 'Still they are not elected by the people.' 'Not by the people at large, admitted; but were they ever so elected, or was it ever proposed they should be——' 'By the constitution they ought to be.'

"'Shew me any authority, prescriptive or practical, and I will admit the fact, however disposed to deny its expediency.'—'At least, it is generally so believed; and at all events, you will not deny that the right of voting has been shamefully infringed upon.' 'I do deny it, sir; and upon authority you cannot dispute. When the elective franchise was limited to forty shilling freeholds, the GREAT BODY OF THE PEOPLE were excluded from the right altogether; for forty shillings, at that period, were at least equal to as many pounds of our present money, and the change has operated to extend the franchise to thousands, who, without this nominal change in the value of money, would by the constitution have had no vote at all.' 'I know nothing about that,' returned the stranger, in rather a subdued tone; 'I am only interested in what concerns the present day; and thousands who have the right of voting are excluded by the tricks and knavery of those who have power to keep us down.' 'I have shewn, I think,' continued Pen, 'that they have no right; for natural rights, as you reformers call every wild demand for a participation of power, cannot be abstractedly considered, or applied to a state existing under fixed laws and established compact. But this is from the point; I would limit myself to present evils, which you affirm to exist, and the existence of which, until you produce proofs stronger than mere assertion, I must still deny. What have you to say,—not theoretically, but practically,—against the description of men, (subject, I admit, to human infirmities, and not without exceptions,) who at this present moment constitute the legislative body?' 'Including in their number the whole host of borough-mongers?' 'I see no ground of exclusion. Why, sir,' cried Pen, raising his voice, as was his father's practice, when he supposed an assertion might be mistaken for a paradox; 'why, sir, I have no hesitation in saying, that the objects, abstractedly considered, for which parliaments are constituted, would be fully accomplished, if the electors of Northumberland were to choose representatives for London, or those of Westminster to return members for Cornwall. All local interests, by the spirit of the English constitution,—which is, after all, the depositary and the aggregate of the good sense and sound experience of successive generations,—are to merge, and

must be made to merge, in the general interest of the whole; as each individual in society must necessarily sacrifice a portion of his independence to secure the liberty of all.' 'Cuom, cuom, now,' interrupted the grazier, 'that would be a strange soit, howsomever; a caunt consent to that by no manner o' means. I maun chuse my oune parliament, man, cuom what wull——' 'I don't know where the deuce the gentleman is running,' cried the stranger.—'I run at nothing, sir,' answered Pen. 'I have asserted, and do assert again, that the mere mode of election is a matter of comparative indifference; I say comparative, so long as the property of the country is duly represented; so long as the representatives of that property, in some shape or another, are sent to parliament. As to the qualities and principles of men, they will differ as much after your projected reforms as before, and will so continue to do until human nature itself be reformed. Common safety is the real bond of political union; and those who possess property, individually, will be most anxious to preserve property, upon the whole.' 'Why is property,' demanded his opponent—'why is property to be the only thing represented?' 'Simply because property is the first thing to be secured upon a permanent basis; for without this, liberty can be nothing but licentiousness.' 'And so the rich are everlastingly to grind the poor?' 'How that follows, I am at a loss to conceive,' replied Pen, who began to grow warm in his subject, 'unless you conclude government under every form to be a tyranny.' 'Pretty near the mark,' retorted the stranger. 'Then we need argue no further, sir,' cried Pen, starting upon his legs; 'if you understand the force of your inference, you are the advocate of pure anarchy; and none but a madman will reason from such premises.' 'I mean—I mean no such thing, sir; it is you that are the madman, I think.' 'Sir!' exclaimed Pen. 'I mean no offence, sir; but when you talk of the electors of Westminster electing members for Cornwall, and at a sweep get rid of the glorious franchise of——' 'Psha, sir! you confound hypothesis with argument. I never meant to recommend such a measure, but to illustrate my opinion that even such a mode of election would be more consonant with the first principles of the constitution than your bewildering chimera of universal suffrage.' 'Right is right, sir; every man has a right to vote for representatives in parliament.' 'Pray, sir, may I ask where you find this right?' 'In the constitution.' 'In the clouds!—Shew me, sir, something more tangible; shew it me in the practice of the constitution.' 'It needs no shewing; it is among the first rights of man.' 'So is eating his brother, if he be strong enough to slaughter him; if not, he must submit to be eaten himself. And so, in the only instance of these rights being literally reduced to practice in later times, universal suffrage appears to have been the harbinger of universal slaughter, where the constituents and their free-chosen representatives were alternately victims and butchers.'

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"'Why should the same excesses follow from a reform in this country?' 'Because the same causes will generally produce the same effects; because, in the present moment, the cause is advocated upon the same principles, appeals to the same dangerous passions of man, and opens the same means of gratifying them; because, erroneous as was the principle upon which those men acted, many good, honest, and patriotic individuals, were sincere in their adoption of them. Whereas there is not one,—no, sir, not one,—among the present leaders of popular delusion, who does not anticipate general havoc and destruction, which the others never contemplated; who does not look to revolution when he cries REFORM? They only hoped to effect reform, when they found themselves plunged in REVOLUTION.' 'It is'nt fair, sir, to stigmatize, in this sweeping manner, thousands of your countrymen.' 'I would say the same if they were my brothers, and merited it as truly,' answered Pen, coolly.

"'The short of the matter, then, is, sir,' said the stranger, 'you would have no reform at all.' 'I object to reform no where, sir,' replied Pen, 'when it is necessary; but I must be convinced of its necessity by better arguments than I have heard to-night, before I give my voice to so hazardous an experiment.' 'Necessity! why, hav'nt you yourself admitted the fact, that seats in parliament are bought and sold; and what have you urged in defence of it?—moonshine—an opinion——' 'Moonshine,—my opinion, sir! Are you aware——' 'No offence, no offence intended; but opinions are but opinions, and, as you yourself observed just now, cannot weigh against facts.' 'Facts! true; but you must call your facts by their right names.' 'They are still facts, call them as we will; but let that pass. I only ask you, sir, why a few great overgrown landholders are to monopolize all power, and grind down the great mass of the people, as if they were mere slaves of the soil?' 'I should rather ask you to prove your fact, before I can be called upon to account for it.' 'Who are our law-makers, but those imperious lords who combine to rivet our chains?' 'They may be law-makers, without either imposing chains or rivetting them; but, perhaps, by this pretty figure of speech, you design to represent the laws altogether—' 'The laws in *these* hands I certainly do—' 'Then, sir, we understand each other. You would prove that anarchy is preferable to any regular form of government, and it

necessarily follows that laws are but types of slavery.' 'Give me leave to say, sir, you do not understand me, at least. No man has a greater reverence for the laws, or is more firmly attached to the constitution, than myself.' 'Only, that, like the man who had grown so attached to his knife that he bestowed a new blade and then a new handle to it, you would renew it altogether.' 'No, sir, I say what I think, and what I feel. I am not bound to uphold the faults and defects, though I may love the constitution as sincerely as you do.' 'Depend upon it, sir, our love begins to slacken ominously, when the faults of the object are more visible to our perception than its beauties; one step more, and our love is turned to hate.'

"'Aye,—well,—I don't understand all these roundabout ways; I stick to my facts, and want only a plain answer to a plain question; why, because men have monopolized our land, should they have the power to monopolize our rights?' 'Still, your question in this form is any thing but a question; for you beg the whole of it, and then demand a categorical answer. But since you are determined to have one, I answer, in the first place, that those who have the greatest stake are likely to be most interested in the welfare of the country, whilst at the same time I readily admit, that this predominance should be so extended as to prevent partial or unjust leaning toward any particular class, or order of men, in society.' 'There you have hit it; isn't that what I say?' asked his opponent triumphally. 'I fear not exactly,' answered Pen; 'for, by referring to the very grievance,—the canker which the nice optics of the reformers have discovered in the system of close boroughs,—we shall find that the practice of the constitution, in deviating from the strict theory, has applied the most effective means of preventing any undue preponderance of the landed interest over those of the moneyed, the commercial, or trading part of the community. I will not discuss with you, sir, the first principles of government. I have already said, what no man acquainted with the subject has ever denied, that the representatives of a country, whose object is permanency and security, must be the representatives of its property. This is the principle of English legislation. When this was originally established in our constitution, which, by the by, you, sir, seem to imagine a piece of old parchment, drawn up by some notable lawyer, and declared regularly signed and sealed by somebody, at some particular date——' 'I said no such thing,' interrupted the stranger. 'Your arguments imply it, at least; but when this principle was first understood and acted upon, land was the chief, if not almost the only representative of property; so that even the boroughs were frequently omitted in the returns to parliament, through the agency of their superior lords.' 'Wasn't that an insufferable grievance, sir?'

"'It might be so, sir, in your opinion; but we are speaking of the *pure* periods of the constitution, to which your reformers look back with such tender yearnings, when, instead of a grievance, it was considered as a relief from a burthen. I must not, however, be interrupted, sir. Land, I repeat, was *then* the representative of the property of the country; but as the rights of individuals came to be better ascertained—when the professions were opened to men of every rank and station in life—when the spirit of adventure brought the treasures of a new world to our shores, and commerce and trade multiplied the sources of wealth,—a strict adherence to the letter of the constitution would have excluded the whole, or greater part of this new property (inasmuch as it was extraneous and independent upon the land) from being represented in parliament, and have subjected a large and daily increasing portion of the people to the overruling and predominant influence of the landed interest. Without, therefore, imputing injustice to the landed interest, we may suppose their ignorance of the true nature of mercantile or commercial transactions to be a sufficient ground for some change in the original plan of representation. There was no opening, no provision made for this new state of things. It was not because certain towns, rising into importance, and certain ports, appropriate to commerce, might occasionally send men capable of watching their interests, that the great mass of persons unrepresented at all would be satisfied. These, as I said before, might assert local rights and privileges; but it was necessary, with a view to the country at large, and to the privileges of the constitution, that some essential change should be made in the general representation. Our ancestors were too wise to propose sweeping reforms. The constitution had been gradually forming itself under the collective wisdom of succeeding generations; and any sudden deviation from its course was only likely to produce those rude convulsions which have, more than once, threatened the subversion of all that has rendered us the wonder and admiration of surrounding nations.'

"'Bravo, bravo!' exclaimed the grazier, who had been roused from a gentle slumber by the increasing energy of our hero. 'Auld England's worth 'em all shaken together.'

"'The machine,' continued Pen, who hardly heard his *cheerer*, 'was so well put together, that it gradually adjusted itself to the new order of things. As ancient boroughs decayed, or became rotten, if the term please you better, they fell under the influence of small bodies, and even indivi-

duals, who by degrees secured a right in them, between which, and the exercise of it, no law could interpose; and this right, by purchase or conveyance, was made over to individuals of every class or order in the community, who could afford to avail themselves of it by the profits of professions, commerce, or any other branch of honourable industry and exertion. It might be affirmed, indeed, that this innovation was essentially democratical; and it might without difficulty be proved, by reference to facts, that these rotten boroughs have constantly afforded an opening to the admission of men who have most strenuously advocated the cause of the people, and who could by *no other means* have found their way into parliament.' 'What of that?' demanded the stranger. 'Have not the people, in the same proportion, been dispossessed of their rights? have they not forfeited their franchises?' 'Surely not in the instances to which I allude. The rights you speak of must have disappeared with the population.'

"'All I mean to say,' said the stranger, who appeared to have exhausted his stock in hand—'all I mean to say is, that it is hard the people of England should be deprived of their undoubted rights. God knows, I want no bloodshed or plunder; but if Parliament won't do us justice, we are entitled to take our own affairs into our own hands.' 'The plea of necessity is, unquestionably, a strong one; but until you hear the case made out to your perfect satisfaction, it might be wiser to leave your affairs—where they are. Depend upon it, it would not mend the matter to have a horde of mob-orators—adventurers without principle—moral or religious; poor, desperate, and needy masters—either of your liberties or your exchequers. Let me put one question to you, which I would rather you should answer to yourself, upon your pillow to-night: What reasonable ground have you to suppose, that six hundred men, of honourable life and character—I repeat *generally*, for exceptions must ever present themselves—of birth, rank, and education, —men, who in their private conduct are unimpeachable, should, by being assembled together in a body, become at once rogues, plunderers, and tyrants? Or, by what possible process can you arrive at this conclusion, on the other side, that an equal number of men, chosen by the most ignorant and unenquiring classes of the people, under the influence of leaders, who are known to be of desperate fortune, and of most abandoned character in every private relation of life,—are, by incorporation, to become at once pure, incorrupt, and incorruptible stewards of a people's rights and property?'

"Our hero, after a short time, finding his opponent silent, addressed him in a more calm and friendly manner, and from his appearance, and circumstances which occurred during the foregoing discussion, conceiving him to be a misguided, rather than an unprincipled person, he asked him, whether he had never heard his associates in reform confess, that their object was, in effect, 'to do away with the regal government?' 'We never professed any such views,' was the reply. 'And yet, sir, it is clear as the sun at noon-day, that a House of Commons, reformed according to your plan, could not subsist under a monarchy; in plainer terms,—that a regal government could not co-exist with a legislature so formed, for a single year. It would be no longer a house of representatives, but a chamber of delegates, who, claiming to govern in the name of the sovereign people, would feel, and quickly avow the inconsistency, of submitting their decrees to the ordeal, either of Lords, or King. They would at least discover, as the old Rump of Oliver Cromwell, and their more modern copyists, the French Regicides did,—that both a King and a House of Peers only stood in their way, and that they could just as well do without them. With their subsequent necessity of recurring for security to the old standard, and of restoring the same things, under the different names of Emperors—or Protectors—of Conservative Senates, and Councils of State—we have nothing at present to do.' "And so, you would have us submit—' 'Stop, sir,' cried Pen, fiercely, 'I can reason with a REFORMER; but I must repel a REBEL: you either fight under false colours, or you must disprove the result I have anticipated, to be consistent with your scheme.' 'Why, thee ben't one of them radicals—ater all, mun, be'est thee?' asked the grazier. 'That's the way with you all,' cried the baffled reformer; 'you can call names.'

"'Not I,' answered Pen, with great calmness; 'I did not say you *were* a rebel,—I only meant to show, that what is called radical reform, must inevitably lead to the subversion of the constitution, for which it professes to entertain so jealous an affection,—that those who are capable of reasoning upon the subject, cannot fail to perceive it,—and that those who are not, are only blind instruments in the hands of those who do. The charge of corruption is brought against our existing institutions and public functionaries, without any evidence beyond that which goes to prove,—what no man in his sense ever doubted,—that no human work is, or ever can be perfect, or perfectly exercised. A change is proposed under the general and undefined term of reform, which actually undermines, and provides for the destruction, of all that is virtually good with what may be supposed capable of improvement, and has rendered the country for centuries the envy and admiration of Europe; whilst it carries with it not a shadow or pretence of remo-

dying a single evil, it professes to have discovered. The popular branch of the constitution has for many years been gaining ground upon the other two estates; and I have no hesitation in affirming, that the power of the crown is more circumscribed and limited in the present, than in any former period of our history. The few crafty politicians, who are the secret springs, and movers of the radical party, perceive this,—and cry out against the House of Commons, as the usurpers of power,—whilst they affect to identify the interests of the people, with those of the crown, at the very time, *in fact*, when they are labouring to seize upon that popular branch of the legislature, as the most effective and powerful means of becoming masters of the government, and turning it equally against the people, and the two other estates of the realm. All parties, my good sir," continued Pen,—whose brain having been set in commotion by the hostile appeal recently made to the outside of his head,—or by the sapping system of the spirituous remedies within it,—had become unusually eloquent,—' all parties are constructed upon the same principles; it matters not whether it is limited to the weekly club at mine host's in the village, or extended over the country, in affiliated societies, from a parent-stock in the metropolis. A few strong and determined heads, who perceive all their points, and concentrate all their means of aggression, gain the ascendant; a larger number of agents receive from them their cue, and dole out in daily portions, through the medium of a hireling and prostituted press, or in clubs, associations, and public meetings,—poisoned food for discontent, and disaffection towards the government. The evils incident to all men, but more pressing upon the subordinate classes,—as must inevitably and necessarily be the case in every community,—are made to appear the result of peculiar and extraordinary corruption on the part of their governors: every privation is felt, which had never been felt before, and the common lot of man is rendered intolerable to them, by the conviction, that it is the immediate product of tyranny and oppression. There is but one step from feeling an injury, to the attempt at redressing it. A patriot, or mob orator, is at hand with the means, and the misguided multitude rush forward to aid his patriotic exertions, without stopping to inquire, or without sufficient intelligence to ascertain, the nature or extent of his designs. The people of this country, who wept tears of blood as a martyred sovereign was led to slaughter,—had been blind instruments in the hands of his murderers, and invested them with power sufficient, to crush their monarch, and themselves.—The people are again called forth, and encouraged by the promises of men, who have not even the pretext, which gave an air of patriotism to the rebellious Roundheads; and whilst they thoughtlessly accumulate the materials for their own future subjugation, would be incapable of informing a bystander whether they were about "to fire another Troy," or to see a man creep into a quart bottle."

With this long and splendid passage we quit Pen Owen. It is a book which no doubt the Whigs will run down. One consolation the Tories have when they see their books run down by the Whigs is, that though the Whigs of our day can write reviews enough, none of them (at least there is scarcely an exception) can write books. Lord Byron being laid out of view, and perhaps Tom Moore, where is the MAN now living that can write a tolerable book, and is not a Tory? Can Jeffrey write a book? He could as soon leap his horse over a six-foot stone wall and a double ditch. Could Mackintosh? We for one would be the first to *subscribe* for it. Could Brougham? No more than Joseph Hume, or Lord A. Hamilton, or the Duke of Bedford. We had, to be sure, forgot Mr Luttrell, but we can scarcely after all quite credit that report about his being a Whig. We believe no man to be a Whig until it is proved against him. To do otherwise, would be

"—— to bar from the kind heart
All thoughts of human gentle charity;
And think of the poor brothers of our race
As if they had not sprung from Adam's loins."

WORDSWORTH (we think.)

Farewell, then, wise, witty, perhaps wicked author of PEN OWEN! WE, at least, love thee, (we mean all true Tories) admire thee, praise thee! Write on! Write three volumes yearly, painting "the living follies as they rise!" Lash and spare not the vile, the filthy, the sacrilegious, the blasphemous, infidel, rebel crew of THE UNENGLISH, and verily thou shalt have thy reward in the favour of all the good, the wise, and the patriotic!—Au Revoir!—and that, we hope, is not a long look. Thou art not a poet, so far as we see, nor art thou a man of romance. Thy vein is the keen clear bitter; if it be not so grand as some others, 'tis at least a far rarer one in these sentimental days. Thou wearest on thy shoulders a truly knowing head of the old English cut. Would we could see thy

face!—well wot we it is neither a lean, a pale, nor a pensive one. Art thou a member of parliament? If not, well dost thou understand the hidden matters of St Stephens. Art thou a statesman? We verily believe thou hast sat many and oft times at some long green table somewhere in the parish of St James's. Art thou an old author? Most surely. There are not ten men in Britain who understand the nature of the Bibliopole in all his sublime and sordid varieties, and one of these ten wrote Pen Owen, as certainly as another of them writes this review of it.* But WHO thou art we know not. Perhaps Ebony or Cadell only knows—perhaps neither. If thou beest a lawyer, thou shouldst not long wear bombazeen. If thou art a parson, lawn sleeves would become thee. If thy nether end reposes on one of the treasury benches, Lord Londonderry should lose no time in looking about him, and asking, "Who wrote Pen Owen?"

Now, after all these pretty speeches, are you not a shabby fellow if you don't send Ebony an article every month you live?—Once more, AU REVOIR!

* Upon honour, I am not the author of the book myself.—REVIEWER.

POLAND.*

Books bearing so humble a title as that subjoined, however useful to the traveller in the country they describe, are seldom consulted for information or amusement by those who can only travel by their own firesides—and, in truth, they are very rarely worthy of such consultation, their sole intention being not to give full information, but to facilitate and direct those who wish to gain it for themselves by actual and personal examination. Paterson's Road-book would give but a poor idea of England. Poland, however, interesting as that ill-fated kingdom is, has never been sufficiently described in works of a superior class; and we found insuperable difficulties in our sedentary peregrinations through it, from the want of clear and satisfactory descriptions of the people, places, and things, in any books we could meet with. On stating our grievance to a Polish friend, he was kind enough to send us this Traveller's Guide, with some valuable information of his own, of which we shall avail ourselves in the course of our remarks.

This book, as its name imports, is intended as a guide to foreign travelers in Poland. As usual, the principal post-roads are marked out,—the principal towns through which they pass are described,—and the objects chiefly worthy of attention are pointed out, sometimes, it is true, rather too minutely. In fact, there are many details which can only be interesting to those who use the book as a travelling companion, and it is only after turning over many pages that any thing generally interesting can be found. The accounts are, however, according to our information, candid and just, and calculated to give a tolerably correct idea of the kingdom of Poland, as it is now constituted, including the territory of the free town of Cracow. The extensive provinces formerly included in that kingdom, but now united to Russia, Austria, and Prussia, are not described. To this description the author has annexed certain "notes instructives et nécessaires à ceux qui voyagent en Pologne;" and with all submission this is exactly the part of the book which is most instructive and necessary for those who have it not in their power to travel in Poland, and we shall make use of it in the sequel accordingly.

The book is published anonymously, but is well known to be the production of the celebrated General Krasinski, who highly distinguished himself in the late campaigns. To make it more generally useful, he has written in the French language, and his object in undertaking so humble a task was to remove the misconceptions arising from the prejudice, and perhaps the malice, which disgraced the accounts of previous foreign writers. Thus we see, that in Poland, as well as

* Guide du Voyageur en Pologne et dans la République de Cracovie—Varsovie—Glücksberg, 1820.

in our own country,* the hero, whose glory it was to defend his native land from the desolation of war, does not disdain to exercise his talents in peace to ward off the shafts of envy or malignity, and to set the character of his country and his countrymen in a fair and true light before the world. Our Polish friend writes to us as follows:—

"I may remark to you, in general, that my military countrymen are particularly zealous in all that concerns the good and honour of their country. They glorify it in war with their valour, and adorn it in peace with their literary pursuits. Polish literature is greatly indebted for its increase to their real and superior talents. I would not here make this remark, were they only diletanti in literature and science; but I dare assert that they cultivate them thoroughly, and know as well how to sacrifice to the *Nine Sisters* as to *Mars*. Several years ago, we boasted of a homely elegiac poet, *Godebski*. He fell on the field of battle at *Raszyn*, in the year 1809, where 8000 Poles fought against 40,000 Austrians—and were victorious. A bard in his tomb could never have an epitaph more glorious than such a victory!—Amongst those who are alive is *General Kropinski*, who fought at the side of Kosciuszko in the cause of freedom, and spends the remainder of his life in literary occupations. His national *Tragedy* of *Lutgarda*, so often performed and generally admired, has established for ever his fame as a poet;—and his other productions have gained him the name of an elegant writer. *Colonel Chodkiewicz* followed the path of Addison, and wrote the tragedy of *Cato*. He has distinguished himself by different pieces of epistolary poetry; but for several years has been devoting himself to chemical studies, and has published a great many of his profound researches.—*General Morawski* has lately raised great expectations by some original lyrical pieces of poetry—and also by his admirable skill, and the elegance of his style, in translations from the German and French. There are, besides, some other distinguished names in the military calender that might be mentioned, whose eagerness and talents in literary pursuits are appreciated by their countrymen; but I have named here only the principal ones, whose works are looked upon as the ornaments of national literature, and will never cease to be read as long as the Polish language shall be spoken or understood."

To return to the work before us, it cannot claim for its author any such distinguished praise as our friend bestows on the literary heroes he has mentioned. Its subject matter is hardly worthy of an author of the rank of Krasinski, and its language is foreign—The style is somewhat too elevated, but the details are not exaggerated. Its object, however, which we shall now allow the General to describe for himself, is good. He says,

"It is melancholy to observe, that Poland, notwithstanding the renown she has acquired in the history of the latter ages, both by the glory of her arms, and by the sacrifices of every kind which her inhabitants have made to their country, should be in a manner forgotten in the branch of geography which treats of voyages and travels. Every country, every town of importance, even in the most remote regions, attracts crowds of curious and inquisitive persons, anxious to lay before the public descriptions as accurate as they are minute; while Poland, so distinguished for her hospitality, her toleration, and the friendly reception she affords to strangers whom political convulsions have driven from their native lands, and who fly to her for an asylum—Poland has found in the few travellers who have described her, enemies and calumniators instead of faithful delineators. Without reckoning those who, like M. Neal, [in his "Voyage en Pologne et en Russie, printed at Paris] present in their indecent pictures a silly collection of absurd calumnies against the nation, and of revolting personalities against its inhabitants;—M. M. Délicourt Mehé, Vautrin, whose disgraceful productions injure only their authors;—passing over the letters of M. Uklanski, whose style is embued with the gall of vengeance,—how many works upon Poland, published under different titles by M. M. Malte Bran, Georgel, Grafenaur, Guthrie, Pradt, &c., although of acknowledged merit, are defective in point of precision. The most recent book on this subject, and which is most chiefly resorted to by travellers, is a little portable work, printed at Weimar in 1818, under the title of "Guide des Voyageurs dans le Nord," by M. Reinhard, counsellor of the Grand Duke of Saxe Gotha, already well known by several excellent publications of this sort, descriptive of all the leading states and cities of Europe. This author passes an eulogium on the national character of the Poles, and does justice to their hospitality and other good qualities; but his descriptions, limited to a few pages, would have been more correct, if he had not trusted too implicitly to the veracity of the authors I have already mentioned, and if he had not follow-

* See Colonel Stewart's Sketches of the Highlanders.

ed the accounts of travellers, whose examinations of the country, to judge from Mr Reinhard's delineations, must have been made more than twenty years ago. In other respects the work is useful, and I have adopted it as my model in general in the following pages.

"Born in Poland, and possessing a topographical knowledge of my country, I have determined to give the extent to this work which its object appeared to me to require. Writing for foreigners, in a language foreign to myself, I have endeavoured to unite in the work perspicuity with utility, and I shall be too happy if, while I have no other merit than that of being the first to present to the world an exact description of some provinces of my country, I shall be enabled to make myself useful to travellers, and to point out to strangers whatever objects in Poland are most worthy to arrest their attention."

Our author then proceeds in his descriptive tour, commencing with Cracau, situated on a gentle ascent on the left bank of the Vistula, which divides it into three parts. The old town, Cracau, properly so called, the ancient capital of Poland, is one of these parts, Podgorze and Casimir are the other two, and there are besides suburbs in different directions. One part of the town of Casimir is inhabited by about 6000 Jews, who are excluded from the main or old town of Cracau, in which they are not even allowed to pass the night. The remains of antiquity which adorned the city have been in a great measure destroyed by the Austrians, whose barbarous policy it was to annihilate every monument which might remind the Poles of the renown of their ancestors. The *old town* was anciently fortified by a double circle of walls, and by towers remarkable for the variety of their forms; the gates were of Gothic architecture, and were very elegant; the Royal Castle or Citadel, (*Zamek*) built in the early ages, and formerly the habitation of the kings of Poland, rises splendidly conspicuous, and commanding an extensive prospect, upon a rock called Wewel, in the heart of the city. But the Austrians totally overturned the ramparts, partly destroyed the gates, and converted the Castle into barracks.

The Cathedral, which is situated in the centre of this citadel, is an object of peculiar veneration to the Poles; "it is," says our author, "what the Capitol was to the ancient Romans, what the Pantheon is to France; in short, it is the precious receptacle for the mortal remains of their kings and their heroes, and it is not without a feeling of respectful veneration, mingled with religious awe, that one presumes to penetrate its ancient aisles, where one is surrounded by mausoleums, inscriptive tablets, statues, and chapels decorated with marble and bronze, and where one cannot advance a step without meeting with some monument of the renown of the country, of the valour and victories of heroes. There repose the venerable ashes of Boleslas III. and IV. of Ladislas Lokietek; of Casimir the Great; John Albert; Stephen Batory; Sigismond III.; Ladislas IV.; John Casimir; Michel Wisniowiecki; John Sobieski; and Frederick Augustus II."

In the Chapel of the Sigismonds are deposited the remains of St Stanislas, the patron of the kingdom, and those of the heroic Kosciuszko and Poniatowski, which have been restored from foreign graves through the intervention of the Emperor Alexander, (King of Poland) and are now deposited in the vault of King John Sobieski, who conquered the Turks before Vienna, and saved that capital.*

Our author proceeds to enumerate and describe eight churches, (of which, he says, Cracau may boast as the finest in Poland,) and other splendid and remarkable public buildings;—the Academy, bearing the name of "Daughter of the Sorbonne," founded by the Jagellons in 1343, and possessing a library of 30,000 volumes, and 4000 rare MSS., as well as a cabinet of natural history, and an anatomical theatre; and the palaces of the bishops and nobility, which ornament the city. The "*Place*" is in the centre of the city. It was formerly the custom to erect a lofty throne in it on the day after the coronation of the kings, seated upon which they received the homage of the tributary princes.

* Mr Palmer is the author of the Authentic Memoirs of Sobieski, which he addressed to the Sovereigns assembled at the Congress at Vienna, in order to remind them of the claims of the Poles, who had, by their services, rescued that city from impending destruction. Mr Palmer is an Englishman.

In the neighbourhood, many pleasing excursions may be made, particularly to the Salt Mines of Wielicska, situated in Austria, a stage from Cracau. The chambers and passages in these mines, cut out of the pure and sparkling salt, are described as superb. The passages are dry, clean, and every where high enough for persons to walk upright. In places, they open into large caverns, one of which is in the form of a capacious chapel, with an altar, ornaments, and two monks, apparently in the act of solemnizing a mass, and a statue of Augustus III., all cut out of the rock of salt, which is in enormous masses, and in general most beautifully crystallized. A second pleasure-trip may be made to the marvellous caverns of Czalowice, lying in the midst of scenery worthy of melo-dramatic imitation. Dark forests, frowning precipices, subterraneous torrents, castles, donjons, and the bones of those who had taken refuge in the caves, from the scourge of war and pestilence, would furnish forth materials for the most gloomy scene-painter of the most gloomy spectacle.

At Cracau there are two fairs every year, which are well frequented. In the whole territory there are only 100 national guards (infantry,) 40 cavalry, and 200 mounted and dismounted officers of police. There is a good deal of commerce in grain.

We need not follow the author through the small towns on the road to Warsaw, but shall join him at that capital, which contains 99,000 souls, independent of the garrison, amounting to 20,000 more. It is now the capital of Poland; and has been, since the time of Sigismond III., the ordinary residence of her kings. It is situated on a considerable hill, on the left bank of the Vistula, and consists of an old and new town, suburbs, (which are the most beautiful parts of the capital,) and four conterminous towns, having each their exclusive privileges, and their respective town-houses;—their names are Grzybow, Lezano, Szolec, and Prague. Prague, formerly of a large extent, was totally destroyed by Suwarrow, in the war of 1794. More than 2000 inhabitants, without distinction of sex and age, were butchered by the cruel soldiery. It was afterwards rebuilt; but, in the war of 1816, it was again partly pulled down, to make room for fortifications, and a *tête de pont*. The present government is actively rebuilding it, upon a beautiful and general plan. The Grand Duke Constantine has there a splendid palace, and usually represents, as deputy, the citizens of these suburbs in the General Diet. These, and such like liberal proceedings, heal gradually the wounds formerly inflicted on the Poles. Prague is separated from Warsaw by the Vistula, and communicates with the capital by a flying bridge of 263 toises in length, which is speedily to give way to a more permanent one in masonry and chain-work, after a model by Mr Metzel.

The castle, on a lofty and imposing situation, commands the Vistula and its opposite banks. It contains many superb and interesting apartments, adorned with pictures, marbles, and bronzes. The palaces and public buildings, to judge from the descriptions, and from the very neat prints with which this volume is adorned, are very magnificent. Chaste in their architecture, splendid in their extent, and classical in their embellishments, they would honour any capital in the world; and yet one has never heard of Warsaw as distinguished for architectural beauty. In the midst of the large court of the Academy, a statue of Kopernik, (Copernicus), who was by birth a Pole, and had been educated in the University of Cracau, is by this time erected. The churches, the hospitals, and the schools, are numerous and handsome. Many of the streets, squares, and *places*, are spacious and beautiful, some of them ornamented by statues and pillars. Thorwaldson is employed on a bronze equestrian statue, in memory of Prince Joseph Poniatowski, to be placed in some one of the principal squares. There are some streets in the city, as in all places of antiquity, which are narrow, and the houses of which are very high; but improvements are daily made in these respects.

Our author enumerates the merits of the different inns, coffee-houses, restaurateurs, &c. in every place he describes, with all the zest of a connoisseur; and perhaps the capital may boast of many which are of the first order. We must, however, take all this *cum grano*, especially as to accommodations on the road; for we have been cautioned against believing

the *bonnes auberges, &c.* of our author to mean what we call good inns in England. They do very well for the natives, who carry their beds, and proper accommodations with them on their journeys,—as is the custom in other northern countries, as Prussia, Russia, and even some parts of Germany. In England, where the population is great, and where constant and frequent intercourse is kept up, for the sake of business or pleasure, the encouragement to innkeepers is great, and the inns and their accommodations proportionably good. This is not the case in other northern climes, where the innkeeper does not feel it worth his while to risk any expence upon the accommodation of his employer. Indeed, our author himself observes, at p. 94, that although there is some improvement in the inns, "it is still almost indispensible for a foreigner travelling in Poland, to take his bed along with him, which he could rarely omit with safety, even in the towns."

Several newspapers and literary magazines are published at Warsaw. There are many well stocked bookshops;—15 printing presses;—two lithographic establishments;—and several engravers;—academies for designing after nature;—and an annual exhibition of paintings, which last year contained 180 works in painting and engraving;—rewards are given by government for the best performances;—a royal academy, founded in 1816, by the Emperor Alexander;—an academy for the instruction of the deaf and dumb;—an academy of music;—a dramatic school;—and four schools on the Lancasterian plan. Among the numerous manufactures of the place, it is remarkable that there are above 50 coach-making establishments,—in which branch there is a considerable export trade. In Warsaw there are 220 streets, and nearly 4000 houses—3000 of which are of masonry, covered with tiles, and the remainder are of wood. The wooden houses are gradually disappearing, and give room for new and splendid buildings in stone; and it is not now lawful to build in wood. The streets are paved with various sized stones, the inequality of which, although they are carefully repaired, renders them unpleasant to foot passengers. The city, and its suburbs, are lighted with *argand lamps.*

We shall extract one more description, and then take leave of that department. This passage is not from the pen of Krasinski, but is extracted by him from another work. It savours somewhat of the style of the Arabian Nights Entertainments; but our readers must judge for themselves. It is a description of *Arcadia*, a country seat of the Princess Radzivill.

"It is to the exquisite taste of this lady, that this place is indebted for its magnificence; all that Art and Nature have produced of rarity and price, in the most distant countries, are brought together here; and it seems as if they had contested for pre-eminence in the production of their treasures.

"You enter by a house, having the appearance of a Dutch farm; scarce have you crossed the threshold of the door, which proves to be the entrance of a palace of crystal, than you believe yourself to be in an enchanted hall;—porphyry—bronze—mirrors—crystals and marble, disposed with skill and taste, complete the illusion. On leaving this splendid apartment, you pass by a shady walk to a grotto, which you reach by steps contrived in the enormous masses of rock of which the grotto is formed. The grotto serves as an entrance to a building, whose appearance is that of a Gothic castle, adorned with armour and chivalric devices; and which seems to have been the residence of some preux chevalier of the olden time. Leaving this, you pass by an open arcade to a bold arch in the Grecian style, which serves as a frame to the charming landscape formed by the evergreen thickets which surround the temple. The gates of the temple are of precious materials (*acajou*,) and are opened by a key of gold, enriched with diamonds. The vestibule is in the form of a rotunda, lighted by a cupola in the daytime, and by a Cupid, in a niche, bearing a torch, at night. On advancing, you are surprised to see the rotunda change into a suite of apartments. The first of these is a museum, containing every thing that is most curious—in cameos—Etruscan vases—fragments of inscriptions—bas reliefs—triped candelabras, &c. The imposing aspect of the temple, strikes you, on your entrance, with a sort of religious awe; and carries you, in imagination, back to the days of the oracles of old. The grandeur of the *vase* and of the cupola, charms and seduces the eye, which reposes with delight upon those walls of white marble, adorned with Corinthian columns, and statues of Vestal virgins, guarding the sacred fire which burns upon the altar. The harmonious tones of an organ increase the charm; and, in the midst of the sweetest sensations that the soul can enjoy, you find yourself, as it were by enchant-

ment, hurried out of the sanctuary;—suddenly your sight is plunged upon (plongée sur) a lake, though which a river forces its way, bearing along the foam occasioned by its recent fall, near the ruins of a handsome aqueduct, which serves as a bridge to enable you to make the tour of the lake, and to obtain a view of the façade of the temple.

"Following the flowery banks of this river, you reach an isle, where there is placed a monument of black marble, on which rests a figure of white marble, in the reposing attitude of the St Cecilia of Bernini at Rome,—which changes the interest of the inscription,—'*Et in Arcadia ego*,' to that inspired by the epitaph on the tomb,—'*J'ai fait Arcadie et j'y repose.*'

"Then you have the picturesque ruins of the ancient habitation of the god Pan; the sacrifice to Esculapius, surrounded by his attributes; the isle of offerings, which you reach by a flying-bridge, fixed to the banks by cordage. The circus, constructed on the Grecian model, and of the same size, is filled with monuments of marble, and of Oriental granite of the highest antiquity. A chapel, lately constructed at the gate leading from the park, and in the middle of a meadow enamelled with flowers, is above all remarkable. Its massive exterior gives it the majestic appearance of a sarcophagus. It is elevated on four arches, which serve as supports to it. It is ornamented in the interior by some copies in Sepia, of the works of the best painters, by Seydelman, an artist celebrated for the spirit and truth with which he gives the character of the painters after whom he designs. Among these, there is the Virgin, after Raphael,—Sacrifice of Emanuel, after Rembrandt,—Repose in Egypt, after Ferdinand Boll,—Magdalen, after Bottoni, and others.

"Delille has consecrated this spot, by his admirable description of it in his immortal poem, Les Jardins.

"But the most beautiful place in Poland that has been equally chaunted by Delille, is Pulawy, the usual country residence of the Prince Czartoryski. Nature, art, taste, expence, all seem to have been combined to adorn it. It is situated on the prominent banks of the Vistula. The buildings are shaded over with an extensive park, or rather dark grove; where, in a beautiful variety, are to be seen, Chinese Kiosks and precipices, hermitages and subterraneous grottos—a colossal statue of the dying Clarinda, supported by Tancred, in white marble of Carara—epitaphs hewn in the rock for the deceased friends of that illustrious family. These, and such like objects, strike the attention of a traveller; yet it is not a place of beauty alone, but also of veneration. To it the natives resort, as in pilgrimage, to gratify their patriotic feelings; for there are two *temples*—one built on the exact model of the Temple of Sibyl, in Tivoli, the other of a Gothic structure. The first is destined for the antiquities of Poland; it contains a great number of ancient Polish armour—shields, helmets, sabres; it is overhung with standards won in the battles with Turks, Crusaders, Austrians. There stand around at the wall, the cenotaphs of conspicuous men of old; those of great generals and poets; some with some relics of bones, some empty—all with appropriate emblems and mottos. That of an ancient poet, Kochanowski, hung over with a lyre; that of Copernicus with a sublime inscription—*Sta Sol.* In a dim under vault of this temple, an obelisk of black Carpathian marble is placed, to the memory of the Prince Poniatowski, who fell in the battle at Leipsic. The Emperor Alexander having visited this temple, adorned hereafter its cupola, which was open, with a large glass made expressively for this purpose; through which a dim and sombre day-light falls on the glorious remains of the ancient Poles.

"The other, that is the Gothic temple, contains chiefly the antiquities of middle ages, of all foreign countries and nations; they consist mostly in ancient and modern tomb-stones—rare books and manuscripts—portraits. Among the last is to be seen, the *Portrait of Raphael, painted by himself*, on wood. Besides, this splendid seat of Prince Czartoryski's,—who, like the Dukes of Weimar in Germany, are Mecænasses of learned men in Poland, and who themselves bear a high literary character—is enriched by the largest library in Poland, containing about 110,000 volumes, in different languages. Especially, there is the richest store of manuscripts, particularly relating to the history of Poland."

Posting, we are informed, has reached the highest degree of perfection in Poland. The postillions are active, sober, intelligent, and trustworthy. The horses, chiefly from the Ukraine and Russia, are indefatigable, strong, although small, and full of fire and action. The celerity with which the traveller is conveyed from stage to stage is agreeable in many respects. Even on "postes doubles," he is not obliged, as in Germany, to kick his heels while the horses are baiting. The public carriages, which regularly travel on the great roads, are on the model of those in England. They travel night and day. At every post-house, (station de poste,) a register is kept, in which travellers are entitled to enter any complaints they may have to make of the postboys, &c., whose deceptions, inattention, or impertinence, if established, are severely punished.

The whole system is under the superintendance of a *direction generale des postes.* Those who do not wish to travel post, may find in every place *voituriers* in great numbers, among whom are many Jews, who will contract to convey them, at a small expense, distances of 20 or 30 miles, or farther, travelling at the rate of 10 or 12 miles a-day.* When arrived at the end of the stipulated journey, the *voiturier* is sure to meet with a fare back again, and the traveller with the means of further conveyance. The probity of these voituriers is well established, and they may be safely entrusted with valuable effects, or money, to be conveyed to distant places. These advantages in travelling will be further increased by the rapid improvement of the roads, which proceeds with activity under the superintendance of government.

The Forests are of great extent, particularly those in the north. Notwithstanding this, the roads are safe; and accidents of robbery or murder committed, are almost unheard of in Poland.

The Villages are of great length, and consist of thatched wooden houses. Those of the better order of peasants contain spacious and commodious apartments. Of late years, houses of stone are often met with. In many places there are as it were *colonies* of gentlemen farmers. They are the descendants and worthy rivals of those nobles who, under the name of *pospolite,* have given such proofs of devotion and fidelity to their native land, and from whom also the most celebrated individuals, and the most distinguished families, take their origin.

The richest inhabitants of the cities, as well as the nobles, have all their Chateaus, or country houses, with parks and gardens, which rival in beauty, and in the works of art which adorn them, those of France and Germany. These mighty improvements are only the work of later years. While all other nations were making exertions to extend their commerce and their territory, to build new cities, and generally to improve and to beautify themselves, Poland, from its geographical position (the bulwark of Germany,) was continually subject to the invasions of the Turks, the Tartars, the Swedes, the Cossacks, &c. Thus repose and tranquillity, so necessary for purposes of improvement, if obtained at all, were necessarily employed in repairing the ravages of war. But a few years of peace have shewn that the spirit of improvement is not wanting, if the means are afforded.

The Soil in general is fertile, and produces a great variety of different kinds of grain. Wine, bread, and coffee, are universally allowed to be of surpassing excellence. "If you want your coffee strong, ask for Polish coffee; if weak, call for German." Formerly, the Hungarian wines were consumed in great quantity, and they are still to be met with of ancient vintages at the tables of rich proprietors, and, above all, of ecclesiastics, who have kept them more than a century in their cellars. Of late years the French have introduced a taste for their own wines, which are now to be met with, in variety and good, in all the small towns and private houses. *English ale and porter* are now a common beverage; and champagne, mixed with a profusion of seltzer water, is the usual cooling drink in the hottest season.

The Peasantry, who are declared free by the constitutions of 1791, 1807, and 1815, though not very far advanced in civilization, are laborious, and abound in good qualities. They are devoted to their landlords, and are easily guided to improvement. They are not in general proprietors of the soil, but possessors of portions allotted them by their landlord, (*Seigneur,*) who receives his rent in labour, the peasant working for him so many days in the week, called by the French *corvée;* † this practice is restrained by laws preventing its abuse. Every peasant may quit his landlord if injured or dissatisfied. In some districts the peasants rise to be farmers, both hereditary and for terms of years; and it is hoped that the condition of this class will improve from day to day.

* The Polish mile is nearly six English miles.

† A practice of this sort prevailed a few years ago, and perhaps still prevails, in Northumberland, where the cottagers were obliged to do *bondage* work, as they called it, for the landlord.

"The Jews, more numerous in Poland than in any other country, multiply every day, and already form a very important part of the population of the country.* Sober, economical, and industrious, they would have all the qualities essential in mercantile traffic, were their character free from the tarnish of craftiness, a want of good faith, and the trickery which they employ in their transactions. Having interest only for their guide, they are as yet far from meriting that consideration and confidence which is usually granted in commerce; and yet they have contrived to get possession of the principal share of the internal traffic, that great branch of national riches. They might thereby come to constitute one of the chief links of society, if their religion, their laws, and their customs, did not prescribe to them interests absolutely exclusive in their nature. It is this absolute insulation, spiritual and personal, if I may so speak, that makes them a separate people in the very heart of Poland. Probably this is the source of that hatred and contempt with which they are treated, and which, instead of modifying by degrees all that is pernicious to society in their situation, only serves to concentrate them still more.† The Jews have hitherto proved a stumbling-block to our legislators, and nothing has been done by the present sovereign relative to them. He wishes to arm his prudence with experience. Their chief abuses, however, have been in some degree repressed by placing checks upon the manufacture and sale of spirits by the Jews, who made this traffic a terrible engine in the corruption and ruin of the peasantry, of whose property they thus obtained the disposal. They have also, in general, been ejected by the country gentlemen, from the inns which they formerly tenanted, and which they kept in the state of desolation and discomfort we have already described, and which rendered it necessary to carry beds, kitchen utensils, and provisions on every journey. In this state of things, (which is now in a great measure done away,) it is pleasing to know that the deficiencies of the inns were counterbalanced by the hospitality of the gentry, where the traveller was sought for, and met with that welcome and attention, that affability and politeness, which have ever characterized the nation of Poland."

We take leave of this little work by saying, that it is elegantly got up, both in typography and embellishments; that it is usefully and neatly put together, and that it contains ten times as much information as is generally to be found in such publications.

* "There have in the last two years (1819, 1820,) appeared many works dedicated to the improvement of this people. The counsellor Müller, a literary character of distinction, promises a work on this subject, which is eagerly expected by the public."

† These observations apply to the Jews throughout the world; and, though charity would look forward with hope to an amendment as well of their faith and character, as of their condition in society, we behold with awe, in their present insulated, and, alas! detested situation, the accomplishment of prophecy, and the fulfilment of the curse which hangs over them.

A NEW EDITION OF DON QUIXOTE.*

We have no intention or inclination to entertain our readers with any remarks of our own on the great masterpiece of Cervantes. Indeed nothing, we think, can be more sickening than the affectation, not uncommon among our modern reviewers, of entering upon long disquisitions concerning the merits of authors quite familiar to all the world—whose fame is settled—whose works are immortal—to be ignorant of whom is to be ignorant of every thing.

We cannot, however, omit the opportunity of calling attention to this new edition of Don Quixote—general attention, we are quite sure, it must, ere long, command, and general favour, we think, almost as certainly.

We have had in England no less than four distinct translations of the best of all romances, and none of them bad ones; but it strikes us as something very strange, that until now we should never have had any edition whatever of any one of these translations, containing *notes*, to render the text intelligible. The few miserable scraps commonly found at the foot of the page, in the editions either of Smollett or Mot-

* The History of that ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha; translated from the Spanish, by Motteux. A new Edition, with Copious Notes; and an Essay on the Life and Writings of Cervantes. In five volumes, 8vo; Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London; Constable and Co. Edinburgh.

tux, are not worth mentioning. The text of Don Quixote, full as it is of allusions to history and romance, remained, to all intents and purposes, without annotation, comment, or explanation; and of course, of the readers of Don Quixote, very few ever understood the meaning of Cervantes. A thousand of his happiest *hits* went for nothing—and a Spanish reader, with a translation of the bare text of Shakespeare in his hands, had just as good a chance to understand Shakespeare, as the English reader had to understand the author, who, though writing in a different form, is, perhaps more than any other the world has produced, entitled to be classed with Shakespeare.

This great blank has now been ably and fully supplied; and the English reader is in possession of an edition of Don Quixote, not only infinitely superior to any that ever before appeared in England, but, so far as we are able to judge, much more complete and satisfactory than any one which exists in the literature of Spain herself. The merit of devising and proposing such an edition rests, we believe, with the late much regretted JOHN BALLANTYNE, who did not live to see the accomplishment of his favourite plan. Had John Ballantyne lived, we doubt not he would have endeavoured to procure for the works of the author of Waverley a similar accompaniment of annotation and illustration—but we hope the publishers of that author will, ere long, think of doing so; for, in truth, we have no sort of doubt that many of those romances, abounding as they do in minute and careless allusions to old songs and old tales, are almost as imperfectly understood, at least out of Scotland, as the romance of Cervantes has hitherto been here and elsewhere. Mr Dunlop, who, in his history of fiction, has a most excellent chapter on Don Quixote, speaks as follows:—

"The great excellence, however, of the work of Cervantes, lies in the readiness with which the hero conceives, and the gravity with which he maintains, the most absurd and fantastic ideas, but which always bear some analogy to the adventures in romances of chivalry. In order to place particular incidents of these fables in a ludicrous point of view, they were most carefully perused and studied by Cervantes. The Spanish romances, however, seem chiefly to have engaged his attention, and Amadis de Gaul appears to have been used as his text. *Indeed, there are so many allusions to romances of chivalry, and so much of the amusement arises from the happy imitation of those works, and the ridiculous point of view in which the incidents that compose them are placed, that I cannot help attributing some affectation to those, who, unacquainted with the species of writing, pretend to possess a lively relish for the adventures of Don Quixote.* It is not to be doubted, however, that a considerable portion of the pleasure which we feel in the perusal of Don Quixote, is derived from the delineation of the scenery with which it abounds—the magnificent sierras—romantic streams and delightful vallies of a land which seems as it were the peculiar region of romance, from Cordoba to Roncesvalles. *There is also in the work a happy mixture of the stories and names of the Moors, a people who, in a wonderful degree, impress the imagination and affect the heart, in consequence of their grandeur, gallantry, and misfortunes; and partly, perhaps, from the many plaintive ballads in which their achievements and fate are recorded.*"

It has been apparently the object of this edition to render all these allusions, of which this intelligent critic speaks, intelligible; and we, in so far as a hasty perusal goes, are of opinion that its object has been completely accomplished. The text used is that of MOTTEUX, and this is, we think, out of all sight, the richest and best—although the editor himself seems to hint, now and then, something not unlike a partiality for the much older version of Shelton. Shelton's Quixote is undoubtedly well worthy of being studied by the English scholar; but it is far too antiquated an affair to serve the purposes of the English reader. That of Motteux is, if not so literally accurate, quite as essentially and substantially so; and Motteux, the translator of Cervantes and Rabelais, possesses a native humour which no other translator that we ever met with has approached.

It is only by extracts that we can hope to give any idea of the manner in which the present edition has been executed; and, therefore, we shall quote a few specimens without further preamble. The first volume contains an Essay on Cervantes' Life and Writings, in which the reader will meet with many particulars which must be new to him,—unless he happens to have seen the Spanish LIVES written by Pellicer and the Royal Academy,

both of which have been produced within the last thirty years, consequently long subsequent to the date of the last and best English LIFE—that written by Smollett. The author concludes his disquisition in these terms:

"Even had Cervantes died without writing *Don Quixote*, his plays, (above all, his *Interludes* and his *Numancia*;) his *Galatea*, the beautiful dream of his youth; his *Persiles*, the last effort of his chastened and purified taste; and his fine poem of the *Voyage of Parnassus*, must have given him at least the second place in the most productive age of Spanish genius. In regard to all the graces of Castilian composition, even these must have left him without a rival, either in that, or in any other age of the literature of his country. For, while all the other great Spanish authors of the brilliant CENTURY of Spain, (from 1560 to 1656,) either deformed their writings by utter carelessness, or weakened them by a too studious imitation of foreign models, Cervantes alone seized the happy medium, and was almost from the beginning of his career, Spanish without rudeness, and graceful without stiffness or affectation. As a master of Spanish style, he is *now*, both in and out of Spain, acknowledged to be first without a second; but this, which might have secured the immortality and satisfied the ambition of any man, is, after all, scarcely worthy of being mentioned in regard to the great creator of the only species of writing which can be considered as the peculiar property of modern genius. In that spacious field, of which Cervantes must be honoured as the first discoverer, the finest spirits of his own, and of every other European country, have since been happily and successfully employed. The whole body of modern romance and novel writers must be considered as his followers and imitators; but among them all, so varied and so splendid soever as have been their merits, it is, perhaps, not going too far to say, that, as yet, Cervantes has found but one *rival*.

"The learned editor of the Spanish Academy's edition of 1781 has thought fit to occupy the space of a very considerable volume with an inquiry into the particular merits of *Don Quixote*. I refer to his laborious dissertation all those who are unwilling to admire any thing without knowing why they admire it—or rather, why an erudite Doctor of Madrid deemed it worthy of his admiration.* In our own country, almost every thing that any sensible man would wish to hear said about *Don Quixote* has been said over and over again by writers, whose sentiments I should be sorry to repeat without their words—and whose words I should scarcely be pardoned for repeating.

"Mr Spence, the author of a late ingenious tour in Spain, seems to believe, what I should have supposed was entirely exploded, that Cervantes wrote his books for the purpose of ridiculing knight-errantry; and that, unfortunately for his country, his satire put out of fashion, not merely the absurd misdirection of the spirit of heroism, but that sacred spirit itself. But the practice of knight-errantry, if ever there was such a thing, had, it is well known, been out of date long before the age in which Don Quixote appeared; and as for the spirit of heroism, I think few will sympathize with the critic who deems it possible that an individual, to say nothing of a nation, should have imbibed any contempt, either for that or any other elevating principle of our nature, from the manly page of Cervantes. One of the greatest triumphs of his skill is the success with which he continually prevents us from confounding the absurdities of the knight-errant with the generous aspirations of the cavalier. For the last, even in the midst of madness, we respect Don Quixote himself. We pity the delusion, we laugh at the situation, but we revere, in spite of every ludicrous accompaniment, and of every insane exertion, the noble spirit of the Castillian gentleman; and we feel in every page, that we are perusing the work, not of a heartless scoffer, a cold-blooded satirist, but of a calm and enlightened mind, in which true wisdom had grown up by the side of true experience,—of one whose genius moved in a sphere too lofty for mere derision—of one who knew human nature too well not to respect it—of one, finally, who, beneath a mask of apparent lenity, aspired to commune with the noblest principles of humanity; and, above all, to give form and expression to the noblest feelings of the national character of Spain. The idea of giving a ludicrous picture of an imaginary personage, conceiving himself to be called upon, in the midst of modern manners and institutions, to exercise the perilous vocation of an Amadis or a Belianis, might perhaps have occurred to a hundred men as easily as to Cervantes. The same general idea has been at the root of many

* As a specimen of the style of his criticisms take this: he approves of the introduction of a *Roque Guinart* in Don Quixote, because in the Odyssey there is a *Polyphemus*, and in the Æneid there is a *Cacus*. And yet this man must have at least read Cervantes' own preface to his work, in which that pedantic species of criticism is so powerfully ridiculed, "If thou namest any giant in the book, forget not Goliah of Gath," &c.

subsequent works, written in derision of real or imaginary follies; but Cervantes is distinguished from the authors of all these works, not merely by the originality of his general conception and plan, but as strongly, and far more admirably, by the nature of the superstructure he has reared upon the basis of his initiatory fiction.

"Others have been content with the display of wit, satire, eloquence—and some of them have displayed all these with the most admirable skill and power; but he who rises from the perusal of Don Quixote, thinks of the wit, the satire, the eloquence of Cervantes, but as the accessories and lesser ornaments of a picture of national life and manners, by far the most perfect and glowing that was ever embodied in one piece of composition,—a picture, the possession of which alone will be sufficient to preserve, in freshness and honour, the Spanish name and character, even after the last traces of that once noble character may have been obliterated, and perhaps that name itself forgotten among the fantastic innovations of a degenerated people. *Don Quixote* is thus the peculiar property, as well as the peculiar pride of the Spaniards. In another, and in a yet larger point of view, it is the property and pride of the whole of the cultivated world—for *Don Quixote* is not merely to be regarded as a Spanish cavalier, filled with a Spanish madness, and exhibiting that madness in the eyes of Spaniards of every condition and rank of life, from the peasant to the grandee,—he is also the type of a more universal madness—he is the symbol of Imagination, continually struggling and contrasted with Reality—he represents the eternal warfare between Enthusiasm and Necessity—the eternal discrepancy between the aspirations and the occupations of man—the omnipotence and the vanity of human dreams. And thus, perhaps, it is not too much to say, that *Don Quixote*, the wittiest and the most laughable of all books—a book which has made many a one, besides the young student on the banks of the Manzanares, look as if he were *out of himself*—is a book, upon the whole, calculated to produce something very different from a merely mirthful impression.

"The serious style of *Don Quixote*, in the original language, preserves the most perfect harmony with this seriousness of purpose. The solemn, eloquent, impassioned Don Quixote, the shrewd, earth-seeking, yet affectionate Sancho, do not fill us with mirth, because they seem to be mirthful themselves. From the beginning of the book to the end, they are both intensely serious characters—the one never loses sight of the high destinies to which he has devoted himself—the other wanders amidst sierras and moonlight forests, and glides on the beautiful stream of the Ebro, without forgetting for a moment the hope of pelf that has drawn him from his village—the *insula* which has been promised by his master to him—and which he does not think of the less, because he does not know what it is, and because he does know that it has been promised by a madman. The contrasts perpetually afforded by the characters of Quixote and Sancho,—the contrasts not less remarkable between the secondary objects and individuals introduced—as these are in reality, and as they appear to the hero,—all the contrasts in a work where, more successfully than in any other, the art of contrast has been exhibited,—would be comparatively feeble and ineffectual, but for the never-failing contrast between the *idea* of the book, and the *style* in which it is written. Never was the fleeting essence of wit so richly embalmed for eternity.

"In our time, it is certain, almost all readers must be contented to lose a great part of the delight with which *Don Quixote* was read on its first appearance. The class of works, to parody and ridicule which it was Cervantes' first and most evident purpose, has long since passed into almost total oblivion; and therefore a thousand traits of felicitous satire must needs escape the notice even of those best able to seize the general scope, and appreciate the general merits of the history of The Ingenious Hidalgo. Mr Southey's admirable editions of *Amadis de Gaul*, and *Palmerin of England*, have indeed revived among us something of the once universal taste for the old and stately prose romance of chivalry;—but it must be had in mind that Cervantes wrote his book for the purpose not of satirizing these works—which are among the most interesting relics of the rich, fanciful, and lofty genius of the middle ages—but of extirpating the race of slavish imitators, who, in his day, were deluging all Europe, and more particularly Spain, with eternal caricatures of the venerable old romance. Of the *Amadis*, (the plan and outline of which he for the most part parodied merely because it was the best known work of its order,) Cervantes has been especially careful to record his own high admiration; and if the Canon of Toledo be introduced, as is generally supposed, to express the opinions of Cervantes himself, the author of *Don Quixote* had certainly, at one period of his life, entertained some thoughts of writing, not a humorous parody, but a serious imitation, of the *Amadis*.

"I shall conclude what I have to say of the author of *Don Quixote* with one remark—namely, that Cervantes was an old man when he wrote his masterpiece of comic romance; that nobody has ever written successful novels, when young, but Smollett; and that *Humphrey Clinker*, written in the last year of Smollett's life, is, in every particular of conception, execution, and purpose, as much superior to

Roderick Random, as Don Quixote is to the Galatea.

"It remains to say a few words concerning this new edition of the first of modern romances. The translation is that of Motteux—and this has been preferred, simply because, in spite of many defects and inaccuracies, it is by far the most spirited. Shelton, the oldest of all our translators, is the only one entitled to be compared with Motteux. Perhaps he is even more successful in imitating the 'serious air' of Cervantes; but it is much to be doubted, whether the English reader of our time would not be more wearied with the obsolete turns of his phraseology, than delighted with its occasional felicities.

"In the Notes appended to these volumes, an attempt has been made to furnish a complete explanation of the numerous historical allusions in *Don Quixote*, as well as of the particular traits in romantic writing, which it was Cervantes' purpose to ridicule in the person of his hero. Without having access to such information as has now been thrown together, it may be doubted whether any English reader has ever been able thoroughly to seize and command the meaning of Cervantes throughout his inimitable fiction. From the Spanish editions of Bowle, Pellicer, and the Academy, the greater part of the materials has been extracted; but a very considerable portion, and perhaps not the least interesting, has been sought for in the old histories and chronicles, with which the Spaniards of the 16th century were familiar. Of the many old Spanish ballads, quoted or alluded to by Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, metrical translations have uniformly been inserted in the Notes; and as by far the greater part of these compositions are altogether new to the English public, it is hoped this part of the work may afford some pleasure to those who delight in comparing the early literatures of the different nations of Christendom."

We shall now proceed to give a few specimens of the notes appended to these volumes. They are very copious; commonly as much as 40 or 50 closely-printed pages to each of the five volumes of which the edition consists.

The name of BERNARD DE CARPIO, appears continually in the text of Don Quixote; but, except the satisfactory *nota bene*, given at the foot of one page, viz. "This was an old Spanish Captain, much renowned in their ballads and chronicles," no attempt had ever been made to introduce the English reader into any acquaintance with him. Among these notes, we find a great many curious particulars concerning him, collected from chronicles and ballads. We shall quote part of the first note in which he is mentioned.

"*Bernardo del Carpio.*—Of this personage, we find little or nothing in the French romances of Charlemagne. He belongs exclusively to Spanish History, or rather to Spanish Romance; in which the honour is claimed for him of slaying the famous Orlando, or Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, in the fatal field of Roncesvalles. His history is as follows:—

"The continence which procured for Alonzo, who succeeded to the precarious throne of the Christians, in the Asturias, about 795, the epithet of The Chaste, was not universal in his family. By an intrigue with Sancho, Count of Saldenha, Donna Ximena, sister of this virtuous prince, bore a son. Some historians attempt to gloss over this incident by alleging that a private marriage had taken place betwixt the lovers; but King Alphonso, who was well nigh sainted for living only in platonic union with his own wife Bertha, took the scandal greatly to heart. He shut the peccant princess up in a cloister, and imprisoned her gallant in the Castle of Lúna, where he caused him to be deprived of sight. Fortunately, his wrath did not extend to the offspring of their stolen affections, the famous Bernardo del Carpio. When the youth had grown up to manhood, Alphonso, according to the Spanish historians, invited the Emperor Charlemagne into Spain, and having neglected to raise up heirs for the kingdom of the Goths in the ordinary manner, he proposed the inheritance of his throne as the price of the alliance of Charles. But the nobility, headed by Bernardo del Carpio, remonstrated against the king's choice of a successor, and would on no account consent to receive a Frenchman as heir of their crown. Alphonso himself repented of the invitation he had given to Charlemagne, and when that champion of Christendom came to expel the Moors from Spain, he found the conscientious and chaste Alphonso had united with the infidels against him. An engagement took place in the renowned pass of Roncesvalles, in which the French were defeated, and the celebrated Roland, or Orlando, was slain. The victory was ascribed chiefly to the prowess of Bernardo del Carpio.

"In several of the old ballads, which record the real or imaginary feats of Bernardo, his royal uncle is represented as having shewn but little gratitude, for the great champion's services, in the campaign against Charlemagne. It appears that the king had not relented in favour of Don Sancho, although he had come under some promise of that sort to his son, at the period when his (the son's) services were

most necessary. The following is a translation of one of the oldest of the Spanish ballads in which this part of Carpio's story is told:

BERNARDO AND ALPHONSO.

"With some good ten of his chosen men, Bernardo hath appear'd
Before them all in the palace hall, the lying King to beard;
With cap in hand and eye on ground, he came in reverend guise,
But ever and anon he frown'd, and flame broke from his eyes.

'A curse upon thee,' cries the King, 'who comest unbid to me;
But what from traitor's blood should spring, save traitors like to then?
His sire, Lords, had a traitor's heart; perchance our Champion brave
May think it were a pious part to share Don Sancho's grave.'

'Whoever told this tale the King hath rashness to repeat,'
Cries Bernard, 'here my gage I fling before THE LIAR's feet!
No treason was in Sancho's blood, no stain in mine doth lie—
Below the throne what knight will own the coward calumny?

'The blood that I like water shed, when Roland did advance,
By secret traitors brought and led, to make us slaves of France;
The life of King Alphonso I saved at Ronseval,—
Your words, Lord King, are recompence abundant for it all.

'Your horse was down—your hope was flown—ye saw the faulchion shine,
That soon had drunk your royal blood, had I not ventured mine;
But memory soon of service done deserteth the ingrate,
And ye've thank'd the son for life and crown by the father's bloody fate.

'Ye swore upon your kingly faith, to set Don Sancho free,
But curse upon your paultring breath, the light he ne'er did see;
He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alphonso's base decree,
And visage blind, and mangled limb, were all they gave to me.

'The King that swerveth from his word hath stain'd his purple black,
No Spanish Lord will draw the sword behind a liar's back;
But noble vengeance shall be mine, an open hate I'll show—
The King hath injured Carpio's line, and Bernard is his foe.'—

'Seize—seize him!'—loud the King doth scream—'There are a thousand here—
Let his foul blood this instant stream,—What! Caitiffs, do ye fear?
Seize—seize the traitor!'—But not one to move a finger dareth,—
Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he bareth.

He drew the faulchion from the sheath, and held it up on high,
And all the hall was still as death—cries Bernard, 'Here am I,
And here's the sword that owns no lord, excepting heaven and me;
Fain would I know who dares his point—King, Conde, or Grandee.'

Then to his mouth the horn he drew—(it hung below his cloak)
His ten true men the signal knew, and through the ring they broke;
With helm on head, and blade in hand, the knights the circle brake,
And back the lordlings 'gan to stand, and the false King to quake.

'Ha! Bernard,' quoth Alphonso, 'what means this warlike guise?
Ye know full well I jested—ye know your worth I prize.'—
But Bernard turn'd upon his heel, and smiling pass'd away—
Long rued Alphonso and Castile the jesting of that day."

Concerning THE CID,—Count Fernan Gonsalez of Castile,—Pedro the Cruel—the Infanta Oracca—the Moor Abindarraez—the Admiral Guarinos—Calainos the Moor—"The Great Captain"—and, in short, concerning the almost innumerable personages of Spanish history or romance, whose deeds are alluded to, and the ballads about them quoted by Don Quixote—we find notes in the same sort of style and fulness. The imitations or paro-

ies of Amadis, Bellenisa, &c. are al-
ways pointed out in a manner equally
satisfactory—thus:

"*Amadis retiring from his disdainful Oriana, to do penance on the poor rock.*—This is one of the most beautifully told of all the adventures of Amadis. It was on the suggestion of the old hermit that he assumed the name of Beltenebros: 'Y Amadis le pedio que no le llamasse de su nombre mas per otro qual el le quisiesse poner. El hombre bueno dixo: Yo vos quiero poner un *nombre* que sera conforme a vuestra persona y angustia en que soys puesto; y vuestra vida esta en grande angurgura, y en *tenieblas*, quiero que ayas nombre *Beltenebros*. A Amadis playe de aquel nombre.'—*Amad. de Gaula*, c. 48.

"The penitence of Don Quixote is one of the principal points of his imitation of Amadis—and the imitation is carried as close as is consistent with the general purpose of Cervantes. Amadis had just finished the conquest of the Firm Island—an enchanted region, seven leagues long by five broad, which was called *Insola*, or *Insula*, because it was almost surrounded by the sea, and *Firma Insula*, by reason of an isthmus connecting it with the mainland. From this he departed for the court of Sobradisa, the sovereignty of which country was then in the hands of the beautiful Queen Briolanja. The peerless Oriana being informed of this new expedition, conceived certain feelings of jealousy, and sent him, by her page Burin, a letter full of haughty complaints, forbidding him ever to appear again in her presence. The letter was superscribed, 'I am the damsel wounded with the point of the sword through the heart, and thou art he that hast wounded me.' Amadis, on receiving this communication, sunk forthwith into the profoundest melancholy, left all his adventures 'cut off in the middle,' and withdrew to do penance in solitude. Having no farther occasion for the services of his Esquire Gandalin, he appointed him governor of the Firm Island—as in due time Sancho himself becomes governor of Barataria. Amadis chose to consult Andalod, a certain hermit, who inhabited a dismal place, called the Poor Rock, in the midst of the sea, and, by his direction, he established there the seat of his miseries, assuming at the same time, for the reasons above mentioned, the name of Beltenebros. Here Amadis devoted himself to a life of the most exemplary piety, hearing the matins and vespers of the ancient Andalod, confessing himself every noon, and spending all the rest of the four-and-twenty hours in tears and lamentations. Now and then, however, he composed poems on the rigour of Oriana; and accordingly we find, that Don Quixote also developes a vein both of music and poetry in the sequel, when he sings to the guitar a canzonet of his own composition, for the purpose of being overheard by Altesidora, the duchess's maid. The deliverance of the Don from his afflictions on the Sierra Morena is also copied from that of Amadis, in whose history the Damsell of Denmark plays a part, not unlike that which is devised for the fair Dorothea in this book of Don Quixote.—'Pero Beltenebros se despidio del hermitano hayiendole saber que aquella donzella per la piedad de Dios alli per su salud era aportada.'—*Amad.* c. 52."

Every one remembers how often Don Quixote compares ROSINANTE to BAVIECA, the famous steed of the Campeador. On one of these occasions he quotes a line or two from one of the ancient ballads of the ROMANCERO DEL CID, which we find thus rendered in one of the notes to Vol. I. of this edition.

BAVIECA.

"The king looked on him kindly, as on a vassal true;
Then to the king Ruy Diaz spake, after reverence due,
'O king, the thing is shameful, that any man beside
The liege lord of Castile himself should Bavieca ride:

'For neither Spain nor Araby could another charger bring
So good as he, and, certes, the best befits my king.
But that you may behold him, and know him to the core,
I'll make him go as he was wont when his nostrils smelt the Moor.'

With that, the Cid, clad as he was in mantle furr'd and wide,
On Bavieca vaulting, put the rowel in his side;
And up and down, and round about, so fierce was his career,
Stream'd like a pennon on the wind Ruy Diaz' minivere.

And all that saw them praised them—they lauded man and horse,
As matched well, and rivalless for gallantry and force;
Ne'er had they look'd on horseman might to this knight come near,
Nor on other charger worthy of such a cavalier.

Thus, to and fro a-rushing, the fierce and furious steed,
He snapt in twain his hither rein:—' God pity now the Cid,'
' God pity Diaz,' cried the Lords,—but when they look'd again,
They saw Ruy Diaz ruling him with the fragment of his rein;
They saw him proudly ruling, with gesture firm and calm,
Like a true Lord commanding, and obeyed as by a lamb.

And so he led him foaming and panting to the king,
But ' No,' said Don Alphonso, ' it were a shameful thing
That peerless Bavieca should ever be bestrid
By any mortal but Bivar—Mount, mount again, my Cid,'" &c.

Even after all that Mr Southey and Mr Frere have done, every thing about the Cid is delightful, so we shall give another of the many ballads concerning him as translated in this edition. The story of it is evidently a very apocryphal one; but that is no great matter. Don Quixote quotes it as gravely as it were gospel.

THE EXCOMMUNICATION OF THE CID.

" It was when from Spain across the main the Cid had come to Rome,
He chanced to see chairs four and three beneath Saint Peter's dome.
' Now tell, I pray, what chairs be they?'—' Seven kings do sit thereon,
As well doth suit, all at the foot of the holy father's throne.

' The Pope he sitteth above them all, that they may kiss his toe,
Below the keys the Flower-de-lys doth make a gallant show;
For his great puissance, the King of France next to the Pope may sit,
The rest more low, all in a row, as doth their station fit.'—

' Ha!' quoth the Cid, ' now God forbid! it is a shame, I wiss,
To see the Castle* planted beneath the Flower-de-lys.†
No harm, I hope, good father Pope, although I move thy chair.'
In pieces small he kick'd it all, ('twas of the ivory fair.)

The Pope's own seat he from his feet did kick it far away,
And the Spanish chair he planted upon its place that day;
Above them all he planted it, and laugh'd right bitterly,
Looks sour and bad I trow he had, as grim as grim might be.

Now when the Pope was aware of this, he was an angry man,
His lips that night, with solemn rite, pronounced the awful ban;
The curse of God, who died on rood, was on that sinner's head—
To hell and woe man's soul must go, if once that curse be said.

I wot, when the Cid was aware of this, a woeful man was he,
At dawn of day he came to pray at the blessed father's knee:
' Absolve me, blessed father, have pity upon me,
Absolve my soul, and penance I for my sin will dree.'—

' Who is this sinner,' quoth the Pope, ' that at my foot doth kneel?'—
' I am Rodrigo Diaz, a poor Baron of Castille.'
Much marvell'd all were in the hall, when that name they heard him say,
' Rise up, rise up,' the Pope he said, ' I do thy guilt away.'

' I do thy guilt away,' he said, ' and my curse I blot it out;
God save Rodrigo Diaz, my Christian champion stout.
I trow, if I had known thee, my grief it had been sore,
To curse Ruy Diaz de Bivar, God's scourge upon the Moor.'"

The following is of a different class.

" *Castille had a Count Fernan Gonsalez, Valencia, a Cid, &c.*—The story of Fernan Gonzales is detailed in the *Chronica Antiqua de Espana*, with so many romantic circumstances, that certain modern critics have been inclined to consider it as entirely fabulous. Of the main facts recorded, there seems, however, to be no good reason to doubt; and it is quite certain, that, from the earliest times, the name of Fernan Gonsalez has been held in the highest honour by the Spaniards themselves, of every degree. He lived at the beginning of the 10th century. It was under his rule, according to the chronicles, that Castille first became a powerful and independent state, and it was by his exertions that the first foundations were laid of that system of warfare, by which the Moorish power in Spain was at last overthrown

* The arms of Castille. † The arms of France.

He was so fortunate as to have a wife as heroic as himself, and both in the chronicles and in the ballads abundant justice is done to her merits. She twice rescued Fernan Gonsalez from confinement, at the risk of her own life. He had asked her hand in marriage of her father, Garcias, King of Navarre, and had proceeded so far on his way to that prince's court, when he was seized and cast into a dungeon, in consequence of the machinations of his enemy, the Amazonian Queen of Leon, sister to the King of Navarre.—Sancha, the young princess, whose alliance he had solicited, being informed of the cause of his journey, and of the sufferings to which it had exposed him, determined, at all hazards, to effect his liberation; and having done so by bribing his jailor, she accompanied his flight to Castille. Many years after, he fell into an ambush prepared for him by the same implacable enemy, and was again a fast prisoner in Leon. His countess, feigning a pilgrimage to St James of Compostello, obtained leave, in the first place, to pass through the hostile territory, and afterwards, in the course of her progress, permission to pass one night in the castle where her husband was confined. She exchanged clothes with him; and he was so fortunate as to pass in his disguise through the guards who attended on him —his courageous wife remaining in his place—exactly in the same manner in which the Countess of Nithsdale effected the escape of her lord from the tower of London, on the 23d of February, 1715. There is, as might be supposed, a whole body of old ballads, concerning the adventures of Fernan Gonsalez. I shall, as a specimen, translate one of the shortest of these—that in which the first of his romantic escapes is described.

COUNT FERNAN GONSALEZ.

"They have carried afar into Navarre the great Count of Castille,
And they have bound him sorely, they have bound him hand and heel;
The tidings up the mountains go, and down among the valleys,
'To the rescue! to the rescue, ho! they have ta'en Fernan Gonsalez.'

A noble knight of Normandy was riding through Navarre,
For Christ his hope he came to cope with the Moorish scymitar;
To the Alcayde of the tower, in secret thus said he,
'These bezaunts fair with thee I'll share, so I this lord may see.'

The Alcayde was full joyful, he took the gold full soon,
And he brought him to the dungeon, ere the rising of the moon;
He let him out at morning, at the grey light of the prime,
But many words between these lords had pass'd within that time.

The Norman knight rides swiftly, for he hath made him bowne
To a king that is full joyous, and to a feastful town;
For there is joy and feasting, because that lord is ta'en,
King Garci in his dungeon holds the doughtiest lord in Spain

The Norman feasts among the guests, but at the evening tide
He speaks to Garci's daughter, within her bower aside;
'Now God forgive us, lady, and God his mother dear,
For on a day of sorrow we have been blithe of cheer.

'The Moors may well be joyful, but great should be our grief,
For Spain has lost her guardian when Castille has lost her chief;
The Moorish host is pouring like a river o'er the land;
Curse on the Christian fetters that bind Gonsalez' hand!

'Gonsalez loves thee, lady, he loved thee long ago,
But little is the kindness that for his love you show;
The curse that lies on Cava's head, it may be shared by thee;
Arise, let love with love be paid, and set Gonsalez free.'

The lady answer'd little, but at the mirk of night,
When all her maids are sleeping, she hath risen and ta'en her flight;
She hath tempted the Alcayde with her jewels and her gold,
And unto her his prisoner that jailor false hath sold.

She took Gonsalez by the hand at the dawning of the day,
She said, 'Upon the heath you stand, before you lies your way;
But if I to my father go, alas! what must I do?
My father will be angry—I fain would go with you.'

He hath kissed the Infanta, he hath kiss'd her, brow and cheek,
And lovingly together the forest path they seek;
Till in the greenwood hunting they met a lordly priest,
With his bugle at his girdle, and his hawk upon his wrist.

'Now stop! now stop!' the priest he said, (he knew them both right well,)
'Now stop and pay your ransom, or I your flight will tell;
Now stop, thou fair Infanta, for if my words you scorn,
I'll give warning to the foresters with the blowing of my horn.'

* * * * * * *

The base priest's word Gonsalez heard, 'Now, by the rood!' quoth he,
'A hundred deaths I'll suffer, or ere this thing shall be.'
But in his ear she whisper'd, she whisper'd soft and slow,
And to the priest she beckon'd within the wood to go.

It was ill with Count Gonsalez, the fetters press'd his knees,
Yet as he could he follow'd within the shady trees.
'For help, for help, Gonsalez! for help,' he hears her cry,
'God aiding, fast I'll hold thee, until my lord come nigh.'

He has come within the thicket, there lay they on the green,
And he has pluck'd from off the grass the false priest's javelin;
Firm by the throat she held him bound, down went the weapon sheer,
Down through his body to the ground, even as the boar ye spear.

They wrapp'd him in his mantle, and left him there to bleed,
And all that day they held their way; his palfrey served their need:
Till to their ears a sound did come, might fill their hearts with dread
A steady whisper on the breeze, and horsemen's heavy tread.

The Infanta trembled in the wood, but forth the Count did go,
And gazing wide, a troop descried upon the bridge below;
'Gramercy!' quoth Gonsalez, 'or else my sight is gone,
Methinks I know the pennon yon sun is shining on.

'Come forth, come forth, Infanta, mine own true men they be,
Come forth, and see my banner, and cry *Castille!* with me;
My merry men draw near me, I see my pennon shine,
Their swords shine bright, Infanta, and every blade is thine.'"

We have quoted so many of these fine ballads, that we are sure it is unnecessary for us to comment on their merits. We shall, therefore, extract one more, and have done. It shall be "the Song of the Admiral Guarinos,"—the same which Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are described as hearing sung by "*a labourer going to his work, at day-break,*" in one of the most beautiful passages that can be pointed out in the whole of the Romance.

GUARINOS.

"The day of Roncesvalles was a dismal day for you,
Ye men of France, for there the lance of King Charles was broke in two.
Ye well may curse that rueful field, for many a noble peer,
In fray or fight the dust did bite, beneath Bernardo's spear.

There captured was Guarinos, King Charles's admiral;
Seven Moorish kings surrounded him, and seized him for their thrall;
Seven times, when all the chace was o'er, for Guarinos lots they cast;
Seven times Marlotes won the throw, and the knight was his at last.

Much joy had then Marlotes, and his captive much did prize,
Above all the wealth of Araby he was precious in his eyes.
Within his tent at evening he made the best of cheer,
And thus, the banquet done, he spake unto his prisoner.

'Now, for the sake of Alla, Lord Admiral Guarinos,
Be thou a Moslem, and much love shall ever rest between us.
Two daughters have I; all the day thy handmaid one shall be,
The other, (and the fairer far) by night shall cherish thee.

'The one shall be thy waiting-maid, thy weary feet to lave,
To scatter perfumes on thy head, and fetch thee garments brave;
The other—she the pretty—shall deck her bridal-bower,
And my field and my city they both shall be her dower.

'If more thou wishest, more I'll give—speak boldly what thy thought is.'
Thus earnestly and kindly to Guarinos said Marlotes;
But not a moment did he take to ponder or to pause,
Thus clear and quick the answer of the Christian Captain was:

'Now, God forbid! Marlotes, and Mary, his dear mother,
That I should leave the faith of Christ, and bind me to another;
For women—I've one wife in France, and I'll wed no more in Spain;
I change not faith, I break not vow, for courtesy or gain.'

Wroth waxed King Marlotes, when thus he heard him say,
And all for ire commanded he should be led away;
Away unto the dungeon-keep, beneath its vault to lie,
With fetters bound in darkness deep, far off from sun and sky.

With iron bands they bound his hands. That sore unworthy plight
Might well express his helplessness, doom'd never more to fight.
Again, from cincture down to knee, long bolts of iron he bore,
Which signified the knight should ride on charger never more.

Three times alone, in all the year, it is the captive's doom
To see God's day-light bright and clear, instead of dungeon-gloom;
Three times alone they bring him out, like Sampson long ago,
Before the Moorish rabble-rout, to be a sport and show.

On three high-feasts they bring him forth, a spectacle to be,
The feast of Pasque, and the great day of the Nativity,
And on that morn, more solemn yet, when the maidens strip the bowers,
And gladden mosque and minaret with the first fruits of the flowers.

Days come and go of gloom and show. Seven years are come and gone,
And now doth fall the festival of the holy Baptist, John;
Christian and Moslem tilts and jousts, to give it homage due,
And rushes on the paths to spread they force the sulky Jew.

Marlotes, in his joy and pride, a target high doth rear,
Below the Moorish knights must ride, and pierce it with the spear;
But 'tis so high up in the sky, albeit much they strain,
No Moorish shaft so far may fly, Marlotes' prize to gain.

Wroth waxed King Marlotes, when he beheld them fail,
The whisker trembled on his lip, and his cheek for ire was pale;
And heralds proclamation made, with trumpets, through the town,
Nor child should suck, nor man should eat, till the mark was tumbled down.

The cry of proclamation, and the trumpet's haughty sound,
Did send an echo to the vault where the Admiral was bound.
'Now, help me, God!' the captive cries, 'what means this din so loud?
O, Queen of Heaven! be vengeance given on these thy haters proud!

'O, is it that some Pagan gay doth Marlotes' daughter wed,
And that they bear my scorned Fair in triumph to his bed?
Or is it that the day is come, one of the hateful three,
When they, with trumpet, fife, and drum, make Heathen game of me?'

These words the jailor chanced to hear, and thus to him he said,
'These tabours, Lord, and trumpets clear, conduct no bride to bed,
Nor has the feast come round again, when he that has the right,
Commands thee forth, thou foe of Spain, to glad the people's sight.

'This is the joyful morning of John the Baptist's day,
When Moor and Christian feasts at home, each in his nation's way;
But now our king commands that none his banquet shall begin,
Until some knight, by strength or sleight, the spearman's prize do win.'

Then out and spake Guarinos, 'O! soon each man should feed,
Were I but mounted once again on my own gallant steed.
O! were I mounted as of old, and harness'd cap-a-pee,
Full soon Marlotes' prize I'd hold, whate'er its price may be.

'Give me my grey, old Trebizond, so be he is not dead,
All gallantly caparison'd, with mail on breast and head,
And give me the lance I brought from France, and if I win it not,
My life shall be the forfeiture—I'll yield it on the spot.'

The jailor wonder'd at his words. Thus to the knight said he,
'Seven weary years of chains and gloom have little humbled thee;
There's never a man in Spain, I trow, the like so well might bear;
An' if thou wilt, I with thy vow will to the king repair.'

The jailor put his mantle on, and came unto the king,
He found him sitting on the throne, within his listed ring;
Close to his ear he planted him, and the story did begin,
How bold Guarinos vaunted him the spearman's prize to win.

That, were he mounted but once more on his own gallant grey,
And arm'd with the lance he bore on the Roncesvalles' day,
What never Moorish knight could pierce, he would pierce at a blow,
Or give with joy his life-blood fierce, at Marlotes' feet to flow.

Much marvelling, then said the king, 'Bring Sir Guarinos forth,
And in the Grange go seek ye for his old grey steed of worth;
His arms are rusty on the wall—seven years have gone, I judge,
Since that strong horse has bent his force to be a carrion drudge.

'Now this will be a sight indeed, to see the enfeebled lord
Essay to mount that ragged steed, and draw that rusty sword;
And for the vaunting of his phrase he well deserves to die,
So, jailor, gird his harness on, and bring your champion nigh.'

They have girded on his shirt of mail, his cuisses well they've clasp'd,
And they've barr'd the helm on his visage pale, and his hand the lance hath grasp'd,
And they have caught the old grey steed, the horse of Trebizond,
And he stands bridled at the gate—once more caparison'd.

When the knight came out the Moors did shout, and loudly laugh'd the king.
For the horse he pranced and caper'd, and furiously did fling;
But Guarinos whisper'd in his ear, and look'd into his face,
Then stood the old charger like a lamb, with a calm and gentle grace.

Oh! lightly did Guarinos vault into the saddle-tree,
And slowly riding down made halt before Marlotes' knee;
Again the heathen laugh'd aloud,—"All hail, sir knight," quoth he,
'Now do thy best, thou champion proud. Thy blood I look to see.'

With that Guarinos, lance in rest, against the scoffer rode,
Pierced at one thrust his envious breast, and down his turban trod.
Now ride, now ride, Guarinos—nor lance nor rowel spare—
Slay, slay, and gallop for thy life.—The land of France lies *there!*

We have now done enough to make known to our readers the literary character of this edition. As it is one which must have a place in every English library, we are rather sorry that it is not set forth with a little more external splendour. These five duodecimos are certainly prettily printed, and very well adapted for ordinary use; but when the book comes to be reprinted, we would advise the publishers to let it be in the form of a large and handsome octavo, in four volumes. It is a pity to see those ballads crowded into a narrow page. And why deprive the noble Don of his usual accompaniment of engravings? We cannot away with the want of Sancho's flying out of the carpet—Don Quixote hanging from the hole in the wall, &c. Smirke's designs are admirable; but the native old Spanish ones of Castillo, engraved in the Academy's large edition of 1781, are infinitely the best. And, indeed, we think Don Quixote never ought to appear without THEM. This book, printed in a more splendid shape, and illustrated with etchings, no matter how slight, from Castillo and Brunete, would be all that any one would desire to possess in the shape of an English QUIXOTE. Indeed, so far as the editor is concerned, we are not aware of his having overlooked any source to which he ought to have applied, excepting only the German labours of Ludavig Tieck.

His notes, read continuously, and without reference to the text they so admirably illustrate, would form a most delightful book. Indeed, what can be more interesting than such a collection of rare anecdotes, curious quotations from forgotten books, and beautiful versions of most beautiful ballads? Printed in a volume by themselves, these notes to Don Quixote would constitute one of the most entertaining *Ana* in our language, or in any other that we are acquainted with. But, above all, to the student of *Spanish*, who attacks the Don in the original, they must be altogether invaluable, for Cervantes' allusions to the works of Spanish authors, particularly his own contemporaries, are so numerous, that when Don Quixote appeared, it was regarded by the literati of Madrid almost as a sort of Spanish *Dunciad.*

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE.*

We happened to make a remark not long ago very hastily, which, upon more mature consideration, we are inclined to think, on the whole, extremely just, viz. that the writing of verses is at present an unpopular and unprofitable exercise. Both Scott and Crabbe have retired from the field, at least for a season. Southey has done nothing worth talking of since his RODERICK; and that splendid poem, prized as it is, and ever will be, by those with whom literature is a study, is forgotten, or very nearly so, by the reading public. Wordsworth is always writing verses; and occasionally he sends forth a small pamphlet, containing several pages of the finest verses possible; but there is no striving against the stream, even for a Wordsworth; and we suppose his publishers never think of venturing beyond a 500 or 750 edition, which, as editions go now, is just nothing. Miss Baillie's Metrical Legends were a damper. On Lallah Rookh, as on a gilded funeral pile, the fame of Mr Moore flashed up, and vanished. Coleridge has published no verses that we know of these some years past, the more's the pity, except a few occasional stanzas in the pages of this Miscellany. Wilson's "Lays of Fairy-Land" have been, it is probable, knocked out of his head by Scotch metaphysics. Campbell's Gertrude is now a lady of very mature years. Barry Cornwall is as much *passé* as Rosa Matilda. Hogg, now a great sheep-farmer, is at last really deserving of the name of "the Ettrick Shepherd." Nobody would publish a poem of the Cockney-school now-a-days; and, in short, all the older hands, except Byron, good, bad, and indifferent, are resting upon their oars.

Even his Lordship has not been doing much of late to his own purpose—or to his publisher's purpose—or to any good purpose whatever, except his printer's. Don Juan, although second to none of his works in poetical merits, for obvious reasons never sold to any great extent; and as for his tragedies, we all know they have hung very very heavy in the market. Cain, to be sure, has sold well; but, then, this is true only of the sixpenny editions, which the honest Radicals hawk about the different stands from which the Camberwell, Clapham, and Hampstead coaches set off; and, of course, neither Byron, nor Mr Murray, nor the reading public, are much the better for these. Whether they who have bought the sixpenny copies have been the better or the worse for them, it would be difficult to say. Perhaps neither the one nor the other. In fact, we shrewdly suspect, that Cain, though it has its faults no doubt, is a production which even the worthy Chancellor of England has not been able to force into any very distinguished favour among the habitual disciples of the Hones and the Carliles.

In short, Byron, Croly, and Milman, are the only people who now write verses worthy of the name. The first is on the wane; the third is not increscent; and the second still owes his chief fame to "Paris in 1815."†

Still, however, there are a multitude of readers of poetry among us; and the question arises, what poetry do these chiefly indulge on? We shall endeavour to answer this question generally and briefly, as is our custom on such occasions.

And first of all, to clear away some of the rubbish at once, nobody reads the Cockneys. The very copies of them in circulating libraries are asleep on dusty shelves. Even among the frail sisterhood, since Juan appeared, a better taste has sprung up, and Rimini pimps in vain. Queen Mab disturbs no lady's slumbers. She does not even tickle the noses of parsons.

Wordsworth is much studied and cherished by a few devoted lovers of poetry—and by none more so than Mr Francis Jeffrey. Southey is a great favourite with young men of a classical taste. He is quite the standing author at Oxford and Cambridge, particularly among those who are not quite Bachelors of Arts. But these gentlemen, when they quit the university, generally dispose of their books, to pay off a few ticks, and they forget the Laureate to a culpable degree when they have taken their degrees, and fairly nestled into curacies. Southey's chief consolation, therefore, must be the same

* Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life. A Selection from the Papers of the late Arthur Austin. Post 8vo. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London. 1822.

† Our Reviewer had not seen Catiline.—C. N.

as Wordsworth's. As for Coleridge, his Ancient Mariner and Genevieve are known by heart by some hundreds—and the million knows nothing more of him than they do of Marvel or Cowley; while Bowles is, strange to say, more known by his pamphlets than those beautiful sonnets, which first touched the poetic spark slumbering in the young heart of Coleridge.

Miss Baillie, over and above that small class of the truly initiated, who will never forget her BASIL and MONTFORT, enjoys an extensive popularity among the elderly and more sentimental members of her own sex, who probably read her works chiefly because they are the works of a woman—just as thousands of sober people read Cowper, merely from some obscure sort of idea that Cowper was a very religious character, and, perhaps, some vague feeling that THE TASK is not quite such tough work on a hot Sunday evening in July, as Magee on the Atonement, or Butler's Analogy, or Watson's Apology, or any other professedly theological work equally above their comprehension.

Campbell's Pleasures of Hope have now little vogue; but Gertrude, and his exquisite minor poems, are still as popular as ever. They are not much mentioned, it is true; but that is merely owing to the universal agreement about their merits. He is, perhaps, the poet of our own day, who is most generally considered as having passed into the calm state of an established classical author of the second order. People would as soon think of raving away at a tea-table about Goldsmith, or Rogers, or Hamilton of Bangour, as about Mr Campbell.

Of some of the other poets we alluded to in the opening of this article, all we have time to say is, that the bulk of their books is forgotten, but that a few detached passages and minor pieces of theirs have passed into the standard *corpus* of our poetry, and will there live for ever.

The three most popular names, Scott, Crabbe, Byron, still remain to be discussed. Each in his way has become a British classic of the first class; and, generally speaking, they are none of them much spoken about, any more than Dryden or Pope. Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, still certainly stand by themselves. But, perhaps, it would be no easy matter to say, which is, at this moment, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, or the seventh name in the calendar of English verse. No man can shew his face in decent company without being, or pretending to be, perfectly familiar with our three living classics. Their works are almost essential parts of the furniture of a decent house,—as the dinner-table itself; whereas the books of our other poetical friends may be likened rather to your billiard-tables,—chess-boards,—commodes,—Bühl cabinets, and so forth. As for Hogg, his situation in the library of an ENGLISH gentleman, five hundred miles from Yarrow-water, is, perhaps, like nothing so much as that of some stuffed native of Botany Bay, grinning down from a bracket in a stair-case.

On VERSE, therefore, at the present crisis of affairs, little or no productive labour is employed. But is the same thing true as to POETRY? No, most assuredly. On the contrary, there can be no doubt that the Author of Waverly, single-handed, pours forth more good poetry in one year just now, than ever Sir Walter Scott did in two years when he was writing verses—(and, perhaps, a greater proportion of this in a higher kind of poetry than he ever clothed in verse at all)—or than Lord Byron ever produced in a similar period of time—or Mr Crabbe in a dozen of years. In like manner, the Author of Anastasius, though we are not aware of his ever having written a single stanza, is a true and a noble poet; and that no one can doubt who has ever read his story of Euphrosyne—or his Voyage to Venice. In a word, people may be sick even of good verse, but people never can be sick of good poetry—and of good poetry, therefore, we still have enough and to spare, "day by day, and year by year."

Perhaps, however, the aversion to writing verse has gone too far. At least, we could not help thinking so many dozen times while engaged in the perusal of this volume, entitled, "Lights and Shadows;"—a volume most indubitably full of exquisite poetry—and of poetry which we do think ought not to have been written, at least a great part of it, in any thing but verse.

Our meaning is that in this book—for a book written in prose—the purely poetical materials bear too great a proportion to the prosaic; and it is this

we think that is likely to be felt as the chief imperfection of a very delightful, and in many instances a very powerful performance. Our notion of the matter is, that the author would have produced a much better book had he intermingled verse and prose. Exquisite prose he has produced in abundance; but we feel quite certain that had he followed the free motives of his own genius, without paying any attention to the little capricious whims of the moment, there are ideas, and feelings, and delineations of passion in this volume, which would have received the ornaments of versification;—things, in a word, which Nature meant to receive these ornaments; and which have, by not receiving them, been, to a certain extent, "shorn of their beams!"—What a pity would it have been had Wordsworth written his "Ruth," or Wilson his "Scholar's Funeral," or Goldsmith his "Sweet Auburn," in prose. Yet six or seven things at least, quite as culpable as these would have been, have really been committed by "the late William Austin"—whoever that [we doubt not living and lifelike] person may chance to be.

There is so much knowledge of "affairs in general" displayed in his little volume, that we have no doubt the author will take our admonition in good part, and hereafter be more moderate in his use of condiments. In the meantime, we must try to give our readers who have not seen the book, some notion of its character and contents.

Here is then—a very thick post-octavo volume, of upwards of 430 pages, printed in the most beautiful manner, by Ramsay. (Either Davison or Ballantyne might have been proud of putting such a thing through their hands.) Twenty-four separate tales are discussed within these limits; and the whole, laying other merits out of view, is certainly one of the prettiest "story books" that any man can put into his library, or lay upon his drawing-room table, for the benefit of the "youths and virgins" of his household. It is a "story book," however, of a kind quite new, at least in English literature; for we rather suspect that the Germans have several nearly of the same sort; and these written by the very greatest of their authors. It is a book full of power, and full, which every book of tales ought to be, though few of them are so, of VARIETY. Scottish life, and that, generally speaking, not of the *highest* order, is delineated in its pages; and these, like that which they shadow forth, are grave and gay, melancholy and cheerful, by turns; though, perhaps, upon the whole, the predominating vein may be not unfitly characterized as that of a gentle and graceful pathos. The images on which the fancy of the writer seems to dwell with the most delight, are those of beauty, innocence, repose. External nature, however, is, in all her provinces, equally familiar to him; and in describing the scenery of Scotland, whether in the green pastoral valleys of the South, or in the dark and shadowy glens of the Highlands, he reveals a power that is altogether admirable, and an originality at the same time, which, considering how lately the book must have been written, is to us quite astonishing. [Were Turner to paint Italian scenery, his pictures would not be like those of either Claude or of Salvator; but they would be something worthy of Turner, and therefore as good as either.]—In like manner, the quiet struggles of gentle bosoms are what our author chiefly describes; yet here and there the deepest and darkest parts of our nature fall in his way, and he grapples with them strongly and terribly. After reading one of his more sombre and tragic pieces, one turns, perhaps in the next page, to something which the serene and happy love of early and innocent youth would seem to have inspired; and it is then that we feel how well the book deserves its title; and how widely and wisely the eye of genius has been ranging over the whole surface of our troubled and uncertain existence.

The narrow limits within which each tale is confined, have prevented the author from entering into any thing like complex plots or artful *denouements*. The structure of many of them reminds us of our old simple ballads. We have generally two, or at the most three characters in a piece; these are not elaborately brought out, but generally well-defined, and at times most clearly defined, by a few apparently unlaboured epithets. A few incidents, commonly quite natural, and often as new as natural, bring the story to its happy or sorrowful close. In some of the tales, again, we have perhaps no-

thing but a single character, on whom the whole interest, or nearly so, is concentrated;—and a few of the very finest things in the book have the appearance of being detached scenes and fragments from some work of a more extensive order. We could scarcely pretend to tell almost any of the author's stories more shortly than he has told them himself; but if we were called upon to say to what stories of any former writer they bear most resemblance, we rather think we should say, that they put us more in mind of some of the beautiful little sketches of Italian life in Boccaccio's *pathetic* novels, than of any thing else with which we had previously been acquainted. Now and then scenes from the traditional history of the country are introduced; and this also is the case in Boccaccio. But the likeness lies in nothing so much as in the power of producing a pathetic effect, by the use of the simplest images in the most simple and unaffected manner possible.

Take for example, the tale of HELEN EYRE, which being the last in the book, is the freshest on our fancy. A young English officer dies, and leaves behind him in a small Scottish town, (Kelso, we think, is indicated,) a not innocent, but yet young, gentle, beautiful creature—one that *ought* to have been his wife—one whose sorrow is blended with a strange, deep, and passionate feeling of anguish, arising out of her sense, that she cannot, in her brokenness of heart, claim even the slender consolation of being called the widow of her only lover. This poor drooping creature is mother of one girl, an infant. She languishes for a few weeks after hearing of her lover's death, and dies there among strangers, in a strange land. So the child is all an orphan—but not all deserted. A high-born, high-bred Scottish lady—an old widow, Mrs Montgomery, had visited, from compassionate motives, the penitent mother on her death-bed; and she takes home the child, and treats Helen Eyre as if she had been her own daughter. Helen grows up, virtuous, beautiful, accomplished,—she gains friends, above all she is like a sister to Constance Beaumont, a young lady of her own age, of an ancient and honourable family, in the same neighbourhood. But kindly as she is treated by almost all about her, Helen has been forced into the knowledge of her own mother's offence; and the stain of her birth hangs like a weight upon a breast too noble for repining.

In process of time, the brother of Constance Beaumont comes home, falls in love with Helen—and tells her his love. She loves the youth, and confesses her love; but she is too proud to enter a family who may despise her origin, and she will not marry Beaumont unless all his family are to receive her—which she has no hope they will ever do—like an equal. The feelings of the good but proud mother of Beaumont, form an obstacle that neither she nor her lover hope to overcome.

Mrs Montgomery dies, and Constance and old Mrs Beaumont visit Helen in her filial affliction. While they are all deeply moved—passionately occupied with thoughts of common sorrow, young Beaumont enters the chamber. He falls on his knees before his mother, and a few words of eloquence, such as nature and virtue alone could prompt, sweep all before them. The high aged lady folds Helen to her maternal bosom,—and they are one family.

Now, here is a story perfectly simple; perhaps few could believe on seeing the outline, that in the book it has all the appearance of being perfectly natural. Yet it is so; and it is just in the skill with which difficulties of this sort are overcome, without even the slightest semblance of art or preparation, or exaggeration, that this author displays his greatest and most peculiar power. In spite of much enthusiastic description—in spite of passion, that is nothing but the highest sort of poetry—in spite of language often elevated to the sublime—the story of Helen Eyre is one which nobody who reads it, could ever suspect to be any thing but a true picture of real events. The contrasts between the subdued feelings of the girl loving, but not hoping, because the sense of a foreign shame presses on her soul—and the buoyant feelings of a proud lover sacrificing all to his love, and unconscious that he is making any sacrifice, on the one hand; and between the meek affections of the young lady, and the high spirit of the old lady on the other; and the manner in which four persons, all feeling so differently, are made to blend their hearts toge-

ner, under the inspiration of one generous impulse—these are things which one but a master could have dared to meddle with—which none but a very great genius could have drawn out, and delineated to the full in a few simple pages, as the author before us has one.

There would be no end of it, if we were to go into the many little pieces ere composed of materials not unsimilar to these, and managed in a style of equal mastery. But we must make a few extracts, to give some notion of the author's way of writing; and these shall be from a tale in the middle of the volume, which is one of our chief favourites,—that of BLIND ALLAN.

Allan Bruce, a worthy young man, betrothed to Fanny Raeburn, a kind, good-hearted girl, has the terrible misfortune to become quite blind; and he, for he is above all selfishness, listens to the voice of all the friends on both sides, who represent to him how foolish and imprudent a thing it would be for him, condemned to blindness and helplessness, to marry Fanny Raeburn. She, too, in so far listens to the same not unkind suggestions—but at length her generous heart teaches her what is her duty.

"She was willing to obey them in all things in which it was her duty to obey—but here she knew not what was her duty. To give up Allan Bruce was a thought far worse to her than to give up life. It was to suffer her heartstrings to be hourly torn up by the roots. If the two were willing to be married, why should any one else interfere? If God had stricken Allan with blindness after their marriage, would any one have counselled her to leave him? Or pitied her because she had to live with her own blind husband? Or would the fear of poverty have benumbed her feelings? Or rather would it not have given new alacrity to her hands, and new courage to her heart? So she resolved, meekly and calmly, to tell Allan that she would be his wife, and that she believed that such was, in spite of this infliction, the will of God.

"Allan Bruce did not absent himself, in his blindness, from the House of God. One Sabbath, after divine service, Fanny went up to him in the church-yard, and putting her arm in his, they walked away together, seemingly as cheerful as the rest of the congregation, only with somewhat slower and more cautious steps. They proceeded along the quiet meadow-fields by the banks of the stream, and then across the smooth green braes, till they gently descended into a holm, and sat down together in a little green bower, which a few hazels, mingling with one tall weeping birch, had of themselves framed; a place where they had often met before Allan was blind, and where they had first spoken of a wedded life. Fanny could have almost wept to see the earth, and the sky, and the whole day, so beautiful, now that Allan's eyes were dark; but he whispered to her, that the smell of the budding trees, and of the primroses that he knew were near his feet, was pleasant indeed, and that the singing of all the little birds made his heart dance within him—so Fanny sat beside her blind lover in serene happiness, and felt strengthened in her conviction that it was her duty to become his wife.

"'Allan—I love you so entirely—that to see you happy is all that I desire on earth. Till God made you blind, Allan, I knew not how my soul could be knit into yours—I knew not the love that was in my heart. To sit by you with my work—to lead you out thus on pleasant Sabbaths—to take care that your feet do not stumble—and that nothing shall ever offer violence to your face—to suffer no solitude to surround you—but that you may know, in your darkness, that mine eyes, which God still permits to see, are always open upon you—for these ends, Allan, will I marry thee, my beloved—thou must not say nay, for God would not forgive me if I became not thy wife.' And Fanny fell upon his neck and wept.

"There was something in the quiet tone of her voice—something in the meek fold of her embrace—something in the long weeping kiss that she kept breathing tenderly over his brow and eyes—that justified to the Blind Man his marriage with such a woman. 'Let us be married, Fanny, on the day fixed before I lost my sight. Till now I knew not fully either your heart or my own—now I fear nothing. Would, my best friend, I could but see thy sweet face for one single moment now—but that can never be!'—'All things are possible to God—and although to human skill your case is hopeless—it is not utterly so to my heart—yet if ever it becomes so, Allan, then will I love thee better even than I do now, if indeed my heart can contain more affection than that with which it now overflows.'

"Allan Bruce and Fanny Raeburn were married. And although there was felt, by the most careless heart, to be something sad and solemn in such nuptials, yet Allan made his marriage-day one of sober cheerfulness in his native village. Fanny wore her white ribbands in the very way that used to be pleasant to Allan's eyes; and blind as he now was, these eyes kindled with a joyful smile, when he turned the clear sightless orbs towards his bride, and saw her within his soul arrayed in the sim-

ple white dress which he heard all about him saying so well became her sweet looks. Her relations and his own partook of the marriage-feast in their cottage—there was the sound of music and dancing feet on the little green plat at the foot of the garden, by the river's side—the bride's youngest sister, who was henceforth to be an inmate in the house, remained when the party went away in the quiet of the evening—and peace, contentment, and love, folded their wings together over that humble dwelling."

Their married life is happy far beyond what they themselves could have expected on their bridal-day. Allan is favoured by his neighbours, and MUSIC, that gift of Heaven to the blind, furnishes him with the means of supporting his wife and the children that grow up, one after another beside his knees. There is a beautiful passage describing the blind man's feelings, which we must extract.

"Whatever misgivings of mind Allan Bruce might have experienced—whatever faintings and sickenings and deadly swoons of despair might have overcome his heart,—it was not long before he was a freedman from all their slavery. He was not immured, like many as worthy as he, in an asylum; he was not an incumbrance upon a poor father, sitting idle and in the way of others, beside an ill-fed fire, and a scanty board; he was not forced to pace step by step along the lamp-lighted streets and squares of a city, forcing out beautiful music to gain a few pieces of coin from passers by, entranced for a moment by sweet sounds, plaintive or jocund; he was not a boy-led beggar along the high-way under the sickening sunshine or the chilling sleet, with an abject hat abjectly protruded with a cold heart for colder charity;—but he was, although he humbly felt and acknowledged that he was in nothing more worthy than these, a man loaded with many blessings, warmed by a constant ingle, laughed round by a flock of joyful children, love-tended and love-lighted by a wife who was to him at once music and radiance,—while his house stood in the middle of a village of which all the inhabitants were his friends, and of all whose hands the knock was known when it touched his door, and of all whose voices the tone was felt when it kindly accosted him in the wood, in the field, in the garden, by the river's side, by the hospitable board of a neighbour, or in the church-yard assemblage before entering into the House of God."

The end of the story is the recovery of Allan's sight by means of couching, and remembering, as we all must do perfectly well, the inimitable description of the first operation of the kind by Addison, and its consequences, who is there that can be insensible to the softness, beauty, and wisdom, of the following passage?

"There was no uncontrollable burst of joy in the soul of Allan Bruce when once more a communication was opened between it and the visible world. For he had learned lessons of humility and temperance in all his emotions during ten years of blindness, in which the hope of light was too faint to deserve the name. He was almost afraid to believe that his sight was restored. Grateful to him was its first uncertain and wavering glimmer, as a draught of water to a wretch in a crowded dungeon. But he knew not whether it was to ripen into the perfect day, or gradually to fade back again in the depth of his former darkness.

"But when his Fanny—she on whom he had so loved to look when she was a maiden in her teens, and who would not forsake him in the first misery of that great affliction, but had been overjoyed to link the sweet freedom of her prime to one sitting in perpetual dark—when she, now a staid and lovely matron, stood before him with a face pale in bliss, and all drenched in the floodlike tears of an unsupportable happiness—then truly did he feel what a heaven it was to see! And as he took her to his heart, he gently bent back her head, that he might devour with his eyes that benign beauty which had for so many years smiled upon him unbeheld, and which now that he had seen once more, he felt that he could even at that very moment die in peace.

"In came with soft steps, one after another, his five loving children, that for the first time they might be seen by their father. The girls advanced timidly, with blushing cheeks and bright shining hair, while the boys went boldly up to his side, and the eldest, looking in his face, exclaimed with a shout of joy, 'Our father sees!—our father sees!'—and then checking his rapture, burst into tears. Many a vision had Allan Bruce framed to himself of the face and figure of one and all of his children. One, he had been told, was like himself, another the image of its mother, and Lucy, he understood, was a blended likeness of them both. But now he looked upon them with the confused and bewildered joy of parental love, seeking to know and distinguish in the light the separate objects towards whom it yearned; and not till they spoke did he know their Christian names. But soon, soon, did the sweet faces of all his children seem, to his eyes, to answer well, each in its different loveliness, to the expression of the voices so long familiar to his heart.

"Pleasant, too, no doubt, was that expansion of heart, that followed the sight of so many old friends and acquaintances, all

f whom, familiar as he had long been with ıem in his darkness, one day's light now eemed to bring farther forward in his af- ection. They came towards him now with righter satifaction—and the happiness of is own soul gave a kinder expression to ıeir demeanour, and represented them all s a host of human beings rejoicing in the y of one single brother. Here was a oung man, who, when he saw him last, as a little school-boy—here a man be- inning to be bent with toil, and with a ıoughtful aspect, who had been one of his wn joyous and laughing fellow-labourers ı field or at fair—here a man on whom, en years before, he had shut his eyes in dvanced but vigorous life, now sitting, ith a white head, and supported on a taff—all this change he knew before, but ow he saw it; and there was thus a some- hat sad, but an interesting, delightful, nd impressive contrast and resemblance etween the past and the present, brought mmediately before him by the removal of veil. Every face around him—every fi- ure—was instructive as well as pleasant; nd humble as his sphere of life was, and nnited its range, quite enough of chance nd change was now submitted to his me- litation, to give his character, which had ong been thoughtful, a still more solemn ast, and a temper of still more homely nd humble wisdom.

"Nor did all the addition to his happi- ıess come from human life. Once more ıe saw the heavens and the earth. By nen in his lowly condition, nature is not ooked on very often perhaps with poetical yes. But all the objects of nature are in hemselves necessarily agreeable and de- ightful; and the very colours and forms ıe now saw filled his soul with bliss. Not or ten dark years had he seen a cloud, nd now they were piled up like castles in he summer heaven. Not for ten dark years had he seen the vaulted sky, and here it was now bending majestically in its dark, deep, serene azure, full of tender- ness, beauty, and power. The green earth, with all its flowers, was now visible be- neath his feet. A hundred gardens blos- somed—a hundred hedge-rows ran across the meadow and up the sides of the hills—the dark grove of sycamore, shading the village church on its mount, stood tinged with a glitter of yellow light—and from one extremity of the village to the other, calm, fair, and unwavering, the smoke from all its chimneys went up to heaven on the dewy morning-air. He felt all this just by opening his eye-lids. And in his gratitude to God he blessed the thatch of his own humble house, and the swallows that were twittering beneath its eaves."

"Such, perhaps, were some of the feelings which Allan Bruce experienced on being restored to sight. But faint and imperfect must be every picture of man's inner soul. This, however, is true, that Allan Bruce now felt that his blindness had been to him, in many respects, a blessing. It had touch- ed all hearts with kindness towards him and his wife when they were poor—it had kept his feet within the doors of his house, or within the gate of his garden, often when they might otherwise have wandered into less happy and innocent places—it turned to him the sole undivided love of his sweet contented Fanny—it gave to the filial ten- derness of his children something of fond- est passion—and it taught him moderation in all things, humility, reverence, and per- fect resignation to the Divine Will. It may, therefore, be truly said, that when the blameless man once more lifted up his see- ing eyes, in all things he beheld God.

"Soon after this time, a small Nursery- garden between Roslin and Lasswade,—a bank sloping down gently to the Esk—was on sale, and Allan Bruce was able to pur- chase it. Such an employment seemed pe- culiarly fitted for him, and also compatible with his other profession. He had acquired, during his blindness, much useful infor- mation from the readings of his wife or children; and having been a gardener in his youth, among his many other avoca- tions, he had especially extended his know- ledge respecting flowers, shrubs, and trees. Here he follows that healthy, pleasant, and intelligent occupation. Among his other assistant Gardeners there is one man with a head white as snow, but a ruddy and cheerful countenance, who, from his self- importance, seems to be the proprietor of the garden. This is Allan's Father, who lives in a small cottage adjoining—takes care of all the garden-tools—and is master of the bee-hives. His old mother, too, is sometimes seen weeding; but oftener with her grand-children, when in the evenings, after school, they are playing on the green plat by the Sun Dial, with flowers garlanded round their heads, or feeding the large trout in the clear silvery well near the roots of the celebrated Pear Tree."

From "the Hour in the Manse," "the Forgers," Simon Gray," and va- rious other tales in the volume, we could easily quote passages enough to shew that the awful, the terrible, the dark parts of man and his nature, are as much within the grasp of our au- thor, as the passages we have now quo- ted shew the pathetic and the beauti- ful to be. But we despair of being able to quote any passages from the tales of that class, without in some measure injuring the after effect of what we only wish to introduce to our readers notice. We shall therefore make but one extract more, and it shall be from a story that stands almost alone in the book—a fragment from the noble tra- ditional History of the days of religi- ous persecution in Scotland—the me-

mory of which days is yet fresh in the minds of our old shepherds and cottage matrons upon the moors of Clydesdale and Dumfries-shire.

After describing at some length the state of the people of Lanark, at the time when the Presbyterian worship was not permitted to be celebrated in their parish church, the author introduces us to the persecuted congregation assembled amidst the solitary and sublime scenery of Cartland Craigs on the morning of a beautiful summer Sabbath, chiefly for the purpose of having the children, who had been born during the suspension of the public worship of God in the place, admitted into the body of the church by the rite of baptism.

"The church in which they were assembled was hewn, by God's hand, out of the eternal rocks. A river rolled its way through a mighty chasm of cliffs, several hundred feet high, of which the one side presented enormous masses, and the other corresponding recesses, as if the great stone girdle had been rent by a convulsion. The channel was overspread with prodigious fragments of rock or large loose stones, some of them smooth and bare, others containing soil and verdure in their rents and fissures, and here and there crowned with shrubs and trees. The eye could at once command a long stretching vista, seemingly closed and shut up at both extremities by the coalescing cliffs. This majestic reach of river contained pools, streams, rushing shelves, and waterfalls innumerable; and when the water was low, which it now was in the common drought, it was easy to walk up this scene, with the calm blue sky overhead, an utter and sublime solitude. On looking up, the soul was bowed down by the feeling of that prodigious height of unscaleable and often overhanging cliff. Between the channel and the summit of the far-extended precipices were perpetually flying rooks and wood-pigeons, and now and then a hawk, filling the profound abyss with their wild cawing, deep murmur, or shrilly shriek. Sometimes a heron would stand erect and still on some little stone island, or rise up like a white cloud along the black walls of the chasm, and disappear. Winged creatures alone could inhabit this region. The fox and wild-cat chose more accessible haunts. Yet here came the persecuted Christians and worshipped God, whose hand hung over their heads those magnificent pillars and arches, scooped out those galleries from the solid rock, and laid at their feet the calm water in its transparent beauty, in which they could see themselves sitting in reflected groups, with their Bibles in their hands.

"Here, upon a semicircular ledge of rocks, over a narrow chasm, of which the tiny stream played in a murmuring waterfall, and divided the congregation into two equal parts, sat about a hundred persons, all devoutly listening to their Minister, who stood before them on what might well be called a small natural Pulpit of living stone. Up to it there led a short flight of steps, and over it waved the canopy of a tall graceful birch tree. This pulpit stood on the middle of the channel, directly facing that congregation, and separated from them by the clear deep sparkling pool into which the scarce-heard water poured over the blackened rock. The water, as it left the pool, separated into two streams, and flowed on each side of that Altar, thus placing it in an island, whose large mossy stones were richly embowered under the golden blossoms and green tresses of the broom. Divine service was closed, and a row of maidens, all clothed in purest white, came gliding off from the congregation, and crossing the stream on some stepping stones, arranged themselves at the foot of the pulpit, with the infants about to be baptized. The fathers of the infants, just as if they had been in their own Kirk, had been sitting there during worship, and now stood up before the Minister. The baptismal water, taken from that pellucid pool, was lying consecrated in a small hollow of one of the upright stones that formed one side or pillar of the pulpit, and the holy rite proceeded. Some of the younger ones in that semicircle kept gazing down into the pool, in which the whole scene was reflected, and now and then, in spite of the grave looks, or admonishing whispers of their elders, letting a pebble fall into the water, that they might judge of its depth from the length of time that elapsed before the clear air-bells lay sparkling on the agitated surface. The rite was over, and the religious service of the day closed by a Psalm. The mighty rocks hemmed in the holy sound, and sent it in a more compacted volume, clear, sweet, and strong, up to Heaven. When the Psalm ceased, an echo, like a spirit's voice, was heard dying away high up among the magnificent architecture of the cliffs, and once more might be noticed in the silence the reviving voice of the waterfall.

"Just then a large stone fell from the top of the cliff into the pool, a loud voice was heard, and a plaid hung over on the point of a Shepherd's staff. Their watchful Sentinel had descried danger, and this was his warning. Forthwith the congregation rose. There were paths dangerous to unpractised feet, along the ledges of the rocks, leading up to several caves and places of concealment. The more active and young assisted the elder—more especially the old Pastor, and the women with the infants; and many minutes had not elapsed, till not a living creature was visible in the channel of the

tream, but all of them hidden, or nearly o, in the clefts and caverns.

"The Shepherd who had given the alarm had lain down again in his plaid instantly on the greensward upon the summit of these precipices. A party of soldiers were immediately upon him, and demanded what signals he had been making, and to whom; when one of them, looking over the edge of the cliff, exclaimed, 'See, see! Humphrey, we have caught the whole Tabernacle of the Lord in a net at last. There they are, praising God among the stones of the river Mouss. These are the Cartland Craigs. By my soul's salvation, a noble Cathedral!' 'Fling the lying Sentinel over the cliffs. Here is a canting Covenanter for you, deceiving honest soldiers on the very Sabbath-day. Over with him, over with him—out of the gallery into the pit.' But the Shepherd had vanished like a shadow; and mixing with the tall green broom and bushes, was making his unseen way towards a wood. 'Satan has saved his servant; but come, my lads—follow me—I know the way down into the bed of the stream—and the steps up to Wallace's cave. They are called the "Kittle Nine Stanes." The hunt's up.—We'll be all in at the death. Halloo—my boys—halloo!'

"The soldiers dashed down a less precipitous part of the wooded banks, a little below the 'craigs,' and hurried up the channel. But when they reached the altar where the old grey-haired minister had been seen standing, and the rocks that had been covered with people, all was silent and solitary—not a creature to be seen. 'Here is a Bible dropt by some of them,' cried a soldier, and, with his foot, spun it away into the pool. 'A bonnet—a bonnet,'—cried another—'now for the pretty sanctified face that rolled its demure eyes below it.' But, after a few jests and oaths, the soldiers stood still, eyeing with a kind of mysterious dread the black and silent walls of the rock that hemmed them in, and hearing only the small voice of the stream that sent a profound stillness through the heart of that majestic solitude. 'Curse these cowardly Covenanters—what, if they tumble down upon our heads pieces of rock from their hiding-places? Advance? Or retreat?' There was no reply. For a slight fear was upon every man; musket or bayonet could be of little use to men obliged to clamber up rocks, along slender paths, leading, they knew not where; and they were aware that armed men, now-a-days, worshipped God,—men of iron hearts, who feared not the glitter of the soldier's arms—neither barrel nor bayonet—men of long stride, firm step, and broad breast, who, on the open field, would have overthrown the marshalled line, and gone first and foremost if a city had to be taken by storm.

"As the soldiers were standing together irresolute, a noise came upon their ears like distant thunder, but even more appalling; and a slight current of air, as if propelled by it, past whispering along the sweet-briars, and the broom, and the tresses of the birch-trees. It came deepening, and rolling, and roaring on, and the very Cartland Craigs shook to their foundation as if in an earthquake. 'The Lord have mercy upon us—what is this?' And down fell many of the miserable wretches on their knees, and some on their faces, upon the sharp-pointed rocks. Now, it was like the sound of many myriad chariots rolling on their iron axles down the stony channel of the torrent. The old grey-haired minister issued from the mouth of Wallace's Cave, and said, with a loud voice, 'The Lord God terrible reigneth.' A water-spout had burst up among the moorlands, and the river, in its power, was at hand. There it came—tumbling along into that long reach of cliffs, and in a moment filled it with one mass of waves. Huge agitated clouds of foam rode on the surface of a blood-red torrent. An army must have been swept off by that flood. The soldiers perished in a moment—but high up in the cliffs, above the sweep of destruction, were the Covenanters—men, women, and children, uttering prayers to God, unheard by themselves, in that raging thunder."

Here we close our extracts. The volume from which they have been made stands in no need of our praise, and therefore we shall leave these few passages to speak for themselves. The author appears throughout in the most amiable character. Every page overflows with images of the most pure and beautiful tenderness. Occasionally he displays a deep knowledge of the sterner and more troubled passions. His faults are the faults of exuberance—never of poverty; and we have a confident hope that ere long, by exerting all his great powers *together*, and concentrating their energies on some work of a more extensive character, he will take boldly the high place that is his due. The intelligent reader of these little tales will be delighted, but certainly will not be surprised, in receiving a MASTERPIECE from his hands.

NEW OXFORD CONTROVERSY.*

After reading these two pamphlets, we wish to say a very few words about a controversy which has been going on apparently for some time, and with much bitterness, but of which until now we had seen nothing at all: and what we say shall be altogether in the spirit of peace-making; for, in truth, we are of opinion, that the belligerents are clever young men, and that they are both of them chiefly to blame, for having meddled with matters they had nothing to do with.

And, in the first place, could any thing be more absurd, than to begin a mighty fuss about a few paragraphs in the Edinburgh Review, stuffed full of spleen against Oxford in general, but more particularly against Oriel College? The paragraphs were (although Professor Sandford says they made him laugh very heartily when he read them) intolerably dull—full of a sort of faint feeble fluttering aspiration after merriment, but really and helplessly dull in every possible sense of the term. But even if they had not been dull, who would have minded them? Dr Copplestone and the Edinburgh Reviewers had a paper war ten years ago, and the Reviewers were licked. What wonder, then, if the Edinburgh reviewers are fond of having a cut at Oriel College, and the Doctor's book on Predestination, when opportunity serves? But this was not all. The article in question contained palpable proof of its being the production of some person, whose personal feelings had, some how or other, been extremely exacerbated, in regard to Oriel College. Was not this enough to clap an extinguisher upon the torch he had flung—even had it been a more blazing affair than it really was?

Secondly, What could be more absurd than the Champion of Oxford, (since Oxford was to have one,) making Professor Sandford the umpire between Oxford and the Edinburgh Review? Professor Sandford is well known to have got what is called "a first class degree" at Oxford, and, we believe, one of the prizes for essay writing. He is also well known to have stood for a fellowship at Oriel, and not to have been successful as to that object of his ambition. He is also known to have been lately elected Greek Professor at Glasgow; and he is reported to be discharging his duties there in a manner equally honourable to his talents and industry. But what are all these things? to what do they amount? If they convinced the "Close College" man's mind that this was the fittest judge to hold the balance, in regard to such a controversy as the present, we can only say they would have tended to convince us of exactly the reverse.

Thirdly, What could be more absurd than first to choose a man your umpire, and then abuse him to his face? "Close College" does little but sneer at Mr Sandford; at the least, this was unwise. If you really thought he had himself written the article in the Review, this is not the style in which you should have dealt with him: but you knew very well he did not write it.

Fourthly, Could any thing be more absurd than for Mr Sandford, a young man who left Oxford only last year, and cannot possibly have enjoyed any very extensive opportunities of studying the relative merits and defects of the different University-systems now existing in Europe, to turn round in this ungracious manner on his old Alma Mater, whose Champion had paid him so high a compliment? What does Mr Sandford know about such people as Dr Copplestone and Mr Davison, that he should talk about them so briskly? Has he ever read five pages of Copplestone on Predestination? If he had done so, he must have perceived that the head of Oriel

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* I. A Letter to Daniel K. Sandford, Esq. Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, in answer to the strictures of the Edinburgh Review, on the open Colleges of Oxford. By a Member of a close College. Parker, Oxford, &c. 1822.

II. A Letter to the Rev. Peter Elmsley, A. M. in answer to the Appeal made to Professor Sandford, as umpire between the University of Oxford and the Edinburgh Review. By D. K. Sandford, Esq. Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. Munday and Slatter, Oxford. 1822.

s no mark for clever lads of two-and-twenty to fling their gibes at, in sixpenny pamphlets. A very few months ago, was not a fellowship in the Doctor's College his own prime ambition? Reconcile this inconsistency if you can. Besides, was Mr Sandford so weak as not to see, that whatever he said, in his pamphlet or elsewhere, against Oriel, and against Dr Copplestone, could not carry much weight with it, after what had happened? Copplestone and the College may have done a very unwise thing for themselves, in not electing him. As it turns out, however, they have really by their rejection done him a piece of excellent service:—At all events, he should have been wise enough to hold his tongue.

Fifthly, Can any thing be more utterly ludicrous than the airs both of these pamphleteers give themselves? One would really think some great matter were at issue, and none but they could settle it. Their productions are equally full of the marks of juvenile exultation—there is on both sides a wonderful deal of pretence—pretence of lofty solemn serenity on the part of "Close College,"—and pretence of easy indifferent *scavoir faire* and *nonchalance* on the part of the Glasgow Professor. The gravity of the one is enough to make one laugh—the vivacity of the other is at least as amusing,—and for the gross terms in which they speak of each other—for epithets we would hate to repeat, occur continually on both sides—'tis enough to make a horse chuckle to hear such words from members either of "close colleges," or of "open" ones. Such Billingsgate slang would not be suffered by Jackson among the lads of the fancy. 'Tis worse than Tom and Jerry.

Young Gentlemen, it would be just as well as if you would attend to the duties of your respective stations—and, believe me, the University of Oxford and the world at large, will just go on as well as if you kept printing pamphlets every week, for a year to come. When you, Mr Champion, have ever exhibited one-fiftieth part of the talent that Mr Brougham's worst speech in Parliament, or Mr Brougham's worst article in the Edinburgh Review contained, you may then, if you please, open your mouth, and perhaps you may get somebody to listen to you about Mr Brougham's accomplishments. You are pleased to tell us that Mr Brougham knows no Greek. You yourself are no great shakes at English; and I am much mistaken if three months' labour would not at any time enable Mr Brougham to catechise you as to your Greek, in a style rather more severe than your Oxford examining-masters are up to. And on the other hand, Mr Sandford, be so good as to wait a little. Exert yourself vigorously for twenty years, and if at the end of that time you be either a Davison, or a Copplestone, or a Millman, we shall all lend you our ears; but we have too good an opinion of your nature, to expect that you will then crave hearing upon any such topics as you have recently been discussing in a manner so utterly unworthy of yourself.

To conclude, We beg to assure these doughty epistolizers, that all OXFORD does not lie within the sound of the great Tom of Christ Church. In every town of England, in a thousand of her hamlets, in a thousand of her halls, there are at this moment accomplished men, clergymen and laymen, squires, and knights, and lords, who understand the merits of the university at which they were bred—and who, our young friends may depend upon it, will not, if ever HER interests be really in danger, leave HER "*tali auxilio et defensoribus istis.*" These men are in no danger of saying like Professor Sandford, that they might as well have spent "three years at Jerusalem" as at Oxford.—Good Heavens! what would Samuel Johnson, at the age of sixty, and at the head of the English literature of his day, have said if he had heard any body use such language?—Their hearts cling to the soil where their heads were enlightened, and casting back eyes of respectful love, they, as life and the affairs of life move on,

"Still drag at each remove a length'ning chain."

When one thinks what a great proportion of all that is eminent at this moment in England—in legislation and in letters—stands connected by the indissoluble ties of *true knowledge* and *true affection* with this great seat of learning, one may certainly be pardoned for regarding, with some little indignation, the silly and inept crowing and hooting of these new-fledged combatants. The old Oxford contro-

versy (as it is called) was silly enough—but there we had at least a Copplestone on the one side and a Playfair on the other. But *now!* why "First-Class Examinations," and "Prize Essays," and "*Fellowship Examinations*," are all very good things in their way; but of all this more than enough—

"You squirrels that want nuts, what will you do?
Pray do not crack the benches and we may
Hereafter fit your palates with a play."

SHIRLEY.

J. C. B.

Durham, June 3, 1822.

[We cannot refuse admission to anything J. C. B. sends us; but we really are quite ignorant as to all this matter, and should be glad to hear what "the Belligerents" have to say for themselves.—C. N.]

DOUSTERSWIVEL'S INQUIRY INTO THE THEORY OF IMPOSTURE.*

IN taking up a work of so much acuteness and originality, we feel that we are going to present to our readers a morsel, of which the flavour will not soon leave their palates, and which, although it has something of the poignancy of garlic, has also a more permanent claim to interest, in possessing the sterling value of truth. We are well enough aware of what has been said of the harshness of style in this publication—but really, after all that has been complained of, we do not see reason why any person should view the matter with exasperated feelings. Here are general propositions, and the investigation of certain forms in nature. We find (in the latter chapters of the book) what no one can deny may give offence to the feelings of individuals—but still we repeat, that if any general proposition appears to be exemplified in what is passing around us, none but an enemy of truth can object to pointed illustrations, and to the bringing home of metaphysical ideas to particular instances. The interest which general truth excites in the world is, for the most part, so slight, that he may almost claim praise for a benevolent action, who, in following the more abstruse walks of scientific inquiry, refreshes his readers with an appeal to facts, and to things in which they are immediately interested. This stimulus is required for re-awakening flagging attention. We laugh, and the world is improved. Thus the cloud of lethargy, which hangs over remote and obscure generalities, is dispelled. Individual excitement is produced,—and, we repeat again,—we laugh, and the world is improved. But to the first chapters of the book none of these observations can apply; nor can it be said, that in any single sentence of them is any strong illustration, except such as are taken from general nature, and from instances with which every person is acquainted. When the Tartuffe of Moliere was first represented, we believe there were hundreds of ecclesiastics in Paris who believed that Moliere had been overlooking their conduct, as individuals, and meant to satirize them in particular. Nay, they probably imagined that they recognised some of their own expressions interwoven with his verses. Such is the conviction produced by truth, when exhibited by a man of genius. With regard to the theoretical idea which forms the ground-work of this essay, we think it well expressed in the first chapter; and we cannot but admire Mr Dousterswivel for the closeness and firmness of apprehension with which he retains an abstract idea, which he has once understood, and goes on pursuing it through different instances. We shall translate his first exposition of the subject, from the first chapter, which is *On the Original Idea of Imposture.*

"The observation of particular instances is seldom enough to explain the theory of any thing in the world so perfectly as to free the mind from perplexity about it. Abstract conceptions are necessary for this purpose. In attempting to throw a clear light on the theory of Imposture, I shall begin by inquiring for the original idea of it, which may be traced, through various examples, into the form of one

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* Theorie der Betrug von Jacob Dousterswivel, M. D. Leipsig und Frankfurt, a. m. bei Wm. Nichtsagen. u. comp. (May 1822.)

thing surrounding or covering another, so that the interior object is shut in, and concealed. Almost all the words used for expressing imposture have some reference to this idea. *Imponere*, to place upon, refers to the same notion which is expressed by the phrase *over-reach;* and for the same meaning, there are also the phrases, *to take in*, and *to get round about;* and, in the Latin, *circumvenire*. There is also the popular phrase *to come over*, or to get the advantage of any one, as if, in cheating, a net were thrown over the head of the person deceived. Perhaps other examples might be found and produced to support what I have advanced; but it is evident that, in all these phrases, there is a reference to the same notion. The original idea of imposture, therefore, is, that the interior object is not the same with the exterior, but is covered and concealed by it, and from hence comes deception to the spectator. This is the origin of hypocrisy, which wears a mask, separate from that which is within. The outer parts of an onion, concealing the inner part, present a good image of hypocrisy. And the onion, when cut across, to shew what is within, exemplifies the detection of imposture. Such are the forms of imposture, when external appearances are used as the means of deceiving the spectator. But, in another point of view, the person who is imposed on is like the interior object which is over-reached and taken in; while the impostor is like the serpent called the Constrictor, which gets round about the animal it wants to kill. The statue of Laocoon may represent a virtuous man struggling with the impositions of the world. The act of over-reaching resembles the act of wearing a mask, in so far as it is the placing of one thing upon another. And this resemblance is exemplified in nature; for the ivy, and other climbing plants, which kill more generous trees, are also seen spreading over the walls of old buildings, to cover them with a mask of vegetation, which is unlike the dead stones behind. The Pharisees were compared to whited sepulchres, covering old rotten bones. It is remarkable, that in all cases, the idea of over-reaching and shutting in, corresponds with that of death. Life is the continuity of parts, forming an undivided whole. But this cannot be, if the exterior parts are separate from the interior. If I wished to give the image of a person who had become the victim of imposition, I would represent him completely overgrown with ivy, and vainly struggling for breath through the clustering leaves, while the long pliant creepers were binding his arms and fixing his position, so as to prevent him from making any sign to shew that there was a living creature hidden within. Through these examples we may return to the figure of the onion, which is the best image of imposture completed; for it is externally neat and tight on all sides, and expresses as little of its interior nature as the Pharisees or Round-heads said of their private intentions. The whirlpool of the ocean says as little of the ship which it has swallowed. The hog may perhaps be a representation of the voracious and engulfing powers of imposture; for its exterior coat of fat covers and encloses its flesh, so that it appears a large animal; but when cut across, it presents a form like that of the onion. But, as I said before, the idea of imposture corresponds with that of death; for, an animal or vegetable, covered and shut in, must die, and the apathy and stupor of animals is generally in proportion to the thickness of their exterior coats. The *pileus*, or hat of Mercury, who took charge of the dead, must have had a particular relation to the idea of covering, as expressing the power of imposture and stupefaction. The most appropriate symbol of death is the skull, which is the only osseous part that over-reaches and encloses. And it will generally be acknowledged that imposture has a wonderful power of mortifying those who are taken in. In making these observations it will easily be perceived, that I intend not any reflections against Messrs Gall and Spurzheim; for, in examining into the properties of the skull, they must have been acting against imposture. The conceptions which I have here brought together are for the purpose of making the abstract form of imposture clearly intelligible, as in the figure of the onion. Imposture is better detected by a sort of intuition than by elaborate thought. But, in the transactions of this earthly stage, we must examine, with too unrelenting an eye, the ordinary mundane impositions, which are not malignant, nor follow-

ed by a train of poisonous consequences. The maxim, 'to live and let live,' must never be forgotten even by the profoundest inquirer into the theory of imposture; for it would be impossible for the transactions of the world to go on for one half hour without a very great difference between appearances and realities."

Such is Dousterswivel's first exposition of the principles and theory of imposture, which appears most unquestionably sound and true, and given with a laborious simplicity and faithfulness of expression. But we must proceed to give an extract from chapter second, *on the Relation of Jesting to Imposture.* We were delighted in perusing the following passage. We remembered how much we have victoriously effected in the manner here described; as many a one now vainly attempting to patch up again the pieces of his broken mask can testify. If Dousterswivel had written nothing else but the following passage, it would, of itself, been sufficient to mark him out as the first metaphysician of the age:—

"Ridicule has most frequently been used in detecting imposture; and the abstract definition of a jest is nearly the same as imposture perceived and understood. Most instances of the ridiculous are the discovery of dissimilar things contained under one form, like the shark, and the mariner's compass, which it had swallowed. The same is the case with the outer and inner parts of the onion, which are distinct, and of different sizes, though under one form. A pun, or equivocal phrase, contains two dissimilar meanings, and the word by which they are expressed implies both. But jesting is not an imposition on the hearer; for, unless the differences of meaning are perceived, it is not understood by him as a jest—and, therefore, jesting is the same thing as imposture perceived and understood; or, in other words, it is the knowledge of different things contained under one outward form. And the onion (which is said to be applied to the eyes for producing hypocritical tears) becomes, when cut across, the symbol of jesting, and of imposture detected.

"Thus jesting must be the same as discrimination or judgment as to difference of form, which is best tried by conceiving one form imposed on another, as a circle on a parallelogram. The intellectual character of jesting is the contrary of the recognition of sameness, or following likeness or species through different objects. The contemplation of species passing unchanged from one object to another, tranquillizes the mind, and soothe its anxiety, by the assurance of a permanent sameness, which is abstract truth shewn in multiplicity made one, as in the many fragrant leaves of the royal rose. The feeling produced by jesting is hurried and restless, and requires a frequent change of objects. On the contrary, monotonously going over the same thing, like the turning of a wheel, is sometimes a means of imposing, by making different things pass for one. The perpetual renewal of the same thing causes a drowsiness, which is easily over-reached, and probably from thence come the phrases of 'humming' and 'diddling' a person out of his money. Even the many eyes of Argus were, at last, oppressed and lulled asleep by Mercury's wand, which had the power of inducing torpor and stupefaction, and was well fitted to wave over the dead. But the intellectual character of jesting is the perpetual detection of difference; and, therefore, persons who have a taste for the ludicrous are the best for dealing with impostors."

In chapter third, a curious analysis is given of the relation of imposture to violence, which is compared to the ancient combat of gladiators, in which one fought with a net and trident, and the other with a sword and shield. Dousterswivel justly remarks, that imposture and violence are the two worst things in the world, and that their struggles are like those of the Anaconda serpent and the tiger. But we turn from a subject so disgusting, and think it unnecessary to quote the passage, as it would give little pleasure to our readers to contemplate the relations of cheating and brutal force.

The subject of chapter fourth is *On the Relation of Imposture to Self-contentment,* which he compares to a veil drawn around ignorance, and preventing the mind from feeling any deficiency. But in chapter fifth he proceeds to treat of *the Relation of Imposture to Literature,* and there are the following sensible remarks which we quote with pleasure, on account of that

art which relates to the most proper form for an extended literature.

"In literature, the charge of imposture must evidently come, in the first place, against those works which have not an existence *per se*, like standard trees, but are imposed upon something else, like the ivy. This definition applies to the reviews and literary journals, with which literature has been overrun. These are necessary for giving the public some account of new publications, which, on account of their number and diversity, could never be heard of by one-sixth part of those who read. In performing the office of reporters, however, the journalists are sometimes like the ivy, which derives its support from the substantive trunk, and then mounting aloft, flourishes in insolent displays over its head. Such is the image of journalists, who, after reading a book, and sucking its contents, affect, in their criticism, to know more than the author who wrote it, and completely to over-reach him. There is much temptation for literary reporters to do this; and therefore, although they are useful to the public, they must often despoil and cheat other persons of their just claim to praise. The newspapers and political journals are another sort of clinging plants, which impose their short-lived ramifications upon passing events, or make use of public characters for hanging their festoons upon, and stealing their interest from. Among reviews and journals, one great corrective of deception is their number, and the contrariety and dissonance of their reports, which impair the credit of any particular misrepresentation, and enable truth to escape amidst the collisions of opposite falsehoods. The great check to human presumption has always been the confusion of tongues, which prevented the building of Babel, and has often since been the means of scattering the powers of imposition. But in speaking of reviews and journals, and of the necessity which there is for such vehicles of information, it may be suggested to authors in general, that the proper form for a very extended literature is that of periodical publications, which, besides criticism, are also the means of publishing original works. When so many works are composed, the printing of a book separately becomes rather a clumsy way of ascertaining whether it be worth reading. Therefore, although novels or histories must always be printed separately, the shorter productions of literature should be given first in periodical works; and if a composition is such as to be afterwards required in the form of a separate publication, it can be printed and sold by itself. This is the natural tendency of the stream of literature, and probably is the course which it will at last adopt. The number of periodical works increases so fast, that criticism and reporting can scarcely be enough to fill them; and there can be no doubt that many persons who in former times would have written separate books, are now contented with giving the results of their studies, or the creations of their fancies, in periodical works. And for this reason, I think that the proper form of a very extended literature is that of journals, which are also the means of giving immediate publicity to original works."

From these observations on literature, we pass to a very different part of the book, that is to say, Chapter Sixth, which is on the *Removal of Dress*. However much we may admire the acuteness of this writer, we cannot but consider the subject of this chapter, notwithstanding the metaphysical gravity with which the investigation is conducted, as something bordering on indelicacy. During the time we were reading the chapter, we trembled for each sentence that was to follow. The slightest breath seemed enough to blow aside the last veil which was permitted to remain. We trembled in the perusal, but we know not whether the author trembled in writing.—Philosophers are the most inconsiderate of men.

But we must now mention the last chapter, which contains all that is most exceptionable, and abounds with personalities which cannot be defended. And indeed, were it necessary to say a word on the subject, we should scarcely know in what manner to express the sensations with which such an exposure must be viewed. Chapter Seventh is *On the Manners and Language of Sc—ndr—ls in general.* We know not what to think of the pen which, in treating of such a subject, can gravely seek for particular instances. We can only say, that no regret would have been occasioned to us, if this chapter had been left out.

AMERICAN POETRY.*

As we were the first amongst English critical publications, to step forward and render justice to the merits of Brown and Irving, our Trans-Atlantic readers, irritable as they may be, and as they certainly are, will, we hope, take in good part any of our observations that may seem ungracious. —Notwithstanding the exclamations against English illiberality and prejudice, the tide of our criticism has set outrageously in favour of American genius. To a certain extent, no conduct on our part could have been more amiable or more wise; but beyond that we rather dread its effects, and must *in limine* protest against our elevating a kind of hot-house over American productions, to draw to the light prematurely, every sick and weakly germe, that had better remain to rot and be forgotten. Geoffrey Crayon is an American born, and has written with a taste and elegance, 'tis true, not often rivalled even in England; but, that for a great deal of this perfection he is indebted to a long residence in this country, few will deny. His life of Campbell is written in very bad taste; and the History of New York, in spite of some humorous traits, is often both very indecorous and very dull.

Had English critics a meditated design of deteriorating American literature, and of emasculating it of all originality, they could not have pursued a better course than the one they have done, of lauding fiercely the "Sketch Book," and recommending it as a model to the author's countrymen. It is for them very unlucky to be possessed of all our appendages to advanced literary taste: all styles of poetry and prose brought to perfection—fastidiousness—reviews—and blue-stocking coteries. Their poets are followers of Byron or of Pope; their essayists, of Addison and Goldsmith: what will be the consequence, when in a few years they tire of the eternal sameness of these models in both species of writing, and betake themselves, in search of variety, to fabricate the blank verse of the Lakes, and the hair-strung paragraphs of Hazlitt? The beauties of Irving become rank defects, when we consider him as one of the aboriginal writers of a country. We love independence in others, as well as in ourselves; a generous rivalry, nay, even a generous enmity, are things that we love, knowing, that between people so opposed, there is a mutual respect and admiration; while, between the imitated and the imitator, the master and the follower, though there be a seeming bond of union, yet rancour is sure to lurk at the bottom. We hate the French, for no better reason than that of Goldsmith's old soldier, "because they are all slaves and wear wooden shoes," and this we tell them plainly. And if a Frenchman is ever loveable, it is when he says with Rousseau, "I hate you." Geographical enmity exists between us, and that is one of the most glorious prejudices of man. "Prejudice and justice," says Johnson,† classing them together, "are virtues and excellencies of all times and of all places."

Now, in spite of all the recent *palaver* of the English press, (and philanthropy in print is ever to be suspected,) John Bull looks upon the Yankees, and is looked upon by them, with an ambiguous sort of feeling, that can by no means be called *love*. "*Turnstioned Tories*" as we are, we look with all the vanity of self-importance down upon our quondam sons; and it is as well to tell them this flatly with English frankness, as to dissemble for a time, and then let it burst forth,—a black flood of long-retained spleen.—Let us thoroughly understand each other. And Jonathan, who has English blood in his veins, and English sense in his noddle, will stretch out more readily his honest fist to us, who tell him plainly the mingled way in which we regard him, than to the complacent, milk-and-water, how-d'ye-do sort of a fellow, that humbly canvasses a bow from him, and solicits the honour of his friendship and acquaintance.

Lord Byron has declared Ali Pasha to be the civillest gentleman of his acquaintance: we can believe this, for, from his writings, his Lordship does not appear to have been in the habit

* Specimens of the American Poets. Allman. London, 1822.
† Life of Milton.

f keeping very polite company. But when Mr Campbell asserts the superior coolness and self-possession of his American friends, we think we behold one of them exclaiming, in the language of the caricature, "Oh, Mr Flanagan, you flatter me." The Yankees appear to us a testy and quarrelsome race, and we like them the better for it; they shew young blood, and swagger becoming a nation in its teens. Nevertheless we wish, for their own sakes, that they would somewhat amend of these propensities; inasmuch as they savour more of national vanity than of national pride, and betray (we allude chiefly to the quarrels at Gibraltar,) more a want of confidence in their own dignity, than any genuine and sound-nerved sensitiveness of insult. As to their national manners, we do not believe half of what we hear; nor can we credit the account of their ladies hanging their legs out of the window in hot weather, any more than Mr Nodier's slanders concerning the Glasgow belles. But this we will assert, that in Philadelphia and other towns frequented by the French exiles, society has rapidly degenerated, both in morals and in manners, from its pure English origin; and that by taking, or attempting to take, the *ton* from these upstart *mousquetaires*, American high-life unfortunately unites the vulgarity of English simplicity with the ten-fold vulgarity of French refinement.

And now, our Trans-Atlantic friends may lay down this Number, and cease, if they will, to be "readers of Blackwood." Theirs is the loss. We butter no man. And although in nine cases out of ten, we ourselves originate the opinions and talk of the day throughout Britain, as in the present case; yet we are ever found running counter to their extravagance.

The volume before us, containing Specimens of American Poets, we had a great mind to abuse, having dipped at first into its poetical samples; but after reading its modest and well-written preface, we found the thing impossible. It terms the body of the work "a Selection from the Works of the most *respectable* Poets of the country," and to them, as respectable, we cannot certainly object. One of its commencing passages, though not relating much to the subject proposed, is worthy of being extracted:

"It might have been expected, that on the establishment of a separate dominion, the Americans would have endeavoured to free themselves from the intricate meshes of our English law, and to have substituted a system of intelligible and simple jurisprudence.* The evil consequences of their mistake in neglecting this opportunity, are, however, at length apparent; for, bulky and voluminous as are the records of our own law, the legal authorities of America far exceed them. Up to the period of the Revolution, the decisions of the English Courts are considered as binding authorities, and from that time they are allowed to be quoted as illustrations, though not as authorities. Our legal text-writers also are re-published with regularity, on the other side of the Atlantic," &c.

From every book something may be learned; looking for poetical criticism we find legal information,—and, perhaps, if we ransacked the noddles of some of our young Templars, 'tis likely we should be favoured *vice versa*.

The first specimen which is presented to us, is "The Airs of Palestine," by John Pierpoint, Esq. The poet is a follower of Campbell's, as the opening passage shews:

"As the dun cloud that slowly rising, holds
The summer tempest in its gloomy folds,
Though o'er the ridges of its thundering breast,
The King of terrors rides, and shakes his lightning crest,
Fearless we gaze, when those dark folds we find
Fringed with the golden light that glows behind."

This poem, as well as the one which follows it, "The Back Woodsman," by J. K. Paulding, are very respectable (to use the words of the preface) and tasteful effusion, of the Pope school. "The Back Woodsman" is not the best, although its author, we are informed, "has attained considerable literary celebrity

* The American Criminal Code forms an exception to these observations.

in America." He was one of the joint authors of the "*Salmagundi*," a periodical work, in which Washington Irving was also engaged. The relative merits of Homer and Mr. Paulding are thus elegantly and judiciously determined, in a couplet of some Columbian bard:

> "Homer was well enough; but would he ever
> Have written, think ye, the Back Woodsman? Never."

"Fanny," by an anonymous author, is a beautiful little poem, in the style of Beppo and Don Juan. Of its serious mood the following is no unhappy specimen:—

> "In such an hour he turns, and, on his view,
> Ocean, and earth, and heaven, burst before him—
> Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear blue
> Of summer's sky, in beauty bending o'er him—
> The city bright below; and far away,
> Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic bay,
>
> Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,
> And banners floating in the sunny air,
> And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent;
> Green isle and circling shore are blended there
> In wild reality. When life is old,
> And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold
>
> Its memory of this; nor lives there one
> Whose infant breath was drawn, or boyhood's days
> Of happiness, were pass'd beneath that sun,
> That in his manhood's prime can calmly gaze
> Upon that bay, or on that mountain stand,
> Nor feel the prouder of his native land."

He gives, we dare say, a faithful picture of the literary cit of his country.

> "He'd read the newspapers with great attention,
> Advertisements and all; and Riley's book
> Of travels—valued for its rich invention;
> And Day and Turner's Price Current; and took
> The Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews,
> And also Blackwood's Mag.;—and, to amuse
>
> His leisure hours with classic tale and story,
> Longworth's Directory, and Mead's Wall-street;
> And Mr Delaplaine's Repository;
> And Mitchell's Scientific Works complete,
> With other standard books of modern days,
> Lay on his table cover'd with green baize.
>
> His travels had extended to Bath races;
> And Bloomingdale and Bergen he had seen,
> And Harlaem Heights; and many other places
> By sea and land had visited; and been
> In a steam-boat of the Vice President's
> To Staten Island once—for fifty cents."

"Yamoyden" is very fair poetry for a young man of twenty; but being a tale, we can scarce judge of it from an extract.

William Cullen Bryant, the last name in the collection that we shall make mention of, is no mean poet. And if he be a young man, we should not be surprised at his assuming one day or other a high rank among English poets. The first specimen given of his muse is in the style of Childe Harold.

> "Oh Greece! thy flourishing cities were a spoil
> Unto each other; thy hard hand oppress'd
> And crush'd the helpless; thou didst make thy soil
> Drunk with the blood of those that loved thee best
> And thou didst drive from thy unnatural breast

Thy just and brave to die in distant climes;
Earth shudder'd at thy deeds, and sigh'd for rest
From thine abominations; after-times,
That yet shall read thy tale, will tremble at thy crimes.

"Yet there was that within thee which has saved
Thy glory, and redeem'd thy blotted name;
The story of thy better deeds, engraved
On fame's unmouldering pillar, puts to shame
Our chiller virtue; the high art, to tame
The whirlwind of the passions, was thine own;
And the pure ray, that from thy bosom came,
Far over many a land and age hath shone,
And mingles with the light that beams from God's own throne."

He is more at home in those walks of poetry, most distant from Byron, as the following verses, from an address "To a Water Fowl," evince:

"Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or maze of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power, whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Long-wandering, but not lost." &c.

But to do justice to a poet of such really superior powers, we shall give a long unbroken extract, and leave our readers to judge for themselves. It is from a poem called "Thanatopsis."

"Go forth beneath the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,
Comes a still voice.—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thine image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send its roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—Nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings—
The powerful of the earth—the wise—the good—
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills

Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun—the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green—and, pour'd round all,
Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun—
The planets—all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe, are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregan, and hears no sound
Save his own dashing—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep.—The dead reign there alone,
So shalt thou rest. And what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone—the solemn brood of care
Plod on; and each one, as before, will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth, in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years—matron and maid—
The bowed with age—the infant, in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,
Shall one by one be gather'd to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustain'd and sooth'd
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

BRACEBRIDGE HALL.*

THERE has sprung up in the present day a set of intolerable talkers, both in and out of print, whom, if a man have any regard to fame or fortune, he had best make enemies of at once. We know not a more degrading thing to a literary man, than to find patrons in such animals. Their slander is innocuous and unnoticed; but their praise is a horrible penalty, and the everlasting drivel of their commendation continues to drip, drip, drip, till every man of taste foregoes his old opinions of admiration in order to be at variance with such wretches.

We must confess, that owing to this cause, we had experienced some feelings of alienation from Geoffrey Cray-

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* Bracebridge Hall; or, the Humorists. By Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. 2 vols. 8vo. Murray, London, 1822.

n. We were weary of hearing "Aristides called the Just;" and though ourselves had originated the cry, we felt greatly inclined to turn upon the ell of blind gapers at our heels, and ut the idle band to the rout. But, las! what is fame? Before our irkomeness had swelled into any thing ike passion, lo! Rumour and all her rew had, of themselves, turned tail—had given over their cheers and huzzas,—and seemed longing and lying n wait for the former object of their applause, that they might cry him down like over-rated coin. The inferior magazines and journals, too, began to shew their spite, and the New Monthly kept haggling month after month at and about Washington Irving, in a manner quite sickening to behold.

Now, the fact is, that the critical works of respectability praised the Sketch Book with justice, but bestowed on it no very extraordinary commendation. It was the talkers, the *blues*, who took up the theme—elevated it to the skies, and who now seem hugely inclined to precipitate it from its height of fame. Indeed, the "bustling Botherbys," never patronize an author beyond his first or second attempt. With them, Scott's last novel is sure to be vastly inferior to his former ones, and Byron's muse inevitably loses inspiration as she grows old. They delight in none but a new name—to be puffed for a day, and then abandoned to oblivion—a Cockney dramatist—or a versifying peasant. And Washington Irving, they no doubt think to treat after the same fashion. This resuscitated in us our dormant feelings of admiration;—the tide of our esteem flowed, as that of the vulgar began to ebb, and we opened the volume before us with those old predilections for the author, which, we are happy to find, have not diminished in the perusal.

"Bracebridge Hall," certainly does not possess the spirit of the Sketch Book. And the worthy family to whom we are introduced, and whose habits and peculiarities form the chief subject of the work, are on the whole rather dull. The lovers are insipid enough,—the General as tiresome as his own Indian stories,—Mr Simon but a poor shadow of the famed Will Wimble of the Spectator, and the old Gentleman himself, given as the model of an English Squire of the present day, is as much like one as a courtier in the doublet and hose of Elizabeth's days, with Euphuism in his mouth, is like a modern lord in waiting. The great blemish of the work indeed is, that it is drawn not from life, but from musty volumes, and presents a picture of habits no where to be met with, except among those whom our author has formerly ridiculed as diurnal visitants of the British Museum. He has here fallen under his own ban, and so palpably, that the essay on "Book-Making," in the Sketch Book, looks like a prospective quiz upon Bracebridge Hall. The Squire is too much given to falconry and archery for a gentleman of the nineteenth century; he quotes Nashe's "Quaternis," and Tusser's "Hundred Points of Good Husbandrie;" directs the school discipline to be ordered after Peacham and Roger Ascham; and his sports after Markham's "Gentleman's Academie," instead of "Beckford on Hunting." While the young ladies, with a taste equally black-letter, sing "old songs of Herrick, or Carew, or Suckling," instead of Rossini, or Tom Moore.

But for all this, there are redeeming beauties even in the portion of the work we censure. The pictures of English life, though fraught with the defects above mentioned, are at times exceedingly humorous and just.—"Ready-money Jack" is not bad, although he, as well as the Schoolmaster, &c. are inferior to the "John Bull," the "Stage-coachman," and other characters of the Sketch Book. The Radical is perhaps the best thing of the kind in these volumes:

"As we approached the inn, we heard some one talk with great volubility, and distinguished the ominous words 'taxes,' 'poor's rates,' and 'agricultural distress.' It proved to be a thin loquacious fellow, who had pinned the landlord up in one corner of the porch, with his hands in his pockets as usual, listening with an air of the most vacant acquiescence.

"The sight seemed to have a curious effect upon Master Simon, as he squeezed my arm, and altering his course, sheered wide of the porch, as though we had not had any idea of entering. This evident evasion induced me to notice the orator more particularly. He was meagre, but active in his make, with a long pale bilious face; a black beard, so ill shaven as to bloody his shirt-collar, a feverish eye, and a hat sharpened up at the sides into a most

pragmatical shape. He had a newspaper in his hand, and seemed to be commenting on its contents, to the thorough conviction of mine host.

"At the sight of Master Simon, the landlord was evidently a little flurried, and began to rub his hands, edge away from his corner, and make several profound publican bows; while the orator took no other notice of my companion than to talk louder than before, and with, as I thought, something of an air of defiance. Master Simon, however, as I have before said, sheered off from the porch, and passed on, pressing my arm within his, and whispering as we got by, in a tone of awe and horror, 'That's a radical!—he reads Cobbett!'

"On subsequent inquiry my suspicions have been confirmed. I find the radical has but lately found his way to the village, where he threatens to commit fearful devastation with his doctrines. He has already made two or three complete converts, or new lights; has shaken the faith of several others; and has grievously puzzled the brains of many of the oldest villagers, who had never thought about politics, or scarce any thing else, during their whole lives.

"He is lean and meagre from the constant restlessness of mind and body; worrying about with pamphlets and newspapers in his pockets, which he is ready to pull out on all occasions. He has shocked several of the staunchest villagers, by talking lightly of the Squire and his family; and hinting that it would be better the park should be cut up into small farms and kitchen gardens, or feed good mutton instead of worthless deer.

"He is a great thorn in the side of the Squire, who is sadly afraid that he will introduce politics into the village, and turn it into an unhappy thinking community. He is a still greater grievance to Master Simon, who has hitherto been able to sway the political opinions of the place, without much cost of learning or logic; but has been very much puzzled of late to weed out the doubts and heresies already sown by this champion of reform. Indeed, the latter has taken complete command at the tap-room of the tavern; not so much because he has convinced, as because he has out-talked all the old-established oracles. The apothecary, with all his philosophy, was as naught before him. He has convinced and converted the landlord at least a dozen times; who, however, is liable to be convinced and converted the other way, by the next person with whom he talks. It is true the radical has a violent antagonist in the landlady, who is vehemently loyal, and thoroughly devoted to the King, Master Simon, and the Squire. She now and then comes out upon the reformer, with all the fierceness of a cat-o'-mountain; and does not spare her own soft-headed husband, for listening to what she terms such 'low-lived politics.' What makes the good woman the more violent, is the perfect coolness with which the radical listens to her attacks, drawing his face up into a provoking, supercilious smile, and when she has talked herself out of breath, quietly asking her for a taste of her home-brewed," &c.

Wary and timorous as the author evidently is in expressing a political opinion, it is evident that a just view of the dangers and tendencies of the times has not escaped him. Whenever he is betrayed into the discussion of a subject of importance, he writes with such warmth and good sense, that it is only to be regretted he is not oftener serious, and has not devoted his pen to a subject more worthy of him, than amiable and elegant trifling.

"Whatever may be said of the English mobs and English demagogues," writes he, "I have never met with a people more open to reason, more considerate in their tempers, more tractable by argument in the roughest times, than the English. They are remarkably quick at discerning and appreciating whatever is manly or honourable. They are by nature and habit methodical and orderly; and they feel the value of all that is regular and respectable. They may occasionally be deceived by sophistry, and excited into turbulence by public distress, and the misrepresentations of designing men; but open their eyes, and they will eventually rally round the land-marks of steady truth and deliberate good sense.—They are fond of established customs, they are fond of long-established names, and that love of order and quiet that characterises the nation, gives a vast influence to the descendants of the old families, whose forefathers have been lords of the soil from time immemorial.

"It is when the rich and well-educated and highly privileged classes neglect their duties, when they neglect to study the interests, and conciliate the affections, and instruct the opinions, and champion the rights of the people, that the latter become discontented and turbulent, and fall into the hands of demagogues: the demagogue always steps in where the patriot is wanting. There is a common high-handed cant among the high-feeding, and, as they fancy themselves, high-minded men, about putting down the mob; but all true physicians know, that it is better to sweeten the blood than attack the tumour, to apply the emollient rather than the cautery. It is absurd, in a country like England, where there is so much freedom, and such a jealousy of right, for any man to assume an aristocratical tone, and to talk superciliously of the common people. There is no

rank that makes him independent of the opinions and affections of his fellow-men, there is no rank or distinction that severs him from his fellow-subjects; and if, by any gradual neglect or assumption on one side, and discontent or jealousy on the other, the orders of society should really separate, let those who stand on the eminence beware that the chasm is not mining at their feet. The orders of society in all well constituted governments are mutually bound together, and important to each other: there can be no such thing in a free government as a vacuum; and whenever one is likely to take place, by the drawing off of the rich and intelligent from the poor, the bad passions of society will rush in to fill the space, and rend the whole asunder."

On the work are ingrafted three tales; the first of which, "the Student of Salamanca," is but middling. The last, "Dolph Heyliger," by Diedrich Knickerbocker, is very good, in the style of "Rip Van Winkle," full of those pictures of North American life and scenery, to us so interesting and so new. The other tale, called "Annette Delarbre," is indeed exquisitely beautiful, and displays stronger powers over the pathetic than are evinced even by the Sketch Book. But our limits, we fear, will not allow us to do justice to its merits in the way of extract; and, indeed, such is the popularity of the author, that, like analyses of the Waverley Novels, quotations would be but tautology to a great portion of our readers.

Ere we part with the author, we would change a word with him as to the exertions he is making to produce amicable feelings between his native land and its parent country. Mr Irving is evidently an amiable and a well-meaning man; and we like him the better for the good-natured vanity which he betrays, in asserting that his philanthropic labours have been crowned with success. That England has of late evinced friendly sentiments towards America, there can be no doubt; but as those sentiments were chiefly marked by the reception of the Sketch Book, it is evident that they preceded that certainly talented work, and that the success of Mr Irving's book was more owing to our liberal feelings, than our liberal feelings to Mr Irving's book. "The *primum mobile* of the day," as Byron says, "is cant;" and the existing species most prevalent and most disgusting, is the cant of liberality. There is not a puny whipster that has paid his half-guinea to cross the Channel, that does not launch forth, on his return, in praise of French valour and French generosity; and if he ever had a sample of either, it must have been that a *gens-d'-armes* stuck a bayonet in his end. There is not a poetaster among us, that will not prate of the "pleasant land of Italy." And some of them, who go about weeping over graves, and pretend, forsooth, that they worship *freedom*, will indite their elegies to the shades of Ariosto, of Tasso, of Petrarch—to the foreign bards, the slaves and minions of some worthless, poor, petty tyrant, while they feel not in their breasts one chord of sympathy with Milton, or with one of those genuine English spirits, which, were these *soi-disant* philosophers true even to the political creed they profess, should be the gods of their idolatry. And now there's not an essayist, or an editor, that will not fawn upon America—that will not compare her pretty infantine authors to the eloquent thinkers of our own country—and that will not condemn some drudge of a contributor to tack together a memoir of Patrick Henry.

But there is a false, hollow feeling about the age—a Quixotism, after the spirit of chivalry has departed—a vain seeking and aping of noble sentiment, of which the degenerate creatures can assume but the mask and the garb. In ages past, which we, forsooth, call dark, and barbarous, and illiberal, men knew how to join respect for other countries with unshaken love and declared preference for their own. They understood, and could entertain a generous enmity, a noble hate—prejudice was with them hallowed into a virtue—and patriotism was a religion which they had not yet learned to disbelieve or compromise. Let such feelings be placed on the page of history, by the side of our affected philanthropy and adulation of foreigners—our fitful and alternate gleams of friendship and spite, and let us judge to whom hereafter the meed of honour shall be given. But 'tis wrong to say *our*, or to attribute to the British nation the cant of a prating few. The population of our island is overgrown, and almost outnumbered by a crowd of offsets and burrs—Cockneys, and critics, and travellers, and radicals, that, possessing no national interest, are incapable of a national feeling. These are the *theo-*

philanthropists, the lovers of the human race, whose voice is to be heard from every synod of ragamuffians,—and who seem to declare the sentiments of England to him who cannot enter into the silent and thoughtful spirit of the English people. Charity, and humanity, and politeness, are the gaberdines they all creep under—no one pretends to energy—no one to independence; and, should John Bull venture to speak with his original and once-admired bluntness, he is anathematized on all sides, as a pest of society, as an illiberal boor, as one that should be visited with condign punishment. And let liberality and politeness once put their hands to the torture,—bigotry never strained to their pitch.

We have no wish to sow the seeds of hate, but we dislike to see a canting and nonsensical abuse of old feelings. There is a difference, though unperceivable by some faint-hearted gentlemen, between enmity and envy, between generous rivalry and narrow hate. Let those who destroy the nobler evil, beware, lest they but afford the baser room to spring up. Let us remember that no nation has ever been great, that, in comparison with itself, did not hold the rest of the world in contempt. And we know that those countries of Europe, which are now desert and enslaved, owe their misfortunes chiefly and especially to the want of that national pride and national prejudice, which some among us would cry down. And if it be alleged that they would not go so deep—that it is merely civility and courteousness they recommend, we tell these Chesterfields on a large scale, these arrangers of etiquette between nations, that, with a few exceptions, (unknown but for having been by them brought forward, and alluded to) there has been sufficient civility between the people, unless, indeed, nothing short of absolute hugging will satisfy them. We are at a loss to conceive what all this twaddling is about—what are they talking of—or whom do they allude to? If the American journals abuse us, who cares for that, who reads them, or hears them? And as to our own periodical works, they have never applied to the whole continent of America one half of the obloquy and reproach that has inevitably fallen to the share of any single name of notoriety among us. Then, in the name of wonder, let us hear no more of this stupid cant about good feeling, and civility, and philanthropy—one sermon is quite enough upon the text. And let Mr Irving, Mr Campbell, and others, who have taken a fancy to the subject, be told, That their amicable preaching, by turning discussion directly upon the mutual opinions of the nations, are calculated, more than the most envenomed libels, to excite hostility, and to widen the breach.

MATTHEWS, DIBDIN, AND MORGAN.*

STERNE, Mr North, in the outset of his Sentimental Journey, has made a humorous classification of travellers, which seems to comprehend all the various genera of these migratory animals. There may, however, be found some species, which, though they may be considered as belonging to one or other of the denominations fixed by the facetious Yorick, have yet a peculiarity of character, which may be properly placed at the head of a column of subdivision. It may be noticed, too, that the whole corps might have been divided into two orders: the *Silent*, the advantage of whose labours rests with themselves, or is confined to oral narratives bestowed on their intimate acquaintance;—and the *Communicative*, who favour the world with the history of their adventures, and with the description of the customs and scenery of foreign countries, which it has been their fortune to visit. To this latter order I acknowledge myself to have been indebted, all my life long, for the principal pleasure I have derived from works of literature. It is happy for the tribe of travel-fanciers, that their favourite

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* I. The Diary of an Invalid; being the Journal of a Tour in Pursuit of Health, in Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, and France. A Third Edition. 2 vols. post 8vo. London. Murray, 1822.

II. A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in Normandy, France, and Germany. By the Reverend T. F. Dibdin. 3 vols. super. royal 8vo. London, 1821.

III. Italy. By Lady Morgan. 2 vols. 4to. London. Colburn, 1821.

subject seems to be inexhaustible. Such is the changeable nature of things in this world, and so strongly do those changes operate on the minds and on the manners of men, that a faithful account of the same country, after an interval of twenty or thirty years, has all the effect of novelty; nay, the different way in which the same object strikes persons of different tastes and feelings, will make contemporary descriptions of the same places and people, almost as little like each other, as the history of a trip to Kamschatka would resemble that of an excursion to Timbuctoo.—These remarks have been elicited by having recently read the works of three travellers, who have within these few years published a relation of what they had seen, in parts of Europe already frequently explored. Each of the three has, however, afforded me amusement, but amusement of a different nature; and each is, I think, entitled to lead a distinct species. With your leave, Mr North, I will give you a sketch of their distinguishing characters, according to the best of my judgment. This may serve as a definition of the specific difference of each, by means of which future ramblers may be properly classed; and after attentive examination, your scientific readers may refer them to whichever *genus* they may seem to belong, according to the Yorician arrangement.

The first I shall notice is the Diary of an Invalid, in two neat duodecimos, by Mr Matthews. The next is an Antiquarian and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany, by Mr Dibdin, in two splendid octavos. The last, though not least, is Italy, by Lady Morgan, in two portly quartos.

The Diary being designated a tour in pursuit of health, displays little pretension to excite the curiosity of the general reader. He may naturally expect to find a *Jeremiade* filled with querulous suspirations, the offspring of a mind enfeebled by corporeal malady, affording little inclination, or power, to observe objects of interest, or to record observations. Whoever has formed this idea of these two small volumes will probably be disappointed. Other invalids, who are engaged in the same pursuit, may indeed receive from this journal useful hints concerning the air and other circumstances of several places in the South of France, which have been recommended as beneficial in pulmonary disorders. Some of these appear to have acquired undeserved reputation, and are rather injurious than useful, in that terrific disease to which so many young persons in this island perpetually fall victims. The Invalidism of the Diary is, however, by no means a prominent feature. The author bears his sufferings like a man; not only with patient philosophy, but with a degree of cheerfulness, which may exhilarate a valetudinarian, and afford a lesson to the healthy. He looks around him with an eye of acute observation, and he describes what he sees with a felicitous ease of expression. His thoughts and his style are those of an English gentleman and a scholar. In discussing any political question which may incidentally fall in his way, although he breathes the liberal spirit of his country, and feels as a British subject ought, he readily rejects those impracticable notions, which have seduced some ardent minds, but which appear to cooler heads, inevitably ruinous to the Constitution. In considering the *belles-lettres* and the fine arts, he enters on subjects on which the tastes of different persons may be supposed to be at variance. He may bestow too high a degree of praise on some poets, and he may be too parsimonious to others;—he may see a statue or a picture in a different light to what it has been viewed by other connoisseurs: these are points which are proverbially out of the province of disputation. But his opinions, whether right or wrong, appear to be the genuine result of his own judgment, without any servile homage to authority. From the title of this book I should establish a species, to be called henceforth the Invalid Traveller, leaving it to others to determine if it belongs to the genus *Idle*, or the *Inquisitive* of Sterne.

Mr Dibdin's great purpose in travelling, was to collect curious manuscripts, and old black-letter books; besides the minor object of viewing ancient buildings, and picturesque landscapes. It is very entertaining to be thus treated with a short specimen of the chace in which a *biblio-maniac* was actively engaged, narrated by the sportsman himself, with all the minute detail of a fox-hunter over his evening bottle. The appellation here used, is assumed *con amore* by Mr Dibdin; *a pinch* of his history in prose, is scarcely less di-

verting than the verse of Peter Pindar, of merry memory, which amused the laughter-loving part of the public, with the supposed pursuit of a celebrated naturalist after a rare butterfly. But to follow him through the whole range of his field, may be as tiresome as to listen to the tale of the jolly Nimrod, from his breaking cover to the death. Our antiquary is in general more successful in hunting amongst dilapidated monasteries, and the lumber-rooms of booksellers, than the scientific baronet is represented to be, amidst the parterres and bee-stalls in which he was entangled. It is impossible not to smile at the gusto with which our zealous Palæophilist listens to the rattling sound of certain ancient leaves of the rare volumes on which he pounces; a species of enjoyment unknown to those vulgar book-worms, who feast on pages printed long since the days of Caxton, and Wynkyn de Worde. But no human gratification is perfect; in the midst of the very fountain of delight, says a Roman poet, springs up something bitter. Our ardent chasseur is as sensitive to pain as to pleasure, in these researches. He sometimes meets with sacrilege committed by barbarians ignorant of the rules and tastes of antiquarianism. The clipping of the ragged edges of these venerable reliques, affects his nerves as keenly as the ambassadors of King David felt the indecorous outrage inflicted by the Ammonite chief on their beards and on the skirts of their clothing. The whimsicalities of fancy, or of taste, afford much matter for curious reflexion. By these the assertion seems to be proved, that "men are but children of a larger growth." Fortunately there are rattles to be found suited to all ages. Mr D. often describes beautiful scenery, and such objects of antiquarian pursuit as are more generally interesting to readers not bitten by the biblio-maniacal rage, in a pleasing and natural manner:—but when he comes into contact with a large collection of books, and has full scope to bestride his hobby, and put him through all his paces, let ordinary readers beware, and get out of his way with all expedition, waiting with patience till he has finished his curvets and caracols, and is once more quietly dismounted. One part, however, of these volumes, will give every reader unmixed satisfaction. Mr D. was accompanied by an artist, Mr Lewis, who has the knack of seizing with uncommon skill and rapidity all that passes before his eyes; and the author has caused admirable engravings to be made from these drawings. Architecture, landscape, portraits of persons, remarkable costumes of the present times, and fac-similes of antique curiosities, appear to be faithfully and tastefully delineated. But he is most strikingly successful in representing groups of people assembled together; these are pourtrayed with all the spirit of nature, and each individual with a precise discrimination of character. If one were to be selected as a sample, where all are excellent, I should mention his view of the deck of a French coasting passage-vessel. It is a scene worthy of Hogarth; although there is nothing to be seen which can disgust the most delicate eye, it is scarcely possible for a person who has ever felt the misery of sea-sickness to look at the faces of the passengers, without feeling a sympathetic internal commotion. It is like what is experienced from the exhibition of that excellent comedian, who, when he is *at home*, depicts so naturally to his visitants the humours of a voyage from London to Margate in the Polly packet.

These graphic ornaments will probably form the principal attraction for wealthy purchasers uninitiated in the mysteries of antique lore; these costly volumes are beyond the reach of slender purses.

The main design, and self-chosen denomination of this traveller, marks him for the *Biblio-maniacal* species, into whatever generic niche it may be thought proper to place him.

Our last specimen, Lady Morgan, appears to suffer under a political mania, full as violent in its kind as the more harmless phrensy of Mr Dibdin. Her's, however, is not the moody aberration of mind which broods in silence over the distempered images of her fancy. Obliquity of intellect cannot extinguish that sprightliness of manner peculiar to her native country; nor can the dulness of her matter always overwhelm it. Those who have eaten of the same *insane root*, will warmly extol the effusions of this *radical* sibyl. To these Lord Byron has set his seal of approbation, pronouncing her "Italy" to be a *fearless and excellent work*. Amusing at least it may

ertainly be called; for so are the ra-
ings of the famous Knight of La Man-
ha; and perhaps the idea of a female
Quixote, posting through Europe for
he purpose of redressing political
rrongs by the sharp stroke of her pen,
ay give the chief relish to the peru-
al of "Italy." From one numerous
lass of readers she can expect but lit-
le sympathy, attempting as she does
n all occasions to vilify, as much as
s her lies, the government of this
ountry. In this Manchegan sally it
s impossible not to feel that a lady
versteps the bounds of that retiring
race, which is the chief ornament of
er sex. It must be confessed, that
he affectation of fear, which women
f weak minds seem to think the
neans of rendering them more inte-
esting, will have quite a contrary ef-
ect on men of sense; and that a cer-
ain degree of courage must be reckon-
d in the list of female virtues: but
or a woman to be *fearless*, will be
leemed by very few persons, an ex-
ellence in her character.

The term, too, strongly reminds us
f those undaunted ladies who flou-
ished in the time of the Cæsars, and
who would have duly appreciated the
alue of this heroic epithet, had they
een lucky enough to be celebrated by
Byron, instead of a Juvenal. Lady
M. indeed seems to be as active in
randishing her goose-quill, as inde-
atigable in straining after what she
hinks the perfection of fine writing,
s the fair candidates for gladiatorial
ame were in displaying their muscu-
ar expertness with a different instru-
nent in the Roman amphitheatre.
Her assault is thrown in with the
ame energy;—her carbonarian hel-
net is as ponderous as that which
ressed the head of the Roman virago;
he is trussed up for the combat with
s tight a zone; an analogy may be
raced between all the attitudes of the
ncient and modern heroine, from the
desperate lunge, to the smile-provo-
ing *cinque-pace*.

Her ladyship, perhaps, in common
with those masculine-mannered ma-
rons of the Circus, might be unwilling
o undergo a complete change of sex.
The Roman satirist assures us that
these dames, with all their athletic ar-
dour, would have been very averse to
part with the acute feelings of female
sensibility on pleasurable occasions,
even for the advantage of being en-
dued with the more robust frame of
the male. Lady M. in the midst of
fearless demonstrations of her political
and religious opinions, sufficiently
evinces her penchant for the softer
gratifications. The glee with which
she touches on certain subjects, the
approach she makes to those confines
which more timid females cautiously
shun, give hints of the tone and colour
of her ladyship's sentiments and co-
gitations. Her Italy continues to ma-
nifest that temperament already some-
what developed in those works of fancy,
which were the produce of the virgin
labours of Miss Owenson. By these
was her fame established; and on ac-
count of this fame was her visiting-
book (as recorded in her last *excellent*
performance,) profusely filled with
names of *haut ton*, during her pilgri-
mage through the country which is
honoured by her description. One sin-
gle circumstance will illustrate the
scope of the foregoing observations.
Let us notice the conduct of the hero
of the Wild Irish Girl, a novel which
was one of the first supports to Lady
M.'s celebrity. This most refined of
lovers is represented as putting into
the hands of his tender and unsophis-
ticated mistress, blooming in all the
innocence of her teens, a book, which
the author himself declares must lead
to inevitable ruin if perused by any
very young woman. Those who are
acquainted with the Nouvelle Eloise
of Rousseau, will, from this quotation
at once recognize the preceptive vo-
lume which this lady, herself not un-
versed in the tuition of young females,
has made her exemplary lover present
for the instruction and edification of
the youthful Milesian Princess! With
the other peculiarities of Lady M.'s
writing, it is foreign to my present
purpose to meddle. The inventors of
imaginary adventure are at liberty to
adhere to probability or not in the
fictions they create, according as to
them it may seem good. The breach
or the observance is a matter of taste.
Authors, or authoresses, may affect a
show of learning, the very display of
which may evince the vanity of the
pretension; society will be no sufferer
by the harmless folly;—but offences
against the delicacy of the moral sense,
which may be disseminated by works
of amusement, ought to be most strict-
ly watched by the guardians of the
purity of literature. The most useful

part of their office is the reprehension of this sort of transgression;—these delinquencies, which are not sufficiently tangible to come under the lash of the law, although perhaps more injurious to the community than grosser offences. The Lady-errant on whose writings this animadversion is ventured, has already received some salutary warnings. If these are not useful to their immediate object, other writers and readers in general, may at least profit by the admonition. But this digression has *travelled* rather wide from the direct course in which these observations began. Let us return to our route. "Italiam sequimur fugientem."—It is nevertheless difficult to separate "Italy" in one's thoughts from the other productions of the same pen. In all her works, Lady M. has set up Jacobin Liberty, if we may profane that sacred name by such an addition, as the idol of her adoration, and Legitimate Monarchy as the monster against which she incessantly couches her democratic lance. There is, however, a spice of pleasant Hibernicism mixed with her violent sallies, which blends smiles with our frowns. Thus, the British Government is accused of making *division* the means of Irish oppression, and of accomplishing the perfect misery of that unfortunate country by *the Union!* In the estimation of this patriotic lady, all those personages ancient or modern, who have waged war with legitimate thrones, are raised to the rank of heroes and demi-gods; whilst their defenders are degraded to the level of villains and slaves. When we find that the glorious day of Waterloo obtains no white mark in her calendar, it will not surprise us that she sees nothing in Marlborough but an illiterate dunce, and that even the *illegitimacy* of Marshal Saxe cannot elevate him to a place in her favour. All this is sufficiently diverting:—still it must be acknowledged there is some truth in the dictum of that sage, who pronounced an angry woman in politics to be like a bull in a china-shop. There may be something ludicrous in the clatter made by both these enraged animals, and the sport may be relished by the amateurs of practical jokes, and of dangerous fun; but the more sober description of spectators deprecate the probable mischief of such experiments. When fair ladies indulge the public with an account of their peregrinations, it will certainly be more gratifying to the admirers of the feminine graces to be allowed to post them in some other division of travellers than that of the *politico-maniacal* species.

At the head of this list Lady Morgan has an undoubted right to be placed, or at least to share the seat of honour with the distinguished Miss Helen Maria Williams. To fix the genus to which this sweet pair of sirens belongs, is a task of too much delicacy to be undertaken by, good Mr North, yours very faithfully,

PHILODITES.

THE MOHAWKS.*

THIS "fearless and excellent work" cannot fail to have a great effect in opening the eyes of the reading public. It contains by far the most plain and perspicuous account of "things in general" that we have ever met with. Being anxious not to interfere with its sale, we shall not fill our columns with extracts, but content ourselves with a brief abstract of the contents.

Be it known, then, to all who have not yet read this "Satirical Poem," that George the Fourth is a foolish and profligate tyrant; that his prime minister is one the Marquis of Londonderry, a person, who, if put out of office to-morrow, would probably be reduced to gain his living as an auctioneer; that Mr Vansittart, another member of his cabinet,

> ——— "turn'd upon the world,
> By picking pockets might attain renown;"

That the Duke of Wellington, if similarly situated,

> "Might wander a prize-fighter up and down;—
> And should all arts escape the DOCTOR'S reach,
> His taste he still might humour as JACK KETCH."

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* A Satirical Poem. London. Colburn, 8vo. 1822.

These persons and their colleagues, all equally fools and knaves, are supported in place and power by means of "the Mohawks." And who are these? Burke was the bloody Mohawk of his day, and the present time is abundant in fit successors to his dignified office. Mr Canning is one of them; and his paragraphs in the papers are about to be rewarded with the vice-royalty of India. Mr Croker is another; and he is soon to have a peerage for his pains. Lord Eldon, the Duke of Wellington, Earl Bathurst, Leach, Southey, and Theodore Hooke, are the Mohawks who write JOHN BULL. Blackwood's Magazine is another theatre on which "Mohawks," we are not informed whether the same or others, play their pranks. Whoever they be, they are, we are told, "tigers," "bedlamites," "snakes," and "lost to all self-respect," which for tigers, bedlamites, and snakes, seems wonderful. The British Critic is another work of the same class—So is the Courier—so is the Morning Post—so is the New Times—and last, not least, so is the Quarterly Review. The enormities of which this last-named journal has been guilty, are numberless, beyond all number; but we are favoured with a sample. For instance, then, the Quarterly Review has denied that Peterloo was a murderous massacre of right-hearted Englishmen; it has uniformly run down Buonaparte, and extolled Pitt and Wellington—two mere ninnies; it has cut up Shelly, Cobbett, Hone, Carlile, Volney, Voltaire, Hume on Miracles—in short, all authors "that are worth a groat." These are the words; and, lastly, to put the touch and finish to its sinful career, the Quarterly has touzled Mother Morgan!!!

These are all unquestionably horrible crimes. As for the affair of Granny, to use the language of M. Talleyrand, late Bishop of Autun, "c'est plus qu'un crime—c'est une faute." We trust our readers will lose no time in examining the clear and beautiful verses in which all the offenders are lashed as they should have been.

We are much puzzled to guess who can be *the author of this classical performance*. As the poem overflows with bulls and blunders, and severe castigations of different writers in the Dublin newspapers; and as *chair* is uniformly made to rhyme to *peer*—there can be no doubt the writer is Irish. From the fine, free, and dashing-like style in which atheism is introduced every now and then—from the (what fools and Tories will call) treason of almost every page—and from the gross allusions and phrases with which the whole composition is sprinkled, we are inclined to think "the Mohawks" must have been indited by an IRISHMAN, "a wild tremendous Irishman." But to be sure there is one passage, far the most eloquent in the book, which staggers us as to this. In the course of crucifying Mr Gifford, for having taken improper liberties with the "Magna Parens" of "Italy," the writer takes occasion to mention that culpable individual as having been

——"With an Eunuch's *fury* fir'd,
And with a more than Tory's rage inspir'd,
The Woman, Author, Wife, and Wit to wound."

From these fine lines, we are constrained to see that, in the writer's opinion, there is, after all, one worse *creature* in the world than A TORY—and that this ("Monstrum horrendum ingens cui lumen ademptum"—) is AN EUNUCH!!! We, therefore, suspect that the author of the Mohawks is an Irish WOMAN. Whoever her husband may be (for she is too knowing to be a spinster), we wish him much joy of his "Wife and Wit." How happy must he be, when he hears the lips of his "Lovely Thais at his side" murmur the soul-thrilling notes of

"Charlie is my darling,
My own Chevalier."

So farewell you two sweet creatures.

CATILINE; A TRAGEDY.*

It was a bold adventure for Mr Croly to think of presenting anew, in a dramatic form, what Lord Orford so properly calls, in his Memoirs, "the most brilliant Episode in the History of Rome." Several of the chief masters of the art had already exerted all their genius on the story of Catiline; and yet none of them had been in any true sense of the word successful; and nobody ever dreamt of anything, when the name of this great conspirator was mentioned, but the unrivalled orations of Cicero, and the equally unrivalled narrative of Sallust. Nobody ever thought of the Catiline of Crebillon but as a miserable failure; that of Voltaire is better, but still bad; and Ben Jonson's Tragedy, rich as it is in learning and rich in masterly declamation, is cold in its stateliness and undramatic, in the midst both of historical truth and of poetical ornament.

The poet now before us had displayed in his previous works many fine qualities—a great power of strong and grasping description—an impetuous elevation of feeling and passion—a command of the English tongue in many varieties of serious and tender expression—a rich musical ear in his versification—and throughout the whole of his composition, a massy and masculine pith and vigour of intellect. It is therefore no wonder that the public attention should have been directed eagerly to a tragedy from his hand.

His Catiline has unquestionably many faults. In the first place, in his manner of treating the subject he has, as we think, quite needlessly violated the truth of history, far beyond what is justified either by any sane theory of the art, or by the example of any who are entitled to be classed among its legitimate masters. Liberties with *time* are almost always necessary to the poet who dramatizes an historical action, and with them rightly taken no critic will quarrel. Liberties with *place* and *scene* are, in like manner, to a certain extent fair. But there is a plain rule which we at least can never consent to lose sight of; and this is, that the writer who weaves either drama or romance from the materials of history, *must* keep these materials in all essential particulars sacred; and from this rule Mr Croly has in our opinion very unwisely departed.

The supposed ignorance of the spectator is, we maintain, the only ground on which the dramatist who violates history can really hope to escape condemnation. No man who *knows* what happened at any particular period of time, can endure to see it misrepresented. Every violation of fact is to his mind a pain. He cannot sit out a tragedy full of such violations, without having at least a very great part of the pleasure, which the poet's genius might naturally have excited within him, neutralized. Would any man have dared to bring a falsified account of Catiline's conspiracy—an account falsified in any important particular whatever—before the eyes of an intelligent Roman Assembly? The answer is plain. We see in the volume before us the most clear evidence that Mr Croly is a very accomplished scholar, and the more we reflect on it, we are the more astonished that he should have ventured upon such liberties as he has taken with such a well known story as that of Catiline. He himself alludes to some of these very liberties as if they were mere trifles. We can only tell him in return, that such as they are, they have very materially diminished our satisfaction in the perusal of what we can have no hesitation in saying is the most brilliant effort of his genius, and to our mind by far the best *acting tragedy*, we mean the tragedy best adapted for being acted, that has in our time been added to the stock of the British drama.

The *Marianism* of Catiline—his imaginary wife—the imaginary daughter of Marius—his Hamilcar—his Aspasia, and many things besides, were all perfectly needless. Why might not the Roman Fulvia and her real Roman lover have served him just as well as the imaginary Moor and the

* Catiline: a Tragedy, in five acts; with other Poems. By the Rev. George Croly, A. M. author of "Paris in 1816," "The Angel of the World," &c. London: Printed for Hurst, Robinson, and Co. Cheapside; and Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh.

al Greek? We think they might ve served his purpose infinitely bet- ; but we have no inclination to go to this matter at any length on the esent occasion. We throw out mere- what we mean as a friendly *caveat* a poet who will much disappoint ır expectations, if he do not ere long ace his name high indeed in the nglish Theatre.

Why was not *Catiline* brought out ɔon the stage? If it was offered to ther of the great London theatres, ıe manager's wits must have been a ool-gathering when it was rejected. 'othing of this kind, however, is inted at; and we suppose Mr Croly ıs himself alone to blame. We have ttle doubt next winter will be enough ɔ convince him how much his diffi- ence was mistaken.

In the whole management of the iece—in the structure of the plot—in ıe exposition, which is alike clear, atural, and powerful—in the dialogue, bove all, which is throughout full of rue dramatic vigour, we see, if we ver have seen them, the proofs of his ramatic vocation. Perhaps we never ead any first tragedy, by any drama- ist whatever, abounding so much in ıappy dramatic situations. It would ɔe ridiculous to enter into any thing ike an analysis of a tragedy on the ıtory of Catiline; we shall therefore nerely quote a few passages, to justi- 'y what we have said in Mr Croly's ɔraise, as a master of dramatic dia- ogue, leaving it to himself to correct ıereafter some errors, of which, on nore mature reflection, he will be, we ıre sure, as sensible as we could wish ıim to be—and to our readers, when :hey have the tragedy itself before :hem, to judge of its merits as a dra- matic whole.

Hamilcar, a Carthaginian hostage ın Rome, of royal blood and ambition, ıs introduced alone in a grove of trees near the city, meditating on the de- gradation of his country and himself, when Cethegus breaks in upon his solitude. These two men had been feasting together the same evening, at the mansion of Catiline, their common friend; but the Moor had left the banquet early, because their mirthful- ness did not suit the state of his spi- rits. Their mirth, it is true, had been but hollow; for that day Cicero had been elected Consul, and the proud Catiline defeated in the object of his long ambition. It is thus that the two haughty and discontented spirits commune.

* * * * *

——" *Ham.* Hark! Who disturbs the night? [*He listens.*
Cethegus' voice!
One of those drunkards—a hot-headed fool;
Senseless, and brave as his own sword.—
Hallo! [*He calls.*
I'll try what mischief's in his mettle now.
[Cethegus *comes in.*
Ceth. Ho! prince of darkness—emperor of the Nile—
Star-gazer!—you are welcome to them all;
Rome is no place for you! put on your wings,
And perch upon the moon! You left us all
Just in our glory.
Ham. 'Twas a noble set!
Ceth. Rome has none better;—all patrician blood,
Glowing with Cyprus' wine—wild as young stags—
Bold as bay'd boars—haughty as battle steeds—
Keen as flesh'd hounds—fire-eyed as mounting hawks.
Ham. 'Twill be a glorious day that lets them soar.
How was't with Catiline?
Ceth. *He seem'd to feel*
The fiercest joy of all; pledged the whole room
In brimming goblets; talk'd a round of things,
Lofty and rambling as an ecstacy;
Laugh'd, till his very laughter check'd our mirth,
And all gaz'd on him; then, as if surprised,
Marking the silence, mutter'd some excuse,
And sank in reverie; then, wild again,
Talk'd, drank, and laugh'd—the first of Bacchanals!
Ham. That looks like madness (*aside*).
He has been abused:
The consulate was his by right.
Ceth. By right?
Ay, or by wrong! had I been Catiline,
I should have knock'd out Cicero's brains.
Ham. (*advancing to him.*) Speak low;
The trees in Rome are spies. It may be done.—
The great Patricians hate him, though some few
Lacquey his steps. If Catiline were roused
To draw the sword, this talker would be left
Bare as his pedigree.
Ceth. (*in surprise.*) Raise war in Rome?
Ham. No,—but take down the consul's haughtiness;
Make the Patricians what they ought to be,

Rome's masters, and restore the forfeitures
Now in plebeian hands.
Ceth. Shew me but that;
And I am his, or yours, or any man's.
My fortune's on my back; the usurers
Have my last acre in their harpy hands.
Ham. You must have Catiline, for he has all
That make such causes thrive—a mighty name,
One that the youth will cling to; a bold tongue—
A bolder heart—a soldier's skill in arms—
A towering and deep-rooted strength of soul,
That, like the oak, may shake in summer's wind,
But, stript by winter, stands immoveable.
Ceth. He's a tried soldier?
Ham. A most gallant one!
Ceth. You've seen him in the field?
Ham. *Ay, fifty times,—*
I'the thickest fight; where all was blood and steel,
Plunging through steeds unrider'd, gory men
Mad with their wounds, through lances thick as hail,
As if he took the ranks for idle waves!
Now seen, the battle's wonder; now below,
Mowing his desperate way, till, with wild shrieks,
The throng roll'd back, and Catiline sprang out,
Red from the greaves to the helm.
Ceth. He shall be ours!
Then, Rome is full of mal-contents; the land
Cumber'd with remnants of the war; the slaves
Will crowd to his first signal; in his house
He has the banner that the Marian troops
Still worship like a god;—but he will call
The act conspiracy.
Ham. Jove save us all!
Ceth. How now, Hamilcar?
Ham. (*going.*) Fare you well, my lord.
[*He suddenly returns,*
Conspiracy! Is not the man undone?
All over bankrupt, broken right and left—
Within this week he'll be without a rood,
A roof, a bed, a robe, a meal to eat!
Conspiracy! He's levell'd;—on the earth!
His last denarius hung upon this day,
And now you have him. This day has dissolved
His last allegiance. Go—you'll find him now
Tormented, like the hound that bays the moon,
Foaming to see the pomp beyond his reach.
Ceth. He has forsworn the world!
Ham. 'Tis laughable!
Ceth. If he draw back!
Ham. Draw back! You'll find him flame.
Go to the banquet, ere they all break up;
Yet, *should* he chill,—provoke him—stir dispute—.
Seize on his hasty word. The revellers there
Will take it for command; and thus his name
Be mixed with tumult, till the lion snared is forced to battle.
Ceth. Then, to Catiline!
I may be king or consul yet.
Ham. Away! [CETHEGUS *goes.*
Ham. The hour of blood's at hand!
[*Draws his dagger.*
Be thou my god!
Away, bold fool! O, Rome! those are thy men!
Ay—you shall have a crown,—a crown of straw;
Chains for your sceptre; for your honours stripes;
And for your kingly court a maniac's cell;
Where you and your compeers may howl to th' night,
And rave rebellion.

We have indicated by our Italics two or three of what we think the finest things in this scene; but as a whole it is superb. The description of Catiline's behaviour at the debauch appears to us to be quite Shakespearean; so is the fine image of the oak, that, "*stript by winter,* stands immoveable;" and the beginning of the last speech of Hamilcar, "Be THOU my God," is worthy of the poet who said "Qu'il mourut." This passage must be accepted by our readers as a sufficient specimen of the two first acts, in which the conspiracy is gradually worked up and discovered by the patriotic CONSUL.

The third act closes with a scene of very great art, and of great power. It is that in which Cicero is bearded by Catiline in the senate-house, after the whole of the guilty machinations have been discovered, through the weakness, (so far as the truth of the history is adhered to,) of a Woman and a Mistress, the famous night of the "Quousque tandem, O Catilina," &c.

THE SENATE HOUSE.

The Temple of Jupiter Stator. The Senate, at night; a Consul in the Chair; CICERO *on the floor, concluding his speech.*

Cic. Our long debate must close. Take one proof more
Of this rebellion.—Lucius Catiline
Has been commanded to attend the senate.
He dares not come. I now demand your votes;—
Is he condemned to exile?
[CATILINE *comes in hastily, and flings*

himself on the Bench; all the Senators go over to the other side.

Cic. turns to Cat. Here I repeat the charge, to gods and men,
Of treasons manifold;—that, but this day,
He has received despatches from the rebels,
That he has leagued with deputies from Gaul
To seize the provinces; nay, has levied troops,
And raised his rebel standard;—that but now
A meeting of conspirators was held
Under his roof, with mystic rites, and oaths,
Pledged round the body of a murder'd slave.
To these he has *no* answer.

Cat. (rising calmly.) Conscript Fathers!
I do not rise to waste the night in words:
Let that plebeian talk; 'tis not *my* trade;
But *here* I stand for right. Let him shew *proofs*,—
For Roman right; though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there,
Cling to your master; judges, Romans,—*slaves!*
His charge is false;—I dare him to his *proofs*.
You have my answer now! I must be gone.

Cic. Bring back the helmet of this Gaulish king.

[*The Lictors return with the helmet and axe.*

These, as I told you, were this evening seized
Within his house.—You know them, Catiline?

Cat. *The axe and helmet of the Allobroges!* (aside).

Know them! What crimination's there? What tongue
Lives in that helm to charge me? Cicero—
Go search my house, you may find twenty such;
All fairly struck from brows of barbarous kings,
When you and yours were plotting here in Rome.
I say, go search my house. And is this all?
I scorn to tell you by what chance they came.
Where have I levied troops, tamper'd with slaves,
Bribed fool or villain, to embark his neck
In this rebellion? Let my actions speak.

Cic. (interrupting him). Deeds shall convince you! Has the traitor done?

Cat. But this I will avow, that I have scorn'd,
And still *do* scorn, to hide my sense of wrong:
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Can wrong me half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honour on me,—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and for what? [*Looking round him.*
To fling offices to every slave;—
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb;
And having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge mouldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below.

Cic. This is his answer! Must I bring more proofs?
Fathers, you know there lives not one of us,
But lives in peril of his midnight sword,
Lists of proscription have been handed round,
In which your general properties are made
Your murderers' hire.
Bring in the prisoners.

[*The Lictors return with* CETHEGUS, *and others.*

Cat. (startled.) Cethegus! (*aside.*)

Cic. Fathers! those stains to their high name and blood,
Came to my house to murder me; and came
Suborn'd by *him*.

Cat. (scornfully). Cethegus!
Did *you* say this?

Ceth. Not I.—I went to kill
A prating, proud, plebeian, whom those fools
Palm'd on the Consulship.

Cic. And sent by whom?

Ceth. By none.—By nothing but my zeal to purge
The senate of yourself, most *learned* Cicero!

[*A cry is heard without:* "More Prisoners! The Allobroges!" *An officer enters, with letters for* CICERO; *who, after glancing at them, sends them round the Senate.* CATILINE *is strongly perturbed. The Allobroges come in, chained.*

Cic. Fathers of Rome! If man can be convinced
By proof, as clear as day-light, there it stands! [*Pointing to the prisoners.*
Those men have been arrested at the gates,
Bearing despatches to raise war in Gaul.
Look on these letters! Here's a deep-laid plot
To wreck the provinces: a solemn league,
Made with all form and circumstance. The time
Is desperate,—all the slaves are up;—Rome shakes!—
The heavens alone can tell how near our graves
We stand ev'n here!—The name of Catiline
Is foremost in the league. He was their king.—
Tried and convicted traitor, go from Rome!

Cat. (haughtily, rising.) Come, consecrated lictors! from your thrones;
[*To the Senate.*

Fling down your sceptres:—take the rod and axe,
And make the murder as you make the law.
Cic. (*interrupting him.*) Give up the record of his banishment. (*To an Officer.*
[*The Officer gives it to the Consul, in the chair.*
Cat. (*indignantly.*) Banish'd from Rome! What's banish'd, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
'Tried and convicted traitor!' Who says this? [*With growing violence.*
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banish'd?—I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour—
But *now* my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords;
I scorn to count what feelings, wither'd hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you:—here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face.
Your Consul's merciful.—For this all thanks.
He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline.
(*The Consul reads*) "Lucius Sergius Catiline; by the decree of the Senate, you are declared an enemy and an alien to the state, and banished from the territory of the commonwealth."
The Con. Lictors, drive the traitor from the temple!
Cat. (*furious.*) 'Traitor!' I go—but I *return.* This—trial!
Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs,
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinew strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrows!—This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions—Look to your hearths, my lords!
For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes;—
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning the brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave!
The Senators rise in tumult, and cry out,
Go, enemy and parricide, from Rome!
Cat. (*indignantly.*) It shall be so!—
[*Going. He suddenly returns.*
When Catiline comes again,
Your grandeur shall be base, and clowns shall sit
In scorn upon those chairs;—your palaces
Shall see the soldier's revels, and your wealth
Shall go to deck his harlot and his horse.
Then Cicero, and his tools, shall pay me blood—
Vengeance for every drop of my boy's veins;—
And such of you, as cannot find the grace
To die with swords in your right hands, shall feel
The life, life worse than death, of trampled slaves!
The Senators cry out,
Go, enemy and parricide, from Rome!
Cic. Expel him, lictors! Clear the senate-house! [*They surround him.*
Cat. (*struggling through them.*) I go,—but not to leap the gulf alone:
I go;—but when I come—'twill be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!—
You build my funeral pile, but your best blood
Shall quench its flame. Back, slaves! (*to the Lictors*)—I will *return!*
[*He rushes through the portal; the Scene closes.*

We cannot quote anything from Act Fourth; but from the last act we must quote, and in spite of whatever we have already done, we must quote largely. The character of Aurelia, the daughter of old Marius, Catiline's proud and Roman wife, admirably preserved throughout the whole piece, is here wrought out and developed in the midst of all sights, and sounds, and thoughts of terror, in a style which, were the part adequately represented on the stage, would, we are certain, be productive of an effect far more powerful than anything our modern tragedy has been able to boast of. The scene is in the rebel camp—Catiline has fought and been defeated—hope is scarcely cherished by him, or by any of his nobler associates—but they, in the midst of the murmurs and whispers of some of the meaner soldiers, are stirring up their own spirits for a last effort, and victory, or a warlike death, when Aurelia is all at once seen within the tent by the side of which they are conversing. We request particular attention to the fine speech beginning—"Perhaps so, for in truth I've been of late," &c.

"*Cat.* How fares my noble dame?
Aur. Well, Catiline,—
And yet—not well. You saw the day go down?

Cat. Like all that went before.
Aur. I thought the sun
Look'd like a warrior dying on the field,—
That these red gushes of the stormy west
Streak'd all with streams of gore!
Cat. Come forth into the air! For thoughts like those
Are medicin'd best by nature. (*She comes.*) Stand awhile.
Aur. This sky's Ionian, not of Italy.
Cat. Night's galley's launch'd,—her cloudy sails are up,—
Yon stars the new-lit lamps upon her prow,—
These perfumed gusts, the breezes that swell out
Her cloudy sails;—and those small, whisper'd sounds,
Thus dying sweet,—the airy surges' swells,
That break before her slow and dusky stem.
Aur. 'Twas on a night like this I sail'd by Crete,
When all the waves were lull'd with silver sounds,—
And all the mountains moonlike with pale fires
Of Cybele's altars. (*A chorus is heard.*) Hark!
Cat. (*smiling.*) Those are *our* minstrels.
—'Tis thus soldiers hail
The dark and frowning goddess of the night,
To guard their pillows from all evil dreams;
For in their radeness still lives ceremony.
And well may they commend themselves to Heaven, [*Despondingly.*
Who, flung to sleep in danger's iron grasp,
May never welcome in another morn.
Aur. (*with impatience.*) When do we march for Rome?
Cat. *You* shall be safe!
All is provided for. A troop to-night
Will see you through Etruria.
Aur. Go! to-night!
Abandon you in your extremity!
Am I your slave, Patrician? I have stood
Your equal from the first;—have never turn'd
From sorrow, toil, or danger, by your side:
For I was Marius' daughter, and *your* wife!
Cat. Be wise! The time is short. Go, *Roman* wife!
A rebel's fortunes are upon my head!
Our home must be the hill-tops and wild caves,—
Our canopy the forest's dripping boughs,—
Our meal the berries, roots, and all strange food,
That famine wrings from the step-mother earth,—
Our rusty swords must be our health, wealth, hope,—
Our life be battle, flight, and stratagem,—
Till all is buried in a bloody grave!
Aur. Misfortune is a fire that melts weak hearts,—
But makes the firmer *ore*.—How will I die.
Cat. I have had warnings.—In my last night's sleep,
I thought I saw myself, and *you*, and all,
Flung in one general tomb!
Aur. A dream! no more.
An undigested grape will do as much.—
It was the battle,—'twas the day's turmoil
That left its heavy traces on your brain.
Cat. Perhaps so;—for, in truth, I've been, of late,
Strangely beset, and sunk into the prey
Of midnight hauntings;—not a passing wind—
A cloud—the shadow of a shaken bush—
But makes its mark upon my broken mind.
My sleep has grown a round of horrid things,
Terrors and tortures, that the waking sense
Quivers to think of.—Sometimes I am hurl'd
From mountain tops, or hung, by failing hands,
To precipices, fathomless as hell;—
Sometimes, engulf'd in the outrageous sea,
And down its depths sent strangling,—then flung loose
As many leagues aloft, above the moon,
To freeze along the desarts of the sky;—
Sometimes, in hot encounter with the fire,
I feel a sudden javelin in my heart,—
And then I'm crushed by heaps of dying men—
And hear the battle turning o'er my head.—
And, fainting, *strive* to shout;—then, in this death,
See spirits—and plunge downwards,—till I wake,
Madden'd and blinded, thinking all around
A remnant of my tortures;—and thus, night
Is lost to me,—and sorrow's comfort, sleep,
Is made *my* agony.
[*Cecina enters, pale and wounded: Catiline suddenly turns.*
What brings that spectre here? Vanish, or speak!
Cec. My lord, I am—Cecina!
Cat. Mighty Jove!
What mist was on my eyes?—He bleeds to death!—
Within there! [*Calls.*
Cec. By and by,—I bear ill news.
Cat. Tell it at once: if we had hearts to break
By piteous tales—we had not lived till now.
Cec. You are *undone!*
Cat. (*fiercely.*) I know it,—banish'd,—robb'd,—
A price set on me,—hunted to the grave,—
But yet not *fang'd*—not *dead!*
Cec. Your friends in Rome—
Cat. Have they been brought to trial? One day more,
And they shall see me at their prison gates,
Laying their sentence on their sentencers.

Cec. My lord, your friends, last night, were—sacrificed!
Cat. What,—dead?—*all* dead?
[*He covers his head with his robe.*
And *I* was lingering here!
Cec. This hour they lie, each in his cell, a corpse.
Cat. Sound all to arms!
[*A flourish of trumpets.*
Call in the captains,— [*To an Officer.*
I would speak with them!—
[*The Officer goes.*
Now, Hope! away,—and welcome gallant death!
Welcome the clanging shield, the trumpet's yell,—
Welcome the fever of the mounting blood,
That makes wounds light, and battle's crimson toil
Seem but a sport,—and welcome the cold bed,
Where soldiers with their upturn'd faces lie,—
And welcome wolf's and vulture's hungry throats,
That make their sepulchres!—We fight to-night. [*The Soldiery enters.*
Centurions! all is ruined! I disdain
To hide the truth from you. The die is thrown!
And now, let each that wishes for long life,
Put up his sword, and kneel for peace to Rome.—
Ye all are free to go.—What! no man stirs!
Not one!—a soldier's spirit in you all?
Give me your hands! (This moisture in my eyes
Is womanish—'twill pass.) My noble hearts!
Well have you chosen to die! For, in my mind,
The grave is better than o'erburthen'd life;—
Better the quick release of glorious wounds,
Than the eternal taunts of galling tongues;
Better the spear-head quivering in the heart,
Than daily struggle against Fortune's *curse*;—
Better, in manhood's muscle and high blood,
To leap the gulf, than totter to its edge
In poverty, dull pain, and base decay.—
Once more, I say,—are ye resolved?—
[*The Soldiers shout,*—'All! All!'
Then, each man to his tent, and take the arms
That he would love to die in,—for, *this hour*,
We storm the Consul's camp.—A last farewell! [*He takes their hands.*
When next we meet—we'll have no time to look,
How parting clouds a soldier's countenance."—

We shall not quote the concluding scenes, but our reader may rest assured that the terrible catastrophe is terribly represented. Catiline, breathing blood, madness, pride, scorn, wrath—every thing but hope, dies in the midst of the camp which he has scaled; and when the curtain drops upon him, the imagination of the reader—we had almost said the spectator—remains behind it, while memory recals the awful description of the dead Catiline in Sallust,—"CATILINA *verò longe a suis inter hostium cadavera repertus est, et paululum etiam spirans; ferociamque animi quam habuerat vivus in vultu retinens.*"

On the whole, there can be no doubt that this, whether considered as a poem or as a drama, is a splendid performance, and one which must greatly elevate the name of CROLY. Without very minute criticism indeed, and very copious quotations, we could scarcely hope to make our readers agree in all the praise we have bestowed on it. Let them read the tragedy for themselves, and we shall be satisfied to abide by their judgment.

The rapidity and vigour of the dialogue and the action—the strength with which the characters are conceived, and the ease and simplicity with which they are developed, and the unflagging spirit with which the interest is kept up from the beginning to the end—these are the true merits of CATILINE. If it be brought upon the stage, and do not succeed there, we shall be as much astonished as we should be by a tragedy from the pen of Lord Byron, which we could not *read* with delight.

GRECIAN ARCHITECTURE.—LORD ABERDEEN. *

The republic of letters consists of a single sex-community; it contains neither Lords nor Commons, men nor women, but only authors. We hope that the Earl of Aberdeen is fully aware of this, and that he will not insist on the consideration due to his British privileges, in declaring himself a member of the *genus irritabile*, because we have not for a long time been thrown into such a splenetic humour, as by the appearance of his Inquiry into the Principles of Beauty in Grecian Architecture; not so much on account of the book itself, which is certainly creditable to the taste and talent of his Lordship, as from our aversion to all books on the theory and standards of art, from persons of fortune and quality, especially when it happens, as in the present case, that, in regard to general affairs, the authors are highly considered in society. For it cannot be questioned that in no one thing is the deference paid by the generality of the world to the sentiments of the higher classes, so great as in matters of taste in art; and the dictum of Christopher North himself, might be found insufficient with many to counteract the opinions of Lord Aberdeen, however erroneous, with respect to the antique, and the fine arts. But to suppress as much as possible this feeling or prejudice, we shall endeavour to give a dispassionate view of his Lordship's reasoning; and with that freedom which authors are privileged to use with each other, we shall not hesitate to call in question the propriety and justness of some of his premises.

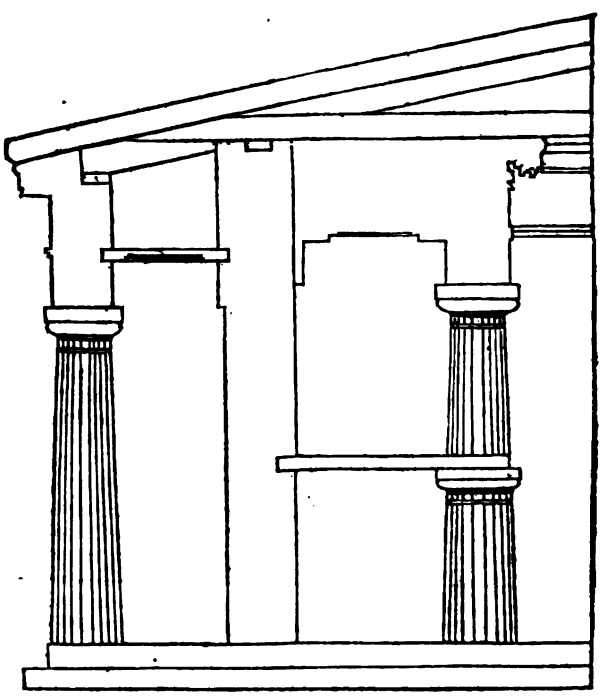
"All nations, in the most advanced state of civilization," says Lord Aberdeen, "have been unanimous in their admiration of Grecian architecture; and, indeed, such admiration appears to have been generally considered as inseparable from the existence of real taste and knowledge in art." Now, this is only true in a very special degree; for although we are quite as much disposed as his Lordship to admire the Greek temples, and to concede that they have obtained the admiration of every scientific mind, yet that they contain in their architecture any principle of beauty beyond that of particular *appropriateness*, we most decidedly and peremptorily deny; and, we would ask, in what respect is the Grecian architecture admirable as applied to any other species of building than the temple, in which it has been seen and contemplated by ourselves, perhaps, as long and as warmly as by his Lordship?—we mean in those of Greece, and particularly in the Parthenon of Athens. In every other situation, the columns and ornaments of the Grecian architecture appear heavy and inordinate; and perhaps no better proof can be given of this truth, than by referring to that monstrous *two*-storied combination of sandstone and masonry, which stands with its pillars up to the ankles in the dirt and mud of the High Street, and which, with a degree of ignorance quite intolerable, we so often hear spoken of as a copy—a copy! of the Erectheum.

By not considering that the architecture of the Greek temples owes its principal beauty to its appropriateness—the only source and cause of all that unanimous admiration which has been extended even to its parts in every situation—Lord Aberdeen has been seduced into a very thriftless metaphysical inquiry as to "whether the sentiment be excited in us by any qualities or properties peculiar to the style itself, operating previously to the intervention of the judgment, or whether it be not the effect of intellectual association only." In so far as this inquiry proceeds, it is sensibly conducted and elegantly written, but being in a wrong track, it is necessarily in the result inconclusive. It seems indeed singular, that a person possessed of so much ingenuity, should have fallen into the mistake of considering the source of the pleasure derived from the contemplation of Grecian architecture, as susceptible for a moment of being attributed to any properties in the lines and forms of the style, or to any other cause than the appropriateness of the composition. The mind of the spectator, in looking at a Grecian temple, only requires to be previously informed that it is destined for the worship of a divinity of a single and elegant nature, to become instantaneously sensible that the edifice is admirably appropriate to that purpose. But

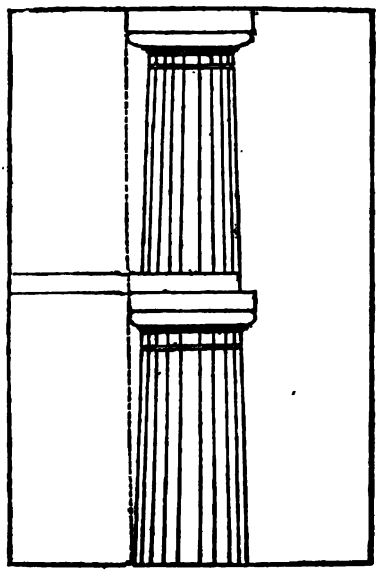
* An Inquiry into the Principles of Beauty in Grecian Architecture; with an Historical View of the Rise and Progress of the Arts in Greece, by George Earl of Aberdeen, K. T. H.—Murray, London, 1822.

it requires a long process of reasoning and explanation, often without effect, to understand why pillars similar to those of the Parthenon should be beautiful either in the vestibule or the banquetting-room of the Earl of Aberdeen. Intellectual association has obviously still less to do with the subject. For although "We can scarcely deny that the pleasure which is derived from surveying the ancient models of Grecian architecture, is incalculably heightened by ideas connected with learning, with science, and with art, accompanied, as they ever must be, by all the nameless charms which imagination combines with the history of the Greeks, and which it throws over all their productions;" their temples "possess certain qualities, which affect us independently of all those associations, and which, even without them, fail not to produce in us sentiments of admiration, and feelings of delight." Why then does his lordship think it necessary for a moment to suppose, that intellectual association, which is so clearly secondary in the pleasure arising from works of art, might be a primary cause in the admiration which the sight of a Greek temple irresistibly inspires, but which the Grecian architecture in no other appropriation ever in any similar degree produces? In a word, beauty in art neither has nor can have anything to do with the pleasure arising from intellectual associations. It is a thing of itself, and by its own peculiar laws and influences produces that satisfaction and admiration, which, in the contemplation of a Grecian temple, arises from the appropriateness of the general edifice to its uses and purposes.

Assigning therefore, as we thus do, the whole peculiar effect of the Grecian architecture on the mind to its appropriateness, as seen in the temples, we feel disposed to enter the lists with Lord Aberdeen, and, paradoxical as it may appear, to maintain and assert, that the Grecian architecture, in any other appropriation than that of the temple, is among the clumsiest styles extant. We admit that the preservation of what may be called the pervading principle of simplicity in the Grecian orders is exceedingly pleasing, but after all, it is more curious than beautiful. In one remarkable instance, and we believe the only one known, it is exhibited in preserving in the interior architecture the same proportions as those of the exterior, a peculiarity which we are rather surprised that Lord Aberdeen has not noticed. It will be better, perhaps, understood by a sectional sketch than by description.



The principle, as here exhibited, is simply this:—where two stories are required, or rather, where a gallery is to be supported as well as the beams of the roof, instead of two distinct pillars complete, according to certain proportions within themselves, such as we see in some of our churches, the one over the other, the Greeks, in this instance, adopted the principle of only one shaft from the architrave or beam to the floor, and divided it by the floor of the gallery, in this manner.



And it cannot be questioned, that the architectural effect in churches, where the roof is sustained by columns along the front of the gallery, would be far more imposing and solemn than the practice in use amongst us, of introducing two rows of columns, and generally of different orders. We have marked by the dotted perpendicular, that the column is supposed to be turned out of a block, the sides of which were equal to the diameter at the base—a principle of simplicity to which Lord Aberdeen has also not adverted, but seems rather to be of opinion, with Vitruvius, that the entasis, or swelling of the column, was an essential in the rules and practice of the Greek architects, and not, as we are of opinion, a corrupt deviation from the original simplicity of the truncated cone. For, with all our veneration for Vitruvius, and respect for the taste and judgment of Lord Aberdeen, we conceive, wherever it can be shewn, that the primary lines of the forms in Grecian architecture can be traced into a more simple character than we happen to find them in any example before us, we ought to consider the deviation from that simplicity as a capricious deformity. It is doubtless true that the temple of the Parthenon at Athens is "the most beautiful, perhaps, of the buildings of antiquity;" but it does not therefore follow, that it is to be considered as a perfect specimen of Grecian architecture; for it may yet be proved by example, that a new modification of the proportions may produce a still more beautiful effect; and therefore, even although it may be the case that Mr Cockerell has discovered "that this entasis does really exist in the columns of the Parthenon," we should still refuse to acknowledge it as a beauty; but we are more disposed to suspect that Mr Cockerell has fallen into some mistake in his measurements, than that Stuart did not observe it, especially as our own persuasion, from a frequent survey of the edifice in every possible point of view, is, that the principle of

the truncated cone was very strictly preserved. But my Lord Aberdeen takes it for granted that the Grecian architecture is perfect, and infers that every thing which may be discovered in the Parthenon must therefore be a beauty, although it remains to be proved, if that temple can or ought to be regarded as the most perfect specimen —the most beautiful yet produced we have acknowledged it is. And in speaking of the entasis he continues to say, "It is found in these examples (the Parthenon, &c.) to be executed very much in the manner prescribed by Vitruvius;—as, a gradual addition to the diameter of the shaft; the greatest deviation from a right line drawn from the base to the capital being at a certain point about the middle of its height; but the diameter of the whole column being at no part so great as at the base. This line, therefore, forms the portion of a circle; although, in some more recent instances, it would appear more nearly to describe the parabolic curve. Notwithstanding this peculiarity of form has been discovered with so much difficulty, and is in fact scarcely distinguishable, there is no doubt that it was thought to be important in its general effect, and was adopted after a profound consideration of the subject. It is a proof of the highly refined and delicate perception of the Greeks; for Vitruvius explains the principle of its adoption, when he states that in columns of the same proportions, the apparent diminution of the diameter is always greater according to their respective height; and that this deception of the sight is to be corrected by the science of the artist. In order, therefore, to produce the desired effect on the eye, he directs that the diameter of the upper part of the shaft in a column fifteen feet high, should be one sixth less than its magnitude at the base; but that in one of fifty feet, the diameter should not be more than one eighth." We shall make no observations on this passage, but merely quote it as a proof and an example of what we have stated, namely, that Lord Aberdeen having assumed the perfection of the Grecian architecture, is easily satisfied with any explanation of peculiarities, that, with all due deference to his lordship, we would take leave to say yet require to be shewn are beauties. For we again repeat, that it is not in the proportions of the Grecian column that the superior beauty of the architecture consists, but in the appropriation of a number of columns arranged according to a certain figure, constructed for a particular use. Besides, the idea of cheating the eye is both unphilosophical and far-fetched, for it can only be effected from a particular point of view; and the supposition that it was of any scientific consequence, would imply, that, except in that particular point, the full beauty of the column would not be perceptible.

But although his Lordship is thus satisfied with the supposed perfection of the Grecian architecture as it exists in the proportions of the columns, and has given the preference to the proportions of those of the Parthenon, he has omitted, while stating the different proportions in other edifices, to deduce whether that difference was requisite or appropriate,—a circumstance which, we confess, does surprise us, for, on his own principles, every deviation in proportion ought to be regarded as the result of reflection, and for a purpose of adaptation; and consequently the reason of the difference between the proportions used in one edifice, built in the same style from those used in another, should be sought for in the variations of magnitude, and not, as his Lordship thinks, in their comparative antiquity. "A reference to the different proportions of the columns and their entablatures, has been supposed to afford a criterion of the antiquity of the edifice. Columns, in the earliest ages, are said to have been invariably low, and their entablatures massive; but as the art advanced, the entablature, it is affirmed, gradually diminished, and the columns became more lofty and slender." This is, no doubt, correct in the main; in the first ages of architecture, rudeness was inseparable from building, but the principal of those temples, of which Lord Aberdeen states the difference of proportions in the columns, do not belong to a rude age. They were edifices of the first class of refined art, when architecture had been thoroughly cultivated, and therefore some other reason than that of comparative antiquity must have led to that difference. We

shall not deny positively that comparative antiquity has nothing to do with the differences of his Lordship's table of proportions, page 152; but we contend, that, in the principal edifices therein enumerated, magnitude has quite as much to say; and it is somewhat singular that the Hexastyle at Selinus, which we have ourselves inspected and measured, exceeds in dimensions the Parthenon of Athens, about as much as the proportion between the diameter and the height of the columns of the latter differ from those of the former. Indeed, from a cursory inspection of the table, we should find but little difficulty in determining the comparative magnitude of the principal edifices in the list, with the exception of the temples at Agrigentum. But there is no end to a controversy of this kind, and we must, for the present, take leave of his Lordship, with whose work, as a gentlemanly production, we have been highly pleased, although, as a disquisition concerning the theory and principles of beauty in Grecian architecture, we freely assert it is far from being satisfactory

VIATOR.

A VISIT TO THE GREAT ISLAND OF EDINBURGH, CALLED BRITAIN. BY EREE OMAI.*

WE certainly were never more surprised in our life, than when Captain Fraser of the Naiad, direct from New South Wales, called upon us with this interesting book; the first, we believe, which has reached this country from the Otaheitean press; and we were still more gratified at the address, "To the Great Wise Man of Edinburgh Island, Britain." We did not know that THE MAGAZINE had been so universally read in the South Sea Islands, though the demand from shipmasters has been unusually steady; and though it is statedly reprinted in the Chinese language both at Canton and Pekin, we were not aware, till we saw the last dispatches to the India Company, of the importance attached to our work in the Celestial Empire. It is positively asserted in the private letters, that the Chinese government have come to the resolution to accommodate all differences, upon our commander delivering to the proper authorities a complete copy of Blackwood's Magazine, (written by the Scottish Con-fut-zee, as they are pleased to term us,) for every Chinese killed in the scuffle; and that Captain Jenkins has been dispatched in a quick-sailing vessel to India, to procure the necessary number of copies, at any price. A lady, a passenger in a country ship, was actually offered a lack of rupees for her copy, which she would not part with, expecting it to make her fortune when she arrived at Calcutta.

But to the subject of the present article. Many of our readers will recollect the interesting young man whom Captain Fraser brought to Edinburgh about three years ago, a grandson of the celebrated Omai, whom Captain Cook took out to the South Seas after a residence in England. Though we only met with him twice, yet his amiable manners, and aptitude for information, made us augur well of the future prospects of the country which produced him, and the zeal of the missionaries in disseminating useful learning among a people so amiable. He spoke English pretty well; could write legibly, though not fast; and as he travelled thus far merely with a view to benefit his fellow-islanders, he was anxious to acquire information that might be useful. Of that desire the present volume is the fruit. And Captain Fraser besides informs us, that before he left the island, Omai had begun a course of practical lectures on agriculture, illustrative of the use of the implements which were so kindly furnished to him by Mr Morton of Leith-walk. The present volume, indeed, evinces his talent for observation in a striking degree; and although it was not to be expected that he would be able to comprehend the principles of our more complicated ma-

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* In one vol. 12mo. Otaheite, 1821. pp. 336. Sold in Oonalska, by Peter King, and in Ohwyee, by George Otoo.

chines, yet of the more simple ones employed in the culture of the ground, he seemed fully aware of the construction and value.

On his landing at Leith, the shipping and docks struck him extremely; and he spent nearly a week in the shipbuilders' yards, examining the structure of the vessels, and the manner of fastening the beams and ribs. Mr Menzies' carpenters were indeed very civil to him, and encouraged him to assist them in their work, at which, for so short a space of time, he became very active. The forges of the smiths also attracted much of his attention; and, before he left the country, he was able to make nails, hinges, and such like articles, with considerable facility. But by far the most curious parts of this volume are those in which our manners, customs, and places of public resort, are described.

"All the streets of this large city and island of Edinburgh are built of stone, and the houses are cut out of rock, with windows for light, and stone ladders on the walls for walking to the top, for they are built one above another. How high they are appears strange, for I, Omai, saw the hills beneath me, and the sea, which is the road for the ships to go to Otaheite. This is what I saw, but what man can believe it? And a bridge, that will I describe, for the like is not seen neither in Otaheite nor Owyhee. A bridge is a hill built across a deep hollow; but it is of stone, and one can walk under it and above, and it does not fall down. And some bridges have water under them; but the bridges of the island of Edinburgh, that wonderful city, have no water.

"And the Captain took me to see the places for bad men and bad women, that is them who steal; and these are the prisons; and one of them is called a Jail, the other Bridewell; for the number of bad people is great in the island of Edinburgh. And this was on a hill, or rather street, called Nelson's Monument, or the Calton, which is a high pillar; for there is a morai here, and a round house or temple, without windows, for those who study the stars, and tell the people when it is to rain. And in a little room in a house—which is not a house, for the Captain called it Observatory—I, Omai, myself, saw the streets, and men, and horses, as if I could touch them, though it was dark; and this is an Observatory, to see better in the dark than in day-light, through long pieces of hollow wood.

"And the streets (I could not count them nor tell one from another, they are all so like, though some are longer and some are shorter,) are all shops; and shops are houses where men and women sell, some clothes, such as I never saw—some, I cannot tell what, so many things do they sell; and the bread is bigger than the bread-fruit, and better, though it grows in this country on a straw, which is called wheat. And the people make fires of black stone, for it is not wood, but it burns; and their candles in the shops are nothing but air, but the light is brighter than the candles of oil, and I, Omai, could not comprehend it. How wonderful it is!"

Captain Fraser next took Omai to the theatre. Kean was performing that evening; but Omai could not distinguish readily who were spectators and who were actors; and seemed to have little knowledge of the unities of time, place, or action. "There," says he, "the people all sit in rows, and there is a row of musicians; and the ladies were so beautiful I could have kissed them all, and the gentlemen looked as mild and sweet as ladies. And upon the other side was a house by itself, though sometimes it looked like a wood; and a gentleman, who roared in a strange dress, was killed, and he died, and I was sorry; but the people clapped their hands and stamped with their feet—and this is a tragedy. And a comedy or farce is the same thing, as the Captain told me; but there is no killing, only they look comical and laugh; and then there is a marriage according to the fashion of the country, and a great noise, and it is done. But I could not understand how the killed men came alive again; and how the same people were married again next evening; but the Captain told me it was true, and the Captain is a good man, and so is his wife and daughters, therefore, why should I, Omai, doubt his word?"

No one can live long in this country, without hearing something of the two great parties in it who embrace opposite political opinions. Omai attempts to account for this, but in a manner, we fear, that would give little plea-

re to the zealots of either party. We efer taking a paragraph on a less bateable subject.

"And the great chiefs of this island le in leathern boxes, which are made black wood, and dragged at the ils of horses. And the box is not on ıeir backs, but it is on wheels, and ıs a door and windows, and is a lit- e house; and the ropes are of lea- ıer, which the Captain calls harness; ıd it is tied round the horses. And l the people who are afraid to walk, ıd the chiefs who are not strong, and ıe women, that is, ladies, whose .othes are fine, and their feet not ıade for walking, ride in these boxes. .nd a man sits on the top, with a long amboo; and another stands behind, nd pulls it back, for fear it should ın away. And this is a coach; and coach is not a ship, for it sails with orses, and not sails, and walks upon ne land by wheels. Many such coaches id I, Omai, see, on the streets stand- ıg, for those who would give money o ride like a chief for an hour. And he mail coaches—what coaches are hey! they have four horses, and be- ong to the King. And the great chiefs, hey have also four horses; yet for all hat, they are not true mail coaches."

The following is Omai's account of ıis visit to the Parliament House. We hould doubt much if the judicatures ıf Otaheite will be improved by the lescription.

"The Hall of Chiefs and Learned Men, who judge in crimes and differ- ences among the people, is wonderful, ınd their manner of settling disputes s beyond what I, Omai, though the ıon of a chief, and the husband of three wives, could have thought upon, had I not travelled in the great Cap- tain's ship to the magnificent island of Britain, called Edinburgh. There were old chiefs clothed in red-coloured skins or cloth, who sat in chairs built of leather, for they were not wood, and leather is the skins of cows and sheep; and they had large heads to contain all their wisdom, and their hair was white like the blossoms of the kut- myoo. And they looked upon papers, and had pens in their hands, and be- fore their eyes were little windows for them to see justice more clearly. And at the back of the Chiefs was an image of justice, made of shining stone; and there were two houses or halls of judges; but the image of justice was not the same in both, for it was different. And the red men looked down upon the black men be- low, and smiled and nodded their heads. And a black man rose up and spoke. He also had a white head like a cauliflower, but larger and more beautiful, and handles hung down his back like the tail of a sheep. And he pointed with his finger, and drew his cloth round him, and looked very wise, and read from a paper, and nod- ded his head, and spoke, and the peo- ple laughed. What he said I did not understand, for it was spoken so fast, that I could not perceive its meaning, though the learned English ministers of Otaheite taught me to read.

"Other black men sat in a lower room, and they wrote down all that was said, for they had pens in their hands and paper before them. And my Captain bid me look, that one of these black men was chief of the learned men, who make all the books to the King of the great island of Edinburgh, or Britain; and nobody reads but his books, for they are the histories of the kingdom; and their name is Marmion Waverley. They are even in Otaheite, and I, Omai, can read their words, but I cannot understand them all, though the sound is pleasing, and sometimes like the paddling of a war- canoe.

"And a man stood up by the side of the principal Chief, who cried out for all those who wanted justice to come forward. And another black man stood up, and how fast he spoke! how he pointed with his finger, and beat the table with his hands, and looked as if he would have forced the big red men to do him justice! But they did not care for all his words, for they were not afraid, but laughed, and one of them was asleep. This did I, Omai, see, and I have written it down, for it was won- derful; and there are no such red chiefs at Otaheite. And they had books of pa- pers tied with red bark, and they look- ed at them and whispered; and one of the red men went out and came back again; and this is the manner of jus- tice among the people of the great island of Edinburgh or Britain.

"And in another square or hall, but larger, were all the people who were waiting for justice; and they wore black clothes round their bodies, for black is the colour of justice; and many had white heads, and many not;

and these heads are kept in boxes for those who want them, and they are called wigs, and they are placed over the hair. Another image of justice was here, and he was formerly a chief,—for this is the great place for images; and on the outside is another on a horse, and he is a king, because he rides upon a horse which is made of iron. And one of the men in the black clothes came up to me and said, 'How do you do, my dear fellow?' and I, Omai, did not know him, for he had a wig; and he took me by the hand and laughed, and then I knew him, for I, Omai, had seen him at a feast of dinner, and he was a chief. Then I could not help laughing, not I, to see this chief in his dress of justice. And as we came out of the crowd, I, Omai, saw a number of boxes with holes for the people to put in money for the great red chiefs who judge; for there is no justice in the island of Edinburgh, nor any thing else, without much, a great deal of money.

"My Captain took me then to see the books belonging to the judges. How many there were, I, Omai, cannot tell, nor can it be known in Otaheite; for I began to count and number them on my fingers; but they were not to be counted, they are so many, and there are three great housefuls placed in rows, and so like one another, that no one can distinguish them. And the chief of the books put one before me, and desired me to look at it; and it was a picture of Otaheite; but it was black and white, and not like; and yet it was like, for all its blackness. And another book of a picture was turned over, and it was a written image of me, Omai; and I knew it—but then it was not me—it was the father of my father, the great Omai the traveller, who was the friend of the maker of the book, the great Captain Cook; and I looked at it and sighed, for I was in the island of Edinburgh, and at many great distances from Otaheite.

"The Captain took me also to a great Morai, where all the people are buried when they die, by putting them in chests made of black wood. In the middle of this morai stands a house, which is rather not a house, because it is a church; and the bells, which are large kettles of iron, rung, and the people went in crowds, for it was Sunday, and the people here do not work on Sunday, only the priests, and they go to church as they do in Otaheite, but their clothes are finer for church; and the ladies, who are the women, look beautiful, and each has their book, and it is red, because it is the Bible. And a young missionary priest went up by steps, and sung, and the people sung, and it was delightful for Omai to hear; and another priest or minister stood up higher on the wall, and he read from a large book and prayed—the book was the same as the Bible at Otaheite, but bigger; and it was pleasant to hear that man read; and, while some looked out at the window, some slept, because the noise was pleasant. And we all rose and sat down again on seats, and then rose and walked away. And this is a Sunday, and the preaching of the church in the great island of Edinburgh, which is called Britain. And it is the same in Otaheite, but different."

Our author's next visit was to the Castle, and an exhibition of paintings; and he has described these as intelligibly as he could, though we fear the reading public of the South-Sea Islands will still have much to learn on both subjects. The account of a public dinner is more interesting, and the arrangements more capable of imitation by the corporations, if there be any such, in Otaheite.

"I, Omai, was taken," says he, "by the good Captain to a great feast; for the people of this country must all eat at certain times appointed by the chiefs. And it was in a house, or rather temple, for eating and drinking, where money is paid to the commander of eating men; and his name, which is very like the name of me, Omai, in printing, is written over the door, and it is *Oman*, for it is not *Omai*. And this Oman is a little fat man, and not like me, Omai. And there was a great crowd of hungry people: and black dress is worn when eating, and for mourning; and how many tables were there! and how they looked! and how they were covered with white cloth, and dishes, which were blue, and birds and houses on them, which were not alive, because they were painted! and the glasses and knives, and spoons of white shining metal, I cannot tell, for they were beyond the power of me, Omai, though learned

the missionaries of England, to
ınt them. And the chiefs of the
ers cut the meat for the others, as
hey were servants, and give to each
at they like, and nobody finds fault;
l he gave me, Omai, a stranger,
ore than I could eat. And the clang-
g of the knives was wonderful; and
e asked another if they were thirsty,
d they filled their glasses and drank
ne, for water is never drunk, and
dded, and felt contented. And an
ree next me filled up my glass with
ellow wine, and he nodded his head,
id we became friends, and I nodded
y head, which is the same thing as
ubbing noses in Otaheite; and his name
as Eree Bailie; and he was fat. And
e was a man unlike any of the men in
taheite. And there was a second
inner after we were all filled; and
ne people began to eat again; but I,
Omai, did not eat much, for I had eat
f roast dog, which is called lamb, and
t is cut into pieces, and very delicious.
and yams were there, which are called
n English potatoes. And then there
vas music; and their drums are form-
d of hollow pieces of wood or bark, and
hey are rubbed with sticks, and not
eat, for they are called fiddles, and men
hold them on their shoulders, and beat
with their fingers; but the sound was
pleasant; and the flutes were not blown
by the nose, for it was done by the mouth.
And the head man made a speech, and
the company rose, and clapped their
hands to the sound of the music, and
roared prodigiously. And another
speech was made by the chief, and it
was called a thumper, or bumper,
which means that the little measures
of wine should be drunk up at once.
And there was more clapping of hands,
and the musicians played louder, and
I, Omai, could have danced, and all
the company, only there was not room.
And there were many more speeches;
and when the speeches pleased the
people, they beat on the table and
stamped on the ground, and roared
like the sea-cow; for that is the way
the English of Edinburgh shew their
gladness at public eatings;—and I,
Omai, the son of a chief in my own
country, stamped likewise, and roared
louder than them all; and they cried,
'Bravo!' which means, 'Very well
done, my friend.'

"The wine that is drunk is not like
our kava, for it is true wine, and it is
of many colours. Some is called port
or porter; some is named ale, sherry,
and whisky; but all are comfortable
for the stomach, and make a man
strong. I cannot tell how many
speeches were said, for there were so
many; and my head began to grow
giddy, for the table was running round;
and it was the noise, for it could not be
the wine, which was very good. And
I rose to go away; and it is the nature
of English wine, that it takes away
the power of walking from strangers;
so I fell down, and there was a laugh;
and I heard no more; and I awaked
next day in my bed, in the good Cap-
tain Fraser's—and the dinner eating
was like a dream."

Our next extract shall be Omai's ac-
count of his visit to the University.

"And the good Captain took me to
the great school of this country, which
is a college, and is a town of itself, it
is so very large. How many rooms there
were, and how many seats in them for
the young men, I cannot tell, though
I, Omai, saw them myself, for they
were so many. In one house was a
great conjurer, who did things very
wonderful, and impossible to conceive.
He changed the colour of water by his
breath; and fired like a cannon, though
it was only the black powder of snuff,
such as is eaten with the nose; and he
was not afraid, for he was a chemist—
what that is I cannot tell. And in the
Doctor's house, where are kept the
bones of the great warriors of Eng-
land, there were the heads of chiefs
all put together so wonderfully, that
they grinned as I, Omai, the son of a
chief, looked at them. And there
were bottles innumerable, filled with
diseases, which the doctors take from
men for money, and keep there so as
they may not get out again to make
the people sick.

"And in another house were all the
beasts in the world, and birds and fish-
es; and they looked so like alive, that I
thought to see them moving; but they
were not alive; for they were dead, and
their skins were stuffed, and they got
no meat. And the beasts are not all
beasts, for some have four feet, which
I saw, and are only quadrupeds, and
many, which are geese, and men, and
other birds, have only two; and I
looked to see if there were any but
with one foot, but could not find it—
only the serpents have none. And the

doctors of the College have a language to themselves; and it is not English, nor understood in Otaheite; and all the names of the beasts, which are animals, are in it; and it is Latin. And the name of one bird was *Falco*, and another *Leo*, and another *Simia*; and a cow is *Bos*, and *Phoca* is a seal, or sea-cow. But it would have taken me, Omai, all my life to write them so beautiful and small; and the Captain said it would not do; so I gave it up. What is the use of this houseful of beasts, I, Omai, cannot tell, for they cannot be eaten, but only looked at; but money was paid for the look, and it was wonderful; and the stones and shells were also beautiful.

"And the wise men who teach in this great school read, and the young men listen, and write it down; and this is a lecture—which is not a sermon; for there is no singing or Bibles; and it is not a church, but a college. And the garden of the college, where the medicine plants grow, is not in the town, for it is in the country, near to the great Morton's; and the scholars are taught to know plants by Linnæus, and their names; and he is a tall man, and shook me, Omai, by the hand, in a house of glass, which is all light; and we are friends; and I will gather medicine plants for him in Otaheite—that shall I, Omai, do. And this is not all the college, for there are also books, a great many, which I could not count, and they call it a Library, that is, books are a library. And the people here, the book-man said, live by devouring books: but this I could not understand."

We believe it was ourself who gave Captain Fraser and his friend a note to see the printing establishment of Messrs Ballantyne & Co.; and we had entirely forgotten the circumstance, till the following passage in Omai's narrative met our view. We are afraid, however, that his description will convey but a confused idea of this most interesting of all the mechanical arts; nor is it likely that the handicraftsmen of Otaheite will be able to bind books from his slight notice.

"And the printing, that is the stamps of writing that the good men have at Otaheite, there is a great many here, and I saw them and their tables made of wood with holes, and the young men who pick them. And they put pitch upon the small nails which are types, and strong men press upon the paper, and it comes out a book. This I, Omai, saw in the great book-work of the island of Edinburgh, which is near the steeples where light is made for burning. And the shoemakers put leather upon them, and sew them; how neat it is!—a true book to be read, and gold names on the back."

Had we not been afraid of rendering this article too long, we should have now quoted Omai's account of an interview with "the Man of Skulls," as he is pleased to term some phrenological gentleman who had taken the trouble to measure the diameter of his head. But as we have little doubt that Mr Blackwood will find it his interest speedily to reprint the volume, we conclude with one extract more.

"And the people of this wonderful island have a book, and it is written with printed letters every new moon; and the people look at it and laugh, for there is the figure of a black man on the outside; and the cover of this book is like the bark of the bread-fruit, and it makes the people wise; for the English people of the island of Edinburgh are wiser than all the world. And my Captain said, I must take this book to Otaheite, for it would make our chiefs wise; and he took me to the place where they are made, and it is a library, and the book-man who makes them gave us twelve different books with the black man's head; and when he asked my name, and knew that I was Omai, the son of a chief, and had come so far to see his book, he was delighted, and the chiefs of books in his house were also delighted, and took me by the hand; and though money is taken for these books, yet he would not take money from my Captain; and this is called a present by the men of the great island of Edinburgh.

"And the chief of the wise men who write these books, he is called Ambrose, and he took us to his house, and ordered wine to be brought to me and my Captain, and would not let us away, though the Captain said he must go. And a supper of birds was brought, which are called *chackies* in English, and a curious fish, which is a *finanhaddy*, and it is not at Otaheite;

and toddy-wine, which is warm because it is heated by fire, and which sailing men call grog. And there was a doctor there, and a warrior who was an Engine, with a red face, and who was funny with my Captain and laughed, and he mixed the toddy-wine. And then reeds were brought with thimbles at one end, in which was fire, and they put them into their mouths, and the smoke came out, for they were fire-eaters, and Captain Fraser did so too—and this is smoking. And the book-man, whose picture is on the wise book, he said nothing but laughed, and took a black powder from a box and put it into his nose, for it was snuff. And they said much which I did not understand, for who in Otaheite can speak like the great wise men of Ambrose?"

THE MAGIC LANTERN, OR SKETCHES OF SCENES IN THE METROPOLIS.*

A gentlemanly-looking man—name unknown—with large black whiskers, came into the back-shop a few days ago, and, after some pleasant and intelligent chit-chat among a body of contributors, put down on the table a long, lean, blue-looking volume, which he said had amused him on his voyage down from London in the James Watt steam-boat. "You will find it, gentlemen, a very lively little affair, and you will not glance over its pages with the less interest for being told that it 'emanated' (that was his identical word) from one of the most beautiful and graceful ladies in all England." One and all of us pricked up our small, short, thin ears at these words, and O'Doherty handing over the volume to OURSELVES, we opened the Magic Lantern, and saw, at half a glance, that our friend with the large black whiskers was a man of discrimination and veracity. It is, as he said, a very lively little affair; but which particular one of the "most beautiful and graceful ladies in all England" constructed and lighted it, we in our simplicity and ignorance know not, and may never know. The time has been, that we would have gone to London for the express purpose of being introduced to a lady whom we believe to be graceful and beautiful, because the large-whiskered gentleman solemnly avowed it, with his hand on his heart, and whom we know to be excessively clever, because we ourselves, who are not a large-whiskered gentleman, have perused 72 closely printed pages of her effusions. Now we are old and rheumatic and gouty, and cannot stir from home; but should this lady ever visit our metropolis, our crutches shall carry us to the Royal Hotel, that is certain; and, leaning upon them, devoutly shall we hail the fair star of the south rising on our northern horizon.

But what, in the name of old Elwes and Joseph Hume, can be the meaning of the coarseness of this paper over which we are now drawing our fore finger? Had this been a matronly treatise on household frugality, an attempt to undersell Mrs Rundle's System of Cookery, such paper and such boards would have been in good-keeping—its outward appearance seems to remind one more of the kitchen than the drawing-room table. Indeed, but for the evidence before us, we should as soon have believed that Pence-save Joseph had convinced the rose-tree that it could effect a great saving to nature, if in future it made use of its withered leaves for the vehicle of its fragrance, instead of the bloom and blossoms which it annually squanders, as that such a writer as this could have been persuaded by him to send forth the perfume of her prickly fancy in such a shape as this. But we can only refer it to the inexplicable mysteries of the sex. However, as we have no doubt that the person of this fair author would look most beautiful even in the dress of a peasant girl, although that of a countess might be more natural and befitting her loveliness, so her mind beams forth through the dim, dull, dirty blue, in which the saving knowledge of Joseph Hume has induced her to wrap it on the present occasion, although we hope soon to see it in hot-press and wire-wove, and cerulean azure.

The "Magic Lantern" exhibits a

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* Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Browne. 1822.

few scenes peculiar to London in a light and easy manner. A satirical gaiety is its general character, and in many passages the style, which has the colloquial piquancy of dramatic dialogue, sparkles into wit; but the impression is nevertheless strongly serious—owing, we fear, to the justness of the ridicule. Indeed, the work throughout, exhibits our fellow-beings, perhaps, too much as they actually are, and of course in a less favourable point of view than that in which any of us would wish to be seen. Vice, full-grown, is no where brought into view—and indeed it is no business of a female ever to do that—but the steps which Folly takes towards it are pointed out with almost masculine shrewdness, and at the same time with true feminine delicacy.

The first sketch is called the Auction, and describes, with a humour often bordering on pathos, the sort of sympathy which commonly prevails among the groups who are seen at occasions of this kind, especially when the sale is of the furniture of some ruined friend.

"The mansion that I was now in, had lately been the residence of a family of distinction, and bore evident marks of good taste.—The furniture was rich and elegant, and chosen with a view to use as well as ornament; the pictures were the *chef d'œuvres* of the best masters; and a library of well-chosen books, with globes, fine maps, and all the apparatus for astronomical and geographical studies, marked the intellectual pursuits of the late possessors.

"The morning room of the female part of the family next excited my attention;—here were all the indications of female elegance and female usefulness—the neat book shelves stored with the best authors; the writing-table, with all its appendages; the drawing-table, on which the easel and pencils still rested, and the harp and piano-forte, with the music-books still open, all spoke the refined taste and avocations of the owners of this room, and how sudden had been the ruin that had expelled them from it.

"Some pictures, with their faces turned to the wall, were placed in a corner of the room, and curiosity induced me to examine them. I found them to be coloured drawings, admirably executed, and evidently portraits. On examining them more closely, I discovered that some of the accompaniments were copies of parts of the furniture now before me. One of the drawings represented two very lovely girls performing on the harp and piano-forte, and never did I behold a sweeter personification of a duet, 'Both warbling of one song, both in one key; as if their hands, their sides, voices, and minds, had been incorporate.' Another represented a most animated, intelligent-looking girl, reading to one who was drawing, and whose countenance, though pale and languid, was expressive of genius and sensibility. Here then, thought I, are the late actors in this domestic scene; and, as I gazed on the sweet faces before me, my interest became excited to a painful degree.—Imagination pictured these delicate-looking females driven from their home, stripped at once of all the elegancies of life, and sent to brave a world, the hardships of which they were now for the first time to learn. I saw them cling to each other in an agony of affection—I saw the last looks of parting sorrow which they cast on this scene of happy hours for ever gone by; and I saw the efforts they made to compose their tearful countenances, and to regain some portion of fortitude, while with hurried steps, as if afraid to trust themselves with another parting glance, they left the apartment. My heart bled at the picture which my fancy had painted, and I hastened into the room where the sale was going on, to lose the poignancy of my emotions. Here every thing presented a contrast to the quiet scene that I had quitted. Noise, bustle, and confusion, on every side. Here was a groupe of fashionables, male and female, whose bows of recognition, and smiles and whispers, betrayed that they were more occupied with each other than with the auction. At another side was a set of elderly ladies, whose scrutinizing glances, and airs of satisfied self-importance, were expressive of their conscious superiority. Next to these were some gentlemen, of a certain period in life, who had left their clubs to look in at the sale, and whose sapient looks and whispers declared them well accustomed to such scenes. The rest of the crowd was composed of brokers, and dealers in *bijouterie*, who evidently wished the fashionables away."

After many lively and caustic touches, the fair writer proceeds in the following strain:

"By the bye, *apropos*, of balls—what very pleasant ones we have been at in this house! poor Mrs B—— will give no more balls; for, I understand, they are quite ruined. Well, I declare, now that I think of it, I am very sorry; for there are so very few people that give pleasant balls. Here the conversation became general, each of the ladies, young and old, mingling their voices:—'Well, I must say, I always thought how it would end,' says one. 'What a very conceited woman Mrs B—— was!' cries another. 'Yes, and what fuss people made about the beauty and accom-

plishments of the daughters,' observes a third. 'I (said a pale sickly-looking girl) could never see any beauty in them; and I am sure they wore rouge and pearl powder.' 'They gave devilish good dinners though, (said one of the beaux) and I must do B —— the justice to say, that he had one of the best cooks in London.' 'Yes, and he gave capital claret,' rejoined another. 'I thought his white hermitage better than his claret,' said a third; while another exclaimed, 'Well, give me his hock in preference to all his other wines, for that was *unique*.' 'I hope G—— will buy B——'s wines, as he gives such good feeds: his is the only house in town where you may rely on finding a perfect *suprême de volaille*; or where you get *cotèlettes des pigeons a la champagne*.' 'Oh! but (remarked the first speaker) G——'s cellar is not nearly so cool or well arranged as B——'s, and the wine may get injured.' 'There won't be time enough for that, for G—— can't last long; he will be done up in a short time,' was the reply. 'I did hear some hint of that,' said another. 'It's a fact, I assure you, I had it from his lawyer,' said the first speaker. 'Well, G—— is a monstrous good fellow, and we must dine with him very often, that the wine mayn't be spoiled, before he is done up,' said one of the *Exquisites*; which friendly intention they all expressed their willingness to carry into effect. 'Have you any idea what is become of B——?' interrogated one of the party. 'I did hear something, that he was in the Bench, or gone to France: but (yawning) I really forgot all about it.' 'I intend to bid for his curricle horses at Tattersal's.' 'And I (said another) will buy his Vandyke picture.' 'What! do you like pictures?' said a third. 'O no! I have not the least fancy for them; indeed I don't know a Titian from a Vandyke: but one must have pictures, and I know that R——, who is a judge in things of that sort, wants to have this, and I am determined he sha'n't,' was the reply of the intended purchaser of one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of Vandyke.

"A young man of the party, who had hitherto been silent, and in whose countenance good nature and silliness strove for mastery, remarked, that 'it was a pity that people who gave such good dinners were so soon ruined.' 'A pity! (replied another) no, no; give me a short campaign, and a brisk one; for let the dinners and wines be ever so good, one gets so tired of seeing always the same faces, and the same kind of dishes: for if a dinner-giving man holds out many seasons, he gives so often the same sort of dinners, and the same set of men, that it at last becomes as tiresome as dining at the mess of the Guards. Believe me, there is nothing like a fresh start; and no man, at least no dinner-giving man, should last more than two seasons, unless he would change his cook every month, to prevent a repetition of the same dishes, and keep a regular *roaster* of his invitations, with a mark to each name, to prevent people from meeting at his house twice in a season.' 'Would it not be better to cut his acquaintances every month, instead of his cook, particularly if he once got a perfect artist? Who is it that would not give up all his acquaintances, rather than part with such a cook as *Monsieur Ude?*' All the party agreed in this sentiment, but the silent young man observed, that 'Carrying it into practice might be attended with disagreeable consequences; for some men are so ridiculous, that if you take it into your head to cut them, they call you out, and nothing but a duel or an apology remains.'"

But all is not utter heartlessness amidst this parting wreck of the splendours of Fortune, and there is a fine relief given to the above description of these callous marauders, in the following amiable picture.

"I left them, with feelings very similar to those excited in my mind by the fashionables; and, with more of anger than a Christian ought to feel, I exclaimed, 'And this is an auction! a scene so often the resort of the old and the young, the grave and the gay, where human beings go to triumph in the ruin and misery of their fellow-creatures! and where those who have partaken of the hospitality of the once opulent owner of the mansion, now come to witness his downfall, regardless of his misfortunes, or else to exult in their own contrasted prosperity! Never were mankind so low in my estimation; and I was hurrying from this scene of heartless selfishness, when I perceived two females engaged in conversation, whose looks were expressive of the sympathy which they felt in it.

"On approaching nearer, I heard the names of the Misses B —— pronounced in accents so full of pity and affection, that I paused to listen to the conversation. One of the females, whose appearance bespoke her to belong to the upper class of society, observed, in reply to an enquiry of the other, that 'The B—— family were all at her house, and perfectly reconciled to their misfortunes; that she hoped enough would remain, after paying the creditors, to enable the family to enjoy the comforts of life, in some retired country residence; that the Misses B—— only regretted their change of fortune as dreading its effects on their parents, and as abridging their means of assisting their fellow-creatures.' Here the emotions of the other female became uncontrollable, and while the tears trickled down her cheeks, she exclaimed, with a fer-

vency that displayed the sincerity of her feelings, 'Oh! bless them, bless them; well I know their goodness: they found me out when oppressed by affliction and poverty; despair had nearly overwhelmed me, and I thought Pity and Benevolence had fled from the earth. They relieved my wants with a liberal hand; but oh! what is of infinitely greater importance, they reconciled me to my fellow beings, and to my God. That I now live, and pursue a course of usefulness and industry, I owe entirely to their humanity; I shudder at reflecting on the fearful crisis to which poverty and despair had reduced me, when those amiable and excellent young ladies found me out. By their assistance I am now not only above want, but have a trifle to assist the unfortunate, and I came here to purchase some of the furniture of their own private apartments, which I know they valued from their childhood, in order to have it sent to their future habitation, as a trifling memorial of a gratitude that can end only with my life. But, alas! I am too late, for the auctioneer's clerk has told me that the furniture of their rooms, together with their clothes, books, and musical instruments, are all bought in by a friend; so that I am deprived of this opportunity of proving my gratitude. I have one more effort to make—they will want a domestic, and no where can they find a more attached one than myself. The life which they have preserved shall be devoted to their service.'

"The expression of the speaker's countenance became radiant with gratitude and benevolence, and the soul-beaming smile of approval with which the other regarded her, as by a gentle pressure of the hand she marked her hearfelt sympathy, made its way to mine.

"I longed to press both within my own; but this the usages of society forbade.

"I enquired of a bystander the name of the lady, and on referring to the auctioneer, he disclosed to me in confidence, that she was the purchaser of the furniture, books, clothes, &c. &c. &c. of the Misses B——, and had given directions to have them all sent to a residence which she has presented to them.

"My feelings glowed with delight at finding two such instances of benevolence; and I exclaimed with warmth, 'Thank heaven, all goodness has not vanished from the earth! The virtues of those two amiable women have reconciled me to my species; and I find that even the selfish vortex of an AUCTION cannot engulph true virtue.' "

The next sketch is of the Park. O vanished days of our youth! O sunny summers, when we, *young* CHRISTOPHER NORTH, on our gallant grey, charged through the gate at Hyde-Park Corner on a Sunday! What a seat was ours! Neither Alexander the Great, Chadwick, nor Leatham, could have excelled us. How did we turn and wind our fiery Pegasus!—But now—O Castor! we fear to bestride even a Highland shelty. The following description brings vividly back upon us the triumphs of our youth.

"Carriages, of every description, from the splendid *vis-a-vis* and elegant chariot, down to the vulgar city coach and more vulgar gig: next to the well-appointed curricle followed a shabby hired whisky; while the *cabriolet*, with its *Dandy* driver, was contrasted by its next neighbour, a vehicle partaking the joint qualities of a taxed-cart and Irish jaunting car, conducted by a butcher-like looking man, accompanied by a large female, whose cheeks might in colour out-vie his primest ox beef.

"In the drive, which is now considered the fashionable one, and for which I can assign no other reason than its being the most disagreeable part of the Park, the crowd of equipages from Hyde Park Corner to Cumberland Gate, is so great, that carriages are sometimes detained stationary for half an hour at a time; while the promenade, at each side, is a moving mass, in which hats and bonnets, with occasional peeps of pretty faces, are alone visible. Each person that you meet complains of the heat, and the dust, and the crowd, but still perseveres in giving this side of the Park the preference to the cool and more agreeable one near the Serpentine river; or the still more delightful umbrageous walks in Kensington Gardens: surely this preference is a convincing proof of the influence of fashion, which we daily see demanding fresh sacrifices of taste and comfort from her votaries. The equipages do not present a more striking difference to each other than do the persons who occupy them. —In the splendid *vis-a-vis*, with its emblazoned coronet and supporters, sits, or rather reclines, the pale, and simply-adorned woman of fashion, the languor of whose countenance exhibits the ravages of crowded rooms, and late hours, and who enters into this scene to kill an hour on this dullest of all days, according to fashionable phraseology. Her coachman, with his knowing white wig and rich livery, seems conscious of his and his owner's superiority, and regards the other carriages with apparent contempt; while the footmen, with all the impertinent *non-chalance* so peculiar to the servants of the great, are exchanging smiles of recognition with their acquaintances, and making their observations on the scene around them. Next follows the gaudy, but ill-appointed coach of some citizen, crowded almost to suffocation with his fat and flashy wife, and rosy-

cheeked smiling daughters, whose bonnets look like beds of tulips, and whose white handkerchiefs, applied frequently to their foreheads, mark, in spite of their smiles, the *yielding softness* of their nature, and shew them to be in the *melting mood*. This is succeeded by the *smart turn-out* of some pretender to fashion, who desired to have a carriage exactly like Lady H***'s, but wished to have a *little more* brass on the harness, and more fringe on the hammer-cloth:—the coach-maker has been most liberal of both, and the poor would-be fashionable sits perfectly happy, fancying the smiles with which the gazers regard her gaudy equipage, and ill-drest self, proceed from pure admiration. The Lord Mayor's coach, with all the paraphernalia of mayoralty finery, next fills up the line, while the smug faces of my Lord and Lady, with their offspring, the embryo Lord Mayor or Lady Mayoress, form a group that might be painted as a personification of

'Oh, the roast beef of Old England!'

so visible are its nutritious effects on their countenances.

"A brown landaulet with red wheels now advances, the wretched horses of which seem scarcely able to bear the weight of plated harness, under which they are literally bending; and, as if to increase their misery, the shabby *rattle-trap* is filled by a group that would require the pencil of Hogarth to paint:—In the centre sits an elderly gentleman, whose rubicund cheeks, fiery nose, and blue-black wiry locks and whiskers, give him a striking resemblance to the Saracen's Head, as pourtrayed on stage-coaches. On each side of him sits a comely, sultana-looking dame, large, languid, and listless—affecting all the easy negligence of high *ton*, which is ludicrously contrasted by the absurd vulgarity of the carriage, and the whole set out. Five smiling babes, the images of their blushing sire, arranged in picturesque attitudes, complete the party within; but what pen can do justice to the coachman and footman! The thread-bare broad-cloth livery, that was once white, faced with a colour meant to be scarlet, but much less vivid than the old gentleman's countenance, made for men of tall stature, and now worn by such as are of comparatively dwarfish size, hired on job for a few weeks; the hats turned up all round, and totally bereft of the beaver that once covered them, strikingly evince the love of show, struggling with the parsimony and inherent vulgarity of the master. This *turn out* excites universal derision, and the *Dandies* declare that it must belong to some East India or Dublin Castle dubbed knight, who has tempted one of the fair dames by his side to become his wife, for the pleasure of being called *My Lady*.

"The elegant carricle, driven by its more elegant owner, the beautiful Lady F***, now follows, and attracts all eyes, while this lovely female *Phaeton*, enveloped in capes and veils, scarcely deigns to shew a portion of those beauteous features, that have never been seen without exciting admiration. The fashionable and fascinating Lady S. H*** rolls along in her tasteful and splendid carriage, reclined in a corner of it, and covered by a transparent veil; while the crimson silk blinds, half drawn down, shed not 'a dim religious light,' but love's own rosy hue, over her faultless figure; and admiring *Dandies*, with uncovered heads, mark, by their low bows, the profound feeling which she excites.

"Here may be seen the 'Gallant gay Lothario,' perhaps still more generally known as 'Romeo,' driving his car, which, alas! is no longer a triumphal one, being hailed by smiles of derision and contempt, instead of applause, whenever he makes his appearance in it. Its luckless owner sits elate, with head awry, and neck extended, looking round to meet the glances of admiration which he fancies he excites. Next to this fantastic vehicle follows the family coach of Mr ***, the plain substantial elegance of which marks the good taste of its possessor; while the lady-like demeanour of his wife, and the cheerful, ingenuous countenances of his children, who accompany her, bespeak a well-ordered and happy family.

"The line of carriages is now broken by a tilbury, driven by a city *Dandy*, who has chosen the Park to make his *debut* in as a whip: the horse becomes restive, and the want of skill in his driver excites the ridicule of his more dexterous brothers of the whip: the tilbury is entangled in the wheel of a coach, which causes a general stoppage, while heads are seen emerging from the windows of all the carriages round, anxious to ascertain the cause of delay; and the ladies in the next carriage are, between alarm and anger, almost unintelligibly vociferating from the windows to their servants to let them out; while their terror only seems to increase the merriment of the surrounding crowd, and to give fresh impetus to the unfortunate *Dandy*, who is *malgré* the advice of all the by-standers, with one hand reining back his impetuous steed, and with the other urging him on by applying the whip.

"Next advance a male and female equestrian, who are apparently as little skilled in the riding, as the luckless *Dandy* is in the driving-school;—the horse of the lady becomes frightened at the crowd, and the lady more than participates in his alarms; while her *cavalier servant* is so occupied in endeavouring to restrain the ardour of his own charger, that he can afford her no assistance; and her distress is

heightened by hearing the peals of laughter all round her, and seeing the ridicule which her situation excites. But, as if to redeem the female name from the imputation of want of skill in horsemanship, the pretty and graceful Lady G***, and the lovely Mrs F. S**, are seen darting along like meteors; while the perfect command that they evidently possess over their coursers, and the easy elegance with which they manage them, can alone quiet the alarms the spectators would otherwise feel at the velocity with which they move.

"To these succeeds a mighty host, including Peers, Commoners, the things yclept *Dandies*, Citizens who ride their own bits of blood, and Apprentices who hire them for the day, and bestride them as they would their counters. But vain would be the attempt to describe, or even to enumerate half the beauties, would-be beauties, fashionables, and apers of fashion, that are seen mixed up in the motley group of citizens, country-folks, and trades-people, that figure in the Park on a fine Sunday, when every vehicle is put in requisition."

We must; we must once more visit London. Contented must *old* Christopher North be to lean back in a landau—and look round him from his repose, just as old Q. used from his balcony, to admire the figures of the passing fair. Yet it is not quite with us yet as with old Q.—Much enjoyment are we still capable of—and while we gratefully look back on the past, we cheerfully look forward to the future, and hope to close a long life of usefulness, in tranquillity and honour.

But the Magic Lantern now streams its dazzling light into the "EGYPTIAN TOMB," and we see the gigantic figure of Belzoni at the portal.—By the bye, does Belzoni remember drinking with us, hand to hand, five bottles of claret at Liverpool, in the year 1810, we think, when he was exhibiting himself before the philosophical, political, literary, and commercial society of that populous town? Little did either of us think of the noise we were both afterwards to make in the world. We hope—Belzoni, thou hast not forgotten us, or how we imitated thee in the Passions by Le Brun, just as our single candle was going out in its socket, in a small room with a low roof and sanded floor, not far from the theatre. But to business. Hear our accomplished author.

"After mounting a steep and dark staircase, the first sentence we heard was uttered by a lady, who exclaimed, 'O dear, how hot the Tomb is!' and another remarked, 'That there was not light sufficient to see the gods.' The groups scattered round formed a striking contrast to the scene itself:—at the entrance were two large animals, of the Sphinx species, formed of granite, with lions' heads, and between them was seated an elderly man, in the act of masticating tobacco, whose countenance bore a strong likeness to them. Two or three fine young women, simply but elegantly attired, with their graceful attitudes, and undulating draperies, formed an agreeable contrast to the stiff and disproportioned forms of the grotesque Egyptian female figures.

"A party of schoolboys were amusing themselves by discovering likenesses to each other in the monstrous deities displayed on the wall; and a governess was answering the inquiries of her young pupils, 'If there ever existed men with lions', apes', and foxes' heads?' by sententiously reading extracts from Belzoni's Description, not a word of which the little innocents could understand. One old lady remarked, that 'The Tomb was not at all alarming when people got used to it;' and another said, it made her melancholy, by reminding her of the death of her dear first husband, the worthy Alderman, to whose memory she had erected a very genteel one.' Two vulgar-looking old men declared their conviction that 'It was all a hum, for had there been such a place, Lord Nelson would have said *summut* about it in his dispatches;' and another person of the same class said, that 'For his part, he did not like foreigners; and why did no Englishman ever find out this *here* place? he should not wonder if, in the end, Mr Belzoni, or whatever his name is, was found out to be like that Baron who wrote so many fibs.' The first speaker observed, that 'Any man, who would go for to say as *how* men had apes' faces (though his own bore a striking likeness to one) would say any thing.'

"A gentleman, who appeared to be a tutor, and two young lads, were attentively examining the model, and comparing it with Belzoni's Narrative; and the questions they asked, and the observations which they made, shewed a spirit of inquiry and intelligence pleasing to witness; while his answers, full of good sense and information, marked how well qualified he was to convey instruction.

"'The tomb levels all distinctions,' though a trite observation, is one, the truth of which has never been doubted; and, if it were, a visit to that of Psammis would convince the most incredulous: for here persons of all ranks meet, and jostle each other with impunity. The fine lady who holds her *vinaigrette* to her nostrils, and remarks to her attending beau, 'What a dreadfully shocking place it is!' and that

there is not a single person of fashion here,' is elbowed by a fat red-faced woman, who looks like the mistress of a gin-shop, and who declares to her spouse that 'She would give a shilling for a glass of anised; for looking at *them there* mummies has made her feel so queerish.'

"An old lady, and her two grand-daughters, are examining the Pyramid; the old lady has got on a pair of spectacles, and is, with evident labour, endeavouring to decypher a page of the Description; but, unfortunately, she has got at a wrong page, and having puzzled herself for some time, at last gives up the task in despair; and in answer to one of the children's questions of 'Grand-mamma, what is a Pyramid?' the good old lady replies, 'Why, a Pyramid, my dear, is a pretty ornament for the centre of a table, such as papa sometimes has instead of an epergne.'

"A simple-looking country girl is remarking to her companion, that 'This is not a bit like a tomb;' for that she has seen many, but they were all quite different, being small and much of the shape of a large trunk, or else they were head-stones; and all had 'Here lies the body,' or some such thing on them, with cross bones, death's heads, and hour glasses.'

"Two ladies of fashion now enter, attended by two *Exquisites* or *Dandies* of the first class, and their exclamations of 'What an odd place!' 'O dear, how disagreeable the smell is!' attract the notice of the fine lady before mentioned, who has been engaged in a flirtation with her beau for the last half hour; they now recognize each other, and the languid 'How d'ye do? I'm delighted to see you; how very funny that we should meet in the Tomb!' are uttered at once by all three: and one of the *Exquisites*, who appears to be of the sentimental cast, takes this opportunity of lisping out, that 'The presence of such divinities converts the Tomb into a heaven.' A vulgar-looking man, who has been listening to their chit-chat, and eyeing them with derision, whispers, but in audible accents, to his wife, a pretty modest-looking woman, 'My eye! did you hear what that *there* young pale-faced chap said to *them there* painted women, about going to heaven?—They don't seem to have any more chance of that sort of place, than they have thoughts of it just now.' The wife gives him an imploring look to be quiet, and whispers, that she believes the ladies are no better than they should be, by their bold looks, and loud speaking, and urges him to go to the other side."

All this is excellent—two more short quotations, and we are done.

"The party of fashionables now approached, and one of the ladies exclaimed, 'Do pray let us leave this tiresome stupid place, where there is not a single thing to be seen worth looking at, and where the company is so intolerably vulgar. I really fancied it was a fashionable morning lounge, where one would meet every soul worth meeting in town, for, as to looking at a set of Egyptian frights, it never entered into my head; I have not heard of Egypt since my governess used to bore me about it when I was learning geography; and as to tombs and pyramids, I have a perfect horror of them.' Another of the ladies observed, that she 'hated every thing Egyptian ever since she had heard of the plagues.' And the third begged, that, 'in decrying Egypt and its productions, they would except Egyptian pebbles, which were beautiful, and took an exquisite polish.'

"'Oh! pray do look at the female ornaments,' exclaimed one of the ladies; 'did you ever see such horrid things? Only fancy any woman of taste wearing them: well, I declare those same Egyptians must have been dreadfully vulgar, and the women must have looked hideously when adorned in such finery. How surprised they would have been at seeing Wirgman's beautiful trinkets, or the sweet tasteful jewellery at Howel and James's!' 'I have always thought,' replied one of the *Exquisites*, 'these lines in Shakespeare very absurd, where he says—

> Loveliness
> Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
> But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.

'For no fine woman ever looks half so well, as when she wears diamonds and other valuable ornaments.'"

The whole concludes thus:

"Some young people, attended by their mother, a very showy-dressed woman, with many indications of vulgarity in her appearance, now stopped before the ruins of the temple of 'Erments;' and one of the children asked her 'what place the water before them was meant to represent.'—The mamma replied, she 'believed it was the Red Sea, or some such place,' but recommended them not to ask questions, as it would lead people to think them ignorant. This sapient answer seemed very unsatisfactory to the children, who, having expressed their annoyance, were promised a copy of the Description, provided they did not look at it until they got home, as mama was in a hurry.

"A lady next us, enquired, if 'Egypt was near Switzerland?' and was informed by her friend that it 'was near Venice.'—The ignorance displayed by the greater part of the visitors of the Tomb, on historical, geographical, and chronological points, was truly surprising, and the perfect apathy evinced, was even more so. It was plain that they came to the Tomb merely to pass away an hour, or in the expectation of meeting their acquaintances; but as to feeling any interest in the scene before

them, or drawing any moral inference from it, they seemed as little inclined, as if they had been in the round room of the Opera House on a crowded night. Wrapt up in their own self-satisfied ignorance, the works or monuments of antiquity boast no attractions for them; and, strange to say, the metropolis of a country that professes to surpass all others in civilization and morals, presents, in some of its inhabitants, examples of ignorance and want of reflection, scarcely equalled in any other part of the civilized world."

Now, gentle or surly reader, are you not under many obligations to the gentlemanly-looking man with large black whiskers, who put down the Magic Lantern on the table in the back-shop? But for him, it might never have fallen into our hands. We hope that he will not think us personal in mentioning his whiskers, nor consider it any intrusion into the privacy of his domestic life. We have not mentioned his name, for which, however, we take no credit, as our sole reason for withholding it from the public is, that we do not know it. No doubt, many gentlemanly-looking men with large black whiskers, in various parts of the empire, will, after the publication of this Number, be personating the one gentlemanly man with large black whiskers, who gave us the Magic-Lantern. But it will not do. Detection is sure to follow. There is something about him by which he will *be felt* by all the readers of this Magazine to be the Man, the moment any of them set eyes upon his whiskers. It was not the Black Major—nor the guard of the Carlisle Mail—nor indeed do we believe he ever served his Majesty in any department. When he reads this article, his whiskers will curl with satisfaction; and we should not be surprised were he to become a contributor. He may depend upon it that there is no close-shaving with us; so let him come forward with his article, under the signature of BLACK BEARD.

MAY DAY WITH THE MUSES.—BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.*

A GREAT many ploughmen—shepherds—ditchers—and shoemakers—nay, even tailors—have in this free and happy country of ours wooed the Muses. Apollo, on the other hand, has been made love to, (and in some instances very nearly ravished, as, for example, by that vigorous milk-woman, Ann Yearsley,) by vast flocks of young women in the lower walks of life, dairy-maids, nurses, house-keepers, knitters in the sun, and Cinderellas. A very droll volume or two might be made up of their productions. One thing we observe in the POETRY of them all—male and female—a strong bias to the indulgence of the tender passion. They are all most excessively amorous, and every volume is a perfect dove-cote, sounding with a continual coo. Roger, the ploughman, makes love in a bold, vigorous, straight-forward fashion, as if he were "in glory and in joy," "following his plough upon the mountain-side." Jamie, the shepherd, the yellow-haired laddie—is more figurative and circumlocutory; but just let him alone for a few minutes, and he is sure to get upon his subject at last, and to acquit himself in a truly pastoral and patriarchal manner. Hobbinol, the ditcher, goes to work, as if he were paid by the piece. The shoemaker melts like his own wax, and shews himself to be a most active understrapper; while the tailor, forgetting that he is but a fraction, declares,

"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none."

In short, the professions of the man and the lover go hand in hand; and it would be as impossible to mistake "an amatory effusion" of a genuine Roger for one of Sammy Snip, as to mistake such an erection as the London Monument for the handle of a milk-churn.

The same remark holds good with the Poetesses of lowly life. With them all alike "love is heaven, and heaven is love. Maids, wives, or widows, they all describe themselves as —— burning. The Dairy-maid writes like a young woman of strong red arms, a sanguine temperament, rude health, and good wages. She is an excellent creature to Roger, and lays on flattery like butter. She calls a kiss by its proper name—a smack; and the ploughman of her most impassioned poetry is a man who, if he could be realised, might be exhibited in a booth as a very passable giant. The Nursery-maid strikes a loftier key, and prattles about

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* Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, London. 1822.

chaste desires, and a little baby with a face like its papa's. She imitates Moore's Melodies, and affects to like Thomas Do-Little. She is a sort of sweet Fanny of Timmoul; and her verses, like the lips of that much-injured young woman, "keep eternally kissing and biting each other." The love poems of the House-keeper are in general fat and pursy. They are full of the "windy suspiration of forced breath;" good eating and drinking are promised liberally to her heart's Darling; and her imagination, even in its fondest and most enamoured moments, dwells on the comforts, rather than the raptures of love. As for Cinderellas in general, and not to make any invidious exceptions, it may be said of them, "with their clipsome waists," that they belong to the Cockney school —are too often almost as grossly indelicate as Leigh Hunt himself, who, in one of his love poems, describes a lady's limb above the knee, "as quivering with tremulous mass internally;" and that they study Tom Moore and Fanny of Timmoul less devoutly than the "Ranting, roaring Irishman," and "Molly, cut and come again." They despise any man either Little by name or Little by nature. That system of everlasting slobbering, recommended and expounded by "the first lyrical poet of the age," in a volume by which he cannot but be made proud while living, happy when dying, and honoured when dead, is almost wholly discarded by these maids of all work, who eschew such thin and unsubstantial diet, and like to have a good lump of English beef in the pot. From the poetry of such poetesses, a selection would require to be made with much circumspection; but perhaps Mr Bath Bowdler might be prevailed upon to undertake it; and certainly, after what Mr Jeffrey has so judiciously praised as a "*castrated edition*" of Shakespeare, this gentleman may extend his shears to the fair sex, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," and contrive to render the somewhat luxuriant display made by these viragoes more fit for a family party, with their feet on the fender, or half asleep on a sofa. But of this hereafter.

To be serious after this little flight —of all the motley group of humble verse-men and verse-women, we think that in our days the only names worth mentioning, are Burns, Dermody, (whom Mr Jeffrey, in the Edinburgh Review, with great Christian charity, the most amiable sweetness of nature, and the most polite and gentlemanly dislike of all personality, called shortly and emphatically, "Dermody the Drunkard,") Hogg,* Allan Cunninghame, Clare, and——Robert Bloomfield. All these are men of genius, more or less—at least we think so —let the word genius mean what it will. They have all done some good things; how good it may not be so easy to say, but good enough to give delight, and therefore to deserve remembrance. Of Hogg and Cunninghame we have frequently spoken with high praise; and, indeed, it was an article in this Magazine, written by a gentleman distinguished by his genius and his generosity, that first directed the public attention to the latter of these two poets, and pointed out, if with somewhat of the exaggeration of free-hearted partiality, certainly with inimitable grace, and a fine spirit of truth, the peculiar bent of his poetical character, and the field in which it was calculated chiefly to succeed. But of Bloomfield we have hitherto scarcely said one word, having only quoted, in one of our early Numbers, his exquisite picture of a Blind Boy, to be found in a little poem, called "News from the Farm." We mean, therefore, to say a few words now about this very pleasing, and also original poet, no long-winded blast of critical cant, but merely two or three kind and enlightened paragraphs— and we shall very soon do the same of Clare—the "Northamptonshire peasant," as he is somewhat slangishly called, just as Sampson the pugilist is called "The Birmingham Youth." Their patronage of Clare has been highly honourable to Messrs Taylor and Hessey, and proves them to be persons of amiable and intelligent minds; although, with that inconsistency that has often marked the conduct of wiser and better men, they have lately degraded themselves, and their respect-

* Hogg and Hazlitt are decidedly the best prose writers of the same class. By the bye, we are delighted to see the pretty style in which Messrs Constable have got up the collected edition of Hogg's Poems. The volumes are elegant—the price moderate—the whole affair as it should be.

able periodical work, by an example of the most pitiable and stingless slander of a Tale of universally felt and acknowledged genius and pathos, and that, too, manifestly to the eyes of the blindest bat that flits about the murky recesses of the Fleet or the Row, from poor spite towards the publisher, whose name is on the title-page, and some vague and indefinite malignity towards the possible author of the volume. From an expression, by the way, in the precious article alluded to, we should suspect the critic to be a pawnbroker. The writer reviewed had applied the common expression, "Pledges of Affection," to a family of children, all of whom having died but one, that one is facetiously and piously called by the critic, "*the only unredeemed pledge!!!*" This is the stupidest piece of blasphemy we ever recollect to have seen; and if, as we have heard, it was written by *********, (which surely is impossible,) the editors would do well never again to admit such a miserable spoon into the concern.

Mr Bloomfield, on the publication of "The Farmer's Boy," was looked on as a poetical prodigy, and not without reason. For he shewed in that poem a very fine feeling for the beauties and the occupations of the country. He had had few or no advantages of training, but he had treasured up, in an innocent, and happy, and thoughtful mind, many youthful remembrances of a rural life; and immediately on hitting upon a good subject, he seems to have put them easily and naturally, and often very elegantly, into verse. Having read but little, and thought and felt much, and having no ambition of equalling or surpassing any particular model, he wrote away, from his own mind and his own heart, and the public were justly delighted with his fervour and simplicity. It is most agreeable to read his unlaboured descriptions of ploughing, and sowing, and reaping, and sheave-binding, and compunctious shooting of rooks. And every now and then he deals out, with a sort of unostentatious profusion, feelings and sentiments awakened by the contemplation of lowly life—its sufferings, and its virtues. His hero, young Giles, is really an exceedingly pleasant and interesting lad; and the situations in which he is often placed are affecting, by their solitariness, and the unconscious independence of the harmless and happy being, in his labour and his poverty. Now and then single lines occur that are quite exquisite; and his picture of Poor Polly, the ruined and insane maiden, is equal to Cowper's Crazy Jane, if not, indeed, superior to it; and there cannot be higher praise. England is justly proud of Bloomfield, on account of his genius, and of that simple and pure tone of morality which breathes over all this his first, and, of course, best Poem. Besides all these its merits, which we have just slightly glanced at, "The Farmer's Boy" is by far the best written, as to style and composition, of any work of our uneducated poets. The melody of the versification is often exceedingly beautiful; and there are fewer faults of coarse and vulgar taste in it, though some there undoubtedly are, than in any book of any man similarly situated, with which we are acquainted. All this shews a mind delicately formed by nature; and accordingly, "The Farmer's Boy," now that the mere wonder and astonishment are passed by, continues to hold its place, and can never be perused by any candid and cultivated reader, without the highest pleasure and approbation.

His "Rural Tales," which we have not looked at for a long time, were many of them very good. In these he went somewhat deeper into the human heart; but, trying more difficult things, more frequently fell into failures. But on the whole, this second volume was not a falling off, though it wanted the concentrated interest of his first Poem. There was considerable ingenuity shewn in the conception of his little domestic stories; and always much true pathos in his delineations of feeling and character. He put his heart into every thing he did, however trivial; and many of his situations were striking, original, and impressive. He writes many poor—even bad passages, but never two pages at a time utterly worthless, like some others we could name; so that his most indifferent tales leave behind them a most pleasing impression, both of his understanding and his heart. We believe this to be truth, without exaggeration, and without seeking to say any thing wisely critical about Mr Bloomfield or his writings.

The "News from the Farm," is a

little poem on the Vaccine Inoculation; and it is wonderful how much pathos he throws into a theme so very unpromising. The passage alluded to above—that description of the Blind Boy, is worthy of being inserted among the Flowers of English poetry;—graceful, elegant, and most deeply affecting—even to tears.

We believe there are other poems of Mr Bloomfield, but we have rather forgotten a little what they are, except a long copy of verses about the River Wye, which we did not greatly delight in at the time we endeavoured to give them a reading, and the composition of which must, we suspect, have been a kind of voluntarily self-imposed task-work.—We may be mistaken, but this is our impression.

Now, when so interesting a man as Mr Bloomfield re-appears before the Public, after a retirement so long and deep as finally to have given rise (he tells us so, in his preface to "May-day with the Muses") to a report of his death, it cannot but be gratifying to all lovers of good poetry—be it high or low—to hear him once more tuning his rustic reed. And it gives us pleasure to be able to say conscientiously, that his new little volume is one of the most agreeable he has ever written, and one that shews that his powers are noways impaired. The idea of the poem is really a very pretty and ingenious extravaganza; and its improbability in a world so selfish as ours, is by no means against it. Mr Bloomfield has a pleasant smile upon his own face, at the notion of a worthy old landholder accepting of rhymes from his tenants in lieu of rents; and therefore we hope that no stupid and sour critic will put a frown upon his, especially during these times of agricultural distress, when many an English farmer that formerly weighed twenty stone, is now a mere shadow, and reduced to seventeen.

Sir Ambrose Higham, being somewhere about fourscore, and having got sick of his annual Spring visit to London, resolves to give a grand fête champetre to his tenantry, and to demand payment in poetry instead of pounds. A number of big tables are set out upon a lawn near the hall; and after bolting bacon and bowzing beer, one bard after another rises up, makes a leg, and pays his poem. And this Mr Bloomfield very prettily calls "May-day with the Muses." Now, we think that this is just as good a plan to get into possession a few unconnected poems, as any other; and why may not Mr Bloomfield be allowed the same privilege of genius as Chaucer, Boccaccio, the Misses Lee, James Hogg, and the authors of "The Tent?" Perhaps the last inimitable production, which was erected in the shape of a round-robin, was the model which our poet had chiefly in his eye; and we are confirmed in this idea, by the first little wood-engraving in the volume, where old Sir Ambrose Higham occupies the very same place of honour which Christopher North did in "The Tent,"—with this exception, that the Baronet has his ancient wife at his side, whereas Mrs M'Whirter, *alias* Odoherty, *alias* Oglethorpe, sat on the Adjutant's knee. But the two carousals, as given on copper and wood, resemble each other in many of their great features,—the one being a "Light and Shadow" of Scottish, and the other a "Passage" of English life.

But we shall now let Mr Bloomfield speak for himself, and we do not fear that one and all of our readers will be quite delighted with the simple beauty of many of the passages we intend to quote.

The poem opens thus—and it is the only passage in which Mr B. speaks of himself, certainly with much modesty and feeling:

THE INVITATION.

"O for the strength to paint my joy once more!
That joy I feel when Winter's reign is o'er;
When the dark despot lifts his hoary brow,
And seeks his polar realm's eternal snow.
Though bleak November's fogs oppress my brain,
Shake every nerve, and struggling fancy chain;
Though time creeps o'er me with his palsied hand,
And frost-like bids the stream of passion stand."

After this touching exordium, Mr B. enters upon the subject of his poem.

"Sir Ambrose loved the Muses, and would pay
Due honours even to the ploughman's lay;
Would cheer the feebler bard, and with the strong
Soar to the noblest energies of song;
Catch the rib-shaking laugh, or from his eye
Dash silently the tear of sympathy.
Happy old man! with feelings such as these
The seasons all can charm, and trifles please;
And hence a sudden thought, a new-born whim,
Would shake his cup of pleasure to the brim,
Turn scoffs and doubts and obstacles aside,
And instant action follow like a tide.
Time past, he had on his paternal ground
With pride the latent sparks of genius found
In many a local ballad, many a tale,
As wild and brief as cowslips in the dale,
Though unrecorded as the gleams of light
That vanish in the quietness of night.
'Why not,' he cried, as from his couch he rose,
'To cheer my age, and sweeten my repose,
Why not be just and generous in time,

And bid my tenants pay their rents in rhyme?
For one half year they shall.—A feast shall bring
A crowd of merry faces in the spring:—
Here, pens, boy, pens; I'll weigh the case no more,
But write the summons:—go, go, shut the door.'"

A summons is accordingly issued in octosyllabic verse, from the pen of the old Baronet himself, we presume, and its effect on the surrounding population is described with a truly animated spirit.

"Surprise, and mirth, and gratitude, and fears,
The clown's broad wonder, the enthusiast's tears,
Fresh gleams of comfort on the brow of care,
The sectary's cold shrug, the miser's stare,
Were all excited, for the tidings flew
As quick as scandal the whole country through.
'Rent paid by rhymes at Oakly may be great,
But rhymes for taxes would appal the state,'
Exclaim'd the exciseman,—'and then tithes, alas!
Why there, again, 'twill never come to pass.'—
Thus all still ventured, as the whim inclined,
Remarks as various as the varying mind:
For here Sir Ambrose sent a challenge forth,
That claim'd a tribute due to sterling worth;
And all, whatever might their host regale,
Agreed to share the feast and drink his ale.
Now shot through many a heart a secret fire,
A new-born spirit, an intense desire
For once to catch a spark of local fame,
And bear a poet's honourable name!
Already some aloft began to soar,
And some to think who never thought before;
But oh! what numbers all their strength applied,
Then threw despairingly the task aside
With feign'd contempt, and vow'd they'd never try!
Did dairy-wife neglect to turn her cheese,
Or idling miller lose the favouring breeze;
Did the young ploughman o'er the furrows stand,
Or stalking sower swing an empty hand;
One common sentence on their heads would fall—
'Twas Oakly Banquet that bewitch'd them all."

All this is very naturally felt, and prettily written. But the "Gathering" and the "Banquet" are admirable, and it would be doing injustice to our worthy poet not to quote it at full length.

"Thus came the jovial day, no streaks of red
O'er the broad portal of the morn were spread,
But one high-sailing mist of dazzling white,
A screen of gossamer, a magic light,
Doom'd instantly, by simplest shepherd's ken,
To reign awhile, and be exhaled at ten.
O'er leaves, o'er blossoms, by his power restored,
Forth came the conquering sun and look'd abroad;
Millions of dew-drops fell, yet millions hung,
Like words of transport trembling on the tongue
Too strong for utt'rance:—Thus the infant boy,
With rosebud cheeks, and features tuned to joy,
Weeps while he struggles with restraint or pain.
But change the scene and make him laugh again,
His heart rekindles, and his cheek appears
A thousand times more lovely through his tears.
From the first glimpse of day a busy scene
Was that high swelling lawn, that destined green,
Which shadowless expanded far and wide,
The mansion's ornament, the hamlet's pride;
To cheer, to order, to direct, contrive,
Even old Sir Ambrose had been up at five;
There his whole household labour'd in his view—
But light is labour where the task is new.
Some wheel'd the turf to build a grassy throne
Round a huge thorn that spread his boughs alone,
Rough-rined and bold, as master of the place;
Five generations of the Higham race
Had pluck'd his flowers, and still he held his sway,
Waved his white head, and felt the breath of May.
Some from the green-house ranged exotics round,
To bask in open day on English ground:
And 'midst them in a line of splendour drew
Long wreaths and garlands gather'd in the dew.
Some spread the snowy canvas, propp'd on high
O'er shelter'd tables with their whole supply;
Some swung the biting scythe with merry face,
And cropp'd the daisies for a dancing space.
Some roll'd the mouldy barrel in his might,
From prison'd darkness into cheerful light,
And fenced him round with cane; and others bore
The creaking hamper with its costly store,
Well cork'd, well flavour'd, and well tax'd, that came
From Lusitanian mountains, dear to fame,
Whence Gama steer'd, and led the conquering way
To eastern triumphs and the realms of day.
A thousand minor tasks fill'd every hour
'Till the sun gain'd the zenith of his power,
When every path was throng'd with old and young,
And many a sky-lark in his strength up sprung
To bid them welcome.—Not a face was there
But for May-day at least had banish'd care;
No cringing looks, no pauper tales to tell,
No timid glance, they knew their host too well,—
Freedom was there, and joy in every eye:
Such scenes were England's boast in days gone by.
Beneath the thorn was good Sir Ambrose found,
His guests an ample crescent form'd around;
Nature's own carpet spread the space between,
Where blithe domestics plied in gold and green.
The venerable chaplain waved his wand,
And silence follow'd as he stretch'd his hand,
And with a trembling voice, and heart sincere,
Implor'd a blessing on th' abundant cheer.
Down sat the mingling throng, and shared a feast
With hearty welcomes given, by love increased;
A patriarch family, a close-link'd band,
True to their rural chieftain heart and hand:
The deep carouse can never boast the bliss,
The animation of a scene like this.
At length the damask cloths were whisk'd away,
Like fluttering sails upon a summer's day;
The hey-day of enjoyment found repose;
The worthy Baronet majestic rose;
They view'd him, while his ale was filling round,
The monarch of his own paternal ground.
His cup was full, and where the blossoms bow'd
Over his head, Sir Ambrose spoke aloud,
Nor stopp'd a dainty form or phrase to call—
His heart elated, like his cup, was full:—
'Full be your hopes, and rich the crops that fall;
Health to my neighbours, happiness to all.'
Dull must that clown be, dull as winter's sleet,
Who would not instantly be on his feet:
An echoing health to mingling shouts give place,
'Sir Ambrose Higham and his noble race.'"

We will trouble the Ettrick Shepherd, at his leisure, to write any thing as good as this—or the Galloway Lad, or the Northamptonshire Peasant. But we are sorry to say that the first poet that comes forward to pay his rent has not borrowed his notes from the Muses. His christian name is Phillip—and he recites a ballad entitled the "Drunken Father," in which is narrated the conversion to habits of sobriety of a tippling husband, partly by a fright caused by a mill-dam and a miller with a lantern, and partly by the judicious good temper of his wife, who, instead of scolding him one night when he had got a cup too much, took him into her bosom, and gave him a gentle and pathetic remonstrance only, seasoned with conjugal endearments. The ballad is tedious, and we suspect Phillip himself must have been half-

seas-over when he penned it. It was, however, we are told, applauded to the very echo, and made the whole party very facetious.

"Thenceforward converse flow'd with perfect ease,
Midst country wit, and rustic repartees.
One drank to Ellen, if such might be found,
And archly glanced at female faces round.
If one with tilted can began to bawl,
Another cried, 'Remember Andrew Hall.'
Then, multifarious topics, corn and hay,
Vestry intrigues, the rates they had to pay,
The thriving stock, the lands too wet, too dry,
And all that bears on fruitful husbandry,
Ran mingling through the crowd—a crowd that might,
Transferr'd to canvas, give the world delight;
A scene that Wilkie might have touch'd with pride—
The May-day banquet then had never died."

The Farmer is followed by the "sturdy Keeper of the Oakly game," who chaunts an elevated stave about a fallen oak-tree, and a troop of deer who came to gaze, and, as it would almost seem, to moralize, upon the ruin. Our friend seems somewhat radically disposed, deals in the heroics, and says that

"A people's wrath can monarchs dash,
From bigot throne or purple ear,"—

a political sentiment which must have been equally delightful and intelligible to the present company. We presume, from the opinions of his Keeper, that old Sir Ambrose Higham was a Whig, and voted with the minority. However, Whig or Tory, his actions shew him to have been a worthy gentleman. The game-keeper speaks of his deer *con amore*—

"From every lawn, and copse, and glade,
The timid deer in squadrons came,
And circled round their fallen shade
With all of language but its name.
Astonishment and dread withheld
The fawn and doe of tender years,
But soon a triple circle swell'd,
With rattling horns and twinkling ears.
Some in his root's deep cavern housed,
And seem'd to learn, and muse, and teach,
Or on his topmost foliage browsed,
That had for centuries mock'd their reach."

The Game-keeper is succeeded by the Shepherd with—

"Scanty locks of grey
Edged round a hat that seem'd to mock decay;
Its loops, its bands, were from the purest fleece,
Spun on the hills in silence and in peace.
A staff he bore carved round with birds and flowers,
The hieroglyphics of his leisure hours;
And rough-form'd animals of various name—
Not just like Bewick, but they meant the same."

The old shepherd thus beautifully introduced (the lines in italics are extremely good) recites a "Dream," entitled "The Fairy's Masquerade. It must have puzzled the audience not a little, and on the first reading it was to us an enigma. It is no less an affair than a poetical summary of some of the principal events in the latter part of Napoleon's life—the Russian expedition—his subsequent campaigns, his banishment to Elba—return to Paris—Waterloo—and St Helena.—It will be remembered, that Mr Bloomfield was the protegé of Capel Loft, a gentleman who believed with Sir Richard Phillips, that Napoleon was a man of a pacific disposition, fond of home-comforts, and an empassioned lover of freedom. It is extremely laughable to observe honest Robert Bloomfield adopting such insane absurdities: but the poem, notwithstanding, is excellent, and we cannot help quoting it. By excellent, we mean spirited, poetical, and imaginative.

THE SHEPHERD'S DREAM; OR, FAIRIES' MASQUERADE.

"I had folded my flock, and my heart was o'erflowing,
I loiter'd beside the small lake on the heath;
The red sun, though down, left his drapery glowing,
And no sound was stirring, I heard not a breath:
I sat on the turf, but I meant not to sleep,
And gazed o'er that lake which for ever is new,
Where clouds over clouds appear'd anxious to peep
From this bright double sky with its pearl and its blue.

Forgetfulness, rather than slumber, it seem'd,
When in infinite thousands the fairies arose
All over the heath, and their tiny crests gleam'd
In mock'ry of soldiers, our friends and our foes.
There a stripling went forth, half a finger's length high
And led a huge host to the north with a dash;
Silver birds upon poles went before their wild cry,
While the monarch look'd forward, adjusting his sash.

Soon after a terrible bonfire was seen,
The dwellings of fairies went down in their ire,
But from all I remember, I never could glean
Why the woodstack was burnt, or who set it on fire.
The flames seem'd to rise o'er a deluge of snow,
That buried its thousands,—the rest ran away;
For the hero had here overstrain'd his long bow,
Yet he honestly own'd the mishap of the day.

Then the fays of the north like a hailstorm came on,
And follow'd him down to the lake in a riot,
Where they found a large stone which they fix'd him upon.
And threaten'd and coax'd him, and bade him be quiet.
He that conquer'd them all, was to conquer no more,
But the million beheld he could conquer alone;
And resting awhile, he leap'd boldly on shore,
When away ran a fay that had mounted his throne

'Twas pleasant to see how they stared, how they scamper'd,
By furze-bush, by fern, by no obstacle stay'd,
And the few that held council, were terribly hamper'd,
For some were vindictive, and some were afraid,
I saw they were dress'd for a masquerade train,
Colour'd rags upon sticks they all brandish'd in view,
And of such idle things they seem'd mightily vain,
Though they nothing display'd but a bird split in two.

Then out rush'd the stripling in battle array,
And both sides determined to fight and to maul:
Death rattled his jaw-bones to see such a fray,
And glory personified laugh'd at them all.
Here he fall'd,—hence he fled, with a few for his sake,
And leap'd into a cockle-shell floating hard by;
It sail'd to an isle in the midst of the lake,
Where they mock'd fallen greatness, and left him to die.

Meanwhile the north fairies stood round in a ring,
Supporting his rival on guns and on spears,
Who, though not a soldier, was robed like a king;
Yet some were exulting, and some were in tears.
A lily triumphantly floated above,
The crowd press'd, and wrangling was heard through the whole;
Some soldiers look'd surly, some citizens strove
To hoist the old nightcap on liberty's pole.

But methought in my dream some bewail'd him that fell,
And liked not his victors so gallant, so clever,
Till a fairy stepp'd forward, and blew through a shell,
'Bear misfortune with firmness, you'll triumph for ever.'
I woke at the sound, all in silence, alone,
The moor-hens were floating like specks on a glass,
The dun clouds were spreading, the vision was gone,
And my dog scamper'd round 'midst the dew on the grass.

I took up my staff, as a knight would his lance,
And said, 'Here's my sceptre, my baton, my spear,
And there's my prime minister far in advance,
Who serves me with truth for his food by the year.'
So I slept without care till the dawning of day,
Then trimm'd up my woodbines that whistled amain;
My minister heard as he bounded away,
And we led forth our sheep to their pastures again."

The old Shepherd has fairly beat both the Farmer and the Game-keeper; but he meets with a formidable rival in a sun-scorched Veteran, who had fought in India and Spain, and who narrates with an affecting simplicity, his emotions on returning to his native home. The topic is trite; but in Mr Bloomfield's hands it almost assumes a character of novelty. Burns's "Soldier's Return" is not, to our taste, one whit superior.

THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

"My untried muse shall no high tone assume,
Nor strut in arms;—farewell my cap and plume:
Brief be my verse, a task within my power,
I tell my feelings in one happy hour;
But what an hour was that! when from the main
I reach'd this lovely valley once again!
A glorious harvest fill'd my eager sight,
Half shock'd, half waving in a flood of light;
On that poor cottage roof where I was born
The sun look'd down as in life's early morn.
I gazed around, but not a soul appear'd,
I listen'd on the threshold, nothing heard;
I call'd my father thrice, but no one came;
It was not fear or grief that shook my frame,
But an o'erpowering sense of peace and home,
Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.
The door invitingly stood open wide,
I shook my dust, and set my staff aside.
How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair!
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appear'd the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before!—the same old clock
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
I never can forget. A ghost became strong,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacks behind,
And up they flew, like banners in the wind;
Then gently, singly, down, down, down, they went,
And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land:—that instant came
A robin on the threshold; though so tame,
At first he look'd distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black stedfast eye,
And seem'd to say (past friendship to renew)
'Ah ha! old worn-out soldier, is it you?'
Through the room ranged the imprison'd humble bee,
And bomb'd and bounc'd, and struggled to be free.
Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,
That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor;
That floor, clean sanded, where my fancy stray'd
O'er undulating waves the broom had made,
Reminding me of those of hideous forms
That met us as we pass'd the *Cape of Storms*,
Where high and loud they break, and peace comes never;
They roll and foam, and roll and foam for ever.
But *here* was peace, that peace which home can yield;
The grasshopper, the partridge in the field,
And ticking clock, were all at once become
The substitutes for clarion, fife, and drum.
While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still
On beds of moss that spread the window sill,
I deem'd no moss my eyes had ever seen
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green.
And guess'd some infant hand had plac'd it there,
And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare.
Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose,
My heart felt every thing but calm repose;
I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
But rose at once, and bursted into tears;
Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
And thought upon the past with shame and pain;
I raved at war and all its horrid cost,
And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.
On carnage, fire, and plunder, long I mused,
And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.

Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,
One bespoke age, and one a child's appear'd.—
In stepp'd my father with convulsive start,
And in an instant clasp'd me to his heart.
Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid,
And, stooping to the child, the old man said,
'Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again,
This is your uncle Charles, come home from Spain.'
The child approach'd, and with her fingers light,
Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.—
But why thus spin my tale, thus tedious be?
Happy old soldier! what's the world to me?"

The rustic company begin now to yawn a little bit, and some one happily proposes a dance. So to it they go, toe and heel—swinging and smacking in all directions.

"The Forester caught lasses one by one,
And twirl'd his glossy green against the sun;
The Shepherd threw his doublet on the ground,
And clapp'd his hands, and many a partner found;
His hat-loops bursted in the jocund fray,
And floated o'er his head like blooming May;
Behind his heels his dog was barking loud,
And threading all the mazes of the crowd;
And had he boasted one had wagg'd his tail,
And plainly said, 'What can my master ail?'
To which the Shepherd, had he been more cost,
Had only said, 'Tis Oakly Feast, you fool.'"

During this scene of merriment, Phillip the Farmer, and the celebrated author of the "Drunken Father," has retired into the shade with his sweetheart Rosamund, who is unluckily so weak and unwell as to be unable to dance, but who, we hope, recovered

her health after her marriage. After the dancers have conducted their partners to their seats, Rosamund, who is a rustic blue stocking, with a tolerable ankle, and a pretty genius for poetry, sings "The Song of Hope," painting the passion with which she pines, burns, and consumes. At the conclusion, we are told,

"All eyes were turn'd, all hearts with pity glow'd,
The maid stood trembling, and the lover bow'd,
As rose around them, while she dried her tears,—
'Long life to Rosamund, and happy years!'"

By way of contrast to this love-sick and green-cheeked maiden, came forward a stout bluff yeoman, who,

"button'd to the throat,
Faced the whole ring, and shook his leathern coat."

He is decidedly the best poet on all Sir Ambrose's estate; and being a father, and a true-hearted, honest, and affectionate Englishman, his tale may be even read with pleasure in the closet. We need not say what effect it must have produced in the open air, under a canopy of trees, and at a table fifty feet long, covered with plates, and glasses, and tumblers, and bottles, and punch-bowls innumerable, headed by a fine rosy-gilled, white-headed, frolicsome, and poetical Baronet of fourscore, and lined all round with lads and lasses with encircled waists, while the green grass below it was all alive with feet gently pressing upon feet. The story is of the yeoman's own daughter, his youngest child, who, living in the house of a lady of some rank, is beloved by her only son, a Blind youth, and at last happily married. Mr Bloomfield says in his preface, "I will plead no excuse for anything which the reader may find in this little volume, but merely state, that I once met with a lady in London, who, though otherwise of strong mind, and good information, would maintain that it is impossible for a blind man to fall in love." I always thought her wrong, and the present tale of Alfred and Jennet "is written to elucidate my idea of the question." This lady must have been a great goose. Is not Cupid himself blind? and did he never fall in love? Did the lady never hear of gentlemen who were admitted to the embraces of fairy queens, and other pleasant goblins, in the dark, but who were never suffered to see them, which was the same thing as being blind? Did she never hear that all cats are grey in the dark? Did she never read Adam's rapturous description to the angel of the sense of touch? A gander in the Quarterly denies, we observe, in an article on the Pirate, the possibility of love at first sight. Now we have a short answer to all his gabble. We have ourselves fallen in love at first sight a hundred times. A single glance of the eye that looked as it were not looking at us—a smile just perceptible, like a passing air over a shallow dimpling love-pool, on each side of the mouth—a long-drawn breath, almost like a sigh gently moving the "budding breast," and meeting a response from us, like that of a musical gentleman bending down his head to catch and return the note A, from the prolonged touch of a fiddle-string beneath the finger of a Yaniewicz or a Ballantyne, these and many other unrevealable things, known to the whole society of the Cognoscenti, prove the man in the Quarterly to be a dull dog, and us to be a most inflammable one, besides illustrating a great general truth, or fact of human nature. Love is lawless in its utmost purity, and therefore, without more ado, let us come to the Yeoman's tale of "Alfred and Jennet," a juxtaposition of names, which sounds something like Maximilian and Margery.

ALFRED AND JENNET.

"Yes, let me tell of Jennet, my last child:
In her the charms of all the rest ran wild,
And sprouted as they pleased. Still by my side,
I own she was my favourite, was my pride,
Since first she labour'd round my neck to twine,
Or clasp'd both little hands in one of mine:
And when the season broke, I've seen her bring
Lapfuls of flowers, and then the girl would sing
Whole songs, and halves, and bits, O, with such glee!
If playmates found a favourite, it was she.
Her lively spirit lifted her to joy;
To distance in the race a clumsy boy,
Would raise the flush of conquest in her eye,
And all was dance, and laugh, and liberty.
Yet not hard-hearted, take me right, I beg,
The veriest romp that ever wagg'd a leg
Was Jennet; but when pity sooth'd her mind,
Prompt with her tears, and delicately kind,
The half-fledged nestling, rabbit, mouse, or dove,
By turns engaged her cares and infant love;
And many a one, at the last doubtful strife,
Warm'd in her bosom, started into life.

At thirteen she was all that Heaven could send,
My nurse, my faithful clerk, my lively friend;
Last at my pillow when I sunk to sleep,
First on my threshold soon as day could peep
I heard her happy to her heart's desire,
With clanking pattens, and a roaring fire.
Then, having store of new-laid eggs to spare,
She fill'd her basket with the simple fare,
And weekly trudged (I think I see her still)
To sell them at yon house upon the hill.
Oft have I watch'd her as she stroll'd along,
Heard the gate bang, and heard her morning song;
And, as my warm ungovern'd feelings rose,
Said to myself, 'Heaven bless her! there she goes.'

Long would she tarry, and then dancing home,
Tell how the lady bade her oftener come,
And bade her talk and laugh without control;
For Jennet's voice was music to the soul.
My tale shall prove it———"

The Blind Youth is thus beautifully described:—

"For from his cradle he had never seen
Soul-cheering sun-beams, or wild Nature's green.
But all life's blessings centre not in sight;
For Providence, that dealt him one long night,
Had given, in pity, to the blooming boy,
Feelings more exquisitely tuned to joy.
Fond to excess was he of all that grew;
The morning blossom sprinkled o'er with dew,
Across his path, as if in playful freak,
Would dash his brow, and weep upon his cheek;
Each varying leaf that brush'd where'er he came,
Press'd to his rosy lip, he call'd by name;
He grasp'd the saplings, measured every bough,
Inhaled the fragrance that the spring months throw
Profusely round, till his young heart confess'd
That all was beauty, and himself was bless'd.
Yet when he traced the wide extended plain,
Or clear brook side, he felt a transient pain;
The keen regret of goodness, void of pride,
To think he could not roam without a guide."

The progress of their mutual passion is painted, in general, with great fidelity to nature. The father, alarmed for his daughter, proposes to take her to his own home; and the following touching colloquy takes place between the prudent parent, and his guileless child.

"I left her thus, deep musing, and soon found
My daughter, for I traced her by the sound
Of Alfred's flageolet; no cares had they,
But in the garden bower spent half the day.
By starts he sung, then wildest trillings made,
To mock a piping blackbird in the glade.
I turn'd a corner, and approach'd the pair;
My little rogue had roses in her hair!
She whipp'd them out, and, with a downcast look,
Conquer'd a laugh, by poring on her book.
My object was to talk with her aside,
But at the sight my resolution died;
They look'd so happy, in their blameless glee,
That, as I found them, I e'en let them be;
Though Jennet promised a few social hours
Midst her old friends, my poultry, and my flowers,
She came—but not till fatal news had wrung
Her heart through sleepless hours, and chain'd her tongue.
She came, but with a look that gave me pain,
For, though bright sunbeams sparkled after rain,
Though every brood came round, half run, half fly,
I knew her anguish by her alter'd eye:
And strove with all my power, where'er she came,
To sooth her grief, yet gave it not a name.
At length a few sad bitter tears she shed,
And on both hands reclined her aching head.
'Twas then my time the conqueror to prove—
Summon'd all my rhetoric, all my love.—
'Jennet, you must not think to pass through life
Without its sorrows, and without its strife;
Good, dutiful, and worthy, as you are,
You must have griefs, and you must learn to bear.'
Thus I went on, trite moral truths to string—
All chaff, mere chaff, where love has spread his wing:
She cared not, listen'd not, nor seem'd to know
What was my aim, but wiped her burning brow,
Where sat more eloquence and living power
Than language could embody in an hour.
With soften'd tone I mention'd Alfred's name,
His wealth, our poverty, and that sad blame
Which would have weigh'd me down, had I not told
The secret which I dare not keep for gold,
Of Alfred's love, o'erheard the other morn,
The gardener, and the woodbine, and the thorn;
And added, 'Though the lady sends you home,
You are but young, child, and a day may come—
'She has not sent me home,' the girl replied,
And rose with sobs of passion from my side;
'She has not sent me home, dear father, no:
She gives me leave to tarry or to go:
She has not *blamed* me, yet she weeps no less,
And every tear but adds to my distress;
I am the cause—thus all that she has done
Will bring the death or misery of her son.'"

But at last, all difficulties are removed, and the pretty innocent and affectionate Jennet is wedded to her Blind Lover, and, we have no doubt, makes an excellent wife, and found him an excellent husband, notwithstanding the dictum of the lady with the strong understanding in the London stage-coach. The poem concludes thus:

"Down the green slope before us, glowing warm,
Came Alfred, tugging at his mother's arm;
Willing she seem'd, but he still led the way—
She had not walk'd so fast for many a day;
His hand was lifted, and his brow was bare,
For now no clustering singlets wanton'd there;
He threw them back in anger and in spleen,
And shouted 'Jennet!' o'er the dahlias green.
Boyish impatience strove with manly grace,
In every line and feature of his face;
His claim appear'd resistless as his choice;
And when he caught the sound of Jennet's voice,
And when with spotless soul he clasp'd the maid,
My heart exulted, while my breath was staid.—
'Jennet, we must not part! return again;
What have I done to merit all this pain?—
Dear mother, share my fortune with the poor.
Jennet is mine, and shall be—say no more.—
Bowman, you know not what a friend I'll be:
Give me your daughter, Bowman, give her me.—
Jennet, what will my days be if you go?
A dreary darkness, and a life of woe;
My dearest love, come *home*, and do not cry:
You are my day-light, Jennet—I shall die.'
To such appeals all prompt replies are cold,
And stately prudence snaps her cobweb hold.
Had the good widow tried, or wish'd to speak,
This was a bond she could not, dared not break:
Their hearts (you never saw their likeness never)
Were join'd, indissolubly join'd for ever.
Why need I tell how soon our tears were dried—
How Jennet blush'd—how Alfred with a stride
Bore off his prize, and fancied every charm,
And clipp'd against his ribs her trembling arm—
How mute we seniors stood—our power all gone!
Completely conquer'd, Love the day had won,
And the young vagrant triumph'd in our plight,
And shook his roguish plumes, and laugh'd outright.
Yet, by my life and hopes, I would not part
With this sweet recollection from my heart:
I would not now forget that tender scene,
To wear a crown, or make my girl a queen.
Why need be told how pass'd the months along,
How sped the summer's walk, the winter's song:
How the foil'd suitor all his hopes gave up,
How Providence with rapture fill'd their cup?
No dark regrets, no tragic scenes to prove,
The gardener was too old to die for love.
A thousand incidents I cast aside,
To tell but one—I gave away the bride—
Gave the dear youth what Kings could not have given,
Then bless'd them both, and put my trust in Heaven.
There the old neighbours laugh'd the night away,
Who talk of Jennet's wedding to this day.
And could you but have seen the modest grace,
The half-hid smiles that play'd in Jennet's face,
Or mark'd the bridegroom's bounding heart o'erflow,
You might have wept for joy, as I could now:
I speak from memory of days long past:—
Though 'tis a father's tale, I've done at last."

A number of anonymous poets then recite their verses, such as "The Soldier's Wife,"—"Love in a Shower,"—

and one composition which we should like to have heard, as the title is a taking one, "Lines to Aggravation." Just as the party are thinking of breaking up, they are suddenly delighted by a bright and beautiful apparition.

"When in an instant every eye was drawn
To one bright object on the upper lawn;
A fair procession from the mansion came,
Unknown its purport, and unknown its aim.
No gazer could refrain, no tongue could cease,
It seem'd an embassy of love and peace.
Nearer and nearer still approach'd the train—
Age in the van transform'd to youth again.
Sir Ambrose gazed, and scarce believed his eyes;
'Twas magic, memory, love, and blank surprise;
For there his venerable lady were
The very dress which, sixty years before,
Had sparkled on her sunshine bridal morn—
Had sparkled, ay, beneath this very thorn!
Her hair was snowy white, o'er which was seen—
Emblem of what her bridal cheeks had been—
A twin red rose—no other ornament
Had pride suggested, or false feeling lent;
She came to grace the triumph of her lord,
And pay him honours at his festive board.
Nine ruddy lasses follow'd where she stepp'd;
White were their virgin robes, that lightly swept
The downy grass; in every laughing eye
Cupid had skulk'd, and written "Victory."
What heart on earth its homage could refuse?
Each tripp'd, unconsciously, a blushing Muse.
A slender chaplet of fresh blossoms bound
Their clustering ringlets in a magic round.
And, as they slowly moved across the green,
Each in her beauty seem'd a May-day queen.
The first a wreath bore in her outstretch'd hand,
The rest a single rose upon a wand;
Their steps were measured to that grassy throne
Where, watching them, Sir Ambrose sat alone.
They stopp'd,—when she, the foremost of the row,
Curtsied, and placed the wreath upon his brow;
The rest, in order pacing by his bower,
In the loop'd wreath left each her single flower,—
Then stood aside.—What broke the scene's repose?
The whole assembly clapp'd their hands and cose.
The Muses charm'd them as they form'd a ring,
And looked the very life and soul of Spring!
But still the white-hair'd dame they view'd with pride,
Her love so perfect, and her truth so tried.
Oh, sweet it is to hear, to see, to name,
Unquench'd affection in the palsied frame—
To think upon the boundless raptures past,
And love, triumphant, conquering to the last!"

Sir Ambrose, in the fulness of his heart, makes a speech,—as good probably as any he ever made in Parliament,—it is crowned with three times three; and, if the Lord Chancellor had been present, would have been by nine times nine,—and then the "May Day with the Muses" is at an end, and the company fade away among the trees, on their various avocations.

Why are not Mr Bloomfield's poems collected, and published all together in a couple of handsome volumes, at sixteen shillings, or a guinea? They well deserve it, and if his respectable publishers, Messrs Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, undertake such a speculation, we hope that this article will forward its success. They may put Mr Blackwood's name down as a subscriber for 20 copies. If his example be followed by all the other great booksellers in the empire, Mr Bloomfield (if no copy-rights interfere) may receive a handsome sum; which, sincerely wishing, as well as health and happiness to him,—we bid him now affectionately farewell.

GRAHAM HAMILTON.*

Report attributes Graham Hamilton to a lady of noble birth and high fashion, who is said to have, some years since, *fait ses preuves* in the field of literature. If this be so, we sincerely congratulate the fair author upon her improvement, though we must own it is not greater than we had anticipated as likely to be produced by experience and maturer reflection acting upon a mind endowed with such powers as those discoverable in Glenarvon, however much we might in that instance regret their direction and application. She has now learned to restrain her exuberant imagination within the bounds of good taste, equally with respect to story as to style, and to dignify and idealize her talent for sketching striking likenesses, by so varying, modifying, and combining features, taken from real life, that instead of mere portraits in fancy dresses, she presents us with historical pictures.

Graham Hamilton appears to us to belong to the class of proper and of good novels. It presents a spirited picture of the manners and follies of the times, in that portion of society with which the reputed author may be supposed most familiar; the characters are well drawn; the story possesses considerable interest; and it has a moral kept sufficiently in view, without being offensively obtruded upon the attention at every moment, as has been done in some didactic tales, which tend rather to disgust the reader with their pedantry, than to allure him to improvement. The position here intended to be illustrated is,

* 2 vols. Post 8vo. H. Colburn and Co. London. 1822.

that weakness and instability of character occasion more misery, and are consequently more mischievous, than positive vice. This opinion (in which there may be some truth, though the statement of it needs qualifying) is advanced by a Mr M., a gentleman represented as equally deformed in body and mind, in the course of conversation with Graham Hamilton in some American city, to which both had fled to avoid the consequences, it should seem, the one of his crimes, the other of his follies; Graham Hamilton assents to the doctrine, and relates his own history in confirmation.

As we decidedly recommend this work to our readers' perusal, we must not give such a detail of its incidents as might spoil their appetite, but confine ourselves to an outline, which, as the story is simple, will be easily given. Graham is the son of a reduced Scottish Laird, who cultivates his own land, living in a style little superior to an ordinary farmer's. A younger brother of the laird's, a captain in the navy, and apparently a very gallant, though unsuccessful officer, retires to spend the latter end of his life with the Laird, bringing with him his only child, Gertrude. Graham and Gertrude, *comme de raison*, fall in love even in their childhood, to the great satisfaction of the elders of the family. But the progress of their courtship is interrupted by the visit of a third brother, Sir Malcolm Hamilton, a wealthy London ..... either merchant or usurer, we hardly know which, and an old bachelor. This highly-respected personage takes a fancy to young Graham, begs him of his parents, and carries him off, to be his amusement, nurse, and heir. In London, by the joint recommendations of his uncle's known opulence, and of the kind notice of a lady of the very highest fashion, Lady Orville, who had known, and been in some measure obliged to his uncle the Captain, Graham gets into the first society. He conceives an intensely admiring attachment to Lady Orville, which occasions considerable vacillations in his fidelity to his early love, Gertrude; and in the end he breaks *her* heart, whilst he undeservedly ruins Lady Orville's reputation by his indiscretion, aided indeed in some measure by her own, as she seems rather over-pleased by the enthusiasm of the hero's feelings. In these vacillations, and in the fine lady's troubles and disgrace, consist the principal interest of the tale; for Gertrude, whose situation offered opportunity for the deepest pathos, is so little known to us, that our chief concern with respect to her, is the effect her sufferings will produce upon our friend Graham. We should wonder that more has not been made of her, were it not evident that the personage most important to the author is Lady Orville. This lady is the only character in the book who gives us the idea of being meant for somebody, and we can scarcely doubt the intention of pourtraying, under that name, a late beautiful and highly-gifted individual, of the most elevated rank short of royalty, and nearly related to the reputed author. We rather object to such representations, but we think the present one of the most pardonable instances. The character, instead of being caricatured in its faults, is heightened even beyond its original, after the manner of a painter delineating his wife or daughter as a Madonna. The example was, and is here a striking one, of the waste and abuse of superior powers, and even criticism is compelled to respect the natural and pardonable wish covertly to record the merits and palliate the failings of a dear and illustrious kinswoman, while the same opportunity is employed of justifying her from every coarser imputation.

As a specimen of the style in which the work is executed, we will select a conversation with a Miss Brandon, a clever girl, anxious to be in the very extremity of the fashion, but unable to achieve it; the daughter of Lord S., who had a good cook, a good house, and a great deal of money; but he was not the fashion; neither was Miss Brandon. Graham has been invited by Miss Brandon's brother to Lord S.'s villa at Richmond, as a piece of civility that could not be avoided; he goes, finds himself out of his sphere, and is sufficiently uncomfortable. Miss Brandon, however, admires the shape of his head, and after talking of him for some time with Mr Moncrieff, a man of high character as well as fashion, who is Graham's friend, she goes to the piano-forte, and sings a Scotch ballad.

"The impression had not ceased, when

the young lady abruptly quitted the instrument, and approaching me, said, 'I know you are a poet; we heard of you from my brother—he told us, when you were a boy, you were considered quite a prodigy. I should so much like to have some of your poetry in my album. Will you write something *for* me or *to* me? for most of the verses in this book, thick as it is, are adressed to me; and there is not one MS. that any other person upon earth can have, except indeed it be Lady Orville.'

"As she said this, she looked significantly at Moncrieff, then returning to her questions,—'Do you know Lady Orville? that is, have you seen her?' she said, 'for few, I believe, out of her own set know her. She is amazingly handsome—she has preserved a freshness many mistake for youth—she has such charming spirits—How happy she must be! How incredibly happy!' A deep sigh from Moncrieff interrupted the young lady's remark; but she immediately resumed:—"She is a little fine; she visits few, and she never invites unless she visits.'—'If she could think to please any one,' said Moncrieff, gravely, 'would she not visit or invite; for who in the wide world is so good natured as Lady Orville?'

"'Tell me,' said Miss Brandon, impatiently, 'what new books there are?'—'I have read so few of the old ones yet,' I replied——'Oh, now you put me in mind of what my brother said of you.'—'And what did Mr Brandon say?'—'Why, he said—but it may offend you.'—'It cannot.'—'That you were like a book, and spoke in sentences; and were methodical, scientific, and quite different from all of us. But I hope I do not give you pain by saying this. I like to say and do every thing that is odd.'—'May I ask you wherefore?'—'Oh because it makes people stare, and then it is pleasant to be different from others; and, in short, I am odd. Do you not think me so?'—'I am no judge,' I replied, coldly. 'I have seen very few ladies; and every thing, of course, must appear odd to me.'—'Oh, but I assure you I am different from others. You may ask every body if I am not. I should think you yourself were rather singular, unlike the rest of the world.'—I bowed, without returning any answer.—'The women in Scotland are not, in general, handsome.'—'To me they appeared so.'—'You could not have formed any attachment, I should think;—you must have been so very young when you were there.'—'Is there any settled age at which persons begin to love? or, if I may believe what I have heard, is there any at which they cease?'—'Now you puzzle me, Mr Hamilton, but, pray inform me, does your hair curl naturally? I like black hair so much; yours is darker, I think, than Mr Moncreiff's.'—I made no answer. Miss Brandon then asked me if I liked dancing."

But there is no occasion for our proceeding, and filling our pages with extracts. For those who propose to attend to our recommendation, and peruse Graham Hamilton, it would be worse than useless to forestall their pleasure, and those who still disdain works of fancy, will probably judge that we have already given more than enough. We have little to add to our previous remarks. The principal merits of this tale are its lively representation of fashionable life, and the character of Lady Orville; her immeasurable superiority to all the frivolities that surround her, her consciousness of that superiority, even whilst she continues through vanity and indolence to lavish the treasures of her head and heart upon objects so worthless. The style is good, and many of the reflections shew knowledge of human nature. The chief faults are, that so unsteady a hero, with his three simultaneous passions—for we omitted to mention that he seems to admire Miss Clairorth, Lady Orville's sister, some more than Lady Orville—inspires little interest, and that the termination is unsatisfactory. We like to leave our friends dead or happy, and Gertrude is the only person here comfortably disposed of. In concluding, we cannot but repeat our congratulations to the fair author upon her improvement, and advise her as sincere friends, should she still labour under the *cacoethes scribendi*, to persevere in her present strain.

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.*

WHAT! Mr North, you give one contributor sixteen pages to Pen Owen, another six to a Polish Roadbook, a third a dozen for a new edition of Don Quixote and so forth, through a whole number, and yet confine ME on the Fortunes of Nigel to one page, or at most two. Well, I have this consolation, that while a thousand people would never have heard of Pen Owen, &c. but for you, my subject is one in regard to which every body is prepared for judging of what I, your critic, say. Indeed, after all, I believe you are right, or if you be wrong, it is perhaps in allowing anything at all to be said about a book in everybody's hand, and in everybody's head. The only truly useful thing would be now and then to sum up in a lively way, the chief merits and defects of half a dozen of this man's works. One of them! what *is that* when we all know that ere I, or any body else, can review "Nigel," "Peveril of the Peak" has been keeping fourteen of James Ballantyne's presses at work for six weeks. But "dum vivimus vivamus"—a few words can at least do no harm. If a new comet or meteor appears, 'tis well to prose about it; but who would tolerate a long disquisition about the sun or the moon, or any of the old established princes of the host of heaven?

NIGEL then is a sort of antiquarian Novel, and is likest in its materials to Kenilworth and Ivanhoe—but is probably better than either of them, and will give more delight in the perusal, to discerning readers. The interest of the tale is not great, but the successive scenes support themselves without the dragging power of an overheated curiosity; and this is a conclusive proof of their excellence, that is to say, of their having brilliant colouring in themselves, and happy delineations. A novelist of high powers would require sometimes to shew what he can do, without the help of much excited curiosity, and thus demonstrate the real distinction which exists between him and the common race, who have sufficient skill to carry their readers through three volumes, and yet in no part of these, shew anything beyond mediocrity, in regard to power of conception, delineation of character, &c., but nevertheless have the power of forcing their readers to go snoking forward like mail-coach horses, which, after coming down a declivity, are hurried on a long way over flat ground by the acquired motion. The surest criterion, therefore, by which the novelist of superior powers is distinguished from the crowd, is when parts of the book support themselves by their intrinsic merit, and are remembered after the end of the enigmas is arrived at. A fictitious narrative, however, would need always to retain the *argumentum ad hominem*, that is to say, an appeal to the reader's own condition, by treating of interests and affections which are not sopite and extinct in the past, like those of Ivanhoe. Nigel is an antiquarian Novel, as to history and costume. In feeling, it is as fresh and lively as the transactions of last week. Among the remarkable scenes, are those of George Heriot with King James, who speaks generally with a considerable tincture of Scotch, ludicrously mingled with Latin quotations. We have no doubt that many stupid persons will look with contempt on the character of James, as here represented, and will call him a weak prince, deficient in those qualities which should be found in a king. To readers of a more liberal taste, the character of James will appear, on the whole, both amiable and deserving of respect, especially for benevolence and good intentions, though not very able to wield a heavy rod over brutes. The trait which the spectator can least regard with patience, is his inability to persevere in any course of his own, if opposed to the inclinations of Buckingham and the young Prince. But the royal pedantry is most humorously described. He treats every passing incident in a style both learned and agreeable, and sometimes "clatters" like an old Scotch Lord of Session. On one occasion the Prince and Buckingham are filled with shame and vexation on account of his want of dignity; for the

* 3 vols. Post 8vo. Edinburgh, Constable and Co London Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 1822.

King declares, in presence of some persons of high rank, that he had got a listening place built over some of the state prisons, for enabling him to overhear what was said by the prisoners, when visitors were admitted to them. This machine he calls a "lug," and justifies himself by the example of an ancient tyrant, but he is persuaded to build it up.

The story sets out with an account of two London apprentices, officiating in a shop, and calling the attention of passengers. It is an antiquarian sketch, preserving the remembrance of customs no longer in existence. Another part of the story shews the relation in which the citizens stood to the nobility. The daughter of the shopkeeper becomes unfortunately enamoured of a Lord whom she sees at the house of George Heriot; and one of the apprentices, throwing off his city clothes, in the evening, puts on a fine suit, and appears transformed at a fashionable gaming house. The marked differences of dress, which were at that time adhered to by the different orders of society, give a strong effect to the narration of this adventure. In the character of George Heriot, the silversmith, there are no very remarkable traits. He remains alive at the end of the story, and there is not any scene relative to the founding of an Hospital. The locality is almost entirely in London, such as it then was, and Nigel may be read for a contrast to Pen Owen in London, as it now is.

But we hate flat recitations. Read the book, and you will not need to hear us prosingly speak of it, and act as a non-conductor of its spirit. If you are uncertain what part of it you ought to praise, we would recommend to you to speak well of King James, and of the delineation of the characters in general. It is one of the most pleasing novels the Author of Waverley ever wrote, and shews a power of imagination ever new and unfatigued. There is a preface, in which, by way of dialogue, the author enters into something like an apology for the number and rapid publication of his works. None of them can have less need of an apology than the present, which may look on some of its predecessors as weaker brethren. It is, however, without any passage so striking as the rising of the tide on Sir Arthur Wardour and his daughter, in the Antiquary, and some other such scenes, which did not occur every day in reality, or every year in fiction. The greatest defect in the Fortunes of Nigel is the want of tragic feeling, and of something to tug the heart strings, with grief or passion deeply excited in human nature. At least this will be the complaint with those who expect a novel to be a stretching on the rack. And some of the female readers who "like to suffer," may think, that on the present occasion, the author of Waverley has done nothing worth speaking of. The taste for intense suffering, however, is not now so popular as it once was, and there is more scope for fancy character, and knowledge of the world. And when anxiety and suffering are occasionally dispensed with, the mind of the reader enjoys the advantage of being more awake to beauty, in the shifting forms of a creative imagination.

QUOTH PEU-DE-MOTS.

CAMBRIDGE PAMPHLETS—IRISH BALL, &c. &c. &c.

London, 12th June, 1822.

DEAR NORTH,

"This huge city is now a huge oven, and the few who still walk the streets look baked. The streets are like the high-ways of the desert for silence and sand—the stage-coaches (for no others are abroad) move in whirlwinds of dust—and it is only when the sun goes down from the brazen sky, that you find London is still peopled."

This was the language of a friend of mine, who took fright lately at our few days of fine weather, and is gone post to be scorched to his midriff at Naples! Since then the heat has grown intense, and it has certainly deadened the spirit of all public amusements: all the gatherings of the wealthy into ball-rooms, and the other refuges of industrious idleness, are melting down—the theatres are stricken with loneliness—and all the superfluity of the London populace, great and little, is already flowing out upon the sea shore, from Thanet to Torbay. This our "Laudatores temporis acti" revile, as

among the signs of a degenerate time. But what is the use of frying and boiling the human material in cities, when it can live and be happy even on the withered downs and slimy shores of Margate. Our forefathers, with all their wisdom, were fools. Those opulent persons lingered through the year in their counting-houses, saw the summer only through the Sunday's dust at Islington, fed on the steams of mankind concocted in a thousand wealthy and detestable lanes, till those venerable *stews* and *fricassees* of men were gathered to the grave. *Vive la posterité.* There is more enjoyment now scattered over the life of a London shopkeeper, than, fifty years ago, fell to the lot of his Prince. I look upon this out-pouring of the multitude; this rush of the metropolitan *colluvies*; this unctuous deluge rolling through the flood-gates of Aldermanbury, Bucklersbury, and all the other snug and airless depositories and *hybernacles* of life in the city of cities; this scrambling, galloping, walking, tilburying, and steaming down to the sea-side; as among the first proofs, if not the very first, of the prosperity, good humour, and good government of the nation. What if ancient men inflate their gout with oysters fresh from the bed, and city clerks make themselves ridiculous in quadrilles; what if the fashionables of Moorfields grow romantic to the roar of moonlight kettle-drums on the pier at Margate; or embryo tailors, arm in arm with the rising hopes of haberdashery, discuss pantaloons and the battle of Waterloo on the Steyne: Who is the worse for all this? If the life of man is to be spent in eternal stitching, let them be grasped by the hand of law, the unworthy minister of heaven in this instance, and summarily consigned to their counters. But if all the statutes from Deutronomy to Blackstone are silent on the subject, let them be happy in their own way, flatter the innkeepers, pick up pebbles on the sea-shore, spend their hebdomadal gains in raffling for razor-paste, powder-puffs, and pill-boxes—and, when the municipal treasury sounds hollow, when the races are over, and every soul is saturated with sea smells and Olympic dust, let them return, and through the winter "babble of green fields." There is no jest in all this. What would become of London, crammed with its million of heavy feeders, and those reinforced by irruptions from all the red, green, blue, brown, and black populations of the earth, with all their aleagenous, murky, yellow-feverish, cholera-morbus bloods inflamed by made wine, drugged porter, and the absorption of three hundred thousand annual bullocks, and three millions of sheep; vaulted in under an impenetrable sky of smoke and ashes, from a hundred thousand manufactories of all horrible and death-dealing steams, stenches, and evaporations, without those escapes and vents for the multitude? Margate and Brighton are the safety-valves of London. The machine would burst without them. This "congregation of pestilent vapours" would be the great *nidus* of contagion to the land. London would be once more, "as one of your own poets hath said," (I quote reverently,) "The City of the Plague!" Half-a-dozen watering places satiate the hundred millions of the continent. Half-a-hundred are not too many for the ten millions of England. The high-roads that shoot from the metropolis, like mighty veins from a mighty heart, carry along their countless ramifications, knottings, and crossings, the crude material of this circulation, to return it, after exposure in the lungs of the coast, fresh, florid, and clear. "Que siempre pueden lavarse los Ingleses." Long may fat John and his family dance and dabble.

There has been lately a little controversial skirmishing at Cambridge, delightful to all who wish to see the venerable and peruqued in a passion. The world has gone on tranquilly with that very respectable and tranquil University, for years unnumbered. *Alma Mater* may not have altogether slept; but where no louder sound was heard within her mathematical bowers than the purring of a professor, and the meek homage of muzzled pupils, we are not to wonder that all things were as decent and downy as in the best of all possible worlds. The fiery trial, which put Oxford on her mettle a few years since, and sent Coppleston to his accidence, had left Cambridge unsinged. The Edinburgh Review, touched perhaps by some Whig remembrance on its door-posts, did not even brush it with its wing. Problems were annually ground, and wranglers proclaimed; the great,

general somnolency was undisturbed by even a whisper of innovation, and men and boys mused away over squares and circles, surds and binomials, in pleasant and unapprehensive lethargy. But lately, about the time of conferring the Bachelors' degrees, an evil spirit started up among them, in the shape of a smart pamphlet, questioning their reverend and tranquil system. This pamphlet took the Bull by the horns, and protesting, in the face of the Caput and of day, that the plan of University honours was only a contrivance to make University education nugatory, proceeded to shake mathematic glory on its throne. This adversary asserts, without the fear of the heads of Colléges before his eyes, that at the most favourable computation, the cause of knowledge reaps annually no more than a dozen decent proficients in sines and tangents, out of an average of 146 graduates, and an expense of about L.700 each, or in the whole above L.100,000. He thus goes into proof.

On the average of the last three years, about 146 men enter the Senate-house annually, at the usual degree time; of these, 52 obtain honours: of whom 19 are *wranglers*, or proficients in mathematics, 19 are *senior optimes*, or second rates, and 14 are *junior optimes*, or smatterers. What have the remaining 94 to shew for an education of three years and a quarter? at an expence nearer L.800 than 700. The University examination for their degree is in mathematics, and if they have learned four books of Euclid, (or even less,) can answer a sum in arithmetic, and can solve a simple equation, they are deemed qualified for this degree. That is, the University pronounces this a *sufficient* progress, after three years and a quarter of study!

What have those men learned in religion, ethics, metaphysics, history, classics, jurisprudence? Who can tell? for except the short one day's examination in Locke, Paley, and Butler, in the Senate-house, the University must be supposed to know nothing of these things. So much for the multitude of students!

—But, of the *junior optimes*, do any bring their mathematical reading to after use?

—Of the *senior optimes*, do any *two* in a year keep up their mathematics so as to make any progress in them after they have taken their degrees?

—Of the wranglers, do many of the lower wranglers, and all, or nearly all of the higher, pursue their mathematical studies farther than to fit them for the fellowship examination; which at some colleges, as at Trinity, is partly mathematical?

In fact, do more than two-thirds of the wranglers pursue their mathematical studies after they have taken their degrees?

If they do not, then all the fruit of their three years and a quarter's study, and all the expences of 146 men, amounting to above L.100,000, are concentrated, as far as any literary benefit results from them, in about a dozen or fifteen individuals!

It must be asked, how many of these individuals, how many *Cambridge* mathematicians, distinguish themselves by bringing their mathematics to *bear upon the useful arts*?

Is it true, that they, generally speaking, turn them to any account, except that of speculative amusement, or academic contention?

Have the Cambridge mathematicians within the last century made themselves memorable by any great discovery, by any great general promotion of their peculiar science, or are they in fact looked up to by the scientific world?

Is there not even in their system of mathematics an obvious error in their almost exclusive study of the speculative part?

Are not practical mathematics the great source of useful inventions?

Take a *wrangler* into an irregular field with a common land-surveyor, and which of them will measure it soonest and best?

Let one of those academic graduates try his skill with a practical sailor at an observation!

Build a bridge across the Thames; who will do it best, *Rennie*, (supposing him to be alive,) or a *committee* of senior wranglers?

This tough disputant even attacks the mathematical examination, which he calls a mere display of the examiner's ingenuity in quibbles, *niceties, and knackeries*, and *tricks of the art*, no better, no more useful than the quibbles of the schoolmen.

He next falls fiercely on the Academic taste in Greek, and charges the star-

tled University with expending its favouritism on the dramatic writers, and with the petty and pedantic spirit in which even this is done. With the eternal puzzle of IAMBICS, trochaics, and anapæsts, and twisting monostrophies into choruses and dochmiacs, and the whole miserable and muddy toil of a versification unsettled after all, beyond the hopes of scholarship. For this task-work of trifling, the University abandons the orators, philosophers, and historians of Greece, with all their lessons of manliness, eloquence, and moral dignity.

The result of the reasoning is to give a wiser distribution of studies and their reward; to make some religious knowledge a requisite even in a mathematician, and to give classical attainments some chance of academical distinction. There seems some feasibility in the proposal, when we recollect, though Cambridge has not been able to find it out, that not one student in a hundred is intended by Nature, or by his family, for a seeker of Surds; that, for the general purposes of accomplished public life, the Classics are worth all the Algebraists, from Diophantus downwards; and if such things might be insinuated, that students intended for parsons (the case in four at least, out of six) might without serious impropriety be taught something of the doctrines and authorities of the Christian religion.

This pamphlet was too true not to receive an answer; and, rather unluckily for his fame, the *Championship* was adopted by *Monk*, a very good Grecian, and a very honest man, but a very puzzled pamphleteer. The pens of universities, wise as they are, are not always among the most dexterous; and many a Doctor has had to redden deeper than his hood, before the more cunning paragraphs of an adversary unknown to *Caputs* and Common rooms. But Monk has had in his day the curious credit of furnishing *some* part of an article in the Quarterly Review, upon Brougham's absurd bill, with, however, the curious claim attached to this credit, of its being *altogether* due to the Dean of Westminster, from whom again the jokes are exclusively claimed for Mr Canning. The decision of this tripartite parentage must be left to some literary Solomon; but as the world has it, if the matter came to the sword, Monk would not be entitled to a limb. The Professor's pamphlet was, as became his station, very angry, and as became his cause, by no means convincing. He had the hard task of warring for the obsolete, the useless, and the untenable; and the result was rout, with infinite slaughter. But the University is a stronghold, and into its sable state, and smoky ordinances, ancient absurdity cannot be pursued with any effect. Time, which saps dungeons, and sends Doctors of the utmost Greek to sleep with their fathers, and teaches the rising generation to laugh at the follies of the past, will have his way here too; and Mathematics will take their place at last, where common sense would have placed them centuries ago,—altogether subordinate to the nobler and more enlarged education of classical literature.

Unfortunate Lady Morgan, "*Ux-or pauperis Ibyci*," has been writing notes during the hot weather, for a satire on all who do not buy her books. The poetry is supposed to proceed from Sir Charles, that medical representative of "all the talents." Her ladyship, ("WHIP ME SUCH LADYSHIPS!") has been telling all the world, in the newspapers, how all the world receive her—what hurryings of footmen, and rustlings of dowagers, are put in motion at the announcement of *Miladi Morgan*. But all is vain. A regular dealer in her style must run the hazard of being avoided, and no person of character will choose to be the material of this rash and bitter animal's romances. In fact, *Miladi and Co.* have formed themselves into a travelling committee of grievances; and every two or three years may be expected to load the public with her *Flora* of nonsense and national accusation. She has already gathered up the fooleries of France, and detailed the *grandes pensées* of the Benjamin Constants and La Fayettes, for the edification of the earth. The Carbonari vagabondism of Italy has found in her ladyship a ready conduit for disemboguing its distresses. Let her look in time to Port Jackson; she will there find food for a folio, in complaints of hard labour and horsebean soup. Severe things are beginning to be said of the government of Madagascar. Or if she

should not like to anticipate her tour so far eastward, she has the empire of Morocco—a glorious field for a grievance-hunter, and where she may talk of kings, in perfect contempt of the Attorney-General. But why do I condescend to allude to this person? Time, the great curer, will soon wring the pen from her hand. With the usual habit of vulgar minds, to suppose all the world thinking about them, this woman has imagined that the whole body of London Literati can think of nothing but her rambling novels and senseless tours.—"I am sure they were talking of me," says Scrub, "for they laughed consumedly." She carries a pocket-list of all possible writers, and can swear to each man's share in the contempt which the reviews have unequivocally enough thrown upon her productions. Those names must of course be, in the great majority of instances, the merest conjecture, but with her ladyship, conjecture is proof; and her next mawkish novel, or beggarly tour, exhibits the results of her indiscriminate ire. Whether the husband or the wife has written the Satire in question, this work is altogether pointless, common-place, and contemptible. Yet if the public were disposed to look upon this Gipsy pair as worth retaliation, what better material for burlesque could be desired, than the extreme of shallow pretension and innate vulgarity; than the scribbler who tells us that crime and folly are nothing but contortions of the stomach, that pockets are picked by Diarrhœa, and burglary is committed by Constipation. For this little she-copartner of his trunk and tavern-bills, what can be said, that is not said by the authorship of St Clair, and the panegyric of Paumy? and would it not be the part of wisdom in both to retire to their original departments in the dust and obscurity of the earth; the Knight, to extracting the Molares of the Welch, and the *Ladi*, to the administration of the *ferula*, and the netting, knotting, and cross-stitching, that once made her a wonder to her admiring pupils, and no insult or ridicule to any one?

The Dress Ball at the King's Theatre, for the Irish, was of the most expensive construction. All the fashionable, and all that desired to be thought the fashionable, for fifty miles round London, were jammed into the Theatre. The preparations fell heavy upon the peerage, for nothing short of nobility was allowed to breathe a hint in the arrangement of the Fete. Of the crowd of competitors, for the honour of superintending, some half dozen have been so happy as to bear the supreme responsibility. The Duke of Devonshire attended to the spelling of the invitation cards, Lord Gwydyr manœuvred the Constables, Lord Lowther papered the boxes, Lord Glengall tasted the syllabubs, Lord Fife attended to the shoes and stockings of the *Figurantes*, and the Marquis of Aylesbury undertook to see that the orange-women were at their posts. Why should such men and such labours be "*Illachrymabiles, longa nocte pressi?*" And who that saw the Duke of Devonshire, devoured with fatigue, and rushing about for hours before the doors were opened, in his waistcoat and trowsers, ruling the tide of lamp-lighters, floor-chalkers, and jelly-loaded waiters, would not rejoice that his Historian was found?

The vast room was full in a moment—a Babel of congratulations, a Calcutta of heat, an enormous Bazaar of feathers, diamond necklaces, epaulettes, and curled and cropped heads. In half an hour after the first party had glided into the saloon, wondering, and scarcely daring to tread on the white tracery of the floor, it was not possible to discover an inch lower than the shoulders of any human being. The multitude were wedged as closely as if they had been squeezed together by machinery. The eye rested upon a plantation of feathers fixed on a solid *substratum* of heads. Dancing was impossible, except the dancers were to have mounted on their compatriots, and made a platform of the skulls. To eat, drink, or talk, was out of all hope; to breathe was the utmost limit of indulgence, and this was enjoyed only by the excluded, who stood on the entrance-steps and in the corners in tribulation, rashly longing to plunge into the waving and boiling tide below. This ordeal, to which the ploughshares and brimstones of the past ages were a pastoral amusement, lasted to the majority for half a dozen hours. After this, what right have we to say that late revels and *punch a la romaine* enfeeble the stamina of our high-born?

An army of coal-heavers would have been shrivelled up in half the time. When the seniors had withdrawn along with the King, five hundred of the fairest, and most inexhaustible of beings, quadrilled and waltzed it till five in the morning. Kings have their proverbial hours of ease, but I will dare to say, that the heaviest hour of council never fell *heavier* on his Majesty than that night's joy. The night was hot, and they had fixed him in a box curtained and counterpaned round like a twofold bed. There sat the Monarch with "our Brother of York," in very condescending and patient good humour, but unquestionably in great weariness. There was nothing for him to see but the *glances* of feathers that sloped down into the remote lamplight. Etiquette forbade that he should do anything, and excepting a *minuet*, or some such tedious exhibition, by a group of the opera dancers, his whole vision for three hours was feathers, so stuck together, that he might have imagined he saw the stern of a Mammoth ostrich. In addition, his supper was stolen.

Belzoni, born for adventures, found himself involved in one, which, like all the rest, ran suddenly into letter-press, and bore a charge of extreme insolence and brutality against the head of the Bow-street Office, that ought to operate as a lesson to his superiors how they select a future thieftaker. Belzoni undoubtedly wears moustaches of a disproportionate size—his beard is suspiciously unshaven—and his yellow visage is palpably Mahometan. Yet all these offences, flagrant as they are, do not seem quite enough to justify even the holy zeal of Sir Richard Birnie—("Gad-a-mercy, fellow!") in dragging Belzoni, like a culprit, through the well-dressed mob, whose coin was probably at the moment glittering on his back in the shape of monumental shillings, — notwithstanding any Bow-street doubt of his orthodoxy. The sale of the ticket, however, remains among the secrets of the night; and the correspondence of Mr Taylor Vaughan with Ebers, ("*Amica collatio cum Judæo,*") has by no means tended to subdue the controversial spirit of Bond-Street and the Age.

The Quarterly Review, destined always to follow, is at last threatening a tremendous article on the sins of Lord Byron. Of course, not a syllable will be said that can be suspected to impede the sale of a single sixpence worth of his works. Cain, which no one now reads, is to be made the scape-goat; and the genuine and productive mischiefs of his lordship, the Haroldsand Don Juans, are to be slurred over by the committee of peers, which are to make havoc of unfortunate and forgotten Cain. This resolution is the work of grave remonstrances from the wigs and gowns which have hitherto purchased their pamphlets and primers at Murray's.

Some impulse of the same kind is said to have awaked the dormant vigour of the Edinburgh Review; and persons on both sides of the Tweed have the credit of compelling the two great ostentatious instruments of *candid criticism*, to be, for the first time these half dozen years, candid and critical.

The Edinburgh Review has, however, taken the lead. It has sent out a tardy, but a bold defiance, and giving Lord Byron sufficient honour for the spirit of his poetry, flagellates him for the offence of his insolent, ungenerous, and profane principles. This is done for once in plain language; and his lordship will probably feel, that the dexterous remotion of his person beyond the grasp of British Law, implies no impunity to his insults on the decencies, honour, and feelings of England. There are men in the world who have so accurate a sense of their own deservings, that they think it a just argument against all law and all providence that they have not been hanged. For such men, the discovery that the disgust of society is gathering against them, is so far a salutary interposition. It may stop them before they reach the summit of madness and impiety, and make their return not a direct violation of the laws of nature. The Edinburgh Review has had the merit of laying on this preservative lash; and it has probably crushed out, with the last trample of its heel, the whole brood of "Cains" which were threatened from Pisa! Shelley will henceforth rave only to the moon. Hunt will sonneteer himself, and "urge tear on tear," in memory of Hampstead butter and Chelsea buns; and Byron, sick of his companions, and ashamed of his career, will at length ask his demon, how it is that he has

cast himself out of all the advantages that life lavished on him? Why, he is an Englishman without a country—a peer without a seat in Parliament—and, most momentous of all, a Christian without a religion? He has lived long enough to know, that to live as he has done, is to stuff himself with the husks and swinish refuse of life. Is an English nobleman to have no correspondent but his bookseller? No friends but a vulgar group, already shaken out of English society? No objects but the paltry praises of temporizing reviews? And no studies but the shame and scorn of honourable literature? He is already perishing—his later productions are successively his worst—his miserable tragedies have shewn, that when he is not allowed to rant about himself, he can do nothing—he has decidedly failed in the noblest class of poetry—has shewn that he has no general grasp—no power over the living, generous heart—none of the mighty faculty of embodying character, and filling the mind with magnificent nature. That he is, then, not merely below Shakespeare, to whom all men are inferior, but below the whole tribe of the true poetic age of England,—a multitude of men of various degrees of mutual inferiority—but all habitually moving, in a superior region, to the highest flight of the noble lord.

This is truth; but of this the Quarterly Review will not whisper one iota; it will regret, and be surprised, and pained, and mortified; and will hope, and fear, and make its tale picturesque with accounts of his lordship's curls and complexion—the amount of his cabbage dinners—and the fare of his boat on the Brenta.

P. P. P.

LETTER OF THANKS FROM AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.

MY DEAR SIR,

I really am quite ashamed to accept all the beautiful volumes you have sent me, for I wished no other reward of my insignificant labours than the pleasure of seeing now and then a lucubration of mine in the best possible Periodical. However, to send the books back would be foolish; so I have arranged them altogether in a body, in one division of my library; but I insist on your sending no more, at least till I have done something to deserve them. I am delighted to observe your own name on the title-page of so many of them—and have no doubt that in a very short time, you will be one of the greatest Publishers of the age. Indeed, you seem already to have got into the very first Class.—Constable, Murray, and Blackwood, are the *Trio Lumina Britannorum.* Your publications are all right worthy the reputation of famous No. 17, Princes' Street; not a single catch-penny among them—and excelling one another in regular progression.

You know that I am little or nothing of a critic; and indeed criticism would be but a cold-hearted return to your liberality. But I cannot help telling you how I have felt on the perusal of some of these works. The "Annals of the Parish" is my greatest favourite. There is nothing at all resembling it that I know of in our literature. I do not in the least understand what those persons mean who have complimented Micah Balwhidder on his likeness to the Vicar of Wakefield. He has none. But they are both clergymen, and both most excellent, worthy, primitive, simple men,—and that to indiscriminating minds is enough. I was rather surprised to observe a remark of this kind in your own Magazine. It could not have come from the pen of one of your choice spirits. I hate that habit of finding resemblances to which some people are addicted. They never see the real essential character of any body's face, figure, or mind, but only what is on the surface. Accordingly, if two men have each a shortish or a longish nose, they are thought to be extremely like—quite like brothers—although as unlike as your divine Maga is to the human Monthly. When applied to books such criticism is pernicious. Authors of genius are defrauded of the praise due to their originality, and are called Plagiaries at the very time they have produced what is peculiarly their own. Micah Balwhidder is no monogamist, God knows, like the English vicar. Is his manse like the vicarage? Has he sons and daughters in it, with long, happy, or tragical histories? Is he subjected to many mutations of fortune?

and does he become the inmate of a prison?—But, in short, I need say no more to you, whose own good sense must see and despise the folly of all such criticism as I have alluded to. The "Annals of the Parish" is altogether a little volume *per se*, (it may be called a Per se Anecdote,) and its beautiful, and at the same time most diverting and touching details of the life and character of one "dwelling retired in his simplicity," will delight every true Scottish heart, as long as there remains in Scotland a devout remembrance of the spirit of times not yet, it is to be hoped, quite passed away—a spirit peculiar altogether to our native land.

"The Ayrshire Legatees" is as clever as can be, but less original. I can imagine several people able to have written as good or better things than it, excellent as it is; but the "Annals" are altogether inimitable. Mr and Mrs Pringle are fine old bodies; but Miss is not much to my liking, and my "Son Andrew" is a dull dog. Indeed he is, I presume, meant to be so, as the beau ideal of a young Edinburgh Whig advocate; and all that is very well. But the author sometimes forgets his satire, and seems to share in the general delusion, and to think Andrew an oracle. Now and then, however, the young Scotch Whig is most truly absurd, with his disquisitionary epistles, as if he were writing for the "Supplement," and adapting himself to Macvey. This Scotch formality is well kept up throughout all his epistles; and one feels how he must have been smiled at by the easy, elegant, careless, clever young English Barristers, from Oxford and Cambridge. His idea of getting into Parliament—like another Tom Kennedy—is very diverting. There can be no doubt that had not his canvass failed, (for his name is no where to be seen in the list), he would have assisted Sir James Mackintosh in his *appropriate* attempt to diminish the number of crimes. I said that Miss Rachel Pringle was not much to my liking. But what then? She was a fine-made girl, much to the liking of Captain Sabre; and I hope she has had too much good sense to spoil it by nursing. But really, when I think on all the *country characters*, I feel that I almost wrong this little volume, in placing it much behind the "Annals." The author breathes freely—his face brightens—and his *whole nature is itself* when in the country, and when that country is Scotland. He must have been a most happy boy, and very tricky in and out of school; fond of bathing, and bird-nesting; climbing trees with the callants, and "pu'ing gowans fine" with the lasses. Clearly and tenderly, and gladsomely too, does he remember the "days o' auld lang syne." And as the "boy is father of the man," I have no doubt, that though now the inhabitant of a great city, his heart still is among the scenes of other years,—and those happy and harmless beings whom his genius so beautifully and pathetically describes.

"Sir Andrew Wylie" puzzles me, and I know not whether it be a very good book or a very bad one. A very good one I have never felt it to be; and yet no book at times so ineffably entertaining can be a bad one. I should have been doubtful of its success, had I seen it manuscript. But what know I of what the world likes or dislikes? Sir Andrew's boyhood is just as good as any thing in the "Annals," or "Ayrshire Legatees;" but when he gets to London, he and his lot become somewhat incomprehensible. He no sooner shews his face in company, high or low, but he ups with the first fiddle, and leads the band. Unlike the unsuccessful simpleton, who did not know whether or not he could play, as he had never tried. Every one listens to him, consults him, and acts on his advice. The admirable Crichton, who was six feet six inches high, (see Peter Tytler,) and could speak twenty languages, would have been a mere cypher in company with the wonderful Wylie, who stood only five feet two, on his stocking soles, and could speak no language at all; he mounts up by a flight of enchanted steps from Chambermaid to Countess—from my lass to my Lady—from my gentleman's gentleman to Lord—Earl—Duke—Prince—KING; and there can be no doubt, that if he had been sent on an embassy to China, (it is not too late yet) he would have confounded the head of the Celestial Empire, and been hand and glove with the Sun and Moon in a jiffey. My God! how I envy Sir Andrew Wylie, Baronet of that Ilk, his appearance and success in all companies! I who now write to you, my dear sir, am a very decent-

looking young man, as you know, nothing particularly odd, or disgusting, that I know of in my person or manners, and not an absolute ass like the Colonel; but I produce no effect in society, nobody is more than polite or civil to me; my advice was never asked but once, and then not at all with a view of being taken, and, as for "high Lords and mighty Earls," they turn up their noses and eye-brows at me, as if I were a Paria. I once knew a Glasgow Bailie, who, by some strange accident in life, I forget what—perhaps it was in going to see an execution, or a review, or to hear some popular preacher, sat in the same coach with the late Duchess of Gordon, and right opposite to her Grace. "Ma Leddy," quoth the delighted Bailie, "wha wad ha' thocht that ever I, whom they just ca' Soople Tam, wad ever ha' mixed knees with a Duchess?" driving at the same time, with a chuckle and a leer, the great bead-buckle of his black twilled silk breeches against the delicate limb of that lovely Lady. Now, Sir A. Wylie was too genteel to have done this;—but he would have thought nothing of putting his arm half round her waist, (for it could not have reached all the way round,) or of bussing her, or whispering into her jewelled ear some sweet breath of his irresistible Doric. Yet, somehow or another, this continual success of the odd little Baronet, is, during the perusul of his Memoir, not felt to be unnatural. A sort of glamour seems thrown over all whom he associates with, the influence of which extends to the reader himself; the "wee reekit de'il," is a fascinating imp, and owes great part of his power to the very peculiarities that make him a marked and diverting man wherever he shews himself. I suspect there is great genius shewn in the conception of such a character, and considerable skill too in the execution; although the author is completely run away with on occasions by this odd creature of his own fancy; and concedes to him, somewhat too freely, sovereign and irresistible dominion over the whole human race. But I am bothering you, I fear, about Sir Andrew, whose Memoirs, I am glad to see, have been liberally abused by the Chief Blockhead.

But what shall I say of the Provost? It reads so easily and naturally, that I *felt as if I were composing it* as I went along. But unfortunately that was not the case. It is not in the least like a *printed book*. I think I see Mr Pawkie's own manuscript written in the same plain distinct business hand, with i's duly dotted, and t's strongly crossed, that made his ledgers of such constant and easy reference. His whole character lies in his very name, and, under the genial light of the author's most original genius, it expands gradually before us, till at last, in full blow and blaze, it shines forth in expanded provostry, like the great, broad, and blowzy Peony Rose among the cabbages in the neat kail-yard behind his own Mansion-House. There is far more truth and nature, and moral philosophy, and metaphysics, and politics, and political ecouomy, in this little volume, than in all Dugald Stewart and the Scotsman. Provost Pawkie is not a perfect character, although a good, loyal Tory. He is so base and corrupted as to be occasionally influenced by motives of self-interest, more especially when they coincide with a regard to the public good; and accordingly I observed t'other day, quoted by Mr MacDiarmid, the enlightened editor of the Dumfries and Galloway Courier, a remark distinguished by all that fine tact so peculiarly his own, and by all the suavity of the Stot, *i. e.* that the Provost's Memoirs exposed the iniquities of the base self-electing borough-system. Why, my dear sir, the radicals are for having every thing in this world perfectly pure and spotless, like Mr Hunt of Bristol, and his kept-mistress, Mrs Vince; like Mr Hunt of Hampstead, and his young ladies, "who are of opinion that the laws regulating the sexual intercourse in this country require revision and amendment," and like that improved edition of Joseph, the chaste and blushing Bergami. Long may our burroughs have such bailies and such provosts as the late esteemed Mr Pawkie, say I; and I hope that Lord A. Hamilton will read this instructive little volume before he again opens his mouth in parliament. It is not written by Sir Walter Scott, whose novels Lord A. had the good taste to sneer at in the British House of Commons. Yes; he, a Scotch nobleman, held up his face, and there sneered at the "grande decus" of his native country. Such in morals and in intellects are the most enlightened advocates of Reform! Once more, then—

many, many thanks, my dear sir, for the Provost—it is short, cheap, and good; and I am not in the least surprised at what you tell me, that you have sold an edition of two thousand in a fortnight, and that another equally large impression is melting away "like snaw aff a dyke." Mr Galt is indeed a fine fellow, and has shewn a vein that seems brighter, richer, and deeper, the farther he drives the shaft. I hope he will keep moving, for there is nothing so bad for the health of a popular writer as standing still, with his hands behind his back, or counting his fingers.*

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* We beg leave to say a few words, as a note to this passage in the letter of Mr Blackwood's lively correspondent, for he writes to the Bibliopole and not to the Editor, as in duty bound,—since we have sent him no books, only his twenty guineas per sheet. Mr Galt's name does not appear on the title-page of any of those excellent works which have lately given their author so high a place in his native literature; and we believe that this has induced not a few to distrust the *report* that the author is Mr Galt. "The Ayrshire Legatees," as all the world knows, were originally written for and published in this Magazine. They were immediately and universally acknowledged to be the very best articles that ever had been in any periodical work, and deservedly high as the character of our Miscellany then stood, yet the "Ayrshire Legatees" increased our sale prodigiously and deepened the affection of the public to our inimitable, but often-all-in-vain-attempted-to-be-imitated work. Previous to this time, Mr Galt was known, and respectably known, as a literary man. "His Travels" were full of useful information, and, of course, contained many acute remarks and original reflections on human nature as he had beheld it in various countries. His tragedies we never have read, and we hope he will send us a copy. Some extracts, indeed, we saw at the time, in the Quarterly Review (which work, for some cause unknown to us, and which cannot possibly be creditable to the Editor, always attacks this gentleman,) and as they were given for the express purpose of ridicule, we presume a fair estimate cannot be formed from them of Mr Galt's power as a writer of Tragedies. But one dramatic composition of his we have read, and seen acted—*The Witness*, or *Appeal*, as it was called when brought on the stage. It contained much fine poetry, much passion, and no contemptible share of "Metaphysical aid;" but the catastrophe was ill managed, and the whole *feeling* on which the plot rested was too peculiar—namely, a vague impression on the mind of an old withered maniac, that a man who had long annually given her charity, but one morning forgot it, was the murderer of her husband, who had been found dead on the roadside twenty years ago. But with all its defects, "The Witness" was a dramatic poem of power; and having been published anonymously, it was attributed by many even to Coleridge. Mr Galt published "A Life of Cardinal Wolsey," and one of "President West," both works of talent in their way, although little favoured by reviewers. All these works were published before we had the pleasure of his acquaintance; and accordingly we recommended him to put on the title-page of the "Earthquake," "by the Author of the Ayrshire Legatees." He did so. "The Earthquake" did not greatly take, being wild, wearisome, and improbable; but it abounds in strong delineation of passion and character, and also in poetical pictures of external nature. An infatuated Editor of a London Magazine, not contented with the most brutal abuse of the author of "The Earthquake," declared that that work was not by the author of the Ayrshire Legatees, as falsely said on the title-page, and offered, we believe, to eat all the three volumes if he was mistaken. He abused Mr Galt for lending himself to the lie, for he attributed "The Earthquake" to that gentleman. Mr Galt felt the most supreme contempt for the slanderer, and said nothing. The same unfortunate person then impudently accused Sir Walter Scott of having written the "Ayrshire Legatees," for it was thought, it seems, by him to be a crime, and of having concealed his name out of fear of the London Magazine! The second part of the letters the Editor said were by another and an inferior hand, Sir Walter being afraid to finish them, because of his, the said editor's, terrible indignation, and having shifted off the responsibility from his own, upon other shoulders. This lamentable mixture of folly, insolence, ignorance, and malignity, had, it would really appear, some effect on the minds of the people within the sound of Bow-Bell. The miserable slander remained in people's ears, when its source was dried up and forgotten; and even now, in and about London, but no where else, "The Ayrshire Legatees," "Annals of the Parish," &c., are believed by a few not to be by Mr Galt, or at least not wholly, but all joint-productions!! Painful and disgusting as it is to us to allude to such vile malignity as all this, yet as the charge first brought forward against Mr Galt, by the original slanderer, and since kept feebly up by pawn-brokers' apprentices and stickit dominies, &c. affected his moral character as a Man even more than his intellectual character as a Writer, we have thought it right to wash away the dregs of

The *bound* copy of Adam Blair I have placed beside Goëthe's Werter, and I have the satisfaction to tell you, (pray, let the author know) that old Goëthe is in raptures with it. I saw him at Weimar last month, and he began speaking about the little tale immediately after some eloquent eulogy of Sir W. Scott. My own opinion (pardon me for becoming so egotistical) is, that some parts of Adam Blair are too German, but these are not the best parts. The best parts are sternly and austerely Scottish. That scene before the Presbytery is simple and sublime. How impressive to behold the unrelented, but not unrelenting spirit of the religion of John Knox darkening the pale face of a penitent sinner, in a place now sacred to the pure faith, even within the very Popish Cathedral which the flaming zeal of the Reformers would fain have levelled with the dust—with the thousand and thousand flat grave-stones that pave that solemn burial-place! I saw that the CHIEF BLOCKHEAD abused this book too, and I thought of that line in Shakespeare,

"Consideration, like an angel came,
And whipt th' offending Adam out of him."

But in the one case we have an angel with his rod of light, clearing the conscience, and in the other a scavenger with his broomstick, dirtying the stockings. What I mean by saying that some parts are German is, that some of the incidents and situations in which Mrs Campbell is concerned, are somewhat too much so to my fancy. Her own character is natural, but on the whole not pleasing, (at least to us readers, now that she is a dead and cold lady;) and had Adam Blair, instead of having been seduced, been the seducer, the difficulty in the way of the author might have been far greater, both in the plot and the punishment, but the book would on the whole have been better,—that is, it would have pleased me better. The style of Adam Blair, though unassuming, and sometimes careless, is for the most part distinguished by a light, elastic, muscular energy, too rare in our modern prose. What is meant by the outcry that you say has been raised against this book on the score of indelicacy and immorality, I do not pretend to understand, and you have not been kind enough to inform me. Is the outcry only from the CHIEF BLOCKHEAD, and Taylor and Hessey's Cockney? I do not call that an outcry against indelicacy and immorality, any more than I would call the bawling,

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this report at once. Mr Galt, and Mr Galt alone, is the sole author of the "Earthquake,—the Legatees—the Annals—Sir Andrew—and the Provost;" and highly as we think of the great and universal powers of the gentlemen to whom the Cockneys have ascribed either the whole, or parts and pendicles of some of these admirable volumes, we do not believe either the one or the other of them capable of producing any thing half so good in that peculiar style of excellence, and we are sure that they scorn the puppies who keep yelping their names, although they very naturally do not wish to be teazed with the trouble of whipping them all into the kennel.—The Magazine we have thus alluded to, (and we were compelled to do so in justice to an amiable, inoffensive, and modest man of indisputable and rare genius) has, we are happy to perceive, passed into more respectable management.

This Note is like an old English arrow, "a cloth-yard long and more," but we have not yet drawn it to the head. Pray, Mr Thomas Campbell, what do you mean by intrusting the critical small print at the tail of your Maga to be written by a Ninny? Have you too forgot your country, among the chuckling and crowing of the bantams of Cockaigne? Why do you suffer Dominie Small-Text to sneer away at works likely to live just as long as Gertrude of Wyoming herself? You should not let the Pedagogue turn up his snivelling nose at the "Annals of the Parish," and Mr Galt's Scottish Pictures in general; neither ought you to suffer him to commend the pamphlet of a Reverend Slanderer, written against a gentleman who is most friendly to you and your genius, whom if you knew him, you would love and admire, and who is falsely accused by the said reverend slanderer, in terms of the most atrocious and bloody minded ferocity, of writing a most harmless and amusing article in this Magazine, which article we are sorry to say he never, to our certain knowledge, saw, till some thousand copies of it were printed off? Why lend, without inquiry and without knowledge, the authority of your "imprimatur" to the circulation of an idiot's fury against a gentleman as innocent of all offence towards him as you are yourself? The Editor of this Magazine would not have done so by Thomas Campbell, and the gentleman whom Thomas Campbell has suffered to be so abused in his Magazine, is the equal in all things even of the Author of the "Pleasures of Hope." C. N.

and cursing, and swearing, of the Edinburgh and London fishwomen an outcry in their favour, when these good people, both in theory and practice, sung hymns to the purity of the Queen, which, as *The Times* asserts, was even as the unsunned snow. Adam Blair's crime was great,—and "grievous has its expiation been." Ten years of penance is a long time in the life of man, and let us hope that even fewer may, if sincere, suffice for greater sinners than poor Adam Blair. The author of this volume is a man of extraordinary genius indeed, be he who he may, and has the ball at his foot. So let him play on.

"Lights and Shadows" are most delightful. There is a beauty in the style of this writer I never saw equalled—so soft, so clear, and so melodious. I question if Mackenzie himself, in his best days, ever wrote any thing so pathetic as some of these stories. The *religion* of them all is divine—no dogmas—no doctrines—nothing sectarian;—but pure, bright, beautiful Christianity. The descriptions of scenery are inimitable—never long and laboured, but every thing brought before the reader in a moment with wonderful distinctness and fidelity, and yet an airy haze, or dazzling gleam, or solemn shade of poetry over it all. Simple as the incidents are in one and all of the stories, they are all quite different from one another; and we feel as we read how inexhaustible is the heart of a man of genius. This will be a standard book. For my own part, I never read one which it would be so utterly impossible for me to criticise,—and if it has any fault at all, in my estimation, it is that it overflows too much with beauty and with pathos, so that in spite of its exquisite truth and fidelity, the heart sometimes fears that human life cannot be so delightful either in its joy or its grief as it is here painted. My favourites are, "The Lilly of Liddesdale," "The Minister's Widow," "Blind Allan," "The Poor Scholar," "The Shieling," and "Helen Eyre." I know of no living author who could have written these—*but One*—however, since you have given no name, I ask no questions. The author of "Lights and Shadows" is not, I think, the author of "Adam Blair," though sometimes their thoughts flow in the same channel. But you may smile at this, and I may be entirely mistaken. These "Lights and Shadows" are rightly named "of Scottish Life." The author does not hunt after local or national peculiarities, but his mind is imbued with the best spirit of his country, and he is at all times Scottish, without straining after characteristic imagery or sentiment. Only change, in your imagination, the scene of any one of these stories from Scotland into England or Ireland, and you will feel how true to the *nature of his nation* he has been. All his pictures are perfectly true only in Scotland, and more especially so those of the peasantry, and of humble or middle life. I wish he had given us more about the Old Covenanters. For Lilias Grieve, The Covenanter's Marriage-day, and the Baptism, are all very fine. Why, really, my dear sir, your three authors of the "Annals," "Adam Blair," and "Lights and Shadows," are doing great things for Scotland.

So much, my dear sir, for your books upon our own Scotland,—creditable to their authors, to the age, and to No. 17, Prince's Street. Do you know, or will you believe me when I tell you, that I have been such a Vandal as never heretofore to have read "Valerius?" It is indeed a true Roman Story, and the writer, who must be an accomplished scholar as well as a man of genius, seems just as much at home in the "Eternal City," as the author of Guy Mannering in Auld Reekie. The deception is complete. Seventeen centuries are rolled back, and we hear the stir and tumult of Rome. These volumes abound with noble and magnificent pictures, drawn by a master's hand, in simple and sweeping lines. His view of the Amphitheatre, and its mortal sports, almost attracts and reconciles the agitated heart to the shedding of blood. That dark gigantic Moor, and that fair stripling Greek, so hopelessly opposed! nothing can be finer;—and then old Thraso the Christian convert, as the sword smites him at the trumpet's blast,—and the divine Athanasia, by the love of the genius that created such a being, saved, as was right, from martyrdom, and wafted over seas to the shores of our own Britain then a Roman province! It is indeed an august dream of old.

Mr Millman's* works were all new to me—at least I had seen only some extracts from his poetry in the Reviews and in your Magazine. I freely confess, that I think the able and eloquent critic who reviewed his Martyr of Antioch, in your work, was rather chary of his praise. I do not know which of his three Poems are the most beautiful. They are all classical, elegant, stately, and even magnificent compositions; and surely Oxford may well be proud of such a Professor of Poetry. His scholarship has not overlaid his native feeling, and his imagination moves without constraint in the fetters which he has imposed upon it. His lyrical strains are certainly very fine; their harmony, if not various, is deep and long-drawn out,—and where there is fine music of versification, there is almost always fine poetry too, as Coleridge, I think, has remarked somewhere among his multitudinous thoughts. It is scarcely fair to ask what Mr Millman has added to the stock of English poetry, as your critic does, for that question, taken in its largest meaning, would be a severe one to ask of any living poet, except perhaps Wordsworth and Scott. It seems to me, that a man who, like Mr Millman, has produced, before five-and-thirty, an excellent acting play like Fazio, full of the spirit of the ancient drama, a splendid though heavy narrative poem of the olden time (Samor,) and three such regularly constructed dramatic compositions, as the Fall of Jerusalem, Martyr of Antioch, and Belshazzar, is entitled to an honourable place among the best living poets of his country, and I do not know that either he himself or his friends ask for more. To be sure the British Critic is a little extravagant about Mr Millman, but why not? His poetry has a high, moral, and religious spirit, and Mr Millman is a clergyman. I therefore like to see the British Critic, which is a work of sound principles, eulogize him warmly, and he deserves it. One of the Old Monthly reviewers has lately got tipsy, and written about Mr Millman in his cups, which surprises me, for I thought the Monthly reviewers were sober men. He calls the Oxford Professor of Poetry "the sun of our poetical hemisphere" at present. If the old gentleman had just looked to his own candle, he would have seen a dozen suns all burning away, each as well entitled to that glowing appellation as Mr Millman. But the Professor is not to be cut up, because an old Rural Dean chooses to write an article over a jorum.

As to the "Fortunes of Nigel," I took up the three volumes, and placed the two last right before me on the table within grasp, so that no intruder should touch them; and the first I seized, as you would stick your fork into a how-towdy when dining alone at Ambrose's, and deposit it bodily on your own plate. I devoured it with greedy eyes, and, having begun my repast about 10 o'clock, A. M., I discussed all the three volumes, and reached the word "and" a little before 6 P. M. This is reading at about the rate of a mile a minute, and I deserve the name of the flying Childers. What life, spirit, animation, stir, bustle, rumpus, stramash, squabash, hullabaloo, and the devil-to-pay! I can give no sort of account of the book, nor do I know what all the characters were about, or driving after, by land or water. But such intriguing, and scheming, and mincing, and counter-mining, and robbery, and murdering, sets all criticism at defiance. I had not only a headache when I was done with it, but felt as if I were black and blue; such a banging, and basting, and shaking, did I, the reader, seem to have received. It was glorious sport, and a

* We take this opportunity of assuring Mr Millman, that a single word from him is sufficient to remove from our minds all suspicion of his having borrowed his Martyr of Antioch, from "Valerius." The coincidences which he himself admits, in his preface to Belshazzar, are numerous and striking; indeed so much so, that it was not possible for us to think otherwise, than that he had been indebted to the Novel, for many of the best things in his Tragedy. He has told us that his Tragedy was *written* before Valerius was published; and we believe it, on his word, just as completely as if we ourselves had seen it in Manuscript. But we have no doubt that Mr Millman himself must think that our strictures were perfectly justified at the time, by the very remarkable coincidences pointed out; and we have real pleasure in finding that we have not to make such formidable deductions from his originality, as, had he seen Valerius, would have been altogether inevitable.—C. N.

fox-chase is nothing to it. I have lent my copy to a fat old woman, who sits in an easy chair, with three immense pillows under her, and I am curious to see her set a-going on the pad. What would a Quaker think of such a book? By the way, the author should give us a Quaker. Did you ever see an Irish Quaker? Till you see and hear that, you have seen and heard nothing.

Bracebridge Hall is, I think, a great improvement on the Sketch-Book.—There is more manliness in it—more nerve—more variety—more humour, and it is far more truly English. Washington Irving is of the right sort. His heart is in its right place. Curse the Cockneys for pretending to admire him—and pinch his little finger if he ever be found admiring the Cockneys. He is a plain, simple, earnest, well-informed, observant, amiable man of genius. He must be a very happy man. He has enjoyed the woods of his own America—he is proud of her character and destinies—not certainly without reason, and yet he is tenderly and reverently attached to his old fatherland. There is nothing hard, coarse, or illiberal, in the American part of his nature. His John Bullism is absolutely gruff at times;—and he is a citizen of the world, without losing any thing of the individuality of *Washington Jonathan* Irving. Washington is a noble name, and Irving is not a bad one—The two together will last a long time. "The Stout gentleman" ought to be put into the Magazine, as one of the most pleasant of extravagancies. I like his humour better than his pure pathos. In the latter, he is far far inferior to the author of "Lights and Shadows." But his humour is exquisite—so easy, natural, and amiable,—and often so cunning and original. The book is open before me at the description of two dogs;—which dogs are absolute fac-similes of two people we both know, who are in the absurd habit of abusing your Magazine. I cannot resist the temptation and pleasure of copying it now for your own private perusal. "One is a fat spaniel, called Zephyr,—though heaven defend me from such a Zephyr. He is fed out of all shape and comfort; his eyes are nearly strained out of his head; he wheezes with corpulency, and cannot walk without great difficulty. *The other is a little old gray-muzzled curmudgeon, with an unhappy eye,* (HOW PERFECTLY LIKE!) *that kindles like a coal if you only look at him;* his nose turns up; his mouth is drawn into wrinkles, so as to shew his teeth; in short, he has altogether the look of a dog far gone in misanthropy, and totally sick of the world. When he walks, he has his tail curled up so tight that it seems to lift his feet from the ground; and he seldom makes use of more than three legs at a time, keeping the other drawn up as a reserve. *This last wretch* is called BEAUTY!!!"

The "Mohawks" was not cut up when you sent it to me, and I have not yet run my knife though it,—but from the first page, I fear the author is an ass, which I regret.

Pardon, my dear sir, all the nonsense of this long scrawl, which, if I were to read it over, I am sure I could not have the face to put into the post-office. Once more accept my warmest thanks for your kindness—and believe me to be, my dear sir, yours very truly.

FRANCIS FREEMAN.

June, 16.

LETTER OF APOLOGY FOR NOT HAVING WRITTEN AN ARTICLE FOR THIS NUMBER.

Peebles, 8th June.

MY DEAR EBONY,

THAT I should write articles during this stewing, boiling, and roasting month of June, is what you never can expect, unreasonable as I know you are, and indeed crazy, on the subject of Maga. My travelling thermometer, and I never heard its accuracy doubted, is now at 87° in the shade. So I must bathe. There is a fine deep black pool for you! just below Old Nidpath, (I have been at Peebles for a week,) and I propose forthwith plunging to the bottom, and lying there for at least half an hour, till the sun has withdrawn behind a cloud. The day is so infernally hot, that the very sun himself cannot stand it; and his great red face is all in a pour of sweat.—A glorious plunge-bath!—here it goes. That squash in the water must have been heard

through all Peebles; for I floundered like a whale. What delicious freshness penetrates my existence! See how I swim! what strokes! And now behold the fundamental feature on which the science hinges! I am floating—now I tread water—that is an aquatic somersset—down to the gravel like a plummet—up to the surface like an air-bell—away across, like a salmon with a hook in his tongue—and now bolt up out of the water altogether, like a whitling attempting in vain to break Mrs Phin's everlasting tackle. Oh, that Lord Byron were but here! I would swim—dive—float—tread water—flounder—squash, and squabash him for a thousand pounds. HE SWIM!! Why I offer to swim him with one hand tied behind my back! There's for you. But somewhat too much of this—As I am a Christian and a Contributor, what a shew of Trouts! There they lie panting and gasping with their wide open mouths and gills, like a party of Glasgowites at the Largs, round the Devil's Punch Bowl. I see one rascal about a yard long—he cannot weigh less than a dozen pounds. By the shade of old Isaac, I will *girn* him! Did you ever girn, Ebony? But hush—not a breeze is stirring—the pool is crystal—and I cannot miss him. (*I girn*)—I have landed him—he is not so big as I thought—the tip of his nose is at this blessed moment touching the tip of the middle finger of my left hand, and his cloven tail cools my pectoral muscle. That is his extreme length to an inch. His belly is yellow, as the gold-sand of Pactolus, and most beautifully starred is his side—a perfect galaxy. A silvery haze veils the dazzling brightness—and the flowery sod is tamed on which he lies. To think that such a beautiful creature should die!—be roasted and devoured by myself, and a few voracious cronies, before three o'clock. I could moralize for hours on the redness of his gills.—But there goes Walter Ritchie. Hollo, Walter! (*Walter Ritchie comes sliding down the high wooded bank upon his breech, catching by the broom and birches.*) "Gualterus, well mayst thou turn up the white of thine eyes; saw ye ever such a phœnix of a trout?"—"A phœnix, call ye him? I thought a phœnix had been a bird of the Turkey-breed. Safe us, he's like a fish. I hynecked him wi' the May-flee last Mononday; but he gied a wallop wi' his wame, and brak my ten-hair-tackling, like Sampson among the Philistines. Safe us, sir, did you ginnel, or girn him? or did ye dive down upon him, like an ettar, and bring him up in your mouth, with your teeth in his shouther?"—"Take him up cannily, my noble Gualterus—carry him, with my compliments, to our good friend near the Cuddy Brigg, and do you look in upon us about six this evening, when we are sweetening the jug." Walter is just gone, and I observe him lecturing on the TROUT, at a bend of the river to a linn-full of bathers, who are crowding naked round him, with hands held up in astonishment. Oh, my dear Ebony, what a dinner we shall have!

Nidpath Castle! Thou art really, *bona fide*, a most respectable old body of a ruin. I wish I were a rook to fly round thy airy battlements. Do I fancy that I smell the odours of that wide flush of wall-flower, that absolutely stains, in yellow beauty, yonder angle of a tower from rock to pinnacle? A lady of Romance appears! No, no, thou art only the daughter of a weaver of woollens; but at that distance, it matters not to me who thou art.—Come down, my pretty dove, and bathe thy fair plumage in this silvery pool! But this is too much to expect; and I forget that I am sitting here, in a state of nature, beneath the shadow of a beech-tree. I find some difficulty in getting down my breeches from that branch. Now they are on, and I begin once more to feel myself belonging to civilized life. How mysterious is the influence of dress! My nankeens seem an integral part of myself. I rejoice in my spotted waistcoat. My jacket has literally a Jemmy character; and I feel my shirt to be mine, even more than my very skin. I am now fit to go to church, and hear sermon—to walk into a room full of ladies—to hold up my head in the market-place—to sit in the town-hall, and be made a burgess of Peebles. Undressed, I could have done none of these things. Then I felt as if it were my destiny to traverse forests and deserts—to swim down great rivers, such as the Oronoco, or the Barumpooter—and to swim away on a voyage of discovery, into the centre of the ocean. Such a change is effected by simply putting one leg slowly after

another into a pair of breeches, and tying one's neckcloth with a rose-like bud in front. I leave all such wild exploits to Parks and Parrys; and am satisfied to stroll away down at my leisure into the Gude Town of Peebles.

I have been asleep for three hours. The moment I sat down in the Baillie's arm-chair, I felt the influence of the drowsy god. The Baillie himself is still fast and sound, on the opposite side of the chimney. The grate is filled with hawthorn, white as snow, and odorous as incense. What a profound face is the Baillie's! That man never injured a fly, who can thus sleep. It seems as if an idea, or a feeling, had never cast its light or shade over that face!—"Dear God," as Mr Wordsworth says, "the very house seems asleep." "Come, Bailie, awake, arise, or be for ever fallen! Baillie, I say, it is near three. I hear the trout fizzing in the pan, down by yonder at the bridge." I must pull his nose. It won't do—off with his wig, and rub his pate with a towel—still he sleeps—tickle his nostrils with a feather—now with the nib of my pen—still he sleeps—he opens his lack-lustre eyes, but they see me not, any more than a couple of oysters. "Oh, Bailie, Bailie, must I arouse you with a rattling peal of thunder! The wife is routing below, as if she was mad. Hech sirs, man, give one great gant, and be done with it. Our friends are gone down the street; and Archy looked up with the tail of his e'e as he passed. He will have fastened on the trout before we arrive. Come, Bailie, look sharp."

Four hours have elapsed since I wrote the last paragraph, as you will perceive by the colour of the ink, and perhaps before I finish, by the hen-foot scrawl of my hand-writing. I confess that I am barely sober—but how could I, after thirteen jugs between four of us? I am no epicure—you know that—but SUCH A TROUT!!! It was done in the pan by itself—not a single small fry was suffered to lie by its lordly bulk. How it sucked in the great dabs of rich fresh butter, that the scooping thumb of Girzzy ever and anon plumped into that pan! nearly a pound! a gentle fizzing, now deepening, now dying away, filled the whole house. Scarcely a word was spoken. We sat looking on each other's well-pleased faces, and listening the fiz-z-z-z-z-z-z-z. Now and then one of us stole on tip-toe, as if afraid to disturb the cook, into the kitchen, and reported progress. "How is his tail now?" cried Archy. "Curling up the great snout o' him," answered the Bailie. "He has the shouthers o' a seamont, maister," cried Girzzy, exulting over her handywork—"Hand back, my bonny man, (I like a compliment to my personal appearance,) hand back, sir, gin you please—you grupped him yoursel, and ye sall eat him yoursel—I'm just gaun to dish—ae flaster o' the pepper mug—and then an wi' him on the trencher!" The Amazon lifted the pan off the fire, and wafting it to the dresser, half-trundled the noble animal into a dish that would have held a sirloin, and bearing him triumphantly aloft over her head, with arms red as those of the morning, she crowned the board with the monarch of the flood.

Did you ever see a pack of hounds worrying a fox? Think on them and then on us. What guzzling! The great drops of sweat stood on every forehead, and I saw them plashing off that of our host into his trencher—but I put my hand to my own brow, and said nothing. "Lord forgie me—but I have forgotten to say grace."—"No wonder," quoth I, "but we will all return thanks." We finished him in four minutes—from the tip of the tail to the tip of the snout. His very fins were devoured, and we made no bones of him. Like the great globe itself, he left not a wreck behind. I felt a strong inclination to lick my plate, but delicacy forbade. "Here's a gran' bag o' worms?" cried Watty Ritchie, standing at the door that had been left half open, to admit a little cool air from the kitchen fire. "Rax them ower here," I replied; and a finer collection of worms I never saw bagged. I raised up a red bunch of them with my thumb, as they nestled in the dewy moss, and then handed round the little odorous bag for general admiration. This was during the interval between sermons—I beg pardon, between courses. But the worm-bag was removed, and in came the cold round and the pigeon-pie. It now seemed as if the trout had merely given us a whet, and large tripe-like slices, comprehending the whole rotundity of beef, came ever and anon flapping upon the plate of each delighted individual, to melt away like

snow or a dream. They disappeared like perfect pancakes; and the full figure of our landlord, which had for a while been partially concealed from my view by the intervening Round, was now visible down almost to the waistband. It was small-stot; and the mustard was from Dickson. I finished off with a pair of well-spiced pigeons, and the large lump of crust in the navel of the pie, the taste of which I shall carry with me to the grave. The whole was washed well down with Edinburgh ale and London porter, and a caulker of Glenlivet made it all safe as the rock of Gibraltar.

We were just four—and we manufactured three jugs each—a bottle of the cretur going to every triad. The thirteenth jug was "good afternoon, and luck be with us all." Watty took his bottle raw.

I wish that I could give you a summary of our conversation, but there is a strange noise in my head, like the swarming of bees. I feel persuaded that were I to attempt rising up, I could not stand either by hook or crook. That confounded fresh air, on my way up from the bridge, has got into my upper story, and if it were not for the bottle of whisky I have lately dispatched, I could not well miss being in a state of utter inebriation. I remember the general heads of our discourse well enough, but the subordinate details are very indistinct. We certainly discussed the agricultural distresses, and I remember that Watty Ritchie agreed with Ricardo, but he was very severe on Mr Canning's Bill about the Irish Peers. Angling, of course, was treated in all its branches—from whale to minnow; and I thought mine Host's toast a pretty one, "The Music o' the Pirn." Oh! there is no such inspiriting and agitating sound below the spheres, as the whirr—whirr—whirr—whirr—when a fish runs you out like lightning, with twenty fathom of line. "The heart to the mou' gies a sten." It is as dear as the declaration of a virgin's love—"like, but oh! how different!"—The chamber-maid is at the door with my bedroom candle—I must make an effort to stand—go on, I'll follow thee * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I copy these stars from a page in Adam Blair.

Yours, with the greatest respect,

SAMUEL SURE.

Postscript.

THE Reader will see that in fact the whole of this Number of THE MAGAZINE is A REVIEW: for, the three Letters, with which it winds up, form not much of an exception. We wish people would just look at this REVIEW of ours, and compare it with others—but of this enough. Our next Number, will, of course, be something totally different, while it is not unlikely, (if one may judge from the past,) that the next Number of the New Monthly, London, &c. &c. &c. will be nothing but Reviews. So goes it with the *Servum Pecus*, who think they can rival us by copying the very tricks of our Printer's Devils—the peculiarities of semi-colons—the exact angle of our marks of admiration. But to have done with those jaded Post-horses who run in three different Stages sometimes, and in all equally lamely, Gentle Reader,

T. O.

DESULTORY STANZAS

UPON RECEIVING THE LAST SHEETS

OF

"MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT,"

"BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, NO. LXV,"

FROM THE PRESS,

BY MR WORDSWORTH.

I.

Is then the final page before me spread,
Nor further outlet left to mind or heart?
Presumptuous Book! too forward to be read—
How can I give thee license to depart?
One tribute more;—unbidden feelings start
Forth from their coverts—slighted objects rise—
My Spirit is the scene of such wild art
As on Parnassus rules, when lightning flies,
Visibly leading on the thunder's harmonies.

II.

All that I saw returns upon my view,
All that I heard comes back upon my ear,
All that I felt this moment doth renew;
And where the foot with no unmanly fear
Recoil'd—and wings alone could travel—there
I move at ease, and meet contending themes
That press upon me, crossing the career
Of recollections vivid as the dreams
Of midnight—cities—plains—forests—and mighty streams!

III.

Where mortal never breathed I dare to sit
Among the interior Alps—gigantic crew,
Who triumph'd o'er diluvian power!—and yet
What are they but a wreck and residue,
Whose only business is to perish?—true
To which sad course, these wrinkled Sons of Time
Labour their proper greatness to subdue;
Speaking of death alone, beneath a clime
Where life and rapture flow in plenitude sublime.

IV.

Fancy hath flung for me an airy bridge
Across thy long deep Valley, furious Rhone!
Arch that *here* rests upon the granite ridge
Of Monte Rosa—*there*, on frailer stone
Of secondary birth—the Jung-frau's cone;
And, from that arch down-looking on the vale,
The aspect I behold of every zone;
A sea of foliage tossing with the gale,
Blithe Autumn's purple crown, and Winter's icy mail!

V.

Far as St Maurice, from yon eastern Forks,
Down the main avenue my sight can range:
And all its branchy vales, and all that lurks
Within them, church and town, and hut and grange,
For my enjoyment meet in vision strange;
Snows, torrents; to the region's utmost bound,
Life, Death, in amicable interchange—
But list! the avalanche—heart-striking sound!
Tumult by prompt repose and awful silence crown'd!

BY MR NORTH.

I.

Is then the final sheet before me laid?
No further space, if 'twere but for Balaam?
Thou skittish, though sexagenarian, maid,
Maga! can nought detain thee, shirk or sham?
One kiss—one page—a thousand things ram-stam
Rush to my tongue-tip—lots of topics rise,
My spirit is the scene of such hot cram
As when some blunderer's tourniquet uncies
Some apoplectic cit, who, if he bleed not, dies.

II.

All I have said, at leisure I review,
The hum of public speech is in mine ear;
Yet what I felt when Whigs first croak'd is new,
Ne'er from that rump my foot with "plackless" fear
Recoil'd:—where Whigs alone once travell'd—there
I, starting like a Jehu, smash'd their teams:
Therefore, they follow, cursing the career,
Which shew'd that all their trophies were but dreams,
And fill'd the turf where once they lorded it with screams.

III.

Where *some folks* scarce durst look, I dared to sit,
What they thought Alps were anthills to my view.
I pounded Whiggery's drivelling power: Whigs fret;
So well beseems a wretched residue,
Whose only business is to perish: True
To which sure fate these cudgell'd sons of crime
Labour themselves, in blindness, for their due:
Writhing and clamouring still (in prose and rhyme)—
While my hums of scorn resounds from clime to clime.

IV.

The Muse hath wove for me a Cat-o-nine,
To cross thy huge posteriors, Roaring Cant?
— Rope that *here* rings upon the brazen chine
Below Lord Archy,* Hume, and J. P. Grant.
There on still frailer stuff its coil doth plant,
The secondary rump that wears no veil,
Groaning with *Revolutionary* rant,
One lump of Folly bellowing with Jones (Gale.)
Round Cockaigne's paper crown, and Morgan and her Male.

V.

Far as from Holland-house to Chelsea hulks,
Ay, or New-Holland, my keen eye can range,
And Cant that crows aloud, and Cant that skulks,
(As in dumb dogs the stink detects the range.)
Lie clear beneath my glance—in jumble strange,
Whigs, Radicals, to Treason's utmost bound—
Jeffs, Hones, in amicable interchange,
But hush!—"I'll prosecute!"—In that one sound
The once Briareus voice of whiggish wrath is drown'd.

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* Viz. Lord Archibald Hamilton, whose awful action against the Beacon was brought t'other day to that triumphant issue—Damages One Shilling Sterling. "Who steals my purse," &c.

VI.

Is not the Chamois suited to his place?
The eagle worthy of her ancestry?
Let Empires fall; but ne'er shall Ye disgrace
Your noble birthright, Ye that occupy
Your Council-seats beneath the open sky,
On Sarnen's Mount, there judge of fit and right
In simple democratic majesty;
Soft breezes fanning your rough brows—the mighty
And purity of Nature spread before your sight!

VII.

From this appropriate Court, renown'd Lucerne
Leads me to pace her honour'd Bridge—that cheers
The Patriot's heart with Pictures rude and stern,
An uncouth Chronicle of glorious years.
Like portraiture, from loftier source endears
That work of kindred frame, which spans the Lake
Just at the point of issue, where it fears
The form and motion of a Stream to take;
Where it begins to stir, *Yet* voiceless as a Snake.

VIII.

Volumes of sound, from the Cathedral roll'd,
This long-roof'd Vista penetrate—but see,
One after one, its Tablets, that unfold
The whole design of Scripture history;
From the first tasting of the Fatal Tree,
Till the bright Star appear'd in eastern skies,
Announcing One was born Mankind to free;
His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice;
Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes.

IX.

Our pride misleads, our timid likings kill.
—Long may these homely Works devised of old,
These simple Efforts of Helvetian skill,
Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold
The State,—the Country's destiny to mould;
Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
Of servile opportunity to gold;
Filling the soul with sentiments august—
The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the just!

X.

And those surrounding Mountains—but no more;
Time creepeth softly as the liquid flood;
Life slips from underneath us, like the floor
Of that wide rainbow-arch whereon we stood,
Earth stretch'd below, Heaven in our neighbourhood.
Go forth, my little Book! pursue thy way;
Go forth, and please the gentle and the good;
Nor be a whisper stifled, if it say
That treasures, yet untouch'd, may grace some future Lay.

VI.

Beats not an English heart beneath B———'s gown!
When did a S——— blush upon a fee?
Let FREEDOM die: but ne'er shall ye bring down
Your noble selves: from that suspicion free,
Whig counsellors, of whatsoe'er degree,
The rostrum mount—there think no more of RIGHT.
No simple scruple check your hireling glee,
Soft bank-notes crumpled in your palms—the Mite
Of some tormented booby glittering in your sight.

VII.

When in their courts some lawyers I discern
Leading some libel-case, me much it cheers
Mine eye on Perry's patriot print to turn,
The Morning Chronicle of LITTLE's years;
I also love to ponder on its jeers,
That work of kindred spleen which maul'd the Lakers!
Laureates might frame fine *issues*, were your sneers
Of power to make them in your tricks partakers.
Even when SIR RICHARD stirr'd, you trembled Like Bob Acres.*

VIII.

Volumes of libels, *ex Cathedra* roll'd,
The blue-and-buff Review adorn;—ay, see
One after one, the pages that unfold
The triumphs of that scribbling tyranny,
From the first basting by those prating three,
(Jeffrey, and Brougham, and Sydney Smith,) until
Great Hogg arose, the Bard of the Chaldee,
Though wrong'd by pluckless, witless ninnies, still
Unveiling, one by one, each whiggish Bobadil.

IX.

Some are mere dolts: *Some* funckish hankerings fill;
Yet, not the less for them, I onward hold;
The honest efforts of my strength and skill
Fail not, though victims screech, and faint-hearts scold;
The cause of King and Country makes ME bold,
I trample my detractors into dust,
I call on the unfearing and unsold,
Not to be generous, (that I scorn) but just!
Use but your eyes, ay read: then speak, for feel you must.

X.

For these confounded Jacobins!—no more!
LIGHT wide and wider sheds its growing flood,
And prejudice goes puff!—as Hogg's barn-floor,
See Hogg's strong flail distinguish chaff from food.
CANT's at a discount—TRUTH brings what it should.
Go forth my articles! no longer slumber,
Go forth to tease the vermin—charm the good,
Nor be the feeling stifled if this Number
Convince the world all works compared to NORTH's are lumber.

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* A slight allusion to one of the unfortunate scrapes into which the Anti-libellers of a certain Review have fallen.—The celebrated compromise with Sir R. Phillips.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

M. Sieber is about to publish, in Two Volumes Octavo, an Account of his Visit to the Island of Crete, with Plates and Maps. The result of the historical investigations is stated to be important; and a large map of the island in its ancient state, gives several cities hitherto wholly unknown—Diatonium, Matium, Lyctus, Minoa Lyctia, Tripodus, Cureus, Anopolis, Mycene, &c. &c. Many errors of Strabo, Ptolemy, &c. are pointed out and corrected. Among the plates, fourteen in number, the principal are, 1. The beautiful Convent of Arkadi, at the foot of Mount Ida. 3. View of Mount Ida, from Melidoni in Milopotamo. 5 to 11, Are rare Plants of the Island, drawn and engraved by the author. 12. A large folio plate of Costumes. 13. The subterraneous labyrinth of Gortyna, with all its passages, chambers, and halls, geometrically surveyed and measured by the author, with infinite labour and great expence.

Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish Peasantry. By Allan Cunningham, author of Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, &c.

Dr Irving has made considerable progress in a new school-book on Roman Antiquities.

A History of England is preparing for publication, with Conversations at the end of each Chapter, intended for young persons, by Mrs Markham. In two volumes duodecimo, with numerous Engravings of Costumes, &c.

The Third Part of Mr Rhodes' Peak Scenery, or Excursions in Derbyshire, will be published in the course of the ensuing month. These Excursions are illustrated by a series of beautiful Engravings by Mr Cooke, from drawings recently made by Mr Chantrey, R.A.

A series of spirited Etchings of Views, &c. are nearly ready for publication, illustrative of, and forming a valuable acquisition to, Faulkner's "History and Antiquities of Kensington," from original drawings by Robert Banks.

Hortus Anglicus; or, The Modern English Garden: containing an easy Description of all the Plants which are cultivated in the climate of Great Britain, either for use or ornament, and of a Selection from the established favourites of the Stove and Green-House—arranged according to the system of Linnæus—including his generic and specific characters—with Remarks on the properties of the more valuable species. In 2 vols. 12mo. By the author of the "British Botanist."

The Book of Fate, formerly in the possession of Napoleon Bonaparte, and found in his cabinet after the battle of Leipsic. Translated from the German.

Memoirs of the Life of Charles Alfred Stodhart, F. S. A., author of the Monumental Effigies of Great Britain; with some Account of a Journey in the Netherlands. By Mrs C. Stodhart; with a portrait. To be Published by Subscription.

Mr Lewis, teacher of Chess, is about to publish Elements of that interesting and scientific Game, in one small volume, elucidated by Diagrams.

The River Derwent, and other Poems. By W. B. Clarke, B.A. Jesus College.

Mr Busby is about to publish the Plan and Elevation of the Capitol, in the City of Washington, from measurements taken, and documents obtained on the spot, by himself, in 1819.

Shortly will be published, Cumnor, and other Plays and Poems, by E. B. Impey, M.A. of Christ Church, Oxford.

A new edition of Thomas Cole's scarce and valuable work on Regeneration, Faith, and Repentance; to which will be prefixed, his two Sermons on Imputed Righteousness—edited by the Rev. John Rees of Rodborough—is printing in duodecimo.

The eighth edition of "Female Scripture Characters," by the late Mrs King; with a sketch of the Life of the Author, will shortly be published.

Macurlean, a Tale of the last Century, being a Narrative of the Misfortunes and extraordinary Circumstances which led to this accomplished but unfortunate Youth's Death on the Scaffold. Dedicated to the Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline, &c. By P. Crosly, Author of the "Chamber of Affliction," &c.

The History of Stamford, in the county of Lincoln, embellished with 10 fine Engravings.

The First Number of the History of Shrewsbury. By the Rev. Hugh Owen, M.A. F.S.A.; and the Rev. J. B. Blakeway, M.A. F.S.A.

An Account of a Plan, which has been successfully pursued for three years, in the conducting of a Penny Savings Bank for Children.

Miss Scott of Kendal has in the press a Volume of Poems, original and selected.

The Duties of Church-wardens explained and enforced—a Charge delivered to the Clergy and Church-wardens of the Archdeaconry of Colchester, in the Diocese of London, in the year 1821. By the Rev. J. Jefferson, A.M. and F.A.S.

A Short Character of Charles II. King of England—written by John (Sheffield)

Duke of Buckingham, Lord President of her late Majesty's Privy Council. With the Conference between (George Villiers) the Duke of Buckingham, and Father Fitzgerald, an Irish Jesuit, sent by King James II. to convert his then Grace, in his sickness, to the Romish Religion. Faithfully taken by his Grace's Secretary.

The History and Antiquities of Ormskirk, Lancashire. By W. J. Roberts.

Napoleon in Exile, consisting almost entirely of Napoleon's own Remarks in his own words, written down at the moment, during three years of the most unrestrained communication.

Scholastica Doctrina, or Lectures to Young Gentlemen at Boarding-School, on the various Branches of a liberal Education, with a characteristic View of the most approved Elementary Books of Instruction. Also on the Conduct and Duties of Life—are preparing for publication, by J. K. Kent, of Rupton Seminary, Herts.

The Modern Art of Fencing. By Le Sieur Gusman Rolando of the Academie des Armes; with a Technical Glossary, by J. S. Forsyth.

Malpus, a Novel, by the Author of the Cavalier.

A Sixth Number of Walmsley's Physiognomical Portraits; with brief Biographical Notices.

The History of Roman Literature, from the earliest period to the Augustan Age. 2 vols. 8vo. By Mr Dunlop, Author of the History of Fiction.

The Refugees, by the Author of Correction.

An Attempt to illustrate the Book of Ecclesiastes. By the Rev. George Holden, M.A. Author of a New Translation of the Proverbs of Solomon, &c. This Work is to consist of a Preliminary Dissertation, a Paraphrase, and Notes.

A new Edition of Newton's Principia, from the famous Jesuit Edition, with all their Notes, will speedily be published from the Glasgow University Press, corrected by a Cambridge scholar.

Protestantism, (in Three Parts); or, an Address, particularly to the Labouring Classes, in Defence of the Protestant Principle, occasioned by the late controversial attacks of the Rev. J. Curr. By W. Roby.

The Quarterly Journal of Foreign Medicine and Surgery, and of Sciences connected with them; with Reviews (now added) of British Medical Science, and original Cases and Communications.

An Original Set of Psalm and Hymn Tunes. By the Rev. David Everard Ford, Lymington, Hants.

The Key to Nicholson's Mathematics. The new Volume of Dodsley's Annual Register.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mrs Catherine Cappe of York. 1 vol. 8vo.

Body and Soul. 1 vol. post 8vo.

Sketches and Fragments. By the Author of the Magic Lantern. Foolscap 8vo.

Speedily will be published, of the same size as the "Introduction to Geology, by the Rev. W. D. Coneybeare and W. Phillips," an Introduction to the Study of Fossils; being a compilation of such information as may assist the student in obtaining the necessary knowledge respecting these Substances, and their connection with the formation of the Earth. By James Parkinson, Esq. Author of "the Organic Remains of a Former World."

A Treatise on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Nervous System. By Joseph Swan, Esq.; with plates.

Mr Thelwall is preparing for publication an Epic Poem, entitled the Hope of Albion, founded on the Life and Achievements of Edwin the Great.

Letters from Spain. By Don Leucadio Doblado. Now first published complete, from the original MSS. One large vol. 8vo.

EDINBURGH.

"The Steam Boat," which originally appeared in different Numbers of this Magazine, has been revised by the author, and will in a few days be published, with additions, uniform with the author's other works, "Annals of the Parish," "The Provost," &c.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

EDINBURGH.—*June* 12.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.. 29s. 0d.	1st,...19s. 6d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.	1st,.....15s. 0d.
2d, ...26s. 6d.	2d, ...18s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.	2d,.....14s. 0d.
3d, ...23s. 0d.	3d, ...17s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.	3d,. ..13s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 6 : 7d. 2-12ths per boll.

Tuesday, June 11.

Beef (17¼ oz. per lb.)	0s. 3d. to 0s. 6d.	Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 8d. to 0s. 5d.
Mutton	0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 2d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per stone	16s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter .	1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d.	Ditto, per lb. . .	1s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone .	5s. 6d. to 5s. 9d.	Eggs, per dozen .	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—*June* 7.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ...28s. 6d.	1st ....20s. 6d.	1st; ...17s. 6d.	1st, ... 13s. 0d.	1st, ... 14s. 0d.
2d, ...26s. 0d.	2d, ...18s. 0d.	2d,.....15s, 0d.	2d, ... 12s. 0d.	2d, ... 12s. 0d.
3d, ...35s. 6d.	3d, ...16s. 0d.	3d, ...13s. 0d.	3d, ... 11s. 0d.	3d, ... 11s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 6s. 9d. 4-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended June 1.

Wheat, 45s. 1d.—Barley, 16s. 0d.—Oats, 17s. 0d.—Rye, 20s. 5d.—Beans, 22s. 10d.—Pease, 24s. 3d.

London, Corn Exchange, June 3.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, red, new	30 to	36	White ditto .	25 to	27
Fine ditto . .	38 to	45	Ditto, bailers .	28 to	31
Superfine ditto	44 to	48	Small Beans, new	23 to	26
Ditto, old . .	43 to	52	Ditto, old . .	25 to	29
White, new .	35 to	38	Tick ditto, new	18 to	21
Fine ditto . .	40 to	5	Ditto, old . .	22 to	24
Superfine ditto	52 to	55	Feed oats . .	13 to	16
Ditto, old . .	44 to	64	Fine ditto . .	17 to	18
Rye	28 to	28	Poland ditto .	16 to	18
Barley . . .	14 to	16	Fine ditto . .	19 to	21
Fine ditto . .	16 to	18	Potato ditto .	18 to	22
Superfine ditto	19 to	20	Fine ditto . .	23 to	24
Malt	36 to	40	Scotch . . .	25 to	—
Fine	42 to	46	Flour, per sack	45 to	50
Hog Pease .	20 to	21	Ditto, seconds	38 to	42
Maple . . .	22 to	24	North country	36 to	40

Seeds, &c.

	s.	s. d.		s.	s. d.
Must. White, .	8 to	10 6	Hempseed . .	— to	— 0
— Brown, new	10 to	15 6	Linseed, crush.	48 to	56 0
Tares, per bsh.	— to	— 0	— Fine . .	— to	— 0
Turnips, bsh.	32 to	46 0	Rye Grass, .	14 to	24 0
— Red & green	— to	— 0	Clover, red cwt.	35 to	46 0
— Yellow,	— to	— 0	— White . . .	50 to	64 0
Caraway, cwt.	56 to	67 0	Coriander . .	10 to	15 0
Canary, per qr.	30 to	34 0	Trefoil	11 to	22 0

Rape Seed, per last, . £28 to £30.

Liverpool, June 4.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.				
Eng. Old	8	0 to	9	3
New .	5	0 to	8	4
Foreign . .	4	0 to	5	0
Waterford	4	6 to	6	4
Limerick	4	6 to	6	4
Drogheda	5	0 to	6	9
Dublin	4	6 to	5	4
Scotch . .	7	0 to	9	0
Irish Old .	7	0 to	8	3
Barley, per 60 lbs.				
Eng. . . .	3	0 to	3	6
Scotch . .	2	9 to	3	3
Irish . .	2	9 to	3	0
Oats, per 45 lb.				
Eng. pota.	2	8 to	3	0
Irish do. .	2	9 to	2	10
Scotch do.	2	9 to	3	0
Rye, per qr.	26	0 to	28	0
Malt per b.				
— Fine .	6	9 to	7	0
Beans, per q.				
English .	26	0 to	28	0
Irish . .	24	0 to	25	0
Rapeseed, p. l.		£26 to	28	
Pease, grey	29	0 to	34	0
—White .	30	0 to	33	0
Flour, English, p. 240 lb. fine	34	0 to	36	0
Irish . .	27	0 to	34	0

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Amer. p. 196 lb.				
Sweet, U.S.	—	0 to	—	0
Do. inbond	30	0 to	32	0
Sour do. . .	35	0 to	36	0
Oatmeal, per 240 lb.				
English	24	0 to	27	0
Scotch . .	24	0 to	26	0
Irish . . .	24	0 to	26	0
Bran, p. 24 lb.	1	1 to	1	1

Butter, Beef, &c.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Butter, p. cwt.				
Belfast, new	74	0 to	75	0
Newry . .	—	0 to	—	0
Waterford .	70	0 to	72	0
Cork, pic. 2d.	82	0 to	88	0
3d. dry	—	0 to	—	0
Beef, p. tierce.				
— Mess	75	0 to	84	0
— p. barrel	52	0 to	58	0
Pork, p. bl.	—	0 to	—	0
— Mess .	42	0 to	48	0
— Middl. .	40	0 to	45	0
Bacon, p. cwt.				
Short mids.	30	0 to	32	0
Sides . .	26	0 to	28	0
Hams, dry,	40	0 to	42	0
Green . .	26	0 to	28	0
Lard, rd. p. c.	42	0 to	46	0
Tongue, p. dr.	—	0 to	—	0

Course of Exchange, June 7.—Amsterdam, 12 : 9. *C.F.* Ditto at sight, 12 : 6. Rotterdam, 12 : 10. Antwerp, 12 : 4. Hamburgh, 37 : 8. Altona, 37 : 9. Paris 3 d. sight, 25 : 40. Ditto 25 : 70. Bordeaux, 25 : 70. Frankfort on the Maine, 155½. Petersburgh, per rble. 9 : 3. *Us.* Vienna, 10 : 12 *Eff. fo.* Trieste, 10 : 12 *Eff. fo.* Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 36. Bilboa, 36. Barcelona, 36. Seville, 36. Gibraltar, 36½. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 43¾. Venice, 27 : 60. Malta, 45. Naples, 39½. Palermo, 118. Lisbon, 51½. Oporto, 51½. Rio Janeiro, 46. Bahia, 51. Dublin, 9¾ per cent. Cork, 9¾ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½d. New Doubloons, £0 : 0 : 0d. New Dollars, 4s. 9d½. Silver in bars, stand. 0s. 0d.

PRICES CURRENT, *May* 4.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Muscovado.								
B. P. Dry Brown, cwt.	52 to	60	52	55	52	56	56	60
Mid. good, and fine mid.	70	82	56	70	57	73	62	65
Fine and very fine,	80	82	—	—	75	79	72	77
Refined Doub. Loaves,	120	130	—	—	—	—	—	—
Powder ditto,	96	100	—	—	—	—	—	—
Single ditto,	88	96	98	110	—	—	—	—
Small Lumps,	84	90	88	92	—	—	—	—
Large ditto,	81	86	80	85	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lumps,	48	52	80	86	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	20	—	27	27 6	—	—	—	—
COFFEE, Jamaica, cwt.								
Ord. good, and fine ord.	100	105	94	103	96	109	108	108
Mid. good, and fine mid.	106	120	109	122	119	121	112	136
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	78	88	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	120	135	104	113	100	113	110	112
Mid. good, and fine mid.	135	140	113	122	112	121	124	140
St Domingo,	122	126	—	—	96	100	—	—
Pimento (in Bond,)	8½	9	—	—	8½	9	—	—
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16° O. P. gall.	2s 0d	2s 2d	1s 8d	1s 10d	1s 10d	2s 0d	1s 9d	1s 8d
Brandy,	4 3	4 6	—	—	—	—	3 9	3 10
Genevs,	1 10	2 0	—	—	—	—	1 4	1 6
Grain Whisky,	6 2	6 4	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,								
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	45	55	—	—	—	—	£29	£52
Portugal Red, pipe.	34	48	—	—	—	—	29	35
Spanish White, butt.	31	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe.	28	30	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madeira,	45	65	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£7	7 7	—	—	9 6	9 10	£10 0	10 10
Honduras,	—	—	—	—	9 10	9 13	10 10	11 0
Campeachy,	8	—	—	—	10 0	10 10	11 10	12 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica,	7	8	—	—	9 0	9 10	7 8	8 15
Cuba,	9	11	—	—	10 6	11 0	10 0	12 0
INDIGO, Caracoas fine, lb.	9s 6d	11s 6d	—	—	9 0	9 7	9 0	11 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 8	2 2	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak,	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	1 10	2 0	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany,	1 0	1 6	1 2	1 8	0 11	1 0	0 16	1 0
St Domingo, ditto,	1 6	2 3	1 6	3 0	1 5	2 0	1 6	1 9
TAR, American, brl.	20	21	—	—	14 0	0 0	12 6	—
Archangel,	16	17	—	—	—	—	15	—
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	11	—	—	10	11	9	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	56	58	—	—	49	—	—	—
Home melted,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	44	46	—	—	—	—	£42	—
Petersburgh, Clean,	40	—	—	—	53	—	42	—
FLAX,								
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	48	49	—	—	—	—	£42	—
Dutch,	50	90	—	—	—	—	39	47
Irish,	36	42	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, 100.	85	90	—	—	—	—	85	—
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	13 10	15	—	—	—	—	13 10	—
ASHES, Potash. Pearl,	45	46	—	—	—	—	—	—
Montreal, ditto,	48	—	46	47	45	—	48	49
Pot,	34	36	36	38	36 6	37	35	38
OIL, Whale, tun.	L.22	—	20 10	21	—	—	19 10	—
Cod,	—	—	—	—	—	—	20	22
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7½	8	7½	7½	6 6	6 8	6 7d	7½
Middling,	6	6½	5½	6½	6 4½	6 5½	4½	5½
Inferior,	5	5½	3½	4	6 2½	6 5	6 3	6 7
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	0 8½	10	6 7	6 9½	9½	10½
Sea Island, fine,	—	—	1 5	2 1	1 3	1 4	—	—
Good,	—	—	1 2	1 5	1½ 0	1 2	—	—
Middling,	—	—	1 1	1 2	1½ 0	1 2	9½	1 0½
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	0 6½	0 11½	6 9	1 6	0 9½	0
West India,	—	—	0 9	0 11	0 7½	0 9½	6 8½	6 9½
Pernambuco,	—	—	0 11½	0 10½	0 11	6 11½	1½	1 1
Maranham,	—	—	0 11	0 11½	0 10	0 10½	—	—

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 2d to 23d May, 1822.

	2d.	8th.	15th.	23d.
Bank stock,	235½ 7½	239½	239½ 9	239½
3 per cent. reduced,	77⅞ ¾	77⅞ 8	78 7⅞	78½ ½
3 per cent. consols,	77⅞ ⅞	78¾ ⅜	78½ ¾	79⅛ 8⅞
3½ per cent. consols,	88¾ ¾	88¾ 89	88¾	89⅛ ⅛
4 per cent. consols,	94¼ ⅜	94¾	94⅛ ⅞	94¾
5 per cent. navy ann.	102⅛ ⅛	102⅛ ⅛	102⅜ ¼	102⅜ ⅜
India stock,	——	243	——	243½
—— bonds,	55 53 pr.	59 57 pr.	51 50 pr.	54 55 pr.
Exchequer bills, 2d.	par. 3 pr.	3 1 pr.	3 2 pr.	1 3 pr.
Consols for acc.	79⅛	78¾ ⅞	78¾ ⅞	79⅞ ¼
Long Annuities	19¾ ⅛	19	19¾ ⅞	19⅞
French 5 per cents.	88 fr.	87 fr. 75 c.	88 fr. 40c.	88fr. 45c.
Amer. 5 per cent.	——	96	96	——

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Registar Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
May 1	M.39	30.150	M.59	Cble.	Warm, with	May 17	M.46	29.782	M.60	E.	Dull, warm,
	A. 54	29.996	A. 57		sunshine.		A. 56	.798	A. 62		thun. & R.
2	M.40	.982	M.53	E.	Rain, and	18	M.47	.826	M.64	Cble.	Warm, with
	A. 41	.945	A. 50		cold.		A. 60	.826	A. 65		sunshine.
3	M.36	.827	M.49	E.	Fair foren.	19	M.44	.861	M.67	Cble.	Ditto.
	A. 45	.79	A. 46		h. rain after.		A. 65	.861	A. 64		
4	M.35	.772	M.45	E.	Fair, but	20	M.46	.876	M.69	E.	Ditto.
	A. 41	.660	A. 45		very cold.		A. 65	.994	A. 66		
5	M.34	.716	M.45	E.	Fair, but dull	21	M.47	30.132	M.67	E.	Ditto.
	A. 45	.682	A. 47		and cold.		A. 56	.127	A. 5		
6	M.38	.629	M.45	E.	Fair foren.	22	M.42	.176	M.65	S.	Ditto.
	A. 45	.629	A. 45		but cold.		A. 56	29.990	A. 65		
7	M.37	.746	M.45	E.	Fair, but dull	23	M.45	.993	M.65	S.	Ditto.
	A. 42	.818	A. 48		and cold.		A. 56	.876	A. 60		
8	M.33	.876	M.50	Cble.	Fair, with	24	M.38	.620	M.64	Cble.	Ditto.
	A. 47	.658	A. 51		sunshine.		A. 59	.280	A. 60		
9	M.36	.565	M.51	E.	Day cold,	25	M.36	.485	M.62	SE.	Ditto.
	A. 48	.548	A. 48		rain at night.		A. 56	.576	A. 66		
10	M.35½	.591	M.46	E.	Very cold,	26	M.40	.454	M.58	SE.	Dull morn.
	A. 40	.404	A. 44		hail & rain.		A. 54	.925	A. 67		th. & R. af.
11	M.41	.521	M.44	N.E.	Ditto.	27	M.42	.954	M.58	Cble.	Heavy
	A. 41	.430	A. 45				A. 52	.951	A. 59		showers.
12	M.37	.865	M.46	E.	Fair, sun-	28	M.41	.911	M.62	SW.	Fair.
	A. 44	.865	A. 48		shine, cold.		A. 57	.875	A. 59		
13	M.35	.760	M.52	E.	Cold morn.	29	M.39	.630	M.62	SW.	Fair day,
	A. 47	.618	A. 54		sun. aftern.		A. 60	.836	A. 69		rain night.
14	M.43	.591	M.58	W.	Very warm,	30	M.45	.8 0	M.61	Cble.	Fair and
	A. 56	.617	A. 59		sunshine.		A. 55	.810	A. 61		warm.
15	M.48	.624	M.65	W.	Ditto.	31	M.42	.780	M.61	Cble.	Ditto.
	A. 61	.728	A. 62				A. 58	.791	A. 61		
16	M.45	.766	M.61	Cble.	Dull, slight						
	A. 55	.744	A. 60		showers.						

Average of Rain, 1.926 inches.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of April and the 20th of May 1822, extracted from the London Gazette.

Fearman, W. New Bond-street, bookseller.
Finer, F. Drury-lane, grocer.
Firmstone, J. P. Wolverhampton, iron-master.
Fowler, W. Staines, linen-draper.
Freethy, T. Aston, Middlesex, baker.
Gamson, J. Gainsborough, mercer.
Goodwin, J. Sheffield, victualler.
Green, J. Birmingham, ironmonger.
Griffith, T. Hilmorton, Warwickshire, victualler.
Hamper, H. Cheltenham, hosier.
Hennum, E. Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, insurance-broker.
Hawkins, J. jun. Glastonbury, Somersetshire, horse-dealer.
Heath, W. Cheadle, grocer.
Hewitt, T. Carlisle, draper.
Hirst, J. Awkley, Yorkshire, iron-founder.
Holland, S. P. Worcester, hop-merchant.
Horsely, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-draper.
Hudson, J. Ulverston, victualler.
Jones, D. Liverpool, dealer.
Jones, L. Deptford-bridge, dealer.
Kent, C. Manchester, shopkeeper.
Lawson, P. Bownes'-hall, Cumberland, corn-dealer.
Marsh, W. and W. Willatt, Hanley, Staffordshire, earthenware-manufacturers.
Mortram, J. Bristol, hop-merchant.
Moore, D. Aston, Warwickshire, iron-master.
Morris, S. Long Itchington, Warwickshire, corn-dealer.
Nash, J. sen. Clandon, Surrey, farmer
Orme, H. Liverpool, brewer.
Owen, J. Leadenhall-street, cabinet-maker.
Parkes, J. J. and J. Warwick, worsted manufacturers.
Pearl, R. Cambridge, cook.

Pearson, J. Newcastle-under-line, grocer.
Pritchard, J. Rosaman-street, Clerkenwell, carpenter.
Prothers, J. Bedwellty, Monmouthshire, shopkeeper.
Robinson, W. Halifax, ironmonger.
Ackland, H. and J. Rose, Leadenhall-market, provision-merchants.
Amiss, J. Bromyard, Herefordshire, victualler.
Attree, W. Brighton, coach-maker.
Beley, J. Birmingham, dealer.
Benbow, T. Bromyard, Herefordshire, draper.
Bentley, T. and E. Leicester, brace-manufacturer.
Bird, J. T. Bury St Edmunds, butcher.
Bleay, J. Marston, Oxfordshire, corn-dealer.
Bosher, J. Norway-place, Hackney-road, timber-merchant.
Bradley, W. Louth, linen-draper.
Bramwell, J. Leadenhall-street, hatter.
Brittain, J. Worcester, linen-draper.
Burr, J. Hales Owen, Shropshire, ironmonger.
Burgess, J. Liverpool, dealer.
Carlisle, C. Bury S. Edmund's, carpenter.
Carter, M. Forton-mill, Gosport, miller.
Child, J. St Ives, Huntingdonshire, boatwright.
Collard, W. Enmore, Somersetshire, baker.
Coales, J. Earith, Huntingdonshire, liquor-merchant.
Cole, T. and R. Priest, jun. Norwich, warehousemen.
Cosser, W. Millbank street, timber-merchants.
Cruckshanks, J. Gerrard street, sash-manufacturer.
Cruso, D. Norwich, linen-draper.
Davis, T. East Stonehouse, Devonshire, shipbuilder.
Dean, R. W. and T. W. Cooke, Sugarloaf-alley, Bethnal-green, brewers.
Devey, H. F., T. Tickell, and J. Sanders, Goldshill, Staffordshire, iron-manufacturers.
Dryden, J. Wood-street, warehouseman.
Dunnett, D. Norwich, veterinary-surgeon.
Ekins, W. sen. St Ives, Huntingdonshire, innkeeper.
Ely, T. Fenchurch-street, malt-factor.
Emett, C. Mangotsfield, Gloucestershire, quarryman.
Evans, F. Cirencester, corn-dealer.
Faulkner, P. Manchester, warehouseman.
Roxby, R. B. Arbour-square, Commercial-road, merchant.
Rose, J. G. Brompton, dealer.
Rout, J. Whitechapel, linen-draper.
Russ, J. Evesham, Worcestershire, butcher.
Salman, J. Lambeth, coal-merchant.
Sansom, J. Exeter, china-dealer.
Schofield, J. Sheffield, cutler.
Smith, J. K. Farnham, Surrey, upholsterer.
Smith, A. J. and J. Shepherd, Kingswinford, Staffordshire, iron-masters.
Smith, R. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, innholder.
Smith, M. H. Burslem.
Smith, J. Whangford, Suffolk, warrener.
Stewart, R. King-street, Cheapside, Scotch factor.
Surnam, F. Crowle, Worcestershire, maltster.
Tatner, W. Kent-road, victualler.
Upperton, R. Petworth, banker.
Vaughan, T. Chorley, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer.
Vincent, J. Regent-street, Mary-le-bone, victualler.
Walton, S. Nantwich, linen-draper.
Walwyn, R. Woodstreet, Cheapside, printer.
Warren, P. Warminster, mealman.
Watkins, W. Norton, Worcestershire, corn-dealer.
White, T. Regent-street, St James's, whitesmith.
Whitehouse, B. Dale End, Birmingham, baker.
Wilson, H. Hatton-garden, auctioneer.
Willett, F. E. and R. Thetford.
Williams, P. jun. Knightsbridge, linen-draper.
Woakes, J. Hereford, upholsterer.
Worswick, T. Lancaster, banker.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st May, 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Campbell, Duncan and Archibald, paper-makers at Milholm and in Glasgow.
Cowan, Robert and Sons, grain-merchants in Glasgow.
Gordon, William, corn-merchant, St Andrews.
The Companies now and formerly carrying on business in Edinburgh, as booksellers, publishers, and stationers, under the firm of Peter Hill & Co.
Imray, James, stationer, agent, and general trader, Glasgow.
M'Kellar and Co. merchants and drapers in Greenock.
Malcolm, Robert, bookseller in Glasgow.
Nasmyth, Pollock, & Co. stationers in Edinburgh, and paper-makers at Melville Mill.
Newnham, Thomas, merchant, and dealer in cotton wool in Glasgow, and farmer and cattle-dealer at Cardonald Abbey, parish of Paisley, and county of Renfrew.
Richardson, Robert, merchant, Lochmaben.
Robertson, James & Co. booksellers, Parliament Square, Edinburgh.
Ruthven, J. and Sons, printers in Edinburgh.
Peck, Samuel, spirit-dealer, Glasgow.
Steven, Hugh, merchant in Girvin.
Tod, James and Andrew & Co. merchants, Bo'ness.
Walker, Robert, victualler and hay-merchant, Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

Forbes, William, merchant and agent in Aberdeen; a final dividend of 2d. per pound after 19th June.
Garden, Brothers, & Co.; Garden, Wilson, & Co. late merchants in Glasgow, (being one concern) an equalizing dividend of 5s. per pound, on 27th June, but no farther dividend.
Lawson, Wm. grocer in Glasgow; a second dividend after 2d July.
M'Donald, Roderick, partner of Malcolm, Paterson, & Co. fire-brick manufacturers, Port-Dundas, and cowfeeder in Tradestown of Glasgow; a final dividend on 25th June.
Macfarlane, Robert, & Co. merchants and agents in Ingram Street, Glasgow, and Basing Lane, London; a dividend after 16th June.
Philip and Taylor, merchants in Aberdeen; a final dividend on 26th June.
Wardrobe, Alexander, ironmonger in Glasgow, now deceased; a final dividend after 6th June.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet	Lt. Col. *Hon.* E. P. Lygon, 2 Life Gds. to be Colonel in the Army, April 27, 1822.	14 Dr.	Lt. Beckwith, Capt. by purch. vice Petre, ret. May 9.
	Capt. W. Gray, h. p. R. African Corps, Major, Mar. 7.		Cornet Willes, Lt. by purch. do.
1 Life G.	T. Millard, Cornet by purch. vice Locke from 34 F. do. 26.		Cornet Ross, from h. p. Cornet by purch. do.
R. H. G.	H. Wellesley, Cornet by purch. vice Hotchkin, prom. May 9.	15	Assist. Surg. Jeyes, Surg. vice Easton, ret. h. p. do. 2.
3 Dr. G.	Assist. Surg. Brown, from 22 F. Assist. Surg. vice Williamson, Staff, do. 2.	16	Bt. Lt. Col. Murray, Lt. Col. do. 25.
	W. Armit, Cornet by purch. vice Westenra, prom. do. 9.		Capt. Persse, Major, do.
			Lt. Grimes, Capt. do.
			Capt. Greville, from h. p. 3 Dr Capt. do. 26.
			Cornet Smith, Lt. do. 25.

Lt. Williams, from 59 F. do. do. 26.
—— Hilton, from h. p. 25 Dr. do. do.
—— Hake, from h. p. 21 Dr. do. do.
—— Lovelace, from h. p. 25 Dr. do. do.
—— Macdougall, from h. p. 16 Dr. do. do.
—— Jones, from 87 F. do. do.
—— Lowe, from h. p. 6 Dr. do. do.
—— Armstrong, from 38 F. do. do.
—— Douglas, from h. p. 20 Dr. do. 25 do.
Cornet Stewart, from h. p. 18 Dr. Cornet, do. 26.
—— Osborne, from h. p. 19 Dr. do. do. 25.
Assist. Surg. Murray, from h. p. Assist. Surg. do. 25.
1 F. Lt. Sutter, from h. p. 28 F. Lt. vice Orrok, dead, July 25, 1821.
Ens. Sherburne, from 70 F. Lt. vice Wardrop, dead, Oct. 18, 1821.
8 A. H. *Lord* Dorchester, Ens. by purch. vice Ward, ret. April 18.
9 Lt. Fraser, Capt. vice Loftus, dead, May 2.
Ens. Clarkson, Lt. do.
21 Hosp. Assist. Freer, Assist. Surg. vice Boyd, dead, do. 9.
29 Capt. Elliott, Major by purch. vice Gell, ret. do. 2.
Lt. Richardson, Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Davidson, Lt. by purch. do.
Gent. Cadet. G. S. Byng, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. do.
30 Lt. Barlow, from 59 F. Lt. vice Garvey, dead, Aug. 1, 1821.
Gent. Cadet H. M. Dixon, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Gunning, 52 F. April 25, 1822.
38 *Hon.* C. T. Monckton, from h. p. 85 F. Lt. Vice Armstrong, 16 Dr. May 26.
41 Ens. Childers, late of 10 F. Ens. vice Copson, dead, April 25.
44 Lt. Hawkins, from 89 F. Lt. vice Short, dead, do.
Bt. Lt. Col. Hardinge, Lt. Col. May 23.
—— Nixon, Major, do.
Lt. Maclean, Capt. do.
Ens. Mackrell, Lt. do.
—— Donaldson, do. do. 26.
Ens. and Adj. Woollard, Rank of Lt. do. 27.
Ens. Eastwood, Lt. do. 28.
Lt. Courtayne, from 69 F. do. do. 29.
—— Nixon, from h. p. 60 F. do. do
—— Scott, from h. p. 4 W. I. R. do. do.
—— Gledstanes, from h. p. 23 F. do. do.
—— Nugent, from h. p. 60 F. do. do.
—— Swayne, from 47 F. do. do.
—— Wood, from h. p. 90 F. do. do.
—— T. S. O'Halloran, from 17 F. do.
—— Ens. Robinson, from h. p. 25 F. Ens. do. 26.
Gent. Cadet Moorhead, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. do. 26.
J. J. Boyse, Ens. do. 28.
Assist. Surg. Stark, from h. p. 60 F. Assist. Surg. do. 25.
46 R. Lawrie, Ens. vice Carroll, cancelled, April 18.
47 Lt. Sutherland, from h. p. 61 F. Lt. vice Swayne, 44 F. May 29.
50 Lt. Browne, Capt. vice Scott, dead, April 18.
Ens. Willes, Lt. do.
—— Ross, from h. p. 67 F. Ens. do.
51 Ens. Miller, Lt. by purch. vice Powell, prom. do.
Sir W. Scott, *Bt.* Ens. by purch. do.
52 Capt. M'Nair, Maj. by purch. vice Lt. Col. C. Rowan, ret. do. 25.
Lt. *Sir* W. H. Clerke, *Bt.* Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Hill, Lt. by purch. do.
—— Gunning, from 30 F. Ens. do.
54 Ens. and Adj. Dewdall, Lt. by purch. prom. do. 17.
Ens. Thomas, Lt. do. 18.
Gent. Cadet L. P. Townshend, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. do.
59 Lt. Kelly, from late 9 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Williams, 16 Dr. May 26.
65 Ens. Fitz Maurice, Lt. vice Madden, dead, June 13, 1821.
R. Campbell, Ens. April 18, 1822.
69 Lt. Peppard, from h. p. 10 F. Lt. vice Courtayne, 44 F. May 29.
74 Capt. Stewart, Maj. by purch. vice Lt. Col. Manners, ret. April 18.
78 Ens. Gore, from h. p. 57 F. Ens. vice M'Leod, dead, do. 25.
80 Major Pitt, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Cookson, ret. do. 18.
Capt. Harpur, Maj. do. do.
87 D. A. Courtayne, Ens. vice Burney, E. I. C. Serv. do
Lt. Armstrong, from h. p. 60 F. Lt. vice Jones, 16 Dr. May 26.
89 —— Worsley, from h. p. 60 F. Lt. vice Hawkins, 44 F. April 25.
Assist. Surg. Walsh, from h. p. 10 Vet. Bn. Assist. Surg. vice Pope cancelled, do.
2 W. I. R. Capt. Willats, from h. p. African corps, Capt. do. 25.
Lt. Alt, do. do. Lt. do. 24.
—— Ross, do. do. do. do. 25.
Ens. Maclean, do. do. Ens. do. 24.
—— Rogers, from h. p. W. I. Reg. Ens. do. 25.
1 Vet. Bn. Ens. Doyle, Adj. vice Ross, cancelled, do. 18.
2 Capt. M'Donell, from late 6 Vet. Bn. Capt. Dec. 25, 1822.
Ens. Ella, from late 2 Vet. Bn. Ens. vice Norton, cancelled, do.

Royal Artillery.

1st Lt. Robinson, from h. p. 1st Lt. vice Manley, dead, May 1, 1822.
2d Lt. Kaye, 1st Lt. do.
Gent. Cadet Humfrey, 2d Lt. do.

Medical Department.

Hosp. Assist. Sillery, Assist. Surg. to the Forces, April 18, vice —— Sibbald, do. do. 1822.
Napier, dead, do. 25.
Assist. Surg. Williamson, from 3 Dr. Gds. Assist. Surg. to the Forces, May 2.
Hosp. Assist. Maurry, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Munkittrick, cancelled, April 25.

Chaplains' Department.

Rev. R. W. Tunney, from h. p. Chaplain to the Forces, vice Jenkins, dead, Mar. 5.

Exchanges.

Lt. Col. Elphinstone, from 16 Dr. rec. diff. between Full Pay Cav. and Inf. with Bt. Col. Newbery, h. p. 24 Dr.
—— O'Hara, from 63 F. with Lt. Col. Burke, 2 W. I. R.
Major Maclaine, from 57 F. with Major Lean, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt.
Capt. Forlong, from 53 F. with Bt. Major Hall, 58 F.
—— Fowden, from 3 F. with Capt. Cotton, h. p. 22 Dr.
—— Fullerton, from 30 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Gray, h. p.
—— Saunderson, from 31 F. rec. diff. with Capt. *Lord* G. Bentinck, h. p. 50 F.
—— Bishop, from 50 F. with Capt. Powell, h. p. 23 F.
—— Rowan, from 67 F. with Capt. Dreyer, h. p. 84 F.
Lieut. Terry, from 1 Life Gds. rec. diff. between Full Pay Life Gds. and Inf. with Lieut. Locke, h. p. 34 F.
—— M'Dowal, from 9 Dr. with Lieut. Montgomery, 16 Dr.
—— Graham, from 16 Dr. with Lieut. Mobteath, 17 Dr.
—— Ashhurst, from 34 F. with Lieut. Rice, 46 F.
—— Osborne, from 38 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Kerr, from h. p. 100 F.

Lieut. North, from 44 F. with Lieut. Williams, 58 F.
—— Peel, from 43 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Barker, h. p. 23 F.
—— Mainwaring, from 65 F. with Lieut. Carroll, 87 F.
—— Smith, from 90 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Laing, h. p. 51 F.
—— Ottley, from 90 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Read, h. p. 61 F.
Cornet Campbell, from 1 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Cornet Davies, h. p. 12 Dr.
—— Martin, from 8 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Cornet Wiss, h. p.
—— Moore, from 3 Dr. with Cornet White, 16 Dr.
Vet. Surg. Spencer, from 1 Gds. with Vet. Surg. Iona, 16 Dr.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Col. Rowan, 52 F.
—— Manners, 74 F.
—— Cookson, 80 F.
Major Gell, 29 F.
Capt. *Hon.* C. Petre, 14 Dr.
Lieut. Hewett, 8 Dr.
Ens. Ward, 8 F.
Surg. Easton, 15 Dr.

Appointments Cancelled.

Major Leun, 21 F.
Lieut. Shaw, 2 Vet. Bn.
Ens. Carroll, 46 F.
Assist. Surg. Pope, 89 F.

Deaths.

Lieut. Gen. *Sir* Gonville Bromhead, *Bt.* Lincolnshire, May 11, 1822.
Lieut. Col. Brownrigg, h. p. 2 Ceylon Reg.
Major Loftus, 9 F.
—— Gough, 68 F.
Capt. M'Namara, late 1 Vet. Bn. May 13.
—— Peddie, late 6 do. Castletown, Isle of Man, April 24.
—— Pickard, late 8 do. Banwell, Somerset, do. 23.
—— Fowler, h. p. 101 F. Dep. Assist. Qua.-Mast. Gen. Quebec. do. 21.
—— Harpur, h. p. R. W. I. Rang. Woolwich, Mar. 18.
—— Crompton, h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol. Pace D'Arcos, near Lisbon, Nov. 29, 1821.
Lieut. Manly, R. Art. Woolwich, April 30, 1822.
—— Ryan, late 5 Vet. Bn. Kennington, Mar. 1.
—— Wetherherd, late 7 do. formerly Capt. in late 23 Dr. Halifax, Yorkshire, do. 7.
—— Campbell, h. p. 18 Dr. Otter House, Argyll, Feb. 21.
—— Cormack, h. p. 19 F. near Thurso, North Britain, Mar. 23.
—— Chamberlayne, h. p. 72 F. April 21.
—— Roeden, h. p. 2 Hussars Ger. Leg. Hanover, do. 19.
Cornet M'Dermott, h. p. Wagg. Train, Croydon, Mar. 18.
Ens. Copson, 41 F.
—— Porter, h. p. 32 F. Isle of Man, Dec. 25, 1821.
—— Coulson, h. p. 43 F. Bridlington, Yorkshire, Mar. 15, 1822.
—— Douglas, h. p. 1 Gar. Bn. April 29.
Med. Dep. Dr. Menzies, Deputy Insp. of Hospitals, Barbadoes.
—— Assist. Surg. Lacon, h. p. 6 F. Pershore, Worcestershire, April 19.
—— Hosp. Assist. Stubbings, h. p. Canada. Jan. 8.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 15, 1821. At Chanar, Bengal, the lady of George Playfair, Esq. Garrison-surgeon, of a daughter.

April 10, 1822. At Malta, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Balneavis, 27th regiment, of a son.

23. In Great George Street, London, the Right Hon. Lady Emily Drummond, of a son.

29. At Florence, the lady of Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Alexander Hope, G. C. B. of a son.

May 1. Mrs William Maxwell Little, Dundas Street, of a daughter.

2. At Edinburgh, the lady of John Sinclair, Esq. of Barrock, of a son.

4. At his lordship's house, in Piccadilly, London, the Countess of Rosebery, of a daughter.

— In London, the lady of the Right Hon. Robert Peel, of a son.

5. At Dean-bank house, Stockbridge, Mrs Bruce, of a son.

7. At Gallanach, the lady of Dugald Macdougall, Esq. of Gallanach, of a son.

9. Mrs J. A. Cheyne, No. 30, London Street, of a daughter.

— At Stirling, the lady of John Fraser, Esq. advocate, of a daughter.

— At Georgefield, parish of Westerkirk, Mrs Murray, of a son and heir.

10. Mrs Forrest, wife of Mr Forrest, banker in Forfar, of two sons and one daughter. The girl is since dead, but the mother and the two boys are doing well.

— Mrs Vans Hathorn, Prince's Street, of a daughter.

11. Mrs J. S. Brown, No. 5, Graham Street, of a daughter.

— At Kensington, Mrs Carnegie, of a daughter.

— Mrs Paul, 65, York Place, of a son.

12. Mrs Anderson, No. 90, Prince's Street, of a daughter.

13 At the Manse of Dumbarney, Mrs Anderson, of a son.

— At Portsmouth, the lady of Major Stuart Dalziel, Royal Marines, of a son.

17. In Northumberland Street, the lady of Captain Hodgson, R. N. of a daughter.

17. Mrs Clark, 51, George's Square, of a daughter.

19. At his house, George Street, the lady of Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope, of a son.

22. The lady of William Fergusson, Esq. of Kilrie, of a daughter.

23. At the Hague, her Royal Highness the Princess of Orange, of a Prince.

— At New Laverock Bank, Mrs William S. Maclean, of a daughter.

24. At Cavers, Mrs Douglas of Cavers, of a son and heir.

— At Barcaldine, the lady of Duncan Campbell, Esq. of Barcaldine, of a son.

25. At Auchlunkart, the lady of Patrick Steuart, Esq. of Auchlunkart, of a son,

26. At North Nelson, Mrs Hutchinson of a daughter.

— In Belfast Barracks, Mrs Farquharson, 25th regiment, of a son.

— At No. 6, Dundas Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Colquhoun Grant, of a son.

31. At Cumbernauld-house, the Honourable Mrs Fleming, of a daughter.

Lately, In Roxburghshire, Mrs Dick, Glensheal, of a son.

— At Shielhill, parish of Polmont, the wife of J. Anderson, of three sons, who, with the mother, are all doing well.

MARRIAGES.

April 22, 1822. At Muirburn, Mr Thomas Dykes, writer, Hamilton, to Isabella, daughter of James Alston, Esq. of Muirburn.

May 1. At Edinburgh, Lieutenant Nathaniel Taylor, late of the 90th light infantry, to Maria, second daughter of the deceased Charles Angus, Esq. Turnberry Lodge.

2. At Bath, Major-General Sir William Inglis, K. C. B. to Margaret Marianne, eldest daughter of Major-General Raymond.

6. At 126, George Street, Gilbert Laurie Finlay, Esq. W. S. to Grace Hunter, daughter of George Charles, Esq. M. D.

8. At London, Mr John Muir, writer, Edinburgh, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Mr Robert Wood, of Little Britain.

8. At Woodchester, Gloucestershire, the Earl of Denbigh, to the Hon. Miss Moreton, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Ducie.

— Married at Whitehaven, Mr W. Butterworth Moffat, to Miss Clementson, daughter of E. Clementson, Esq.

14. At Edinburgh, Captain John Duncan, of the Hon. the East India Company's Service, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Robert Hill, of Rosebank, Esq. W. S.

16. At Brighton, Vice-Admiral Sir Richard King, Bart. K. C. B. to Maria Susanna, daughter of the late Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, Bart.

17. At London, James Niven, Esq. of Glenarm, to Anne Jane, only daughter of the late Rev. Dr John Vardell, rector of Fishtoft and Sherbeck.

21. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Daniel Gorrie, King's Kettle, Fife, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late John Moffat, Surgeon, Royal Navy.

— At Ripley, Surrey, Ochterlony Lockhart Mure, Esq. of Livingston, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, to Louisa, daughter of James Dalblac, Esq.

23. At Leith, Lieutenant John Baikie, R. N. to Isabella, youngest daughter of the late Mr John Hutton, merchant in Leith.

— At Nith Bank, Walter Ritchie, Esq. h. p. 14th Light Dragoons, to Isabella, eldest daughter of the late Captain Thomas Moore, Douglas, Isle of Man.

— At Greenwich, William Scott Preston, Esq. to Margaret Grace Gordon, youngest daughter of the late Peter Lawrie, Esq. of Blackheath and Ernespie.

25. At Turvey, county of Bedford, the Rev. James Marshall, Minister of the Outer High Church in Glasgow, to Mary Catherine, eldest daughter of the Rev. Leigh Richmond, Rector of Turvey.

— At London, Robert Mudie, Esq. to Frances Wallace, second daughter of Captain John Urquhart, late of the East India-house.

27. At Edinburgh, Mr William Fotheringham, to Janet, third daughter of Robert Forrester, late ship-master in Kinghorn.

29. At Glasgow, M. A. Nicholson, Esq. architect, London, to Agnes, daughter of Mr John Gibson, late of Partick.

31. At Hamburgh Place, North Leith, Mr James Noble, teacher of languages, Edinburgh, to Agnes, eldest daughter of Mr H. Blaik, merchant.

Lately, At Edinburgh, William Henry Cock, Esq. younger of Knowles, Lancashire, and of the island of St Bartholomew, to Home, youngest daughter of Dr William Farquharson, physician, Edinburgh.

— At Prestonpans, Robert Dickson, Durham militia, to Mary Ann, second daughter of the late John Stewart, Esq. of Blair Hall.

DEATHS.

Sept. 29, 1821. At Cuttack, East Indies, Alexander Maclean, Esq. (youngest son of the late Mr John Maclean, Langamull, Mull, Argyllshire,) Surgeon to the commissioner and civil surgeon of that station, aged about 37 years.

Oct. 3. At Trincomalee, island of Ceylon, Lieutenant-Colonel William Geddes, of the 83d regiment of foot.

5. At Shiraz, in Persia, Claudius John Rich, Esq. Author of the Memoir of Ancient Babylon, formerly of Bristol, and late resident of the East India Company at Bagdat.

Nov. 4. At Baroda Camp, of a bilious remittent fever, Captain Robert M'Farlane, 4th regiment grenadier battalion, a native of Monteath, Perthshire.

5. At Bombay, aged 49, P. C. Baird, Esq. M. D. superintending Surgeon in the Hon. East India Company's Service on the Bombay establishment.

9. At Pootbokghur, in Bengal, Ensign James Campbell, 4th regiment of native infantry.

12. At Cannonore, East Indies, James Johnston Duncan, Surgeon, Madras establishment, son of the late Rev. Dr Duncan, rector of Whalton, Northumberland.

21. At Muttra, in Bengal, Captain Andrew Christie, of the 6th native infantry, eldest son of Andrew Christie, Esq. of Ferrybank.

28. At Meerut, [illegible] Brady, C. B. Colonel of his Majesty's 17th regiment of foot, and Commander of the 3d division of the field army in Bengal.

Dec. 3. At Bombay, the Hon. Sir W. D. Evans, Recorder of that presidency.

7. At Seringapatam, Mary, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Paterson, and spouse of James Cassamayor, Esq. in the civil service of the Hon. East India Company.

— Of the dropsy, Pomare, King of Otaheite. His remains were deposited on the 11th, in a new stone tomb at the upper end of the large chapel he had erected for Christian worship. A regency, consisting of the principal Chiefs, has been formed, the heir to the crown not being two years of age.

Jan. 7. At Cape Town, on his passage from India, Lieutenant-Colonel John Stuart Jardine, of the 10th regiment Bombay infantry, and of Kelso, in Roxburghshire.

March 16, 1822. Dr Alexander Menzies, deputy Inspector of Hospitals, at Barbadoes.

23. In George Town, Demerara, after a short illness, Catharine Campbell, aged 25, relict of the late Evan M'Pherson, Esq. and eldest daughter of Mr M'Gregor, St Andrew's Square.

April 20. At Belle Isle, near Ambleside, on his way to Cheltenham, the Rev. William Curwen, of Harrington, second son of J. C. Curwen, Esq. M. P.

22. Lost off the coast of Ireland, on board of his Majesty's ship Confiance, Mr John Whalley Shairp, Midshipman, aged 21, (past for a Lieutenant at Royal Naval College,) second son of William Shairp, Esq. late of Kirkton, Collector of Customs, Bo'ness.

23. At Murraythwaite, Lieutenant-Colonel John Murray, of Tundergarth.

26. At Edinburgh, Miss Marion Scott, aged 59, daughter of the late Mr Thomas Scott, farmer at Craigloekart.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Ferrier, wife of Louis Henry Ferrier, Esq. of Belleside.

27. At Polwarth Manse, Berwickshire, Mrs Home, wife of the Rev. Robert Home.

29. Aged 49, Mrs Grace Stratton, relict of Mr John Maetavish, writer in Edinburgh.

30. At Prince's Street, John Findlay, Esq.

— At Oban, Marion, eldest daughter of John Robson, Esq. of the Customs there.

May 1. At Westhaven, near Arbroath, Mr Daniel Mackenzie, of the Excise.

2. At Dunoon Manse, Argyllshire, Mrs Margaret Campbell, widow of Duncan Campbell, Esq. of Glenfeachan, and daughter of the late Neil Campbell, Esq. of Dunstaffnage.

— At Glasgow, Mrs Jean Murray, relict of the late Rev. James Sinclair, Stronsay, matron of the Charity Workhouse, Edinburgh.

— At his house, Innerwick, East Lothian, Mr Robert Duncan, in the 90th year of his age.

3. At Eddlestone Manse, the Rev. Dr Patrick Robertson, Minister of Eddlestone, in the 78th of his age, and the 49th of his ministry.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Gilmour, rope-maker, Grassmarket.

4. Suddenly, in a fit of apoplexy, Ann Tasker, wife of Mr William Campbell, founder, Twatmouth, in the 64th year of her age.

5. At Edinburgh, Walter, son of William Ray, Esq. of Nenthorn.

— At Balkail, in the 38th year of her age, Mrs Ross, wife of Captain John Ross, R. N.

— At his house in Hill Street, Berkely Square, London, in the 68th year of his age, the Hon. and most Rev. William Stuart, Archbishop of Armagh, and Lord Primate of all Ireland. His Grace was the fifth and youngest, and last surviving son of John, Earl of Bute.

— At Musselburgh, Isabella Dobie, wife of Robert Dickson.

6. At Dublin, his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel. His Grace was consecrated Lord Bishop of Clonfert in 1795. In the year following he was translated to the see of Kilmore, and in 1801 he was preferred to the Archdiocese of Cashel.

— At Durham-house, in the parish of Terryburn, and county of Fife, Mrs Paton, relict of the late Mr John Paton, Surgeon there.

— At the Manse of Resolis, Miss Sage, wife of the Rev. Donald Sage, Minister of that parish.

— Mrs Ann Jones, wife of the Rev. T. S. Jones, D. D.

7. After a long and severe illness, Mr Edward Simpson, machine in Edinburgh.

— At Long's Hotel, Bond Street, London, Matthew Russel, Esq. of Brancepeth Castle, Durham, aged 57.

— Lady Burdon, wife of Sir Thomas Burdon, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and youngest sister of Lord Stowell and the Earl of Eldon.

8. Mrs Nelson, at Mr George Hay's, No. 1. Drummond Place.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Fairbairn, widow of Mr John Fairbairn, bookseller.

9. At Edinburgh, Mr James Dickinson, slater.

— At Alyth, Mrs Mary Nicoll, wife of the Rev. Alexander Nicoll, Episcopal minister there.

10. Henry Johnson, Esq. of Meadow Bank, aged 69 years.

— Sarah, youngest daughter of Robert Braithwaite, Esq. of Whitby.

— Thomas Gale Douglas, Esq. of the 73d regiment, second son of Archibald Douglas of Adderston, Esq.

— At Eastmains, near Ormiston, Mr James M'Robin, solicitor at law.

— At Paris, Abbe Sicard, aged 80, the philanthropic and celebrated director of the Institution of the Deaf and Dumb.

11. At London, Mr Walter Ogilvie, son of the late Rev. John Ogilvie, D. D. minister of the gospel at Midmar.

12. At Greenhall, near Crieff, Jane Menzies, eldest daughter of Mr William Menzies.

— At her house in Maitland Street, Mrs Margaret Robertson, relict of the late Mr James Barron, West Craigs.

13. At Milton-house, near Peterborough, after a long protracted illness, the Countess of Fitz-William, in her 75th year.

14. At Greenock, Duncan Campbell, jun. Esq. merchant there.

— At Aberdeen, the Rev. Charles M'Hardy, minister of Craithie and Braemar, in the 76th year of his age, and 53d of his ministry.

— At No. 107, Prince's Street, Mrs Vans Hathorn.

15. At his house, 47, Hanover Street, James Haig, Esq.

16. At Paris, the Duke of Richelieu, Peer of France, Lieutenant-General of the army, and late Prime Minister of France.

— At Cupar, Mr William Thomson, merchant there.

17. At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Carmichal, merchant.

— At Alloa, Mr John Orr, merchant.

— At Gotha, his Serene Highness the reigning Duke of Saxe Gotha Altenburg, of an inflammation of the lungs, in his 50th year.

18. At Church-house, Tenbury, Worcestershire, Alexander Johnston, Esq. a native of Gifford, in East Lothian, and one of the oldest surgeons of the Royal Navy.

— At her house Vanburgh Place, Leith Links, Mrs Patterson, wife of George Patterson, Esq. R. N.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Broughton, wife of Mr C. Broughton, W. S. accountant.

19. Mrs Scott, junior, of Trinity.

21. At Kirkaldy, Alexander Adam, Esq. much regretted.

— At Perth, Lieutenant James Mitchell, late of the 8th Veteran Battalion, and many years Adjutant of the 88th, or Connaught Rangers.

— At Edinburgh, Katherine, youngest daughter of Mr Ewart, clerk in Chancery.

— At Maybole, Mrs Hutchison, relict of Hugh Hutchison, Esq. of Southfield.

— At Largo Manse, Mrs Oliphant, widow of the late Rev. Mr Oliphant.

— Mr Thomas Sibbald, governor of Edinburgh jail.

22. Suddenly, the infant son of Colonel Holmes of the 3d dragoon guards.

— At Gogple, Catherine, eldest daughter of Robert Robb, farmer there.

23. At Kirkaldy, Mr Robert Skirving, aged 66.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Christian Graeme, daughter of the deceased Dr William Graeme, M. D. London.

— Mr Francis Vogan, cork-manufacturer, Leith.

— At Thurso, Mr John Miller, merchant.

— At his house in the West Bow, Mr David Grindlay, in his 85th year.

24. At Torbolt, by Dornoch, Colonel Alexander Sutherland, of Culmaily.

— At Colinsburgh, Mr John Brash, in the 53d year of his age.

25. At London, her Grace the Duchess of Grafton, aged 77.

26. At her residence in Hertford Street, May Fair, the Dowager Countess Grey. Her Ladyship was only daughter of George Grey, of Southwick, in the county of Durham, Esq. and widow of General the Right Hon. Charles, first Earl Grey, K. B.

— At Edinburgh, William, second son of John Wardrop, Esq. Banker.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Sivright, widow of the late Thomas Sivright, Esq. of South House.

— At Ham, Surrey, Margaret, wife of General Godon Forbes, aged 76.

28. At St Andrews, Mr William Bruce, student of divinity.

30. At Edinburgh, Mr James Ramsay, supervisor of Excise, Edinburgh.

— At the house of his son-in-law, W. Thomson, Esq. M. P. Samuel Homfray, Esq. late M. P. for Stafford, in the 81st year of his age.

— At Cork, where he had gone for medical assistance, the Right Hon. John de Courcy, Lord Kingsale, Baron Courcy, and Baron of Ringrone, Premier Baron of Ireland. His Lordship's ancestor was presented in 1762 to his late Majesty, and had the honour of asserting the ancient privilege of his family of wearing his hat in the King's presence. The late Lord also enjoyed the same privilege.

— In Dublin, Lieutenant-Colonel Cox, late of the 69th Foot.

— The Right Rev. Dr Thomas Lewis O'Bierne, Bishop of Meath. His Lordship was originally educated for the functions of a Roman Catholic priest, but having recommended himself to the notice of the late Duke of Portland, he abjured the Roman Catholic faith, became a Protestant clergyman, and was, in 1799, promoted to the see of Meath, one of the most valuable in Ireland in point of income and patronage.

— At Aberdeen, James Brechin, at the very advanced age of 102 years. For the last forty years he had been resident in that place, in various employments, but in the enjoyment of good health, retaining his faculties until within a week of his death.

— At Glasgow, Sarah M'Intosh, at the advanced age of 106 years. She was born in Argyleshire. Her husband John Johnston, belonged to the south of Scotland. During the Rebellion he was attached to the interest of the Pretender, and fled to Ireland immediately after the battle of Culloden. Sarah returned to Scotland about two years ago. She lost her sight some time since; but retained her mental faculties to the last. She had an excellent recollection of the events of her youth; and it was the only solace of her last days to talk of the Pretender, and detail the devotion, the bravery, the sufferings, and hair-breadth escapes of her clansmen and acquaintances, during the troublesome period of the Rebellion. She had 12 children, 42 grand-children, and 56 great-grand-children.

INDEX TO VOLUME XI.

ABERDEEN, Earl of, remarks on his work on Grecian architecture, 705
Adam Blair, review of Some Passages in the Life of, 349
Affection, natural, tokens of, 114
Allan, Mr William, remarks on his picture of the death of Archbishop Sharpe, 439
Ambrosianæ, Noctes, No. I. 369—No. II. 475—No. III. 601
America, North, recollections of the war of independence in, 184
American poets, review of specimens of the, 684
Ancient national melodies. Song III. "When this old book was new," 86—The wine-bibber's glory, 89
Anecdotes of ancient and modern booksellers, 203—Of the Duke of Somerset, 204—Of the Duke of Newcastle, 205—Of Lord Oxford, 206—Of an Englishman in Paris, 583
Anglo-Florentine, the, 421
Appointments, military, 129, 269, 380, 499, 626, 765
Aquitaine, Walter of, an historic romance, account of, 569
Archbishop Sharpe, remarks on Mr Allan's picture of the death of, 439
Artists and paintings in Calcutta, remarks on, 561
Artists, the Devil among the, 591
Austin, Arthur, review of his Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, 669
Author, hints for a young, from an old one, 466
Ballad—The lady and the Irishman, 370
Bankrupts, British, 128, 259, 379, 498, 625, 764
Barrettiana, contained in a letter from Hades, 207
Benison, the, 109
Bernardo and Alphonso, a Spanish ballad, 662
Births, 132, 262, 381, 501, 628, 767
Blair, Mr Adam, Some Passages in the Life of, review of, 349—Hints concerning, 466
Bloomfield, Robert, review of his May-day with the Muses, 722
Booksellers, ancient and modern, anecdotes of, 203
Bracebridge Hall, or the Humorists, review of, 688
Byron, Lord, remarks on his three new tragedies, 90—Mr Southey's reply to, 93.—General remarks on his poetry—Don Juan, 212—Sardanapalus and the Two Foscari, 213—Cain, a mystery, 215—Critique on, 456—Letter from Paddy on the subject of his writings, 461
Calcutta. Chapter I. The Landing, 429—Chapter II. Writers and writerism, 432—Chapter III. Artists and paintings, 561—Chapter IV. A grand dinner, 565
Cambridge pamphlets, review of, 735
Categories, the, on the arrangement of, 308
Catholic layman, reply of, to the letter of a Protestant, 553
Catiline, a tragedy, review of, 698
Chit-chat, London, 331
Christ, on Hall's picture of the two Mary's visiting the sepulchre of, 596
Clerical peculiarities, Scottish, remarks on, 175
Club, the Kit-cat, account of, 201
Cochelet's shipwreck, review of, 316
Columbus Secundus, voyages and travels of, Chapter XIX. 30—Hogmanay, ib.—New Year's Day, 32
Comedies, the old English, notices of, 195
Congratulations, New Year's Day, 106
Constituent Assembly, remarks on Lacretelle's history of the, 505
Corn Markets, 126, 257, 377, 496, 623, 762
Count Fernan Gonsalez, a ballad, 665
Crayon, Geoffrey, review of his Bracebridge Hall, 688
Critique on Lord Byron, 456
Croly, Rev. George, review of his tragedy of Catiline, 698
Deaths, 133, 262, 382, 502, 629, 768
Desultory stanzas—by Mr Wordsworth, 752—by Mr North, ib.
Deterioration of man and beast, remarks on the, 330
Devil among the artists, 591
Devil's punch-bowl, another ladleful from the, 159—Introductory letter from Blaise Fitztravesty, ib.—A festal ode, 161—Lord Byron's Combolio, 162
Dialogues between Willison Glass, Esq. of Edinburgh, and Jeremy Bentham, Esq. of London, 365
Dialogues between the editor and contributors to Blackwood's Magazine, 369, 475, 601
Dibdin, Matthews and Morgan, on the travels of, 692
Domestic politics, remarks on, 242—The last session of Parliament, ib.—Rapacity for place of the Whigs, 243—The Greek insurrection discountenanced by the Whigs, 245—The present session of Parliament, 246—The distresses of agriculture, caused by the events of the late war, 247—Present state of the House of Commons, 468—The late King's monument, 469
Don Quixote, review of a new edition of, 657

Doustenswivel's inquiry into the theory of imposture, 680
Drama, remarks on the, 440—Duces' Shakespeare, 448—Jouy's Sylla, 452
Dreadnought, David, against Round-robin, 591
Edinburgh, visit to the great island of, called Britain, by Eree Omai, a native of Otaheite, 709
Effusions of friendship, 111
English comedies, notices of the old ones, 195
English literature in Poland, 329
Epilogue spoken by Christopher North, Esq. and Sir A. Wylie, Bart. 617
Epistle to Christopher North, Esq. 112
Essay on the arrangement of the categories, 308—The category of likeness—Jupiter, 309—The category of relation—Juno, ib.—Of how—Apollo, 310—Of where—Diana, ib.—Of when—Vulcan, ib.—Of how much—Neptune, 311—Of substance—Vesta, ib.—Of to do, 312—Mars—Of to suffer—Venus, ib.—Of, of what quality—Ceres, 313—Of to be situated—Minerva, 313—Of to have—Mercury, 314—A key to the mythology of the ancients, 315
February, 304
Florence, rules for the observance of English travellers visiting it, 421
Fortunes of Nigel, a novel, review of, 734
Franklin, Dr, letter from to Madame Helvetius, 170
Friendship, effusions of, 111—The chaunt of, 119
Galt, Mr, is the author of the Earthquake, Ayrshire Legatees, Annals of the Parish, Sir Andrew Wylie, and the Provost, 745
Genius and character of Rousseau, remarks on the, 137
Goethe's West-Oestlichem Diwan, 68
Graham Hamilton, a novel, review of, 731
Great Britain and Ireland, review of Townsend's tour through, 291
Grecian architecture, remarks on the Earl of Aberdeen's work on, 705
Hades, letter from the late Dr John Barrat, from, 297
Hall, Mr, on his picture of the two Marys visiting the sepulchre of Christ, 596
Hamburgh, letter from, 67
Highlanders of Scotland, and Highland regiments, review of Stewart's Sketches of, 387
Hints for a young author, from a very old one, 466
Historie and jests of Maxilian, 3
Hogmanay and New Year's Day in Edinburgh, 30
Horæ Germanicæ, No. XIII. Schlenkert's Rudolph of Habsburgh, 38
Horæ Gallicæ, No. I. Raynouard's States of Blois, 539
How far is poetry an art? 153
Howison, William, his essay on the arrangement of the categories, 308—Key to the mythology of the ancients, 315
Hume, Martin, and Canning, poetical remarks on their speeches in Parliament, 230
Imposture, remarks on Dousterswivel's inquiry into the theory of, 680
Irish melodies, remarks on Moore's, 62
Italian literature, letter touching some points of, 547—Idee su l'origine della lingua Italiana, 549
Italy, a poem, review of, 280
Jouy, remarks on his new tragedy of Sylla, 452
Julia, Servira, account of Sismondi's novel of, 589
Kennedy, Mr J. F., remarks on his bill for altering the mode of choosing juries in criminal trials in Scotland, 73
Kit-cat club, account of the, 201—Booksellers, ancient and modern, 203—Anecdotes of the Duke of Somerset, 204—Of the Duke of Newcastle, 205—Of Lord Orford, 206
Kotzebue, Lieutenant, review of his voyage of discovery, 521
Lacretelle, remarks on his history of the Constituent Assembly, 505
Ladleful, another, from the Devil's punch-bowl, 159
Lament, the last, 29
Lament of Ella, the, 28
Layman, a Protestant, letter from to Lord Nugent, 359—Reply of a Catholic, 553
Letter from Hamburgh, 67
——— from London, 236
——— from Dr Franklin to Madame Helvetius, 170
——— from a Protestant layman, 350—Reply of a Catholic layman, 553
——— from Odoherty, 438
——— from Paddy, 461
——— from a volunteer to Christopher North, 473
——— of thanks from an occasional contributor, 741
——— of apology, for not having written an article for the Magazine, 748
Letters from the dead to the living, No. I. Barretiana, 207
——— from Paris. Letter I. 217—Letter II. 224—Letter III. 355—Letter IV. 339—Letter V. 579
Letter-writing, thoughts on, 301
Life of travel and adventure, recollections of a, 184
Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, review of Austin's, 669
Literary productions, the different stages of taste exemplified in the different classes of, 585
London chit-chat, 331
Magic Lantern, the, review of, 715
Man and beast, on the deterioration of, 330
Man-of-war's-man, the, 15—Preparations for sailing on a cruise, ib.—The captain's address to his crew, 17—Revels on board before sailing, 18—Description of the sports, called "building a cutter,"

21—And "the British and the bold buccaneer," 22—Chapter IV., 24—Weighing anchor, 25—The captain's servant and the gubner, 26—Arrival of the pilot, 27—Salute, and sailing of the Tottumfog, 28
Marriages, 132, 262, 382, 501, 628, 767
Martyr of Antioch, the; a dramatic poem, review of, 267
Marys, the two, visiting the sepulchre of Christ, on Mr Hall's picture of, 596
Matthews, Dibdin and Morgan, remarks on the travels of, 692
Maxilian, historic and gests of, 3—Epistle premonitory, 4—Flight I, 8
May-day with the Muses, review of Bloomfield's, 722
Mayne, Jasper, notice of his comedy called The City Match, 195
Melodies, ancient national, 86
Metaphysics of Music, remarks on the, 529
Meteorological tables, 128, 259, *376, 498, 625, 764
Military appointments, promotions, &c. 129, 260, 380, 499, 626
Milman, Rev. H. H., review of his Martyr of Antioch, 267
Minna Troil; a ballad, 307
Mohawks, the, a satirical poem, remark on, 696
Moore's Irish Melodies, remarks on, 62
Morellet's Memoires, review of, 165
Morgan, Matthews and Dibdin, on the Travels of, 692
Music, on the metaphysics of, and their accordance with modern practice, 529
Mythology of the ancients, a key to the, 366
Newcastle, anecdotes of the Duke of, 205
New-year's day in Edinburgh, 30
New-year's day congratulations, 108—The Benison, 109—Effusions of friendship, 111—Epistle to Christopher North, Esq. 112—To the veiled magician, 113—Tokens of natural affection, 114—Phantasmagoriana, 116—Rhyming salutation, 117—The chaunt of friendship, 119
Noctes Ambrosianæ, No. I. 369—No. II. 475—No. III. 601.
Nodier, Charles, review of his Promenade from Dieppe to the mountains of Scotland, 321
Notes to a new edition of Don Quixote, 661
Notices of old English comedies. No. II. The City Match, by Jasper Mayne, 195
Nugent, Lord, letter of a Protestant layman to, 359
Odoherty, letter from, 438
Omai, Eree, account of his visit to the great island of Edinburgh, called Britain, 709—His landing at Leith, 710—Account of the manners and customs of Edinburgh, visit to Bridewell, the Observatory, Theatre, &c. ib.—To the Parliament House, 711—Advocates' Library, the Castle, &c. 712—Public Dinner, ib.—The University, 713—Mr Ballantyne's printing establishment, 714—His description of the Magazine, ib.
Orford, Lord, anecdotes of, 296
Owen, Pen, a novel, review of, 633
Oxford, remarks on the the new controversy regarding, 678
Paddy, letter from, 461
Parisian Mirror, the, 217—Letter I. The Chamber of Peers, ib.—Chamber of Deputies, 218—New Tragedy at the Theatre Francaise, ib.—Trial at the Court of Assizes, 220—Curious adventure, 222—Letter II. 224—Booksellers, 225—Address of the mayor of Paris to the king on new-year's day, ib.—The church of Genevieve, 226—Ceremony of its consecration, 227—Le circle des arts, 229—Letter III. The French theatres, 355—The opera, 337—Letter IV. Politics 339—Antique statue in the Louvre, 342
Sismondi's novel of Julia Severa, 569
Pen Owen, a novel, review of, 633
Phantasmagoriana, 116
Poetry.—Sonnet, 13—The night blowing stock, 14—The lament of Ella, 28—The last lament, 29—The ring and the stream, a drama, 50—Goethe's West-Oestlichem diwan, 68—Ancient National melodies, 86—The benison, 109—Effusions of friendship, 111—Epistle to Christopher North, Esq. 112—To the veiled magician, 113—Tokens of natural affection, 114—Phantasmagoriana, 116—Rhyming salutation, 117—The chaunt of friendship, 119—A funeral ode, 161—Lord Byron's Corbellis, 162—Sonnet, written in a church-yard, 183—Speeches of Hume, Martin, and Canning 230—A Latin melody, 240—The beechen wood, 290—February, 304—Minna Troil; a ballad, 307—Stanzas to an old friend, 367—Autumnal twilight, 368—Byron to Murray, 376—Zachary Meldrum, 396—Stanzas on an infant, 401—Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, 419—Critique on Lord Byron, 456—To the Yeomanry cavalry of Manchester, 474—Sonnet to ——, 520—An evening sketch, 552—Verses on Mr Tickler's wedding, 606—Bernardo and Alphonso, 662—Baveica, 663—The excommunication of the Cid, 664—Count Fernan Gonsalez, 665—Song of the Admiral Gusrinos, 666—Desultory stanzas by Mr Wordsworth and Mr North, 752
Poetry, American, review of Specimens of, 684
Poetry, on the question how far it is an art, 153
Poland, English literature in, 329
Poland, the traveller's guide through, review of, 650
Politics, domestic, remarks on, 242
Potoris gloria. A Latin melody, 240
Prices current, 127, 258, 378, 497, 624, 763
Promenade from Dieppe to the mountains of Scotland, review of Nodier's, 321

Publications, military, 129, 266, 360, 499, 626, 765
Protestant layman, letter from a, 359,—Reply of a Catholic to, 553
Publications, monthly list of new ones, 122, 251, *374, 491, 620, 756
Punch-bowl, rhapsodies over a, 344
Quixote, Don, review of a new edition of, 657—Notes illustrative of, 661
Raynouard's tragedy of the States of Blois.—Historical introduction, 539
Recollections in retirement of a life of travel and adventure. Chapter I. North America, and "the war of independence," 184
Remarks on Moore's Irish Melodies, 62—On Sir Tristrem, in Greek and German, 70—On Mr T. F. Kennedy and the Edinburgh Review, 72—On Lord Byron's three new tragedies, 90, 212—On the genius and character of Rosseau, 137 On the question, How far is poetry an art? 153—On clerical peculiarities, 175 On speeches of Mr Hume, Martin, and Canning, 230—On the deterioration of man and beast, ib.—On Mr Allan's picture of the death of Archbishop Sharpe, 439—On the drama, 440—On Lacretelle's history of the Constituent Assembly, 506—On spring, 515—On Raynouard's States of Blois, 529—On Mr Hall's picture of the two Marys' visiting the sepulchre of Christ, 596—On the new Oxford controversy, 678—On Dousterswivel's inquiry into the theory of imposture, 680—On the writings of Matthews, Dibdin, and Morgan, 692—On the Mohawks, a satirical poem, 696—On the Earl of Aberdeen's work on Grecian architecture, 705—On the Fortunes of Nigel, 734
Review of Rudolph of Habsburg, a German drama, 38—Of Valerius; a Roman story, 94—Of Morellet's memoires, 165—Of the Martyr of Antioch; a dramatic poem, 267—Of Italy, a poem, 280—Of the widow's tale, and other poems, 286—Of Cochelet's shipwreck, 316—Of Nodier's promenade from Dieppe to the mountains of Scotland, 321—Of some passages in the Life of Mr Adam Blair, 349—Of Stewart's Sketches of the Highlanders, &c. 387—Of Kotzebue's Voyage of Discovery, 521—Of Walter of Aquitaine, 569—Of Pen Owen, a novel, 633 Of the Traveller's Guide through Poland, 650—Of a new edition of Don Quixote, 657—Of Austin's Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, 669—Of American Poetry, 684—Of Bracebridge Hall. By Geoffrey Crayon, 688—Of Croly's tragedy of Catiline, 698—Of the Magic Lantern, or Sketches of Scenes in the Metropolis, 715—Of Bloomfield's May Day with the Muses, 722—Of Graham Hamilton, a novel, 731—Of Cambridge Pamphlets, 735
Review, Edinburgh, remarks on its speculations on the criminal courts of Scotland, and Mr Kennedy's bill on that subject, 72
Rhapsodies over a punch-bowl. No. I. 344
Rhyming salutation, 117
Ring, the, and the stream, a drama, 50
Rousseau, remarks on the genius and character of, 137
Rudolph of Habsburg, review of, 38
Rural chronicle, extract from the, 519
Satanic school of poetry, Lord Byron's, remarks on, 212
Schlenkert's Rudolph of Habsburgh, review of, 38
Scottish character, sketches of, No. IX. 175—No. X. 396
Scottish Life, Lights and Shadows of, 969
Sea-side sketches. The shipwright's yard, 425
Select chapters, sundry, from the book of the two worlds, &c., 3—Epistle premonitory, &c., 4—Maxilian, Flight I., 8
Shakespeare, remarks on Ducis' translations of his plays, 448
Sharpe, Archbishop, on Mr Allan's picture, of the death of, 439
Shipwreck, review of Cochelet's, 316
Sismondi Sismondei, account of his novel of Julia Severa, 580
Sir Tristrem, in Greek and German, remarks on, 70
Sketches of Scottish character, No. IX. Clerical peculiarities, 175—No. X. Zachary Meldrum, 396
Sketches of the Highland Regiments, &c. review of, 387
Sketches of Scenes in the Metropolis, review of, 715
Song of the Admiral Guarinos, 666
Sonnet, written in a church-yard, 183
Somerset, anecdotes of the Duke of, 204
Southey, Mr, his reply to Lord Byron, 93
Spanish tale, a, 403
Spring, remarks on, 515
Stanzas to an old friend, 367—On an infant, 401—Desultory, by Mr Wordsworth and Mr North, 752
States of Blois, a tragedy, remarks on, 539
Stewart, Colonel David, review of his Sketches of the Highlanders of Scotland, &c. 387
Stream, the ring and the, a drama, 50
Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, 419
Tale, a Spanish one, 403
Taste, on the different stages of, as exemplified in the different classes of literary productions, 585
Thoughts on letter-writing, 301
Tickler, Timothy, verses on his wedding, 606
Tour through Great Britain and Ireland, review of Townsend's, 291
Tragedies, remarks on Lord Byron's, 90
Travellers guide through Poland, review of, 650
Tristrem, Sir, in Greek and German, remarks on, 70
Valerius; a Roman story, review of, 94

Visit of Eree Omai, to the great island of Edinburgh, called Britain, 709
Voyage of discovery of Lieutenant Kotzebue, review of, 521
Voyages and travels of Columbus Secundus. Chapter XIX. 30
Walter of Aquitaine; an historic romance, 569
War of independence in North America, recollections of, 184
Whiggery, hints on, 230
Whigs, the, rapacity for place the secret of all their impulses, 243
Widow's tale, the, and other poems, 286
Wine-bibbers' glory, translation of, by Philip Potts, Esq. 239—Potoris gloria, a Latin melody, 240
Works preparing for publication, 120, 250 *372, 490, 619, 754
Writers in Calcutta, observations on the, 432
Yeomanry cavalry of Manchester, lines to the, 474
Young author, hints for a, from a very old, 466
Zachary Meldrum, 396

INDEX TO BIRTHS, MARRAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.
Adams, 132
Allison, 501
Anderson, 132, 767, ib. (3 children.)
Arbuthnot, 262
Athlone, 132
Baillie, 501, 628
Balfour, 132, 628
Balneavis, 767
Barber, 501
Bedford, 132
Begbie, 262
Bennet, 262
Berridale, 132
Borthwick, 382
Bowie, 132
Bridges, 501
Brown, 628, 767
Bruce, 628, 767
Buchannan, 262
Burnett, 501
Cadell, 381, 382
Campbell, 132, ib. 262, 501, ib., 767
Carnegie, 767
Carmichael, 628
Cay, 382
Cheyne, 767
Christie, 501
Clarke, 501, 767
Clerk, 132
Cochrane, 132, 262, 382
Comrie, 381
Conolly, 501
Crawford, 132, 628, ib.
Crichton, 501
Cruikshanks, 262
Dalrymple, 132
Dalziel, 767
Dartmouth, 501
Deans, 381
Dewar, 262, 381
Dick, 262
Dickie, 132
Dickson, 501, ib., 767
Dimma, 382
Douglas, 767
Drummond, 767
Dundas, 262
Duric, 628
Elgin,
Farquharson, 767
Ferguson, 501, 628, 767
Ferrier, 628
Fleming, 767
Flint, 628
Ford, 262
Forrest, (3 children) 767
Fraser, 382, 767
Fullarton, 132
Glen, 381
Goodsir, 132
Gordon, 132, 262, ib. 628
Graham, 382
Grant, 501, 767
Guthrie, 382
Hair, 262
Hamilton, 382
Hathorn, 767
Henderson, 262, 381, 628
Hislop, 501
Hodgson, 767
Holmes, 382
Home, 262
Hood, 132
Hope, 262, 767, ib.
Hopkirk, 501
Horsburgh, 262
Huie, 132
Hunter, 501
Hutchins, 132
Hutchinson, 767
Hutchison, 628
Impey, 501
Irving, 262
Johnstone, 382
Kennedy, 262
King, 262
Kirkwood, 381
Lang, 501
Lawrie, 501
Lawson, 501
Leinster, 501
Lindsay, 628
Litchford, 262
Little, 767
Lowther, 132
Lundie, 132
Lyon, 501
Macara, 262
M'Candlish, 501
Macdonald, 262
Macdonell, 262
Macdougall, 767
Macduff, 501
Mackenzie, 132
Mackintosh, 262
Maclean, 767
M'Leod, 132, 262
Martin, 132, 262
Mason, 381
Mathie, 628
Maxwell, 501
Moncrieff, 132, ib. 262, ib.
Montgomery, 381, 501
Moore, 501
Murray, 132, 262, 767
Nasmyth, 501
Newton, 132
O'Connell, 132
Ogilvie, 132
Oliphant, 132
Orange, 767
Orleans, 262
Orr, 262, 501
Oswald, 381
Pack, 132
Parsons, 501
Paterson, 132
Patison, 501
Patullo, 318
Paul, 132, 767
Peel, 767
Pillines, 262
Playfair, 767
Pringle, 501
Purvis, 132
Radcliffe, 501
Ramsay, 628
Rattray, 628
Robertson, 262, 382, 628
Rosebery, 767
Ross, 132
Sanders, 382
Scott, 262
Shand, 262
Sinclair, 767
Sitwell, 262
Smith, 382
Spence, 382
Spalding, 501
Stephen, 132
Stevenson, 381, 382
Steuart, 767
Stewart, 382, 501, 628
Stirling, 132, 501
Struthers, 501
Stuart, 501
Sutherland, 132
Sydserf, 262
Tennant, 628
Terrot, 501
Tweeddale, 682
Uxbridge, 132
Vere, 132
Walker, 381
Wardrop, 501
Watson, 382, ib.
Wedderburn, 132
Wilson, 628
Wylie, 262
Wyse, 381
Young, 501
MARRIAGES.
Aitchison, 132

Albemarle, 382
Anderson, 501
Arthur, 263
Baikie, 768
Baine, 132
Baird, 628
Black, 263
Boyd, 501
Brown, 132, 262
Bruce, 628
Buchanan, 628, ib.
Butterworth, 768
Cameron, 262
Capper, 263
Carmichael, 133
Carr, 382
Chevasse, 262
Clark, 133, 263
Cock, 768
Coke, 382
Connal, 382
Craig, 262
Cranstoun, 501
Cullen, 382
Cunningham, 501
Currie, 629
Dalyell, 263
Davidson, 262
Denbigh, 768
Dickson, 768
Douglas, 628
Drummond, 501
Duff, 262
Duncan, 768
Dundas, 263, 628
Dunn, 133
Dykes, 767
Eaton, 132
Field, 501
Forbes, 132
Fotheringham, 768
Fraser, 501
Finlay, 767
Gairdner, 382
Galbraith, 382
Glen, 132
Gorrie, 768
Grace, 133
Grahame, 601
Gray, 132
Haldane, 628
Hallows, 262
Hardy, 132
Hart, 132, 628
Heywood, 501
Holmes, 628
Inglis, 628, 767
Irvine, 262
Jamieson, 133
Kennedy, 628
King, 768
Laing, 501
Lauder, 133
Lockhart, 628
Lockwood, 382
Logan, 382
MacAllan, 629
M'Culloch, 628
M'Inroy, 628
M'Isaac, 382
M'Kenzie, 382
M'Lean, 382
Marshal, 132, 768
Mather, 132
Miller, 382, 628, ib.
Moir, 263
Morrison, 501
Mossman, 262
Mostyn, 382
Mudie, 768
Muir, 767
Muirhead, 133
Munro, 628
Mure, 768
Murray, 132, 501
Napier, 628
Nicholson, 768
Niven, 768
Noble, 768
Orson, 628
Paterson, 132, 382, 501
Peacock, 629
Pearson, 132
Pollock, 628
Porteous, 628
Preston, 768
Prince, 382
Reid, 501
Richard, 628
Riddell, 263, 501,
Ritchie, 768
629
Roberts, 501
Robertson, 628, 629
Rutherford, 628
Rymer, 262
Salmon, 132
Scott, 132, 263
Sforza, 263
Sharpe, 132
Shiell, 382
Sidley, 263
Sievwright, 628
Sims, 132
Simpson, 382
Sinclair, 263
Smith, 501
Stanley, 132
Stewart, 382
Stirling, 629
Struthers, 628
Tawse, 501
Taylor, 767
Thomson, 263, 501
Tod, 628
Tomb, 628
Turing, 382
Ure, 382
Vere, 501
Waldie, 628
Watson, 132
Wauchope, 628
Welsh, 132
Wodehouse, 132
Wood, 132
Young, 501, 628

DEATHS.

Adam, 384, 769
Aitken, 383, 629
Alexander, 264
Allan, 383, 629
Allardyce, 263
Allison, 263, ib.
Alston, 133
Altenburg, 769
Andrew, 383, 502
Anderson, 502, 630
Archibald, 384
Arthur, 133
Atterbury, 384
Baillie, 502
Baird, 383, 768
Baldwin, 383
Ballantine,
Barclay, 383
Barry, 264, 384
Beaton, 383
Beaufort, 502
Beaumont, 134
Begbie, 502, 629
Bell, 383, 629
Bethune, 134
Binny, 629
Black, 629
Blackwood, 529
Bogle, 264
Boswell, 383, 629
Bourbon, 263
Boyce, 263
Boyd, 263, 269
Braithwaite, 769
Brash, 769
Brechin, 769
Bremner, 629
Bristow, 502
Brodie, 502
Broughton, 769
Brown, 383, ib. 502, ib. 630
Bruce, 382, 629, 769
Bunyan, 134
Burdon, 769
Burn, 383
Burnett, 264
Butter, 629
Callander, 263
Cameron, 263, 383, 629
Campbell, 264, 283, 384, 502, ib. 629, 768, ib. ib. 769
Carfrae, 133, 502
Cargill, 383
Carla, 629
Carmichael, 769
Caruthers, 134
Carstairs, 263
Cashel, 768
Cathcart, 263, 384
Chalmers, 383
Chapman, 382
Cheyne, 263
Christie, 629, 768
Clark, 502
Clephane, 383
Clerk, 502
Cochrane, 133, 164
Cockburn, 382
Colebrooke, 264
Colquhoun, 629
Combe, 134
Connant, 630
Cooper, 264
Courcy, 769
Coutts, 383
Cox, 264, 769
Crawford, 384
Crichton, 382
Cross, 133
Cunningham, 263, 264, 502
Cupples, 263
Currie, 134
Curwen, 768
Dalgliesh, 502
Dalrymple, 502
Daly, 134
Dalyel, 133
Darroch, 383
Davidson, 263, 629
Dewar, 263
Dick, 264
Dickinson, 769
Disset, 134
Dobie, 768
Donaldson, 133, 642
Doorley, (aged 126,) 630
Douglas, 384, 502, 769
Drysdale, 264
Duff, 133
Dunbar, 502
Duncan, 263, 768, ib.
Dundas, 264, 383
Dunlop, 133
Du Fresne, 383
Durie, 264
Dymock, 630
Dykes, 134
Dysart, 133
Edmonstone, 134
Egmont, 384
Elliot, 133
Elphinstone, 134
Ewans, 768
Ewart, 630, 769
Fairbairn, 768
Fane, 629
Farquharson, 382
Fead, 134
Ferguson 133
Ferrier, 133, 768
Findlay, 264, 768
Fitzgerald, 133
Fitzwilliam, 769
Fleming, 264
Fletcher, 263
Floyd, 383
Foley, 263

Forbes, 769
Forman, 134
Fraser, 133, ib. 382, 384
Garrick, 383
Gavin, 502
Geddes, 383, 629, 768
Gibson, 629, 630
Gillies, 264
Gillespie, 263, 269
Gilmore, 768
Gleig, 134
Glen, 264
Gordon, 263
Gourlay, 502
Graeme, 769
Grafton, 769
Grahame, 263, 383
Grant, 629
Gray, 263, 383, 630
Greenlees, 134
Gregory, 134
Greig, 502
Grewer, 134
Grey, 769
Grieve, 383, 502
Grindlay, 769
Gron, 629
Guildford, 134
Guion, 134
Haig, 769
Hamilton, 133, ib.
Harden, 263
Hardyman, 768
Hart, 502
Hassel, (aged 111,) 134
Hathorn, 769
Hay, 133, 263, ib. 264, 382, 383, ib. 502, 629, 769
Heard, 630
Henderson, 134, ib. 502 ib. ib. 630
Henniker, 133
Herriot, 383
Hewetson, ib.
Hibbert, 630
Hogg, 383, 502
Holmes, 769
Home, 768
Hope, 502, 629
Horrocks, 630
Horseley, 134
Houston, 502
Howth, 630
Hunter, 382
Hutchison, 134, 769
Innes, 630
Irvine, 502
Irving, 383
Jamieson, 133
Jefferson, 134
Jeffreys, 502
Jenkins, 383
Jerdan, 768
Johnston, 264, 629, ib. 769, ib.
Jones, 133, 768
Keats, 384
Keay, 263
Keene, 384
Kemp, 629
Ketchen. 134
Kier, 133
Kirkpatrick, 502, ib.
Knox, 134
Knyvett, 264
Laidlay, 630
Langlade, 630
Lauder, 134
Lauriston, 134
Lavie, 384
Lawrie, 383
Lawson, 383
Lee, 133
Legge, 133
Leslie, 133
Lindsay, 133, 629, 630
Lisburne, 134
Lister, 382
Livingstone, 630
Lockhart, 133
Logan, 383
Lothian, 629, ib.
Lowis, 264
Ludlow, 629
Lumley, 382
Lumsden, 134
Lyle, 502
Lyon, 630
Macfarlan, 133, 134, ib. 383, 630, 768
M'Gowan, 502
Macgregor, 263
M'Intosh, 134, 769
M'Kearlie, 383
Mackenzie, 768
M'Laren, 383, 502
Maclaurin, 629, 630
Maclean, 133, 768
Macley, 133
M'Leod, 264, 259, 630
M'Limont, 134
MacNeill, 629
M'Robin, 769
Mactavish, 768
M'Whirter, 502
Maitland, 629, ib.
Marjoribanks, 263
Marr, 629
Masson, 382
Maxwell, 134, 263
Mein. 263
Melville, 630
Menzies, 630, 768, 769
Mercer, 264
Miller, 630, ib. 769
Milner, 629
Mitchell, 629, 630 769
Moir, 134
Moffat, 383
Moncreiff, 502
Montgomery, 620
Morrison, 263, 269
Mortimer, 383
Moubray, 629
Mudie, 133
Murdoch, 134
Murray, 133, 768, ib.
Napier, 134, 383
Nevil, 384
Nicoll, 769
Noel, 384
O'Bierne, 769
Ogilvie, 769
Oliphant, 263, ib. 502
Orr, 769
Orrok, 133
Oswald, 629
Parry, 502
Paterson, 768, 769
Patison, 383
Paton, 768
Patrick, 630
Peacock, 630
Pearson, 263
Peebles. 629
Perry, 133
Piper, 263
Pitcairn, 264, 383
Poe, 629
Pomare, 768
Purves, 383
Ramsay, 769
Ranken, 384
Reid, 383, 502
Richardson, 263, 502
Rich, 768
Richelieu, 769
Richlet, 134
Rind, 629
Ring, 133
Ringanu, 133
Ritchie, 133, 263, 383, ib. 629
Robb, 769
Roberts, 263, ib. ib. 264. 382, 502, ib.
Robertson, 629, 630 768, 769
Robinson, 264, 502, 630
Robson, 768
Romberg, 134
Ross, 502, 768
Rose, 383, 629
Roy, 768
Russell, 384, 502 769
Rutherford, 502
Sage, 768
Sandiman, 133
Sayles, 629
Scales, 382
Scott, 133, 134, 629, ib. 768, 769
Scrymgeour, 384
Seymour, 133
Shairp, 768
Shanklie, 630
Sibbald, 630, 769
Sicard, 769
Sievwright, 133
Silvester, 502
Simon, 134
Simpson, 134, ib. 502, 769
Sinclair, 768
Sivwright, 769
Skeen, 502, 629
Skeete, 263
Skirving, 134, 769
Small, 382
Smith, 133, 383
Somerset, 384, 502
Somerville, 133
Spalding, 133
Spiers, 502
St Albans, 264
Stedman, 630
Stein, 629
Stevenson, 134, 502
Stewart, 382, 383, 502, 629, ib. 630
Stirling, 383, ib.
Stodart, 502
Story, 134, 629
Stuart, 133, 134, 264, 502, 768
Sutherland, 133, 629, 769
Swan, 630
Tait, 133, 264, 383, 384
Taylor, 629
Tennant, 629
Thomson, 133, 383, 502, ib. 769, ib.
Tod, 263, 382
Traill, 263
Trotter, 502
Tucker, 768
Turnbull, 502
Tweedie, 263
Vogan, 769
Walker, 383, ib.
Walkinshaw, 383
Wardrobe, 502
Wardrop, 629, 769
Watson, 384, 502
Waugh, 264. 383
Weddell, 134
Wemyss, 383, ib. 629
White, 134, 263
Wilson, 263, ib. 502, ib. 630, ib. ib.
Wishart, 264
Wight, 383, 502
Wren, 264
Wynne, 134
Wyville, 502
Yorstoun, 629
Young, 264, 502
Younger, 630

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